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The following statement of Claims, With Bonuses, paid during 1872 and 1873, is copied in rotation from the books of the Society.

Date of Policy.	Policy Number.	Sum Assured.	Amount paid by Society.	Proportion of Bonus paid.
1834	23	£1,000	£1,819	81'9 per cent.
"	36	1,000	1,836	83'6 "
"	116	1,000	1,862	86'2 "
1837	311	1,000	1,876	87'6 "
1839	650	1,000	1,672	67'2 "
1844	830	1,000	1,521	52'1 "
1846	1,150	1,000	1,550	55'0 "
1849	1,510	1,000	1,544	54'4 "
"	1,601	1,000	1,441	44'1 "
1852	2,018	1,000	1,449	44'9 "

REDUCED PREMIUM TABLE.

The Premiums on the following Policies are *wholly extinguished* and Bonuses *since* added:

Date of Policy.	Age at Entrance.	Sum Assured.	Original Annual Premium <i>wholly extinguished.</i>	Bonus <i>since</i> the Premium was extinguished.
1835	20	£1,000	£22 1 8	£163
1835	32	1,000	25 16 8	233
1837	38	1,000	31 12 6	263
1839	23	1,000	21 5 10	90
1839	24	1,000	21 15 0	83
1841	34	1,000	23 18 4	14
1843	31	1,000	25 13 4	53
1844	35	1,000	28 5 10	57
1845	42	1,000	35 7 6	96
1846	41	5,000	171 13 4	350

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MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE

MAY, 1873.

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BETSY LEE,

A FO'C'S'LE YARN

PART II.

Now the grandest ould pazon, I'll be bail,
That ever was, was ould Pazon Gale.
Aw, of all the kind and the good and the true!
And the aisy and free, and—"How do you do?"
And how's your mother, Tom, and—the fishin?"
Spakin that nice, and allis wishin
Good luck to the boats, and—"How's the take?"
And blessin us there for Jesus' sake.
And many a time he'd come out and try
A line, and the keen he was, and the spry!
And he'd sit in the stern, and he'd tuck his tails,
And well he knew how to handle the sails.
And sometimes, if we were smookin, he'd ax
For a pipe, and then we'd be turnin our backs,
Lettin on never to see him, and lookin
This way and that way, and him a smookin
Twis' as strong and as black as tar,
And terrible sollum and regular.
Bless me! the sperrit that was in him too,
Houldin on till all was blue!
And only a little man, but staunch,
With a main big heart aback of his paunch!
Just a little round man—but you should ha' seen him agate
Of a good-sized conger or a skate:
His arms as stiff, and his eye afire,
And every muscle of him like wire.

But avast this talk! What! what did you say?

Tell us more about the Pazon—eh?

Well, well! he was a pazon—yis!

But there's odds of pazons, that's the way it is.

For there's pazons now that's mortal proud,

And some middlin humble, that's allowed.

And there's pazonz partikler about their clothes,
 And rings on their fingers, and bells on their toes :
 And there's pazonz that doesn't know your names,
 "Shut the gate, my man!" and all them games.
 And there's pazonz *too* free—I've heard one cuss
 As hard and as hearty as one of us.
 But Pazon Gale—now I'll give you his size,
 He was a simple pazon, and lovin' and wise.
 That's what he was, and quiet uncommon,
 And never said much to man nor woman ;
 Only the little he said was meat
 For a hungry heart, and soft and sweet,
 The way he said it : and often talkin'
 To hisself, and lookin' down, and walkin'.
 Now there's some of them pazonz they're allis shoutin',
 And tearin' at you, and ravin' and routin',
 And they gets you pinned with a lot of others
 In a coop, and they calls you sisthers and brothers ;
 And you can't get out, so the beggars raises
 Their vice, and gives it you like blazes.
 What's the good of all that surt !
 Sweatin' and actin' and bustin' their shirt ;
 Shiverin' the verry roof to splanthers—
 I never liked them roarin' ranthers.
 Yes! our pazon was quite, but, mind ye! don't doubt
 But the same man knew well what was he about.
 Aye, many a time I've seen his face
 All slushed with tears, and him tellin' of *grace*
 And *mercy* and that, and his vice so low,
 But trimblin'—aw, we liked him though!

And he wasn't livin' above the bay
 Where I was livin', but a bit away,
 Over the next, and betwix the two
 The land ran out to a point, and a screw
 Of the tide set in on the rocks, and there
 He'd stand in the mornin', and listen to hear
 The dip of our oars comin' out, and the jealous
 We were of the Derbyhaven fellows!
 And the way we'd pull to try which would be fuss!
 And "Pazon!" we'd say, "are you comin' with us?"
 And the Derbyhaven chaps would call—
 And the way he'd smile and say nothing at all!
 Well, that's the Pazon, you'll understand,
 Aye, the very man, the very man.
 Aw, if I once get agate of him—
 But some night again, if I'll be in the trim,
 I'll maybe be tellin' you more, if so be
 You'll be carin' to listen, and all agree.

Well, the Pazon was walkin' on the gravel—
 My conscience! the slow that man did travel!
 Backwards and forrards, and stoppin' and thinkin',
 And a talkin' away to hisself like winkin';

And a pickin a flower, or a kickin a stone,
 There he was anyway all alone.
 And I felt like a reg'lar blund'r in blockit,
 And I stowed the quid in my waistcoat pocket,
 And I said, "Here goes! I don't care a fardin,"
 And I opened the gate, and into the garden.
 And—"Pazon!" I says, "I've come to you."
 "Is it true, Tom Baynes?" he says, "is it true?"
 And he looked—"No, it isn't?" I said, quite pale;
 "So you needn look that way, Pazon Gale!
 It isn't true!" So the ould man smiled,
 And says he, "Well, don't be angry, child!"
Child he called me—d'ye see? d'ye see?
Child!—and he takes my hand, and says he,
 "I suppose you've got a yarn to spin:
 Come in, Tom Baynes, come in, come in!"
 So in we went, and him smilin like fun,
 Into the parlour; but the Misthress run
 Quite shamed lek, a whiskin through the door,
 And droppin her things upon the floor.
 And the sarvant keeked over the landin-top—
 A dirty trouss, with her head like a mop—
 And she gurned like a cat, but I didn care,
 Though they're middlin spiteful them craythurs are.

So I tould the Pazon all that I had,
 And he says, "God bless ye! God bless ye! my lad!"
 Aw, it's himself that knew my very soul,
 And me so young, and him so ould'.
 And all the good talk! and never fear—
 And leave it to him, and he'd bring me clear—
 And Anthony wanted talkin to—
 And on with the hat—and away he'd go—
 And *young Misther Taylor* (*a son of ould Dan!*)
 Was a very *intelligent* young man.
 "Aisy! Pazon," says I, and he went;
 And all the road home—"in-tel-li-gent"—
 I said, "what's that?" some pretty name
 For a — deng it! these pazons just like crame,
 They're talkin that smooth—aw, it's well to be civil—
 "A son of ould Dan's!" and Dan was a devil.

That was a Monday; a Thursday night
 The Pazon come, and bless me the fright
 The ould woman was in, and wipin the chair,
 And nudgin and winkin—"Is Thomas there?"
 He says—"Can I see him?" So up I got,
 And out at the door, and I put a knot
 On my heart, like one of you, when he takes
 A turn and belays, and houlds on till it breaks.
 And—"Well?" I says—then he looked at me,
 And "Have you your pipe, Thomas?" says he
 "Maybe you'd better light it," he said,
 "It's terrible good to study the head."

And he wouldn't take rest till I had it lit;
 And he twisses and twisses, and—"Wait a bit!"
 He says, and he feels, and "We're all alone,"
 Says he, and behold ye! a pipe of his own.
 And "I'll smook too," he says; and he charges,
 And puffs away like Boanarges.
 I never knew the like was at him afore:
 And so we walked along the shore.
 And if he didn behove to spin a yarn
 About the stars—and Aldebarn,
 And Orion—and just to consedher
 The grand way God had put them together,
 And wasn it a good world after all,
 And—what was man—and the Bible—and Paul—
 Till I got quite mad, and I says—"That'll do!
 Were you at the Brew, Pazon? were you at the Brew?"
 Aw, then it all come out, and the jaw
 Ould Anthony had, and the coorts, and the law;
 And—*Jane Magee and her mother both*—
 He had gone there twice, but she stuck to her oath—
 And—*what could he do?* "I'm going," says I—
 "Keep up your heart now!" "I'll try, I'll try."
 "Good night, and mind you'll go straight to bed!
 God bless ye, Tom!" "And you, Sir!" I said.
 "Come up in the mornin! Good night! good night!
 Now mind you'll come!" "All right! All right!"

And it's into the house, and "Mawther," I says,
 "I'm off." "What's off?" says she, "if you plaze!
 Off! what off!" says she, "you slink!"
 And she was sharplin a knife upon the sink,
 And she flung it down, and she looked that way—
 Straight and stiff; and "What did you say?
 Off! off where?" and the sting of a light
 Snapped quick in her eye—"All right! all right!"
 I says, and away to the chiss I goes—
 "Stand by!" I cried, "I want my clothes;"
 And I hauled them out—aw she gev a leap,
 And "Lave them alone!" she says, "you creep!"
 And she skutched them up, and she whisked about
 As lithe as an eel, and still lookin out
 Over her shouldher, and eyein me,
 Like a flint, or some dead thing—"Let be,
 Mawther," I says, "let go! you'd batther!"
 Aw, then if she didn begin no matther!
 And she threw the things upon the floor,
 And she stamped them, and down on her knees, and she toor
 And ripped, and ragged, and scrunched away,
 Aw, hands and teeth,—I'll be bound to say
 Them shirts was eighteen pence the yard!
 Rael good shirts! aw, the woman was hard.
 Hard she was, and lusty, and strong—
 I've heard them say when she was young,

She could lift a hundred-weight and more,
 And there wasn a man in the parish could throw her.
 And as for shearin and pickin potatoes—
 Aw, well she bet all, and always as nate as
 A pin, and takin a pride in it—
 For there's some ould women, they're hardly fit,
 They're that dirty and stupid, and messin and muddin,
 I wudn live with the like—No! I wudn!
 But yandhar woman—asleep or awake—
 Was a clane ould craythur and no mistake.
 But hard—aw hard! for the ould man died,
 And she looked, and she looked, but she never cried—
 And him laid out as sweet as bran,
 And everything white,—like a gentleman.
 And brass nails—bless ye! and none of your 'sterrits,
 But proud in herself, and sarvin the sperrits.
 And “Misthress Baynes, now! was he prepared?”
 “God knows!” says she—aw the woman was hard.
 But if you could have prised the hatches
 Of that strong sowl, you would have seen the catches
 She made at her heart, choked up to the brim,
 And you'd ha' knew she was as dead as him.
 But mind me! from that very day
 The woman's-juice, as you may say,
 Was clean dried out of her, and she got
 As tough and as dry, and as hard as a knot.
 Hard—but handy, and goin still,
 Not troublin much for good or ill;
 Like the moon and the stars God only touched
 Once long ago, and away they scutched;
 And now He never minds them a bit,
 But they keep goin on, for they're used of it.

Goin on! Well, she did go on that night,
 And up from the floor, and her back to the light
 Of the fire (it was burnin middlin low),
 And the candle capsized, and she looked to grow
 That big in the dark, and never a breath,
 But standin there like the shadda of death—
 Never a breath—for maybe a minute,
 Just like a cloud with the thunder in it—
 Dark and still, till its powder-bags
 Burst—and the world is blown to rags.
 Aw, she gave it them with a taste—she did,
 “And was it that flippity-flappity fidd
 Of a Betsy Lee? and she knew well enough
 What I'd come to at last with my milkin and stuff,
 And sniffin about where I hadn no call,
 And the lines hangin rottin upon the wall,
 And the boat never moored, and grindin her bones
 To sawdust upon the cobblin stones—
 And the people talkin—And who were the Lees?
 Who were they now after all, if you please?

Who were they to cock their nose?
 And Lee's ould wife with her strings and her bows,
 And her streamers and trimmins, and pippin and poppin
 Her d——d ould head like a hen with a toppin!"
Did she cuss? aye, she cussed, and it's a rael bad hearin,
 Mind ye! a woman cussin or swearin—
 Partikler your mawther—still for all it's true,
 There's differin sorts of cussin too.
 For there's cussin that comes down like fire from heaven
 Fierce and strong—like the blast that's driven
 From the mouth of a seven-times heated furnace;
 That's you see, when a man's in earnes'.
 And there's cussin that's no use whatever,
 Slibberin slobberin slushin slaver—
 A fool's lips runnin with brimstone froth,
 The muckin skum of the Divil's own broth.

"And had they forgot when they lived next door?
 A lazy lot, and as poor as poor—
 And—*Misses Baynes!* the beautiful tay
 You've got! and—I raelly think I'll stay—
 And—could you lend me a skillin till to-morrow?
 And borrow, borrow, borrow, borrow.
 Aye, and starvin, and him doin nothin for hours
 But pokin about with his harbs and his flowers—
 The lig-y-ma-treih! the dirty ould bough!
 And now it was *Misther Lee!* my gough!
 Misther and Misthress Lee in the gig—
Make way, good people!—aw, terrible big!
 And would I demean myself to them?
 You silly-billy! for shame! for shame!"
 And at it again—"And what she would rather—
 And me the very spit of my father!
 And what *was* a bychild, if you come to that?
 It wasn a dog, and it wasn a cat;
 But a man's own flesh, and the love and the life
 Was in it—let be she wasn your wife—
 And after all why shouldn she be?
 She was a strappin wench was Jinny Magee,
 And good at the work, and worth a hundred
 Of your Betay things—and why should we be sundered?
 And Jinny and her would agree, never fear her!"
 Aw, she was despard though to hear her.

"Hush! mawther!" I says, "aw, mawther, hush!"
 And she turned to the fire, and I saw her brush
 The tears from her eyes, and I saw the workin
 Of her back, and her body jerkin, jerkin:
 And I went, and I never said nothin lek,
 But I put my arm around her neck,
 And I looked in her face, and the shape and the strent',
 And the very face itself had went

All into one, like a sudden thaw,
 Slushed and slushed, or the way you've saw
 The water bubblin and swirlin around
 The place where a strong man have gone down.

And I took her and put her upon the bed
 Like a little child, and her poor ould head
 On my breast, and I hushed her, and stroked her cheek,
 Talkin little talk—the way they speak
 To babies—I did! and d—the shame!
 Wasn it out of her I came?
 And I began to think of Absalun,
 And David cryin “My son, my son!”
 And the moon come round, and the light shone in,
 And crep' on her face, and I saw the thin
 She was, and the wore, and her neck all dried
 And shrivelled up like strips of hide:
 And I thought of the time it was as warm
 And as soft as Betsy's, and her husband's arm
 Around it strong and lovin, and me
 A cuddled up, and a suckin free.
 And I cried like Peter in the Testament,
 When Jesus looked at him, and out he went,
 And cried like a fool, and the cock a crowin,
 But what there was in his heart there's no knowin.
 And I swore by the livin God above
 I'd pay her back, and love for love,
 And keep for keep, and the wages checked,
 And her with a note, and all correct.
 Then I kissed her and she never stirred;
 And I took my clothes, and, without a word,
 I snicked the door, and by break o' the day
 I was standing alone on Douglas quay.

I shipped foreign of coorse, and a fine ship too,
 China bound, the Waterloo—
 Captain Davis—the time I joined her—
 “Carry-on Davis?” aye, I thought you'd mind her.
 A tight little ship, and a tight little skipper—
 Hadn we a race with the Liverpool clipper,
 The Marco Polo, that very trip?
 And it's my opinion that if that ship—
 But never mind! she done her duty,
 And the Marco Polo *was* a beauty—
 But still—close-hauled, d'ye see? Well! well!
 There's odds of ships, and who can tell?
 That was my ship anyway,
 And I was aboard her two years to a day,
 And back though for all, and her a dischargin,
 And the hands paid off, so you'll aisy imargine:
 The keen I was for home, and the tracks
 I made right away, and no one to ax,
 Nor nothing—“And surely hadn I heard
 From nobody?” Bless ye! divil a word!

It was dark when I come upon the street,
 And my heart hung heavy on my feet,
 And—all turned in, but in the ould spot
 A light was burnin still, and the hot
 I felt, and the chokin, and over the midden,
 And up to the pane—and her face half hidden,
 And her sure enough, and the ould arm-cheer,
 And as straight as a reed, and terrible speer!
 And the needles twinklin cheerily,
 And a brave big book spread out on her knee,
 The Bible—thinks I—and I was raelly plased,
 For it's a great thing to get ould people aised
 In their minds with the lek o' yandhar, and tracks,
 And hymns—it studdies them though, and slacks
 Their sowls, and softens their tempers, and stops
 Their coughin as good as any drops.
 And if they don't understand what they're readin—
 The poor ould things—it's a sort of feedin—
 Chewin or suction—what's the odds?
 One way's man's, and the other God's!

“But how about Betsy?” well, wait a bit!
 How about her? aye that was it—
 And what a man knows, you see he knows,
 So I lifts the latch, and in I goes.
 “Mawther!” I says—my God! the spring
 She gev, and says she—“It's a scandalous thing,”
 She says, “comin back in their very closes!
 And it's bad enough, but I'll have no ghoses!
 Be aff!” says she, “be aff! be aff!”
 Well, I raelly couldn help but laugh.
 “I'm Thomas Baynes, your son!” I said;
 “I'm not a ghost.” “And aren't you dead?”
 “No!” I says, and I tuk and gev her a kiss:
 “Is that like a ghost?” “Well, I can't say it is.”
 “And—Betsy, mawther?” Aw, Christ, the look!
 “Betsy, mawther?”—the woman shook;
 And she spread her arms, and I staggered to her,
 And I fell upon my knees on the floor;
 And she wrapped my head in her brat—d'ye hear?
 For to see a man cryin is middlin queer:
 And then, my mates, then—then I knew
 What a man that's backed by the Divil can do.
 For hadn this Taylor come one day,
 And tould them I was drowned at sea?
 And ould Anthony Lee, that might have knew bette
 Never axed to see the letter
 Nor nothin, but talked about “Providence;”
 And the men at the shore they hadn the sense
 And the Pazon as simple as a child,
 And that's the way the villian beguiled
 The lot of them, for they didn know
 What to do or where to go,

As if there wasn no owners nor agent,
Nor Lloyd's, where they might have heard immadient.

And Betsy, be sure, heard all before long,
They took care of that, and then ding-dong,
Night and day the ould people was at her—
And would she marry Taylor? and chitter-chatter!
And never a word from Betsy Lee
But "It cannot be! it cannot be!"
And thinner and thinner every day,
And paler and paler, I've heard them say;
And always doin the work and goin,
And early and late, and them never knowin,
For all they thought themselves so wise,
That the gel was dyin under their eyes.
And—"Take advice, and marry him now!
A rael good husband anyhow."
And allis the one against the three—
And "It cannot be! it cannot be!"

One night he was there, and words ran high—
Ould Peggy was tellin—and "Let me die!"
She says—"let me die! let me die!" she said,
And they tuk her upstairs, and put her to bed,
And the Doctor come—I knew him well,
And he knew me—ould Doctor Bell—
A nice ould man, but hard on the drink,
And the fond of Betsy you wouldn't think!
He used to say, but he'd never say more,
Her face was like one he'd seen afore.
Aw, that's the man that had supped his fill
Of troubles, mind! but cheerful still.
And a big strong man; and he'd often say,
"Well, Thomas, my lad, and when's the day?"
And "would I be axin him up to the feed?"
The day indeed! the day indeed!
So he went up all alone to see her,
For Betsy wouldn't have nobody there,
Excep himself: and them that was standin
And houldin their breaths upon the landin
Could hear her talkin very quick,
And the Doctor's vice uncommon thick—
But what was said betwix them two
That time, there was none of them ever knew:
God knows, and *him*; but the nither will tell;
Aw, he was safe to trust was Doctor Bell.
But when he come down—"Is she raelly dyin?"
Ould Anthony, said; but the Doctor was cryin.
And—"Doctor! Doctor! what can it be?"
"It's only a broken heart," says he;
And—*he'd come again another day*—
And he tuk his glass and went away.

And when the winter time come round,
 And the snow lyin deep upon the ground,
 One mornin early the mother got up
 To see how was she, and give her a sup
 Of tea or the like—and—mates—hould on
 Betsy was gone! aye, Betsy was gone!
 "Gentle Jesus, meek and mild!
 Look upon a little child!
 Pity my simplicity!
 Suffer me to come to thee!"
 That's the words I've heard her sing
 When she was just a little prattlin thing—
 And I raely don't think in my heart that ever
 She was different from that—no, never!
 Aw, He'd pity her simplicity!
 A child to God! a woman to me!
 "Gentle Jesus!" the sound is sweet,
 Like you'll hear the little lammies bleat!
 Gentle Jesus! well, well, well!
 And once I thought—but who can tell!
 Come! give us a drop of drink! the stuff
 A man will put out when he's dry! that's enough!
 To hear me talkin religion—eh?
 You must have thought it strange?—*You didn't*—ye say?
 You didn't!—no!—d——n it! you didn't—*you!*
 Well, that'll do, my lads; that'll do, that'll do.

Well, of coorse the buryin—terrible grand,
 And all in the papers you'll understand—
 "Elizabeth, daughter of Anthony Lee
 And Mary his wife—and twenty-three."
 But bless me! you've seen the lek afore—
 And the Doctor waitin at the door,
 And wantin somethin—and "Could I see her?"
 And "Yes! aw yes!" and up the steer—
 And he looked, and he looked—I've heard them say—
 Like a man that's lookin far away;
 And he kiased her cheek, and he shut the lid,
 That's what they tould me the Doctor did.

But, however, you musn suppose, my men,
 That all this was tould me there and then—
 Aw, I thought I'd somethin to tell ye, mind!
 That wasn much in the spoony line—
 No! no! the words ould mawther said
 Was—"Betsy is dead, Tom, Betsy is dead!"
 And it's Taylor has kilt her anyway,
 For didn he tell you were lost at sea?"
 Nothin more—and up I sprung
 To my feet, like a craythur that had been stung,
 And I couldn see nothin but fire and blood,
 And I reeled like a bullock that's got the thud
 Of the slaughterer's hammer betwix his hurns,
 And claps of light and dark by turns,

Fire and blood! fire and blood!
 And round and round, till the blindin scud
 Got thinner and thinner, and then I seen
 The ould woman had hitched herself between
 My arms, and her arms around my neck,
 And waitin, waitin, and wond'rin'lek.
 Aw, I flung her off—"He'll die! he'll die!
 This night, this very night," says I:
 "He'll die before I'm one day ouldher;"
 And I stripped my arm right up to the shouldher—
 "Look here!" I says, "hesn God given
 The strength?" I says, "and by Him in Heaven,
 And by her that's with Him—hip and thigh!
 He'll die this night, by G—— he'll die!"
 "No! no!" says she, "no, Thomas, no!"
 For I was at the door intarmined to go.
 And she coaxed and coaxed, and "wouldn it be better
 To speak to him fuss, or to write a letter,
 Or to wait my chance?" and all that stuff!
 "And then I could kill him aisly enough."
 "Aisly! that's not what I want at all,"
 I says—"I'll stand on his body, and call
 The people, and let them know right well
 It's me that sent the villian to hell."
 "And then you'll be hung," says she, and I laughed—
 "Will you go to the Pazon?" "It's not his craft,"
 I says; "the work I've got to do
 Is no Pazon's work." "Would I go to the Brew?"
 Aw, when she said that I made a run—
 But she held me, and—"Oh my son! my son!"
 And cryin and houldin on to me still—
 "Will you go to the Pazon?" "Yes! I will,
 If that'll give you any content."
 Not another word, but away we went—
 And her in the dark, a keepin a grip
 Of my jacket for fear I'd give her the slip,
 And a peggin away with her poor old bones,
 And stumblin and knockin agin the stones—
 And neither the good nor the bad was said,
 And the one of us hadn a thing on our head—
 And the rain it rained, and the wind it blew—
 Aw, the woman was hard, but the woman was true.

"Missis Baynes!" says the Pazon, "Missis Baynes!
 Missis Baynes!"

Will you plase to tell me what this means?"
 And white as a sheet, and he cuts a caper,
 And he drops the specs, and he drops the paper,
 And backs and gets under the lee of a chair—
 I'm blest if the Pazon didn look queer!
 I raelly thought he was goin to fall—
 And says mawther—"He isn dead at all!
 Don't be freckened!" and—holy Moses!
 Wasn he paid to look after ghos'es?

Aw, then the joy he took of me!
 "And the only one saved from the wreck!" says he.
 "There was'n no wreck—God d—— his eyes!
 No wreck at all, but Taylor's lies!"
 "For shame then! Thomas!" and up she stud.
 "Let him cuss!" says the Pazon, "it'll do him gud."
 And the look he gev, and the sigh, and the sob!
 And he saw in a minute the whole of the job,
 And he tried to speak, but he was'n able,
 And I laid my head upon the table—
 Quite stupid lek, and then them two
 Began to talk, and I hardly knew
 What was it they said, but "the little drop!"
 I heard, and "you'll 'scuse him," and "Woman, stop!
 The lad is drunk with grief," he said,
 And he come and put his hand on my head;
 And the poor old fingers as dry as chips!
 And the pity a tricklin off their tips—
 And makin me all as peaceable—
 Aw, the Pazon was kind and lovin still!
 Full of wisdom and love, and blessin,
 Aw, it's kind and lovin was the Pazon

So at last, ye see, whatever they had,
 I didn say nothin, good or bad;
 And they settled betwix them what would I do,
 And neither to go to the town nor the Brew,
 "But off to sea again, aye straight!
 And, if I could, that very night."
 So they roused me up, and "Me and your mawther"—
 The Pazon says—"Aw, ye needn bother,"
 Says I, "all right!" and then I'll be bail
 I took it grand out of Pazon Gale—
 "Now, Pazon," I says, "you know your man—
 And a son of ould Dan's too! a son of ould Dan!"
 We were at the door just ready to go—
 Aw, the Pazon couldn help smilin though—
 A son of ould Dan's!—aye just that way—
 A son of ould Dan's!—eh? Billy! eh?

Well, I kept my word, and off at once,
 And shipped on a coaster, owned in Penzance;
 But it was foreign I wanted, so very soon
 I joined the *Hector* bound for Rangoon.
 Ah, mates! it's well for flesh and blood
 To stick to a lass that's sweet and good,
 Leastways if she sticks to you, ye know;
 For then, my lads, blow high, blow low,
 On the stormiest sea, in the darkest night,
 Her love is a star that'll keep you right.
 But there was'n no sun nor star for me—
 Drinkin and tearin and every spree—
 And if I couldn keep the divil under,
 I don't think there's many of you will wonder.

Well, Divil or no, the *Hector* come home;
 We raced that trip with the *Flying Foam*,
 And up the river the very same tide,
 And the two of them berthed there side by side;
 A tight run that, and the whole of it stuck
 In the paper—logs and all—good luck!
 And the captain as proud, and me like a fool
 Spreein away in Liverpool—
 And lodgins of coorse, for I never could stand
 Them Sailors' Homes, for a man is a man,
 And a bell for dinner and a bell for tay,
 And a bell to sing and a bell to pray,
 And a bell for this and a bell for that,
 And "Wipe your feet upon the mat!"
 And the rules hung up; and fined if you're late,
 And a chap like a bobby shuttin the gate—
 It isn't reasonable, it isn't:
 They calls it a Home, I calls it a Prison.
 Let a man go wherever he chooses!
 Ould Mawther Higgins' the house that I uses—
 Jem Higgins' widda—you'll be bound to know *her*—
 Clane, but not partickiler.
 There's Quiggin's too, next door but one,
 Not Andrew, of coorse! but Rumpy John—
 She's a dacent woman enough is Nancy,
 But Higginses allis tuk my fancy.
 There's some comfort there, for you just goes in,
 And down with the watch and down with the tin,
 And sleepin and wakin, and eatin and drinkin—
 And out and in, and never thinkin—
 And carryin on till all is blue,
 And your jacket is gone and your waistcoat too.
 Then of coorse you must cut your stick,
 For the woman must live, however thick
 You may be with her: and I'm tould there's houses
 Where the people'll let ye drink your trousis;
 But Higginses! never! and it isn't right!
 Shirt and trousis! honour bright!

But mostly afore it come to the spout
 I'd ask if the money was all run out,
 And she'd allis tell me whether or no,
 And I'd lave my chiss, and away I'd go.
 And so this time I took the street,
 And I walked along till I chanced to meet
 A shipmate, somewhere down in Wappin'—
 And "What was I doin? and where was I stoppin?"
 And "Blow it all! here goes the last copper!"
 And into a house to get a cropper.

It was one of them dirty stinkin places,
 Where the people is not a bit better than bases,
 And long-shore lubbers a shammin to fight,
 And Jack in his glory, and Jack's delight—

With her elbers stickin outside of her shawl
 Like the ribs of a wreck—and the divil and all!
 And childer cussin and suckin the gin—
 God help them craythurs! the white and the thin!
 But what took my eye was an ouldish woman
 In and out, and goin and comin,
 And heavy feet on the floor overhead,
 And “She’s long a dyin,” there’s some of them said.
 “Dyin!” says I; “Yes, dying!” says they;
 “Well, it’s a rum place to choose to die in—eh?”
 Aw the ould woman was up, and she cussed very bad—
 And—“Choosin! there’s not much choosin, my lad!”
 “And what’s her name?” says I; says she,
 “If ye want to know, it’s Jinny Magee.”
 Aw never believe me but I took the stair!
 And “Where have you got her? where? where? where?”
 “Turn to the right!” says she, “ye muff!”
 And there was poor Jinny sure enough!
 There she was lyin on a wisp of straw—
 And the dirt and the rags—you never saw—
 And her eyes—aw them eyes! and her face—well! well!
 And her that had been such a handsome gel!

“Tom Baynes! Tom Baynes! is it you? is it you?
 Oh can it be? can it be? can it be true?”
 Well, I cudn speak, but just a nod—
 “Oh it’s God that’s sent you—it’s God, it’s God!”
 And she gasped and gasped—“Oh I wronged you, Thomas!
 I wronged you, I did, but he made me promise—
 And here I’m now, and I know I’ll not live—
 Oh Thomas, forgive me, oh Tom, forgive me!
 Oh reach me your hand, Tom, reach me your hand!”
 And she stretched out hers, and—I think I’m a man,
 But I shivered all over, and down by the bed,
 And “Hush! hush! Jinny! hush! hush!” I said;
 “*Forgive ye?*—Yes!” and I took and pressed
 Her poor weak hand against my breast.
 “Look, Tom,” she said. “look there! look there!”
 And a little bundle beside a chair—
 And the little arms and the little legs—
 And the round round eyes as big as eggs,
 And full of wondher—and “That’s the child!”
 She says, and, my God! the woman smiled!
 So I took him up, and I says—quite low—
 “Is it Taylor’s?” I says; “Oh no! no! no!”
 “All right!” I says; “and his name?” “It’s Simmy.”
 And the little frock and the little chimmy!
 And starved to the bones—so “Listen to me!
 Listen now! listen! Jinny Magee!
 By Him that made me, Jinny ven!
 This child is mine for ever—Amen!”
 And “Simmy!” I says, “remember this!”
 And I put him to her for her to kiss;

And then I kissed him ; but the little chap
 Of coorse he didn understand a rap.
 And I turned to Jinny, and she tried to rise,
 And I saw the death-light in her eyes—
 Clasped hands ! clenched teeth ! and back with the head—
 Aye, Jinny was dead, boys ! Jinny was dead.

"Come here," I says, and I stamped on the floor,
 And up the old woman come to be sure.
 "See after her !" I says, "ould Sukee !"
 And "All very well !" she says, "but lookkee !
 You gives yourself terrible airs, young man !
 Come now ! what are you going to stand ?"
 But I took the child, and says I, "I'm goin :"
 "Indeed !" she says, "and money owin !
 And the people'll be 'spectin a drop of drink,"
 And cussin, *and who was she did I think ?*
And the buryin too, for the matter of that !
 "Out of the way !" says I, "you cat !"
 And down the stair, and out at the front,
 And the loblollyboys shoutin "Down with the blunt !"
 And a squarin up, and a lookin big, .
 And "hould him ! down with him ! here's a rig !"
 "Stand back, you Irish curs ! stand back !"
 Says I, for there wasn a man in the pack :
 "Stand back, you cowards ; or I'll soon let ye see !"
 So off we went—little Simmy and me.

Is that him there asleep ? did ye ax ?
 Aye, the very same, and them's the fac's.
 And now, my lads, you'll hardly miss
 To know what poor little Simmy is.
 Bless me ! it's almost like a dream,
 But the very same ! the very same !
 Grew of coorse, and growin, understand ye !
 But you can't keep them small agin nathur, can ye ?
 Look at him, John ! the quiet he lies !
 And the fringes combin over his eyes !
 I know I'm a fool—but—feel that curl !
 Aw he's the only thing I have in all the world.

Well, on we marched, and the little thing
 Wasn so heavy as a swaller's wing—
 A poor little bag of bones, that's all,
 He'd have bruk in two if I'd let him fall.
 And I tried all the little words I knew,
 And actin the way that women do.
 But bless ye ! he wouldn take no rest,
 But shovin his little head in my breast,
 For though I had lived so long ashore,
 I never had carried a child before.
 And not a farlin at me ; so the only plan
 Was to make tracks straight off for Whitehaven,

And chance a logger loadin there—
 Aw, heaps of them yandhar—never fear!
 And the first time ever I begged was then,
 And the women is raely wuss till the men—
 “Be off!” says my lady, “be off! you scamp!
 I never give nothin to a tramp!”
 So I made her a bow, for I learnt with my letters,
 To “ordher myself to all my betterers.”
 But when the sun got low in the sky,
 Little Simmy began to cry.
 Hungry! I says, and over a gate
 And into a field, and “Wait then, wait!”
 And I put him sitting upon the grass—
 Dear o’ me! the green it was—
 And the daisies and buttercups that was in,
 And him grabbin at them astonishin!
 So I milked a cow, and I held my cap,
 And I gave it to the little chap;
 And he supped it hearty enough, the sweep!
 And stretched hisself, and off to sleep—
 And a deuced good supper and nothin to pay,
 And “Over the hills and far away.”

So by hook, or by crook, or however it was,
 I got down to Whitehaven at last;
 And a Ramsey logger they call the Map—
 Jemmy Corkhill—I knew the chap.
 “Hullo!” says I—“Hullo!” says he;
 “It’s yourself that’s been on the devil’s spree,
 And a baby at ye—well! well! good Lord!”
 “All right!” says I, and heaves him aboard—
 And—*Bless his soul the fun! and a chile in!*
 So that’s the way I got to the Islan’.
 I landed at Ramsey and started off
 The soonest I could, and past Ballaugh,
 And Kirk Michael, and the Ballacraigne—
 I hadn been there I couldn tell ye the when.
 And you may think how he wasn much of a load,
 But I was checked when I come on the mountain road
 And I found a spot where the ling was high,
 And terrible thick and soft and dry—
 And a big rock standin Nor-East by East—
 The way of the wind—aw, a beautiful place!

So I laid me down, and the child in my arms,
 And the quick little breath, and the dogs at the farms,
 And the curlews whistlin, passin by—
 And the noise of the river below, and the sigh
 Of the mountain breeze—I kept awake,
 And a star come out like a swan on a lake,
 White and lonely; and a sort of amazement
 Got hould on me, and the leads of a casement
 Crissed-crossed on the sky like a window-frame,
 And the long, long look! and the far it came!

Aw dear! I thought it was Jinny Magee
 In heaven makin signs to me.
 And sleep at last, and when I awoke,
 The stars was gone, and the day was broke,
 And the bees beginnin to think of the honey,
 And who was there but little sonny?
 Loosed from my arms, and catchin my hair,
 And laughin, and I laughed too, I'll swear.
 And says I—"Come, Simmy, my little buffer!
 You're small, but what is it sayin?—*Suffer*
The little children to come to me—
 So here goes! Simmy;" and "Glory be"
 I said, and "Our Father," and two or three
 Little hymns I remembered—"Let dogs delight,"
 The first two verses middling right—
 And "Little boy with cheerful eye,
 Bright and blue as yandhar sky;"
 And down, and takin the road to the Lhen,
 And the clear the sun was shinin then,
 And the little church that white; and below—
 The stones—and—well, you know! you know!

But at last I come to the shore, and I ran,
 For though it was early I saw a man
 Diggin lug on the beach, and I didn want
 To meet the like, so I made a slant,
 And back and in by the Claddagh lane,
 And round by the gable—Ned knows what I mean;
 And in at the door; and "Mawther!" I said,
 "Mawther!" but she was still in bed.
 "Mawther! look here! look here!" I cried;
 And I tould her all, how Jinny had died,
 And this was the youngster, and what I intended,
 And she heard me till my story was ended,
 And just like a stone—aw, never a word!
 And me gettin angry, till this little bird
 Chirrupps up with a crow and a leap—
 And—"Mammy seepy! Mammy as'leep"—
 Just that baby way—aw, then the flood
 Of the woman's-life come into her blood;
 And she stretched her arms, and I gave him to her,
 And she cried till she couldn cry no more.
 And she took to him grand, though of coorse at fuss
 Her hand was out, ye see, to nuss.
 But after dinner she had him as nice—
 And a singin, bless ye, with her poor ould vice.

The sun was down when I left them awhile,
 And up the Claddagh, and over the stile,
 And into the ould churchyard, and tryin
 To find the place where Betsy was lyin.
 It was nearly dark, but I wasn alone,
 For I seen a man bending over a stone—

And the look, and the heave of the breast—I could see
 It *was* a man—in his agony.
 And nearer! nearer! the head! the hair!
 My God! it was Taylor! Taylor—*there!*
 Aw then it all come back again,
 All the throuble and all the pain,
 And the one thought in my head—*him there at her grave!*
 And I stopped, and I said, “May Jesus save
 His soul! for his life is in my hand—
 Life for life! it’s God’s command.
 Life for life!” and I measured my step—
 “So long he shall live!” and I crep and crep—
 Aw, the murderer’s creep—“God give him grace!”
 Thinks I—then to him, and looked in his face.
 Aw, that face! he raised it—it was surprise,
 It was fear that was in his eyes;
 But the look of a man that’s fairly done
 With everythin that’s under the sun.
 Ah, mates! however it was with me,
 He had loved her, he *loved* her—my Betsy Lee!
 “Taylor!” I said; but he never spoke:
 “You loved her,” I said, “and your heart is broke.”
 And he looked—aw, the look—“Come, give us your hand!”
 I says—“*Forgive you?* I can! I can!
 For the love that was so terrible strong,
 For the love that made you do the wrong.”
 And, with them words, I saw the star
 I tould you of, but brighter far:
 It was Jinny, but Betsy now!
 “Misther Taylor,” I says, “we cannot tell how,
 But it was love—yes! yes! it was love! it was love!
 And He’s taken her to Hisself above;
 And it’s Him that’ll see that nothin annoys her,
 And——” “Watch below! turn up!” “Aye, aye, Sir!”

ON THE PRINCIPLE OF AUTHORITY IN MATTERS OF OPINION.¹

THE idea of authority in matters of *theological* opinion has been rendered familiar to us by the chronic controversy between the Church of Rome and the Protestant Churches, as to the mode in which dogmatic truth may be attained.² The Roman theologians assert that the decisions of an œcumenical council, or of a pope when speaking *ex cathedra*, are to be received with unquestioning assent. It is not necessary, they say, that individuals should recognize the validity, or indeed understand the nature, of the reasoning by which such decisions may be defended, since the ground on which they are to be accepted does not consist in any preponderance of arguments in their favour, but in the fact of their having been promulgated by an infallible organ of dogmatic truth. Protestant divines, on the contrary, encourage the individual to reject unhesitatingly all such decisions, whether of popes or councils, as appear to his own reason and conscience, after due examination and inquiry, to be no part of Divine revelation.

We have here the principle of authority sharply distinguished from that of private judgment. The Roman controversialist claims for the former, the Protestant for the latter, a preponderating influence on religious thought. It is, perhaps, the seeming antagonism into which the two principles have been thus forced in the field of theology that has attracted almost exclusive attention to their appearance on this battle-ground of successive generations; there centres round them, when thus seen, something of the joy of conflict which gives a keener interest to

any question about which we witness an obstinate struggle between able and well-matched antagonists. A very little consideration will, however, suffice to show that authority and private judgment also play their parts, directly or indirectly, in moulding our opinions, and through them our actions, in the great domain of matters non-theological.

The exigencies of common life are constantly placing us in positions where, of two or more alternative modes of action, we *must* adopt one. A boy is to be educated—what school shall he be sent to? An action at law to be commenced—what counsel shall be retained? A vacant post to be filled up—which of the candidates shall be selected?

The answer to be given to each of these questions involves the previous formation of an *opinion* on the subject with which it deals. The school is fixed upon because the boy's father thinks it the best he can afford; the counsel engaged because the solicitor in the case holds him to be eminently fitted to conduct it; the candidate appointed because the patron conceives him to be better qualified than his competitors. But though the *formation* of an opinion is unavoidable, the opinion itself may be arrived at in two extremely different ways. Let us suppose the boy's father, in the first of our three illustrations, to be a highly-educated man, well acquainted with the details of school management. Before coming to a decision he visits a number of schools, and at each questions the master, looks over the house, hears lessons given, overhauls the class-books, and talks with the boys in the playground. He then compares the advantages and defects of the several schools, and selects that which appears to him best suited to his son's powers and the length of his own purse. This is an opinion formed by *private judgment*.

Next let the father have enjoyed no

¹ Read before the Cambridge Reform Club, on February 5th, 1873.

² I am indebted to Sir G. Cornewall Lewis' work on "The Influence of Authority in Matters of Opinion" for the principles laid down in the following paper. The exposition and application of those principles are in the main my own.

unusual advantages of education, and know nothing about schools. His course is now much more expeditious. He goes to some one whom he believes to be well informed in matters of education, and on whose judgment and integrity he can rely, and asks him to recommend a suitable school. If he at once makes up his mind that the school thus recommended to him is the one he wants, his opinion is formed entirely on *authority*. It is probable, however, that if not he, at any rate his wife, will contribute a little element of private judgment to the decision by ascertaining, by personal inspection, that the sheets are clean and the beef abundant.

A passing glance at the multifarious matters on which a man is thus compelled to come to some kind of conclusion, will suffice to convince us that in the great majority of cases he cannot possess the knowledge of detail requisite for forming a really *independent* opinion. A man may be a guardian of the poor, a trustee of a school, a member of a hospital-board, a common council man, a member of Parliament. How is it possible that he can go for himself into all the economical, social, sanitary, educational, medical, legal, constitutional, and many more kinds of questions which come before him in these capacities, on which, nevertheless, he is constantly called upon to form, and sometimes to express, an opinion? Nothing is more certain than that in nine cases out of ten he *must* take the opinions of other men on trust, *i.e.* adopt the principle of authority. The extent to which he will have to do this is probably far greater than those who have never examined the subject are at all aware of.

Let us first see how the case stands with the sciences, from whose domain the principle of authority is commonly supposed to have long been peremptorily banished.

An independent cultivator of any one science does not generally possess a first-hand acquaintance with any other. If for any purpose he requires to make use of facts belonging to a field not his own, he consults the best book on the

subject within his reach, and, without troubling himself with trains of preliminary reasoning, takes for granted whatever statements appear to him to bear on the subject he has in hand. There is here no independent inquiry whatever, but unconditional submission to the principle of authority. Even within the area of a single science, the jurisdiction of the same principle is extensive. Mathematics, for instance, has of late grown so enormously as to make it impossible for anyone not endowed with very exceptional powers of application, and a voracious and insatiable intellectual appetite, to acquire anything like an independent knowledge of the present condition of that subject in all its different branches. The most distinguished mathematicians would be the first to disclaim such complete knowledge themselves, and to dissuade others from the extravagant and comparatively useless attempt to acquire it. Each seeks to extend his independent knowledge of his own special branch of the subject, but, beyond its limits, adopts unhesitatingly, and without previous examination, the results obtained by other investigators.

Let us now pass beyond the boundaries of the so-called "exact" sciences, into subjects such as history, and think for a moment what an amount of time and labour is involved in investigating a single question,—say the character of a particular sovereign. The searching for lost or undiscovered records, collating, deciphering, and interpreting of old manuscripts, sifting of evidence, marshalling of ascertained facts, are processes requiring enormous patience and systematic application, and making unlimited demands on the time of the inquirer. To go thoroughly into a few such questions is work for a lifetime.

The considerations which have been adduced lead to the conclusion that the further the domain of human knowledge is extended, and the more thoroughly it is cultivated, the smaller will the *proportion* of it become with which any one man can possess a thoroughly independent acquaintance.

"Knowledge" may, as Tennyson sings, "grow from more to more," but independent familiarity with it will shrink from less to less.

If we dismiss the case of professed students, and think of the great mass of our countrymen, whose main energies are absorbed in the occupations of active life, there can be no room for doubt that, as a rule, their opinions on all subjects lying beyond the circle of the avocations by which they live, must be taken on trust from the opinions of other people.

Enough has been said to show beyond the possibility of dispute, that the principle of authority plays a predominant part in forming the opinions of all thinking men, except within the narrowest individual limits. If, however, we are to take our opinions in a great measure on trust, we stand in urgent need of some guide to tell us *what* opinions to adopt. We need, in short, a test by which to discriminate between trustworthy and untrustworthy authority. It will aid us in the search for such a test if we first consider a case which presents considerable analogy to that under discussion.

When a lawsuit comes before a jury, the first step is to establish by evidence the *facts* of the case. If the evidence is conflicting, the jury have to make up their minds to which of two or more witnesses they will give, and to which refuse, credence. In so far as they accept the evidence of a particular witness, he becomes to them a kind of authority for the time being, though only in a matter of *fact*, and not of *opinion*. Still the cases are sufficiently alike for the rules which hold in the one to be applicable *mutatis mutandis* to the other. Now the requisites to make a man a good witness in a matter of fact are the following:—

1. That he was present when the alleged fact occurred.
2. That he observed what took place.
3. That he possesses adequate intelligence and memory to report clearly what he observed.
4. That he is not under the influence

of any personal interest, or other bias sufficiently powerful to overcome his desire to tell the truth.

The great bulk of men in a civilized community evidently possess these qualifications, and are therefore credible witnesses in matters of fact. The corresponding requisites to constitute a man a trustworthy authority in a matter of opinion, are far less easy of attainment. We must be assured that he has enjoyed adequate opportunities of studying his subject, and has availed himself of those opportunities; that his powers of mind are more than a match for the difficulties to be encountered, and his love of truth strong enough to overcome any misleading personal influences which can be brought to bear upon him. Now these are qualifications rarely united in any one individual. It is not hard to find a man of leisure, or a man of energy, or a man of brains, or a man of integrity, but we may search for a long time before we meet with one who combines all these in the high degree which is essential to constitute him an authority in a matter of opinion.

Thus it would seem, at first sight, as if nothing were gained by an appeal to the principle of authority, because it would often be quite as difficult to ascertain what person possessed all the essential marks of trustworthy authority, as to investigate for ourselves the question on which we had to form an opinion. Certainly, if in every such case we had to make out for ourselves whether a particular man had the amount of leisure, devotion to his subject, capacity and honesty of mind sufficient to justify our taking his opinion on trust, the process would, as a rule, be too long to be worth going through. We are, however, relieved from any such necessity by the great principle of *agreement among independent investigators*. Ecclesiastical tradition supplies us with an incident which aptly illustrates the nature of this principle. We read that when a Greek translation of the Hebrew original of the Old Testament was called for, seventy translators were set to work in separate cells with-

out being allowed any communication with each other. Each translated the whole of the Old Testament, and on the completion of the work it was found that all the versions produced agreed word for word throughout. This was held to prove that a supernatural influence had acted on the minds of the translators, and thus guaranteed the absolute perfection of their version. It was not the *ability* of the several translators on which the stress of this inference was made to rest, but their mutual independence, and the entire agreement of their work.

Let us take a corresponding incident more consonant with modern experience. Suppose that one of the lost works of classical antiquity has been discovered in manuscript in the library of a Greek monastery, and that translations have been made by scholars in different parts of Europe. Without instituting any inquiry into the qualifications of the individual translators, we should at once conclude that those passages of the original as to the meaning of which there existed substantial agreement, had been correctly translated.

In reasoning thus, we should be making one or two tacit assumptions, which, though perfectly legitimate in the case in hand, by no means hold universally. We should take for granted that classical scholars are, on the whole, properly qualified to deal with their subject, not under the influence of misleading class-interests or prejudices, and free to express, without let or hindrance, whatever opinions they may form. The importance of these tacitly assumed conditions will be immediately seen if we examine a few cases in which they are *not* satisfied. For example, there is a very considerable amount of agreement among a large number of persons calling themselves Spiritualists, in support of the assertion that certain phenomena are due to the agency of departed spirits. The public pays no deference to this agreement, and treats the asserted spiritual agency with general incredulity or indifference. Why is this? Because the cultivators of Spiritualism

have as yet afforded us no ground for thinking that, as a body, they possess the exceptional qualifications requisite for men who undertake to deal with the most difficult problems of physiology and mental science.

Again, at the time of the Anti-Corn-law agitation, the landed interest with one voice exclaimed that the proposed measure would ruin the country. The nation disregarded their agreement in this opinion. Why? Because it perceived that class interests, and not genuine conviction, raised the outcry. Once more: throughout the Middle Ages a vast and most imposing array of theological agreement supported the dogmas of the Roman Church. Yet the voice of the Reformation pronounced the claim of that Church to authority in matters of belief to be an utter usurpation, and treated the mass of consentient opinion which backed it up as a mere delusion. Why? Because the expression of opposite opinion was rendered impossible, and the dominant system enforced by a mechanism of external coercion, of which, for spying vigilance and inexorable rigour, the world has never seen the like. The absolute consent of overt expression on which the Roman controversialists relied, was therefore merely apparent, and it was as unsafe to infer from it a corresponding agreement of internal conviction, as it would be to conclude from the constantly repeated evolutions of a gang of convicts that the treadmill was the mode of taking exercise which above all others their souls loved.

We come, then, to the following result. If a particular subject has been diligently studied by well-qualified and thoroughly independent persons, we may accept their conclusions wherever they possess the guarantee of unanimity, provided always that there exists entire freedom of discussion, that no particular opinions are favoured by restricting posts of emolument and social pre-eminence to such as profess them, and no class of thinkers so persistently assailed, on account of unpopular tenets, with calumny and misrepresentation, as to

silence their opposition to what they conceive to be popular errors.

The views to which we have been led as to the paramount sway of the principle of authority, have undoubtedly something about them rather humbling to human vanity. It will therefore be worth while to bring out a few of the compensating advantages which it bestows on us. In the first place we obtain from it an extent of knowledge out of all proportion to what we could hope to acquire by our own efforts alone. Now in many branches of learning, the *results* are just the most beautiful and interesting parts. For instance, in astronomy, the great laws of planetary motion have an incomparable grandeur, which any clear-headed person can be made to perceive; whereas the details of observation and calculation which must be gone through in order to demonstrate these laws are in many respects excessively wearisome and repulsive. Further, all *progress* in knowledge depends on the principle of authority, since by it men are enabled to build higher and higher. One generation makes a single course of bricks firm and secure, the next lays another upon it, and so on. If each generation had insisted on ignoring the work of its predecessor, our temple of knowledge would never have risen beyond a hovel.

But, it may be objected, if we admit these conclusions, we shall have to abandon the ground taken up at the Reformation, and adopt submissive, slavish principles in religion, which have hitherto led, and must always lead, to ecclesiastical tyranny. My answer is, there is no need to do anything of the kind. We have merely to apply to the specimens of so-called Church authority presented to us the few simple tests enumerated in this paper, and we shall find that they are no authorities at all, but mere counterfeits. The test which proves at once fatal to their claim is that which requires entire freedom of discussion as a guarantee of sound authority. This has been so notoriously absent, or rather, its exact opposite has been so persistently present, throughout

history, whether represented by the fires of the Inquisition abroad, or by parliamentary and episcopal tyranny in England, that there is no occasion to go a step further.

It may have seemed to some of my hearers that the topics to which I have directed attention are but distantly connected with the proper objects of a society such as that which I have the honour to address. I hope, however, to be able to show that the conclusions at which we have arrived admit of being applied with great advantage to the field of politics. One of the most essential differences between Liberals and Conservatives lies in the attitude which they respectively assume towards the principle of authority. Men of both parties alike necessarily form the bulk of their opinions by the aid of this principle—in fact, they can no more help doing so than they can help breathing the common air, and basking in the common sunshine. But the Liberal party, not content with merely using the principle, has persistently striven to bring about a more complete fulfilment of those conditions on which, as we have seen, all its validity and soundness depend. The history of the Liberal party is essentially the history of a long struggle for mental freedom and unfettered utterance. The removal, more or less complete, of severe restrictions on the press and on literature—of invidious civil disabilities inflicted on the maintainers of particular theological tenets—of enforced subscription to antiquated formularies of belief—has directly tended to increase publicity, diminish hypocrisy, and remove to a great extent the obloquy attaching to impugnors of dominant notions; and so most powerfully to enhance that feeling of mutual confidence which practically sums up the guarantees of trustworthy authority. The history of the Conservative party is the history of a persistent effort to hinder the emancipation of the human intellect, and to choke its utterance. The policy of that party has, accordingly, tended to perpetuate mistrust and class-suspicion, and thus to stunt the growth

of the principle of authority. The attitude of the two parties may therefore be described as follows. Both owe their political opinions to authority. Liberals, while perhaps not adequately acknowledging their obligations to this principle, nevertheless strive to bring it to the highest state of efficiency. Conservatives, though never weary of parading their adherence to the principle, cling with unreasoning tenacity to the imperfections which clog its development.

Besides affording us the means of clearly expressing a marked distinction between our party in the State and that of our political opponents, the results we have reached are capable of indicating the kind of personal qualifications which a Liberal constituency should look for when choosing its candidate for a parliamentary election. I have used the word *personal* advisedly, as I must of course take it for granted that the candidate is at one with his supporters on the general principles and policy of the Liberal party. On these there can be no discussion within the circle of this society.

We all know that the variety of subjects which engage the attention of our legislators is practically unlimited—that there is hardly anything in heaven, on earth, or under the earth, which may not be made the subject of a parliamentary debate and a parliamentary division. No man possesses an independent familiarity with more than an infinitesimally small proportion of the subjects which may thus be brought before him; nevertheless a constituency generally expects its representative to give, by his vote, an opinion on all the most important questions submitted to the test of a division. A member of Parliament has, therefore, necessarily to make more habitual use of the principle of authority, in forming his opinions, than any other class of men in the community. He ought, then, not indeed to be more versed than other men in all kinds of political questions, but to know better than they the right quarter in which to apply for a sound opinion on each question as it presents itself. His

authorities will be as various as the subjects with which he is called on to deal. On many questions the best will probably be the leaders of the political party to which he himself belongs. These men have access to exceptional sources of information, and are specially well informed as to what measures are, not perhaps in the abstract the very best possible, but the best that the strength of the party admits of carrying. We often hear men who vote steadily with their party sneered at, and called place-hunters and office-seekers, but clearly nothing can be more unjust. They are simply adopting the most trustworthy body of opinion within their reach, and probably, in most cases, taking the very best course that circumstances allow of.

A debate is a great opportunity for consulting authorities. On most questions which crop up, there are some members of the House who are entitled, by special study or exceptional means of information, to act as guides of opinion. By weighing these experts against each other, and striking a balance between them, a shrewd, intelligent man may easily come to a right conclusion without any previous independent study of the points at issue.

But the legislator must clearly extend his search for authorities far beyond the limits of the assembly to which he belongs. In dealing with private persons who claim to act influentially on public opinion, he will often find the tests of authority adapted to numerous bodies of men inapplicable, and have to depend on negative and less decisive marks, such as the absence of overstatement and mystic airs of infallibility, of concealment and convenient vagueness of expression.

It seems, then, that the requisites needed for the efficient discharge of parliamentary duties—as far as an outsider may presume to judge—are mainly a disciplined intellect, trained to concentrate itself with vigorous rapidity on any subject which may claim its attention, a straightness and uprightness of mind which is ready to follow truth

with confidence, but shrinks instinctively from the touch of falsehood, and a wide knowledge of, and tact in dealing with, men of all classes and conditions. Such I conceive to be the main qualities to be sought for in one who is to stand forth as the representative of other men, the guardian of their interests, and the champion of their rights. When we consider the high trust and dignity involved in such an office, we may even, I think, go a step further, and seek as our candidate one who, besides being a skilled collector of authoritative opinions in general, is, on some one or more questions, an authority himself. A constituent enjoys a feeling of internal satisfaction if he knows that his representative, when speaking on his own special subject in Parliament, is listened to with the deference which, for instance, is accorded by the House of Commons on more than one subject to the member for Brighton.

I have spoken of the qualifications which have a legitimate claim on the support of a reasonable and thinking elector. Let me, in conclusion, contrast with them certain so-called qualifications, which, though they by no means *really* qualify a man to perform well the duties of a representative, nevertheless succeed in usurping a predominant influence. I mean great wealth and hereditary connection with the territorial aristocracy.

A very large amount of capital accumulated in the hands of an individual inevitably confers upon him a considerable power over other men. He can turn the fertilizing streams of a vast business into what channels he pleases, systematically lay men struggling with difficulties under a yoke of money obligation which they are powerless to shake off, and in a hundred different ways manipulate the interested springs of human action. This is what we call *local influence*. Let a candidate for a seat in the House of Commons possess it, and we know that he has an excellent chance of being returned, let his personal unfitness for the post he seeks be what it may. On this point I will quote

some vigorous words of Professor Goldwin Smith in an article on the labour question, in the January number of the *Contemporary Review*:—"Whatever the rich man desires, the finest house, the biggest diamond, the reigning beauty for his wife, social homage, public honours, political power, is ready at his command. Does he fancy a seat in the British House of Commons, the best club in London, as it has been truly called? All other claims, those of the public service included, at once give way. I remember a question arising about a nomination for a certain constituency (a working man's constituency by the way), which was cut short by the announcement that the seat was wanted by a local millionaire. When the name of the millionaire was mentioned, surprise was expressed. Has he, it was asked, any political knowledge or capacity, any interest in public affairs, any ambition? The answer was 'None.' 'Then why does he want the seat?' 'He does not want it.' 'Then why does he take it?' 'Because his wife does.' Cleopatra, as the story goes, displayed her mad prodigality by melting a pearl in a cup out of which she drank to Antony. But this modern money-queen could throw into her cup of pleasure, to give it a keener zest, a share in the government of the greatest empire in the world."

Aristocratic birth is also an effective passport to Parliament. Young noblemen are promoted with surprising rapidity from the University to the House of Commons. A good many specimens of this class of men come before us in Cambridge in the course of a few years, so that one can form a pretty accurate estimate of their qualifications for parliamentary duties and responsibilities. As a rule they do not rise above the average level of our undergraduates, either in ability or in power of application. Nevertheless we may reckon with tolerable certainty on seeing them, a year or two after they have left the University, occupying seats in Parliament which far abler men cannot hope to attain until they are grey-

headed. Now, when we know that influential, but personally ill-qualified, candidates can calculate on winning seats against well-qualified but uninfluential competitors, we know that a large number of electors must habitually allow their votes to be decided by considerations not strictly disinterested. In fact, local influence acts on the middle-class elector very much in the same way as bribery and intimidation do on the voter of the poorest class, but is, of course, far more insidious than these gross and palpable forms of corruption, since it can make its power felt without uttering a word, or committing a single overt act which could be alleged in an election petition.

In whatever way, however, the force of wealth and social station is brought to bear, it humiliates the individual voter by interfering with his free and conscientious choice, and injures the nation by forcing upon it a less efficient class of legislators than it would otherwise obtain. The tendency of a system of election in which it plays any considerable part is to weight Parliament with moneyed and landed men of mediocre ability, and no special turn for public affairs. These persons are pretty sure to regard social questions from a point of view specially favourable to those influences to which they must be perfectly conscious of owing their election. Hence follows legislation in the interests of the opulent and landed classes. To take an instance or two. What should we think if we found in some continental capital a great pleasure-ground, all the best drives in which were exclusively reserved for the use of those persons whose incomes reached, say, a thousand or fifteen hundred a year? Yet this is exactly the effect of the London park regulations, by which none but private carriages are allowed on the principal drives. A rich man, whose income permits him to keep a carriage of his own, is to be allowed to drive about the park as he chooses. A poorer man, who could afford to hire a cab in order to enjoy the same pleasure, is not

allowed to enter, or is restricted to a single road. A system which creates a monopoly of public property for the use of the wealthy would, I venture to affirm, be no longer tolerated by a really representative House of Commons.

Again, when the tramway system was under discussion in Parliament, a very rich member opposed it on the ground of the inconvenience it would cause to "gentlemen having carriages of their own." He knew, no doubt, that this argument, which would have been worth little in a house of *representatives*, would be most effective in a house of *opulents*. As a last example, let me refer to the rejection of the Birmingham Sewage Bill last session, when the interests of a vast centre of population and manufacture were sacrificed to those of a few landowners whose property was thought likely to be deteriorated if the Bill became law.

The condition of things indicated by such occurrences is certainly very serious, but it may, I am convinced, be successfully combated if Liberal electors will only determine to prefer ability and high integrity, in their candidate, above all other real or supposed qualifications, and let it be most distinctly understood that they intend to act resolutely and systematically on this principle. Our representatives occupy posts of the most momentous importance; we are therefore bound as patriotic Englishmen so to discharge our electoral trust that, as far as in us lies, none but thoroughly competent and single-hearted men shall be allowed to sit in the great council of the nation. To do this consistently and unswervingly will require some effort, and perhaps some sacrifice, but no one who is heartily attached to the great fundamental principles on which Liberalism is built ought to count the cost, when he remembers that by acting fearlessly and staunchly, according to the unbiassed dictates of his own conscience, he can contribute towards ensuring to those principles an ultimate and complete triumph.

SEDDLEY TAYLOR.

A PRINCESS OF THULE.

BY WILLIAM BLACK, AUTHOR OF "THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON," ETC.

CHAPTER VI.

AT BARVAS BRIDGE.

VERY soon, indeed, Ingram began to see that his friend had spoken to him quite frankly; and that he was really bent on asking Sheila to become his wife. Ingram contemplated this prospect with some dismay, and with some vague consciousness that he was himself responsible for what he could not help regarding as a disaster. He had half expected that Frank Lavender would, in his ordinary fashion, fall in love with Sheila—for about a fortnight. He had joked him about it even before they came within sight of Sheila's home. He had listened with a grim humour to Lavender's outbursts of admiration, and only asked himself how many times he had heard the same phrases before. But now things were looking more serious; for the young man had thrown himself into the prosecution of his new project with all the generous poetic enthusiasm of a highly impulsive nature. Ingram saw that everything a young man could do to win the heart of a young girl Lavender would do; and nature had dowered him richly with various means of fascination. Most dangerous of all of these was a gift of sincerity that deceived himself. He could assume an opinion, or express an emotion, at will, with such a genuine fervour that he himself forgot how recently he had acquired it, and was able to convince his companion for the moment that it was a revelation of his inmost soul. It was this charm of impetuous sincerity which had fascinated Ingram himself years before, and made him cultivate the acquaintance of a young man whom he at first regarded as a somewhat facile, talkative, and histri-

onic person. Ingram perceived, for example, that young Lavender had so little regard for public affairs that he would have been quite content to see our Indian Empire go for the sake of eliciting a sarcasm from Lord Westbury; but, at the same time, if you had appealed to his nobler instincts, and placed before him the condition of a certain populace suffering from starvation, he would have done all in his power to aid them, he would have written letters to the newspapers, would have headed subscriptions, and would have ended by believing that he had been the constant friend of the people of India throughout his life and was bound to stick to them to the end of it.

As often as not Lavender borrowed his fancies and opinions from Edward Ingram himself, who was amused and gratified at the same time to find his humdrum notions receive a dozen new lights and colours when transferred to the warmer atmosphere of his friend's imagination. Ingram would even consent to receive from his younger companion advice, impetuously urged and richly illustrated, which he had himself offered, in simpler terms, months before. At this very moment he could see that much of Lavender's romantic conceptions of Sheila's character was only an exaggeration of some passing hints he, Ingram, had dropped as the *Clansman* was steaming into Stornoway. But then they were ever so much more beautiful. Ingram held to his conviction that he himself was a distinctly commonplace person. He had grown reconciled to the ordinary grooves of life. But young Lavender was not commonplace—he fancied he could see in him an occasional flash of something that looked like

genius ; and many and many a time, in regarding the brilliant and facile powers, the generous impulses, and the occasional ambitions of his companion, he wondered whether these would ever lead to anything in the way of production, or even of consolidation of character, or whether they would merely remain the passing sensations of an indifferent idler. Sometimes, indeed, he devoutly wished that Lavender had been born a stonemason.

But all these pleasant and graceful qualities which had made the young man an agreeable companion were a serious danger now ; for was it not but too probable that Sheila, accustomed to the rude and homely ways of the islanders, would be attracted, and pleased, and fascinated by one who had about him so much of a soft and southern brightness with which she was wholly unfamiliar ? This open-hearted frankness of his placed all his best qualities in the sunshine, as it were ; she could not fail to see the singular modesty and courtesy of his bearing towards women, his gentle manners, his light-heartedness, his passionate admiration of the self-sacrifice of others, and his sympathy with their sufferings. Ingram would not have minded much if Lavender alone had been concerned in the dilemma now growing imminent ; he would have left him to flounder out of it as he had got out of previous ones. But he had been surprised, and pained, and even frightened to detect in Sheila's manner some faint indications—so faint that he was doubtful what construction to put on them—of a special interest in the young stranger whom he had brought with him to Borva.

What could he do in the matter, supposing his suspicions were correct ? Caution Sheila ?—it would be an insult. Warn Mackenzie ?—the King of Borva would fly into a passion with everybody concerned, and bring endless humiliation on his daughter, who had probably never dreamed of regarding Lavender except as a chance acquaintance. Insist upon Lavender going south at once ?—that would merely goad the young man into

obstinacy. Ingram found himself in a grievous difficulty, afraid to say how much of it was of his own creation. He had no selfish sentiments of his own to consult ; if it were to become evident that the happiness of Sheila and of his friend depended on their marrying each other, he was ready to forward such a project with all the influence at his command. But there were a hundred reasons why he should dread such a marriage. He had already mentioned several of them to Lavender, in trying to dissuade the young man from his purpose. A few days had passed since then ; and it was clear that Lavender had abandoned all notion of fulfilling those resolutions he had vaguely formed. But the more that Ingram thought over the matter, and the further he recalled all the ancient proverbs and stories about the fate of intermeddlers, the more evident it became to him that he could take no immediate action in the affair. He would trust to the chapter of accidents to save Sheila from what he considered a disastrous fate. Perhaps Lavender would repent. Perhaps Mackenzie, continually on the watch for small secrets, would discover something, and bid his daughter stay in Borva while his guests proceeded on their tour through Lewis. In any case, it was not at all certain that Lavender would be successful in his suit. Was the heart of a proud-spirited, intelligent, and busily-occupied girl to be won in a matter of three weeks or a month ? Lavender would go south, and no more would be heard of it.

This tour round the island of Lewis, however, was not likely to favour much any such easy escape from the difficulty. On a certain morning the larger of Mr. Mackenzie's boats carried the holiday party away from Borva ; and even at this early stage—as they sat in the stern of the heavy craft—Lavender had arrogated to himself the exclusive right of waiting upon Sheila. He had constituted himself her companion in all their excursions about Borva which they had undertaken ; and now, on this longer journey, they were to be once more

thrown together. It did seem a little hard that Ingram should be relegated to Mackenzie and his theories of government; but did he not profess to prefer that? Like most men who have got beyond five-and-thirty, he was rather proud of considering himself an observer of life. He stood aside as a spectator, and let other people, engaged in all manner of eager pursuits, pass before him for review. Towards young folks, indeed, he assumed a good-naturedly paternal air, as if they were but as shy-faced children to be humoured. Were not their love-affairs a pretty spectacle? As for himself, he was far beyond all that. The illusions of love-making, the devotion, and ambition, and dreams of courtship, were no longer possible to him; but did they not constitute on the whole a beautiful and charming study, that had about it at times some little touches of pathos? At odd moments, when he saw Sheila and Lavender walking together in the evening, he was himself half inclined to wish that something might come of the young man's determination. It would be so pleasant to play the part of a friendly counsellor, to humour the follies of the young folks, to make jokes at their expense, and then, in the midst of their embarrassment and resentment, to go forward, and pet them a little, and assure them of a real and earnest sympathy.

"Your time is to come," Lavender said to him suddenly, after he had been exhibiting some of his paternal forbearance and consideration; "you will get a dreadful twist some day, my boy. You have been doing nothing but dreaming about women; but some day or other you will wake up to find yourself captured and fascinated beyond anything you have ever seen in other people, and then you will discover what a desperately real thing it is."

Ingram had a misty impression that he had heard something like this before. Had he not given Lavender some warning of the same kind? But he was so much accustomed to hear those vague repetitions of his own remarks—and was, on the whole, so well pleased to

think that his commonplace notions should take root and flourish in this goodly soil—that he never thought of asking Lavender to quote his authority for those profound observations on men and things.

"Now, Miss Mackenzie," said the young man, as the big boat was drawing near to Callernish, "what is to be our first sketch in Lewis?"

"The Callernish stones, of course," said Mackenzie himself; "it is more than one has come to the Lewis to see the Callernish stones."

Lavender had promised to the King of Borva a series of water-colour drawings of Lewis, and Sheila was to choose the subjects from day to day. Mackenzie was gratified by this proposal, and accepted it with much magnanimity; but Sheila knew that, before the offer was made, Lavender had come to her and asked her if she cared about sketches, and whether he might be allowed to take a few on this journey and present them to her. She was very grateful; but suggested that it might please her papa if they were given to him. Would she superintend them, then, and choose the topics for illustration? Yes, she would do that; and so the young man was furnished with a roving commission.

He brought her a little sepia sketch of Borvabost, its huts, its bay, and its upturned boats on the beach. Sheila's expressions of praise—the admiration and pleasure that shone in her eyes—would have turned any young man's head. But her papa looked at the picture with a critical eye, and remarked—

"Oh yes, it is ferry good—but it is not the colour of Loch Roag at all. It is the colour of a river when there is a flood of rain—I have neffer at all seen Loch Roag a brown colour—neffer at all."

It was clear, then, that the subsequent sketches could not be taken in sepia; and so Lavender proposed to make a series of pencil-drawings, which could be washed in with colour afterwards. There was one subject, indeed, which, since his arrival in Lewis, he had tried to fix on paper by every conceivable

means in his power—and that was Sheila herself. He had spoiled innumerable sheets of paper in trying to get some likeness of her which would satisfy himself; but all his usual skill seemed somehow to have gone from him. He could not understand it. In ordinary circumstances, he could have traced in a dozen lines a portrait that would at least have shown a superficial likeness—he could have multiplied portraits by the dozen of old Mackenzie, or Ingram, or Duncan—but here he seemed to fail utterly. He invited no criticism, certainly. These efforts were made in his own room; and he asked no one's opinion as to the likeness. He could, indeed, certify to himself that the drawing of the features was correct enough. There was the sweet and placid forehead, with its low masses of dark hair; there the short upper lip, the finely-carved mouth, the beautifully-rounded chin and throat; and there the frank, clear, proud eyes, with their long lashes and highly-curved eyebrows. Sometimes, too, a touch of colour added warmth to the complexion, put a glimmer of the blue sea beneath the long black eyelashes, and drew a thread of scarlet round the white neck. But was this Sheila? Could he take this sheet of paper to his friends in London, and say—Here is the magical princess whom I hope to bring to you from the North, with all the glamour of the sea around her? He felt instinctively that there would be an awkward pause. The people would praise the handsome, frank, courageous head, and look upon the bit of red ribbon round the neck as an effective artistic touch. They would hand him back the paper with a compliment; and he would find himself in an agony of unrest because that they had misunderstood the portrait, and seen nothing of the wonder that encompassed this Highland girl as if with a garment of mystery and dreams.

So he tore up portrait after portrait—more than one of which would have startled Ingram by its truth; and then, to prove to himself that he was not growing mad, he resolved to try a por-

trait of some other person. He drew a head of old Mackenzie in chalk; and was amazed at the rapidity and facility with which he executed the task. Then there could be no doubt as to the success of the likeness nor as to the effect of the picture. The King of Borva, with his heavy eyebrows, his aquiline nose, his keen grey eyes, and flowing beard, offered a fine subject; and there was something really royal, and massive, and noble in the head that Lavender, well satisfied with his work, took down-stairs one evening. Sheila was alone in the drawing-room, turning over some music.

"Miss Mackenzie," he said, rather kindly, "would you look at this?"

Sheila turned round, and the sudden light of pleasure that leapt to her face was all the praise and all the assurance he wanted. But he had more than that. The girl was grateful to him beyond all the words she could utter, and when he asked her if she would accept the picture, she thanked him by taking his hand for a moment, and then she left the room to call in Ingram and her father. All the evening there was a singular look of happiness on her face. When she met Lavender's eyes with hers, there was a frank and friendly look of gratitude ready to reward him. When had he earned so much before by a simple sketch? Many and many a portrait, carefully executed and elaborately framed, had he presented to his lady-friends in London, to receive from them a pretty note and a few words of thanks when next he called. Here, with a rough chalk sketch, he had awakened an amount of gratitude that almost surprised him in the most beautiful and tender soul in the world; and had not this princess among women taken his hand for a moment, as a childlike way of expressing her thanks, while her eyes spoke more than her lips? And the more he looked at those eyes, the more he grew to despair of ever being able to put down the magic of them in lines and colours.

At length Duncan got the boat into the small creek at Callernish; and the party got out on the shore. As they were going up the steep path leading to

the plain above, a young girl met them, who looked at them in rather a strange way. She had a fair, pretty, wondering face, with singularly high eyebrows, and clear, light blue eyes.

"How are you, Eilean?" said Mackenzie, as he passed on with Ingram.

But Sheila, on making the same inquiry, shook hands with the girl, who smiled in a confidential way, and, coming quite close, nodded, and pointed down to the water's edge.

"Have you seen them to-day, Eilean?" said Sheila, still holding the girl by the hands, and looking at the fair, pretty, strange face.

"It was sa day before yesterday," she answered, in a whisper, while a pleased smile appeared on her face, "and sey will be here sa night."

"Good-bye, Eilean; take care you don't stay out at night and catch cold, you know," said Sheila; and then, with another little nod and a smile, the young girl went down the path.

"It is Eilean-of-the-Ghosts, as they call her," said Sheila to Lavender as they went on; "the poor thing fancies she sees little people about the rocks, and watches for them. But she is very good and quiet, and she is not afraid of them, and she does no harm to anyone. She does not belong to the Lewis; I think she is from Jura; but she sometimes comes to pay us a visit at Borva, and my papa is very kind to her."

"Mr. Ingram does not appear to know her; I thought he was acquainted with everyone in the island," said Lavender.

"She was not here when he has been in the Lewis before," said Sheila; "but Eilean does not like to speak to strangers, and I do not think you could get her to speak to you if you tried."

Lavender had paid but little attention to the "false men" of Callernish when first he saw them; but now he approached the long lines of big stones up on this lonely plateau with a new interest. For Sheila had talked to him about them many a time in Borva; and had asked his opinion about their origin and their age. Was the central circle of stones an altar, with the other series marking the

approaches to it? Or was it the grave of some great chieftain, with the remaining stones indicating the graves of his relations and friends? Or was it the commemoration of some battle in olden times, or the record of astronomical or geometrical discoveries, or a temple once devoted to serpent-worship, or what? Lavender, who knew absolutely nothing at all about the matter, was probably as well qualified as anybody else to answer those questions; but he forbore. The interest, however, that Sheila showed in such things he very rapidly acquired. When he came to see the rows of stones a second time, he was much impressed by their position on this bit of hill overlooking the sea. He sat down on his camp stool with the determination that, although he could not satisfy Sheila's wistful questions, he would present her with some little sketch of these monuments and their surroundings, which might catch up something of the mysterious loneliness of the scene.

He would not, of course, have the picture as it then presented itself. The sun was glowing on the grass around him, and lighting up the tall grey pillars of stone with a cheerful radiance. Over there the waters of Loch Roag were bright and blue; and beyond the lake the undulations of moorland were green and beautiful, and the mountains in the south grown pale as silver in the heat. Here was a pretty young lady, in a rough blue travelling dress, and a hat and feather, who was engaged in picking up wild flowers from the warm heath. There was a gentleman from the office of the Board of Trade, who was sitting on the grass, nursing his knees, and whistling. From time to time the chief figure in the foreground was an elderly gentleman, who evidently expected that he was going to be put into the picture, and who was occasionally dropping a cautious hint that he did not always wear this rough-and-ready sailor's costume. Mackenzie was also most anxious to point out to the artist the names of the hills and districts lying to the south of Loch Roag; apparently with the hope

that the sketch would have a certain topographical interest for future visitors.

No; Lavender was content at that moment to take down the outlines of the great stones, and the configuration of lake and hill beyond; but, by and by, he would give another sort of atmosphere to this wild scene. He would have rain and darkness spread over the island, with the low hills in the south grown desolate and remote, and the waters of the sea covered with gloom. No human figure should be visible on this remote plain, where these strange memorials had stood for centuries, exposed to western gales, and the stillness of the winter nights, and the awful silence of the stars. Would not Sheila, at least, understand the bleakness and desolation of the picture? Of course her father would like to have everything blue and green. He seemed a little disappointed when it was clear that no distant glimpse of Borva could be introduced into the sketch. But Sheila's imagination would be captured by this sombre picture; and perhaps, by and by, in some other land, amid fairer scenes and in a more generous climate, she might be less inclined to hunger for the dark and melancholy North when she looked on this record of its gloom and its sadness.

"Is he going to put any people in the pictures?" said Mackenzie, in a confidential whisper to Ingram.

Ingram got up from the grass, and said, with a yawn—

"I don't know. If he does, it will be afterwards. Suppose we go along to the waggonette, and see if Duncan has brought everything up from the boat?"

The old man seemed rather unwilling to be cut out of this particular sketch, but he went, nevertheless; and Sheila, seeing Mr. Lavender left alone, and thinking that not quite fair, went over to him, and asked if she might be permitted to see as much as he had done.

Lavender shut up the book.

"No," he said with a laugh, "you shall see it to-night. I have sufficient memoranda to work something out of it

by and by. Shall we have another look at the circle up there?"

He folded up and shouldered his camp-stool, and they walked to the point at which the long lines of the "mourners" converged. Perhaps he was moved by a great antiquarian curiosity; at all events, he showed a singular interest in the monuments, and talked to his companion about all the possible theories connected with such stones in a fashion that charmed her greatly. She was easily persuaded that the Callernish "Fir-Bhreige" were the most interesting relics in the world. He had seen Stonehenge, but Stonehenge was too scattered to be impressive. There was more mystery about the means by which the inhabitants of a small island could have hewn, and carved, and erected these blocks; there was, moreover, the mystery about the vanished population itself. Yes, he had been to Carnac also. He had driven down from Auray in a rumbling old trap, his coachman being unable to talk French. He had seen the half-cultivated plain on which there were rows and rows of small stones, scarcely to be distinguished from the stone walls of the adjoining farms. What was there impressive about such a sight, when you went into a house and paid a franc to be shown the gold ornaments picked up about the place? Here, however, was a perfect series of those strange memorials, with the long lanes leading up to a circle, and the tallest of all the stones placed on the western side of the circle, perhaps as the head-stone of the buried chief. Look at the position, too—the silent hill, the waters of the sea-loch around it, and beyond that the desolation of miles of untenanted moorland. Sheila seemed pleased that her companion, after coming so far, should have found something worth looking at in the Lewis.

"Does it not seem strange," he said, suddenly, "to think of young folks of the present day picking up wild-flowers from among those old stones?"

He was looking at a tiny bouquet which she had gathered.

"Will you take them?" she said, quite simply and naturally offering him the flowers. "They may remind you some time of Callernish."

He took the flowers, and regarded them for a moment in silence; and then he said, gently—

"I do not think I shall want these to remind me of Callernish. I shall never forget our being here."

At this moment—perhaps fortunately—Duncan appeared, and came along towards the young people with a basket in his hand.

"It wass Mr. Mackenzie will ask if ye will tek a glass o' whiskey, sir, and a bit o' bread and cheese. And he wass sayin there wass no hurry at all, and he will wait for you for two hours, or half an hour whatever."

"All right, Duncan; go back and tell him I have finished, and we shall be there directly. No, thank you, don't take out the whiskey—unless, Miss Mackenzie," added the young man, with a smile, "Duncan can persuade you."

Duncan looked with amazement at the man who dared to joke about Miss Sheila taking whiskey; and, without waiting for any further commands, indignantly shut the lid of the basket, and walked off.

"I wonder, Miss Mackenzie," said Lavender, as they went along the path and down the hill, "I wonder what you would say if I happened to call you Sheila by mistake."

"I should be glad if you did that. Everyone calls me Sheila," said the girl, quietly enough.

"You would not be vexed?" he said, regarding her with a little surprise.

"No, why should I be vexed?" she answered, and she happened to look up, and he saw what a clear light of sincerity there was shining in her eyes.

"May I then call you Sheila?"

"Yes."

"But—but—" he said, with a timidity and embarrassment of which she showed no trace whatever, "but people might think it strange, you know—and yet I should greatly like to call you

Sheila—only, not before other people, perhaps——"

"But why not?" she said, with her eyebrows just raised a little. "Why should you wish to call me Sheila at one time and not at the other? It is no difference whatever—and everyone calls me Sheila."

Lavender was a little disappointed. He had hoped, when she consented in so friendly a manner to his calling her by any name he chose, that he could have established this little arrangement, which would have had about it something of the nature of a personal confidence. Sheila would evidently have none of that. Was it that she was really so simple and frank in her ways that she did not understand why there should be such a difference, and what it might imply; or was she well aware of everything he had been wishing, and able to assume this air of simplicity and ignorance with a perfect grace? Ingram, he reflected, would have said at once that to suspect Sheila of such duplicity was to insult her; but then Ingram was perhaps himself a trifle too easily imposed on, and he had notions about women—despite all his philosophical reading and such like—that a little more mingling in society might have caused him to alter. Frank Lavender confessed to himself that Sheila was either a miracle of disingenuousness or a thorough mistress of the art of assuming it. On the one hand, he considered it almost impossible for a woman to be so disingenuous; on the other hand, how could this girl have taught herself, in the solitude of a savage island, a species of histrionism which women in London circles strove for years to acquire and rarely acquired in any perfection? At all events, he said to himself, while he reserved his opinion on this point, he was not going to call Sheila Sheila before folks who would know what that meant. Mr. Mackenzie was evidently a most irascible old gentleman. Goodness only knew what sort of law prevailed in these wild parts; and to be seized at midnight by a couple of brawny fishermen—to be carried down to a projecting ledge of rock—! Had

not Ingram already hinted that Mackenzie would straightway throw into Loch Roag the man who should offer to carry away Sheila from him?

But how could these doubts of Sheila's sincerity last? He sat opposite her in the waggonette, and the perfect truth of her face, of her frank eyes, and of her ready smile met him at every moment, whether he talked to her, or to Ingram, or listened to old Mackenzie, who turned from time to time from the driving of the horses to inform the stranger of what he saw around him. It was the most brilliant of mornings. The sun burned on the white road, on the green moorland, on the grey-lichened rocks with their crimson patches of heather. As they drove by the curious convolutions of this rugged coast, the sea that lay beyond these recurring bays and points was of a windy green, with here and there a streak of white, and the fresh breeze blowing across to them tempered the fierce heat of the sun. How cool, too, were those little freshwater lakes they passed—the clear blue and white of them stirred into wavelets that moved the reeds and left air-bubbles about the half-submerged stones. Were not these wild geese over there, flapping in the water with their huge wings, and taking no notice of the passing strangers? Lavender had never seen this lonely coast in times of gloom, with those little lakes become sombre pools, and the outline of the rocks beyond lost in the driving mist of the sea and the rain. It was altogether a bright and beautiful world he had got into, and there was in it but one woman, beautiful beyond his dreams. To doubt her, was to doubt all women. When he looked at her he forgot the caution, and distrust, and sardonic self-complacency his southern training had given him. He believed; and the world seemed to be filled with a new light.

"That is Loch-na-muil'ne," Mackenzie was saying, "and it iss the Loch of the Mill; and over there that is Loch-a-Bhaile, and that iss the Loch of the Town; but where iss the loch and the town now? It wass many hundreds of

years before there will be numbers of people in this place, and you will come to *Dun Charlobhaidh*, which is a great castle, by and by. And what wass it will drive away the people, and leave the land to the moss, but that there wass no one to look after them? '*When the natives will leave Islay, farewell to the peace of Scotland*'—that iss a good proverb. And if they have no one to mind them, they will go away altogether. And there is no people more obedient than the people of the Highlands—not anywhere; for you know that we say, '*Is it the truth, as if you were speaking before kings?*'" And now there is the castle—and there wass many people living here when they could build that."

It was, in truth, one of those circular forts, the date of which has given rise to endless conjecture and discussion. Perched up on a hill, it overlooked a number of deep and narrow valleys, that ran landward; while the other side of the hill sloped down to the sea-shore. It was a striking object, this tumbling mass of dark stones standing high over the green hollows, and over the light plain of the sea. Was there not here material for another sketch for Sheila? While Lavender had gone away over the heights and hollows to choose his point of view, a rough and ready luncheon had been spread out in the waggonette; and when he returned, perspiring and considerably blown, he found old Mackenzie measuring out equal portions of peat-water and whiskey, Duncan flicking the enormous "clegs" from off the horses' necks, Ingram trying to persuade Sheila to have some sherry out of a flask he carried, and everybody in very good spirits over such an exciting event as a roadside luncheon on a summer forenoon.

The King of Borva had by this time become excellent friends with the young stranger who had ventured into his dominions. When the old gentleman had sufficiently impressed on everybody that he had observed all necessary precaution in studying the character and inquiring into the antecedents of Lavender,

he could not help confessing to a sense of lightness and vivacity that the young man seemed to bring with him and shed around him. Nor was this matter of the sketches the only thing that had particularly recommended Lavender to the old man. Mackenzie had a most distinct dislike to Gaelic songs. He could not bear the monotonous melancholy of them. When Sheila, sitting by herself, would sing these strange old ballads of an evening, he would suddenly enter the room, probably find her eyes filled with tears, and then he would in his inmost heart devote the whole of Gaelic minstrelsy and all its authors to the infernal gods. Why should people be for ever saddening themselves with the stories of other folks' misfortunes? It was bad enough for those poor people; but they had borne their sorrows, and died, and were at peace. Surely it was better that we should have songs about ourselves—drinking or fighting, if you like, to keep up the spirits—to lighten the serious cares of life, and drown for a while the responsibility of looking after a whole population of poor, half-ignorant, unphilosophical creatures.

"Look, now," he would say, speaking of his own tongue, "look at this tattle of a language! It has no present tense to its verbs—the people they are always looking forward to a melancholy future, or looking back to a melancholy past. In the name of Kott, hef we not got ourselves to live? This day we live in is better than any day that was before or iss to come, bekass it is here, and we are alive. And I will hef no more of these songs about crying, and crying, and crying!"

Now Sheila and Lavender, in their mutual musical confidences, had at an early period discovered that each of them knew something of the older English duets, and forthwith they tried a few of them, to Mackenzie's extreme delight. Here, at last, was a sort of music he could understand—none of your moanings of widows, and cries of luckless girls to the sea—but good common-sense songs, in which the lads kissed the lasses with a will, and had a

good drink afterwards, and a dance on the green on their homeward way. There was fun in those happy May-fields, and good health and briakness in the ale-house choruses, and throughout them all a prevailing cheerfulness and contentment with the conditions of life certain to recommend itself to the contemplative mind. Mackenzie never tired of hearing those simple ditties. He grew confidential with the young man; and told him that those fine, common-sense songs recalled pleasant scenes to him. He himself knew something of English village-life. When he had been up to see the Great Exhibition, he had gone to visit a friend living in Brighton, and he had surveyed the country with an observant eye. He had remarked several village-greens, with the May-poles standing here and there in front of the cottages, emblazoned with beautiful banners. He had, it is true, fancied that the May-pole should be in the centre of the green; but the manner in which the waves of population swept here and there, swallowing up open spaces and so forth, would account to a philosophical person for the fact that the May-poles were now close to the village-shops.

"*Drink to me only with thine eyes,*" hummed the King of Borva to himself, as he sent the two little horses along the coast-road on this warm summer day. He had heard the song for the first time on the previous evening; he had no voice to speak of; he had missed the air, and these were all the words he remembered; but it was a notable compliment all the same to the young man who had brought these pleasant tunes to the island. And so they drove on through the keen salt air, with the sea shining beside them, and the sky shining over them; and in the afternoon they arrived at the small, remote, and solitary inn of Barvas, placed near the confluence of several rivers that flow through Loch Barvas, or Barabhas, to the sea. Here they proposed to stop the night; so Lavender, when his room had been assigned to him, begged to be left alone for an hour or two, that he might throw a little colour into his sketch of Callernish.

What was there to see at Barvas? Why, nothing but the channels of the brown streams, some pasture-land, and a few huts, then the unfrequented lake, and beyond that some ridges of white sand, standing over the shingly beach of the sea. He would join them at dinner. Mackenzie protested in a mild way; he really wanted to see how the island was to be illustrated by the stranger. There was a greater protest, mingled with compassion and regret, in Sheila's eyes; but the young man was firm. So they let him have his way, and gave him full possession of the common sitting-room, while they set off to visit the school, and the Free-Church manse, and what not in the neighbourhood.

Mackenzie had ordered dinner at eight, to show that he was familiar with the ways of civilized life; and when they returned at that hour, Lavender had two sketches finished.

"Yes, they are very good," said Ingram, who was seldom enthusiastic about his friend's work.

But old Mackenzie was so vastly pleased with the picture which represented his native place in the brightest of sunshine and colours, that he forgot to assume a critical air. He said nothing against the rainy and desolate version of the scene that had been given to Sheila; it was good enough to please the child. But here was something brilliant, effective, cheerful; and he alarmed Lavender not a little by proposing to get one of the natives to carry this treasure, then and there, back to Borvabost. Both sketches were ultimately returned to his book; and then Sheila helped him to remove his artistic apparatus from the table on which their plain and homely meal was to be placed. As she was about to follow her father and Ingram, who had left the room, she paused for a moment and said to Lavender, with a look of frank gratitude in her eyes—

"It is very good of you to have pleased my papa so much. I know when he is pleased, though he does not speak of it; and it is not often he will be so much pleased."

"And you, Sheila?" said the young man, unconscious of the familiarity he was using, and only remembering that she had scarcely thanked him for the other sketch.

"Well, there is nothing that will please me so much as to see him pleased," she said, with a smile.

He was about to open the door for her; but he kept his hand on the handle, and said, earnestly enough—

"But that is such a small matter—an hour's work. If you only knew how gladly I would live all my life here if only I could do you some greater service——"

She looked a little surprised, and then, for one brief second, reflected. English was not wholly familiar to her—perhaps she had failed to catch what he really meant. But at all events she said, gravely and simply—

"You would soon tire of living here; it is not always a holiday."

And then, without lifting her eyes to his face, she turned to the door; and he opened it for her, and she was gone.

It was about ten o'clock when they went outside for their evening stroll; and all the world had grown enchanted since they had seen it in the colours of the sunset. There was no night; but a strange clearness over the sky and the earth, and down in the south the moon was rising over the Barvas hills. In the dark green meadows the cattle were still grazing. Voices of children could be heard in the far distance, with the rumble of a cart coming through the silence, and the murmur of the streams flowing down to the loch. The loch itself lay like a line of dusky yellow in a darkened hollow near the sea, having caught on its surface the pale glow of the northern heavens, where the sun had gone down hours before. The air was warm, and yet fresh with the odours of the Atlantic; and there was a scent of Dutch clover coming across from the sandy pastures nearer the coast. The huts of the small hamlet could but faintly be made out beyond the dark and low-lying pastures; but a long, pale line of blue smoke lay in the motionless

air, and the voices of the children told of open doors. Night after night, this same picture, with slight variations of position, had been placed before the stranger who had come to view these solitudes; and night after night it seemed to him to grow more beautiful. He could put down on paper the outlines of an every-day landscape, and give them a dash of brilliant colour to look well on a wall; but how to carry away, except in the memory, any impression of the strange lambent darkness, the tender hues, the loneliness and the pathos of those northern twilights?

They walked down by the side of one of the streams towards the sea. But Sheila was not his companion on this occasion. Her father had laid hold of him, and was expounding to him the rights of capitalists and various other matters. But, by and by, Lavender drew his companion on to talk of Sheila's mother; and here, at least, Mackenzie was neither tedious nor ridiculous, nor unnecessarily garrulous. It was with a strange interest that the young man heard the elderly man talk of his courtship, his marriage, the character of his wife, and her goodness and beauty. Was it not like looking at a former Sheila; and would not this Sheila now walking before him go through the same tender experiences, and be admired, and loved, and petted by everybody as this other girl had been, who brought with her the charm of winning ways and a gentle nature into these rude wilds? It was the first time he had heard Mackenzie speak of his wife, and it turned out to be the last; but from that moment the older man had something of dignity in the eyes of this younger man, who had merely judged of him by his little foibles and eccentricities, and would have been ready to dismiss him contemptuously as a buffoon. There was something, then, behind that powerful face, with its deep-cut lines, its heavy eyebrows, and piercing and sometimes sad eyes, besides a mere liking for tricks of childish diplomacy? Lavender began to have some respect for Sheila's father; and made a resolution to guard against

the impertinence of humouring him too ostentatiously.

Was it not hard, though, that Ingram, who was so cold and unimpressible, who smiled at the notion of marrying, and who was probably enjoying his pipe quite as much as Sheila's familiar talk, should have the girl all to himself on this witching night? They reached the shores of the Atlantic. There was not a breath of wind coming in from the sea; but the air seemed even sweeter and cooler as they sat down on the great bank of shingle. Here and there birds were calling, and Sheila could distinguish each one of them. As the moon rose, a faint golden light began to tremble here and there on the waves, as if some subterranean caverns were lit up and sending to the surface faint and fitful rays of their splendour. Further along the coast the tall banks of sand grew white in the twilight; and the outlines of the dark pasture-land behind grew more distinct.

But when they rose to go back to Barvas, the moonlight had grown full and clear; and the long and narrow loch had a pathway of gold across, stretching from the reeds and sedges of the one side to the reeds and sedges of the other. And now Ingram had gone on to join Mackenzie, and Sheila walked behind with Lavender, and her face was pale and beautiful in the moonlight.

"I shall be very sorry when I have to leave Lewis," he said, as they walked along the path leading through the sand and the clover; and there could be no doubt that he felt the regret expressed in the words.

"But it is no use to speak of leaving us yet," said Sheila, cheerfully; "it is a long time before you will go away from the Lewis."

"And I fancy I shall always think of the island just as it is now—with the moonlight over there, and a loch near; and you walking through the stillness. We have had so many evening walks like this."

"You will make us very vain of our island," said the girl, with a smile, "if you will speak like that always to us,

Is there no moonlight in England? I have pictures of English scenery that will be far more beautiful than any we have here; and if there is the moon here, it will be there too. Think of the pictures of the river Thames that my papa showed you last night——”

“Oh, but there is nothing like this in the South,” said the young man, impetuously; “I do not believe there is in the world anything so beautiful as this. Sheila, what would you say if I resolved to come and live here always?”

“I should like that very much—more than you would like it, perhaps,” she said, with a bright laugh.

“That would please you better than for you to go always and live in England, would it not?”

“But that is impossible,” she said. “My papa would never think of living in England.”

For some time after he was silent. The two figures in front of them walked steadily on; an occasional roar of laughter from the deep chest of Mackenzie startling the night air, and telling of Ingram's being in a communicative mood. At last Lavender said—

“It seems to me so great a pity that you should live in this remote place, and have so little amusement and see so few people of tastes and education like your own. Your papa is so much occupied—he is so much older than you, too—that you must be left to yourself so much; whereas, if you had a companion of your own age, who could have the right to talk frankly to you, and go about with you, and take care of you——”

By this time they had reached the little wooden bridge crossing the stream; and Mackenzie and Ingram had got to the inn, where they stood in front of the door in the moonlight. Before ascending the steps of the bridge, Lavender, without pausing in his speech, took Sheila's hand and said suddenly—

“Now don't let me alarm you, Sheila, but suppose at some distant day—as far away as you please—I came and asked you to let me be your companion, then and always, wouldn't you try?”

She looked up with a startled glance of fear in her eyes, and withdrew her hand from him.

“No, don't be frightened,” he said, quite gently. “I don't ask you for any promise. Sheila, you must know I love you—you must have seen it. Will you not let me come to you at some future time—a long way off—that you may tell me then? Won't you try to do that?”

There was more in the tone of his voice than in his words. The girl stood irresolute for a second or two, regarding him with a strange, wistful, earnest look; and then a great gentleness came into her eyes, and she put out her hand to him, and said, in a low voice—

“Perhaps!”

But there was something so grave and simple about her manner at this moment that he dared not somehow receive it as a lover receives the first admission of love from the lips of a maiden. There had been something of a strange inquiry in her face as she regarded him for a second or two; and now that her eyes were bent on the ground, it seemed to him that she was trying to realize the full effect of the concession she had made. He would not let her think. He took her hand and raised it respectfully to his lips, and then he led her forward to the bridge. Not a word was spoken between them while they crossed the shining space of moonlight to the shadow of the house; and as they went indoors he caught but one glimpse of her eyes, and they were friendly and kind towards him, but evidently troubled. He saw her no more that night.

So he had asked Sheila to be his wife; and she had given him some timid encouragement as to the future. Many a time, within these last few days, had he sketched out an imaginative picture of the scene. He was familiar with the passionate rapture of lovers on the stage, in books, and in pictures; and he had described himself (to himself) as intoxicated with joy, anxious to let the whole world know of his good fortune, and above all to confide the tidings of

his happiness to his constant friend and companion. But now, as he sat in one corner of the room, he almost feared to be spoken to by the two men who sat at the table with steaming glasses before them. He dared not tell Ingram; he had no wish to tell him, even if he had got him alone. And as he sat there and recalled the incident that had just occurred by the side of the little bridge, he could not wholly understand its meaning. There had been none of the eagerness, the coyness, the tumult of joy he had expected: all he could remember clearly was the long look that the large, earnest, troubled eyes had fixed upon him, while the girl's face, grown pale in the moonlight, seemed somehow ghostlike and strange.

CHAPTER VII.

AN INTERMEDDLER.

BUT in the morning all these idle fancies fled with the life and colour and freshness of a new day. Loch Barvas was ruffled into a dark blue by the westerly wind; and doubtless the sea out there was rushing in, green and cold, to the shore. The sunlight was warm about the house. The trout were leaping in the shallow brown streams; and here and there a white butterfly fluttered across the damp meadows. Was not that Duncan down by the river, accompanied by Ingram? There was a glimmer of a rod in the sunshine; the two poachers were after trout for Sheila's breakfast.

Lavender dressed, went outside, and looked about for the nearest way down to the stream. He wished to have a chance of saying a word to his friend before Sheila or her father should appear. And at last he thought he could do no better than go across to the bridge, and so make his way down the banks of the river.

What a fresh morning it was, with all sorts of sweet scents in the air! And here, sure enough, was a pretty picture in the early light—a young girl coming

over the bridge carrying a load of green grass on her back. What would she say if he asked her to stop for a moment that he might sketch her pretty costume? Her head-dress was a scarlet handkerchief, tied behind; she wore a tight-fitting bodice of cream-white flannel, and petticoats of grey flannel; while she had a waist-belt and pouch of brilliant blue. Did she know of these harmonies of colour, or of the picturesqueness of her appearance as she came across the bridge in the sunlight? As she drew near she stared at the stranger with the big, dumb eyes of a wild animal. There was no fear, only a sort of surprised observation in them. And as she passed, she uttered, without a smile, some brief and laconic salutation in Gaelic, which, of course, the young man could not understand. He raised his cap, however, and said "Good morning!" and went on, with a fixed resolve to learn all the Gaelic that Duncan could teach him.

Surely the tall keeper was in excellent spirits this morning. Long before he drew near, Lavender could hear, in the stillness of the morning, that he was telling stories about John the Piper, and of his adventures in such distant parts as Portree, and Oban, and even in Glasgow.

"And it wass Allan M'Gillivray, of Styornoway," Duncan was saying, as he industriously whipped the shallow runs of the stream, "will go to Glasgow with John; and they went through ta Crinan Canal. Wass you through ta Crinan Canal, sir?"

"Many a time."

"Ay, jist that. And I hef been told it iss like a river with ta sides o' a house to it; and what would Allan care for a thing like that, when he hass been to America more than twice or four times? And it wass when he fell into the canal, he was ferry nearly trooned for all that; and when they pulled him to ta shore, he wass a ferry angry man. And this iss what John says that Allan will say when he wass on the side of the canal: '*Kott*,' says he, '*if I wass trooned here, I would show my face in Styor-*

noway no more !” But perhaps it iss not true ; for he will tell many lies, does John the Piper, to hef a laugh at a man.”

“The Crinan Canal is not to be despised, Duncan,” said Ingram, who was sitting on the red sand of the bank, “when you are in it.”

“And do you know what John says that Allan will say to him the first time they went ashore at Glasgow ?”

“I am sure I don’t.”

“It wass many years ago, before that Allan will be going many times to America, and he will neffer hef seen such fine shops, and ta big houses, and hundreds and hundreds of people, every one with shoes on their feet. And he will say to John, ‘*John, ef I had known in time, I should hef been born here.*’ But no one will believe it iss true ; he is such a tefle of a liar, that John ; and he will hef some stories about Mr. Mackenzie himself, as I hef been told, that he will tell when he goes to Styornoway. But John is a ferry cunning fellow, and will not tell any such stories in Borva.”

“I suppose if he did, Duncan, you would dip him in Loch Roag ?”

“Oh, there iss more than one,” said Duncan, with a grim twinkle in his eye, “there iss more than one that would hef a joke with him, if he wass to tell stories about Mr. Mackenzie.”

Lavender had been standing listening, unknown to both. He now went forward, and bade them good morning ; and then, having had a look at the trout that Duncan had caught, pulled Ingram up from the bank, put his arm in his, and walked away with him.

“Ingram,” he said, suddenly, with a laugh and a shrug, “you know I always come to you when I’m in a fix.”

“I suppose you do,” said the other, “and you are always welcome to whatever help I can give you. But sometimes it seems to me you rush into fixes, with the sort of notion that I am responsible for getting you out.”

“I can assure you nothing of the kind is the case. I could not be so ungrateful. However—in the meantime—that is—

the fact is, I asked Sheila last night if she would marry me——”

“The devil you did !”

Ingram dropped his companion’s arm, and stood looking at him.

“Well, I knew you would be angry,” said the younger man, in a tone of apology.

“And I know I have been too precipitate ; but I thought of the short time we should be remaining here, and of the difficulty of getting an explanation made at another time, and it was really only to give her a hint as to my own feelings that I spoke. I could not bear to wait any longer——”

“Never mind about yourself,” said Ingram, somewhat curtly ; “what did Sheila say ?”

“Well, nothing definite. What could you expect a girl to say after so short an acquaintance ? But this I can tell you, that the proposal is not altogether distasteful to her, and that I have her permission to speak of it at some future time, when we have known each other longer.”

“You have ?”

“Yes.”

“You are quite sure ?”

“Certain.”

“There is no mistake about her silence, for example, that might have led you into misinterpreting her wishes altogether ?”

“Nothing of the kind is possible. Of course, I could not ask the girl for any promise, or anything of that sort. All I asked was whether she would allow me at some future time to ask her more definitely ; and I am so well satisfied with the reply that I am convinced I shall marry her.”

“And is this the fix you wish me to help you out of ?” said Ingram, rather coldly.

“Now, Ingram,” said the younger man, in penitential tones, “don’t cut up rough about it. You know what I mean. Perhaps I have been hasty and inconsiderate about it ; but of one thing you may be sure, that Sheila will never have to complain of me if she marries me. You say I don’t know her yet ?—but there will be plenty of time before

we are married. I don't propose to carry her off to-morrow morning. Now, Ingram, you know what I mean about helping me in the fix—helping me with her father, you know, and with herself, for the matter of that. You can do anything with her, she has such a belief in you. You should hear how she talks of you—you never heard anything like it."

It was an innocent bit of flattery; and Ingram smiled good-naturedly at the boy's ingenuousness. After all, was he not more loveable and more sincere in this little bit of simple craft, used in the piteousness of his appeal, than when he was giving himself the airs of a man about town, and talking of women in a fashion which, to do him justice, expressed nothing of his real sentiments?

Ingram walked on, and said, in his slow and deliberate way—

"You know I opposed this project of yours from the first. I don't think you have acted fairly by Sheila, or her father, or myself, who brought you here. But if Sheila has been drawn into it, why, then, the whole affair is altered, and we've got to make the best of a bad business."

"I was sure you would say that," exclaimed the younger man, with a brighter light appearing on his face. "You may call me all the hard names you like; I deserve them all, and more. But then, as you say, since Sheila is in it, you'll do your best, won't you?"

Frank Lavender could not make out why the taciturn and sallow-faced man walking beside him seemed to be greatly amused by this speech; but he was in no humour to take offence. He knew that, once Ingram had promised him his help, he would not lack all the advocacy, the advice, and even the money—should that become necessary—that a warm-hearted and disinterested friend could offer. Many and many a time Ingram had helped him; and now he was to come to his assistance in the most serious crisis of his life. Ingram would remove Sheila's doubts. Ingram would persuade old Mackenzie that girls had to get married some time or other, and that

Sheila ought to live in London. Ingram would be commissioned to break the news to Mrs. Lavender—but here, when the young man thought of the interview with his aunt which he would have to encounter, a cold shiver passed through his frame. He would not think of it. He would enjoy the present hour. Difficulties only grew the bigger the more they were looked at; when they were left to themselves, they frequently disappeared. It was another proof of Ingram's kindness that he had not even mentioned the old lady down in Kensington who was likely to have something to say about this marriage.

"There are a great many difficulties in the way," said, Ingram, thoughtfully.

"Yes," said Lavender, with much eagerness; "but then, look. You may be sure that if we get over these, Sheila will know well who managed it, and she will not be ungrateful to you, I think. If we ever should be married, I am certain she will always look on you as her greatest friend."

"It is a big bribe," said the elder man, perhaps a trifle sadly; and Lavender looked at him with some vague return of a suspicion that some time or other Ingram must himself have been in love with Sheila.

They returned to the inn, where they found Mackenzie busy with a heap of letters and newspapers that had been sent across to him from Stornoway. The whole of the breakfast table was littered with wrappers and big blue envelopes: where was Sheila, who usually waited on her father at such times to keep his affairs in order?

Sheila was outside; and Lavender saw her through the open window. Was she not waiting for him, that she should pace up and down by herself, with her face turned away from the house? He immediately went out, and went over to her, and she turned to him as he approached. He fancied she looked a trifle pale, and far less bright and joyous than the ordinary Sheila.

"Mr. Lavender," she said, walking away from the house, "I wish very much to speak to you for a moment. Last

night—it was all a misfortune that I did not understand—and I wish you to forget that a word was ever spoken about that.”

Her head was bent down, and her speech was low and broken; what she failed to explain in words, her manner explained for her. But her companion said to her, with alarm and surprise in his tone—

“Why, Sheila? You cannot be so cruel. Surely you need not fear any embarrassment through so slight a promise. It pledges you to nothing—it leaves you quite free—and some day, if I come and ask you then a question I have not asked you yet—that will be time enough to give me an answer.”

“Oh, no, no!” said the girl, obviously in great distress. “I cannot do that. It is unjust to you to let you think of it and hope about it. It was last night everything was strange to me—I did not understand then—but I have thought about it all the night through, and now I know.”

“Sheila!” called her father from the inside of the inn; and she turned to go.

“But you do not ask that, do you?” he said. “You are only frightened a little bit just now; but that will go away. There is nothing to be frightened about. You have been thinking over it, and imagining impossible things—you have been thinking of leaving Borva altogether——”

“Oh, that I can never do!” she said, with a pathetic earnestness.

“But why think of such a thing?” he said. “You need not look at all the possible troubles of life when you take such a simple step as this. Sheila, don’t be hasty in any such resolve; you may be sure all the gloomy things you have been thinking of will disappear when we get close to them. And this is such a simple thing. I don’t ask you to say you will be my wife—I have no right to ask you yet; but I have only asked permission of you to let me think of it, and even Mr. Ingram sees no great harm in that——”

“Does *he* know?” she said, with a start of surprise and fear.

“Yes,” said Lavender, wishing he had bitten his tongue in two before he had uttered the word. “You know we have no secrets from each other: and to whom could I go for advice but to your oldest friend?”

“And what did he say?” she asked, with a strange look in her eyes.

“Well, he sees a great many difficulties; but he thinks they will easily be got over.”

“Then,” she said, with her eyes again cast down, and a certain sadness in her tone, “I must explain to him too, and tell him I had no understanding of what I said last night.”

“Sheila, you won’t do that!” urged the young man. “It means nothing—it pledges you to nothing——”

“Sheila! Sheila!” cried her father, cheerily, from the window, “come in and let us *hef* our breakfast.”

“Yes, papa,” said the girl; and she went into the house, followed by her companion.

But how could she find an opportunity of making this explanation? Shortly after breakfast, the *waggonette* was at the door of the little Barvas inn, and Sheila came out of the house, and took her place in it, with an unusual quietness of manner and hopelessness of look. Ingram, sitting opposite to her, and knowing nothing of what had taken place, fancied that this was but an expression of girlish timidity; and that it was his business to interest her and amuse her, until she should forget the strangeness and newness of her position. Nay, as he had resolved to make the best of matters as they stood, and as he believed that Sheila had half-confessed to a special liking for his friend from the South, what more fitting thing could he do than endeavour to place Lavender in the most favourable light in her eyes? He began to talk of all the brilliant and successful things the young man had done, as fully as he could before himself. He contrived to introduce pretty anecdotes of Lavender’s generosity; and there were plenty of these, for the young fellow had never a thought of consequences if he was touched by a

tale of distress and if he could help the sufferer either with his own or anyone else's money. Ingram talked of all their excursions together, in Devonshire, in Brittany, and elsewhere, to impress on Sheila how well he knew his friend, and how long their intimacy had lasted. At first the girl was singularly reserved and silent; but somehow, as pleasant recollections were multiplied, and as Lavender seemed to have been always the associate and companion of this old friend of hers, some brighter expression came into her face and she grew more interested. Lavender, not knowing whether or not to take her decision of that morning as final, and not wholly perceiving the aim of this kindly chat on the part of his friend, began to see at least that Sheila was pleased to hear the two men help out each other's stories about their pedestrian excursions, and that she at last grew bold enough to look up and meet his eyes in a timid fashion when she asked him a question.

So they drove along by the side of the sea, the level and well-made road leading them through miles and miles of rough moorland, with here and there a few huts or a sheep-fold to break the monotony of the undulating sky-line. Here and there, too, there were great cuttings of the peat-moss, with a thin line of water in the foot of the deep black trenches. Sometimes, again, they would escape altogether from any traces of human habitation; and Duncan would grow excited in pointing out to Miss Sheila the young grouse that had run off the road into the heather, where they stood and eyed the passing carriage with anything but a frightened air. And while Mackenzie hummed something resembling, but very vaguely resembling, "Love in thine eyes for ever plays," and while Ingram, in his quiet, desultory, and often sardonic fashion, amused the young girl with stories of her lover's bravery, and kindness, and dare-devil escapades, the merry trot of the horses beat time to the bells on their necks, the fresh west wind blew a cloud of white dust away over the moorland behind them, there was a blue sky

shining all around them, and the blue Atlantic basking in the light.

They stopped for a few minutes at both the hamlets of Snainabost and Tabost to allow Sheila to pay a hurried visit to one or two of the huts, while Mackenzie, laying hold of some of the fishermen he knew, got them to show Lavender the curing-houses, in which the young gentleman professed himself profoundly interested. They also visited the school-house; and Lavender found himself beginning to look upon a two-storeyed building with windows as something imposing, and a decided triumph of human skill and enterprise. But what was the school-house of Tabost to the grand building at the Butt? They had driven away from the high road by a path leading through long and sweet-smelling pastures of Dutch clover. They had got up from these sandy swatches to a table-land of rock; and here and there they caught glimpses of fearful precipices leading sheer down to the boiling and dashing sea. The curious contortions of the rocks—the sharp needles of them springing in isolated pillars from out of the water—the roar of the eddying currents that swept through the chasms and dashed against the iron-bound shore—the wild sea-birds that flew about and screamed over the rushing waves and the surge, naturally enough drew the attention of the strangers altogether away from the land; and it was with a start of surprise they found themselves before an immense mass of yellow stone-work—walls, house, and tower—that shone in the sunlight. And here were the lighthouse-keeper and his wife, delighted to see strange faces, and most hospitably inclined; inasmuch that Lavender, who cared little for luncheon at any time, was constrained to take as much bread, and cheese, and butter, and whiskey as would have made a ploughman's dinner. It was a strange sort of meal this, away out at the end of the world, as it were. The snug little room might have been in the Marylebone-road; there were photographs about, a gay label on the whiskey-bottle, and other signs of an advanced civilization; but outside

nothing but the wild precipices of the coast—a surging sea that seemed almost to surround the place—the wild screaming of the sea-birds, and a single ship appearing like a speck on the northern horizon.

They had not noticed the wind much as they drove along; but now, when they went out on to the high table-land of rock, it seemed to be blowing half a gale across the sea. The sunlight sparkled on the glass of the lighthouse, and the great yellow shaft of stone stretched away upward into a perfect blue. As clear a blue lay far beneath them, when the sea came rushing in among the lofty crags and sharp pinnacles of rock, bursting into foam at their feet, and sending long jets of white spray up into the air. In front of the great wall of rock, the sea-birds wheeled and screamed; and on the points of some of the islands stood several scarts, motionless figures of jet black on the soft brown and green of the rock. And what was this island they looked down upon from over one of the bays? Surely a mighty reproduction by Nature herself of the Sphinx of the Egyptian plains. Could anything have been more striking, and unexpected, and impressive than the sudden discovery of this great mass of rock resting in the wild sea, its hooded head turned away towards the north and hidden from the spectator on land, its gigantic bulk surrounded by a foam of breakers? Lavender, with his teeth set hard against the wind, must needs take down the outlines of this strange scene upon paper; while Sheila crouched into her father's side for shelter, and Ingram was chiefly engaged in holding on to his cap.

"It blows here a bit," said Lavender, amid the roar of the waves. "I suppose in the winter time the sea will sometimes break across this place?"

"Ay, and over the top of the lighthouse, too," said Mackenzie, with a laugh, as though he was rather proud of the way his native seas behaved.

"Sheila," said Ingram, "I never saw you take refuge from the wind before."

"It is because we will be standing

still," said the girl, with a smile which was scarcely visible, because she had half hidden her face in her father's great grey beard. "But when Mr. Lavender is finished, we will go down to the great hole in the rocks that you will have seen before, and perhaps he will make a picture of that too."

"You don't mean to say you would go down there, Sheila," said Ingram, "and in this wind?"

"I hef been down many times before."

"Indeed, you will do nothing of the kind, Sheila," said her father; "you will go back to the lighthouse, if you like—yes, you may do that; and I will go down the rocks with Mr. Lavender; but it is not for a young lady to go about among the rocks, like a fisherman's lad that wants the bird's eggs, or such nonsense."

It was quite evident that Mackenzie had very little fear of his daughter not being able to accomplish the descent of the rocks safely enough; it was merely a matter of dignity; and so Sheila was at length persuaded to go across the plain to a sheltered place to wait there until the others should clamber down to the great and naturally-formed tunnel through the rocks that the artist was to sketch.

Lavender was ill at ease. He followed his guide mechanically as they made their way, in zigzag fashion, down the precipitous slopes and over slippery plateaus; and when at last he came in sight of the mighty arch, the long cavern, and the glimmer of sea and shore that could be seen through it, he began to put down the outlines of the picture as rapidly as possible, but with little interest in the matter. Ingram was sitting on the bare rocks beside him; Mackenzie was some distance off: should he tell his friend of what Sheila had said in the morning? Strict honesty, perhaps, demanded as much; but the temptation to say nothing was great. For it was evident that Ingram was now well inclined to the project, and would do his best to help it on; whereas, if once he knew that Sheila had resolved against it, he too might take some

sudden step—such as insisting on their immediate return to the mainland—which would settle the matter for ever. Sheila had said she would herself make the necessary explanation to Ingram, but she had not done so; perhaps she might lack the courage or an opportunity to do so; and in the meantime was not the interval altogether favourable to his chances? Doubtless she was a little frightened at first. She would soon get less timid; and would relent, and revoke her decision of the morning. He would not, at present at any rate, say anything to Ingram.

But when they had got up again to the summit of the rocks, an incident occurred that considerably startled him out of these vague and anxious speculations. He walked straight over to the sheltered spot in which Sheila was waiting. The rushing of the wind doubtless drowned the sound of his footsteps, so that he came on her unawares; and on seeing him she rose suddenly from the rock on which she had been sitting, with some effort to hide her face away from him. But he had caught a glimpse of something in her eyes that filled him with remorse.

"Sheila," he said, going forward to her, "what is the matter? What are you unhappy about?"

She could not answer; she held her face turned from him, and cast down; and then, seeing her father and Ingram in the distance, she set out to follow them to the lighthouse, Lavender walking by her side, and wondering how he could deal with the distress that was only too clearly written on her face.

"I know it is I who have grieved you," he said, in a low voice, "and I am very sorry. But if you will tell me what I can do to remove this unhappiness, I will do it now. Shall I consider our talking together of last night as if it had not taken place at all?"

"Yes," she said, in as low a voice, but clear, and sad, and determined in its tone.

"And I shall speak no more to you about this affair until I go away altogether?"

And again she signified her assent, gravely and firmly.

"And then," he said, "you will soon forget all about it; for, of course, I shall never come back to Lewis again."

"Never?"

The word had escaped her unwillingly, and it was accompanied by a quick upturning of the face and a frightened look in the beautiful eyes.

"Do you wish me to come back?" he said.

"I should not wish you to go away from the Lewis, through any fault of mine, and say that we should never see you again," said the girl, in measured tones, as if she were nerving herself to make the admission, and yet fearful of saying too much.

By this time Mackenzie and Ingram had gone round the big wall of the lighthouse; there were no human beings on this lonely bit of heath but themselves. Lavender stopped her, and took her hand, and said—

"Don't you see, Sheila, how I must never come back to Lewis, if all this is to be forgotten? And all I want you to say is that I may come some day to see if you can make up your mind to be my wife. I don't ask that yet—it is out of the question, seeing how short a time you have known anything about me—and I cannot expect you to trust me as I can trust you. It is a very little thing I ask—only to give me a chance at some future time, and then, if you don't care for me sufficiently to marry me, or if anything stands in the way, all you need do is to send me a single word, and that will suffice. This is no terrible thing that I beg from you, Sheila. You needn't be afraid of it."

But she was afraid; there was nothing but fear, and doubt, and grief in her eyes, as she gazed into the unknown world laid open before her.

"Can't you ask some one to tell you that it is nothing dreadful—Mr. Ingram, for example?"

"I could not."

"Your papa, then," he said, driven to this desperate resource by his anxiety to save her from pain.

"Not yet—not just yet," she said, almost wildly, "for how could I explain to him? He would ask me what my wishes were: what could I say? I do not know. I cannot tell myself; and—and—I have no mother to ask:" and here all the strain of self-control gave way, and the girl burst into tears.

"Sheila, dear Sheila," he said, "why won't you trust your own heart, and let that be your guide? Won't you say this one word—*yes*—and tell me that I am to come back to Lewis some day, and ask to see you, and get a message from one look of your eyes? Sheila, may I not come back?"

If there was a reply, it was so low that he scarcely heard it; but, somehow—whether from the small hand that lay in his, or from the eyes that sent one brief message of trust and hope through their tears—his question was answered; and from that moment he felt no more misgivings, but let his love for Sheila spread out and blossom in whatever light of fancy and imagination he could bring to bear on it, careless of any future.

How the young fellow laughed and joked, as the party drove away again from the Butt, down the long coast-road to Barvas! He was tenderly respectful, and a little moderate in tone, when he addressed Sheila; but with the others he gave way to a wild exuberance of spirits, that delighted Mackenzie beyond measure. He told stories of the odd old gentlemen of his club, of their opinions, their ways, their dress. He sung the song of the "*Arethusa*," and the wilds of Lewis echoed with a chorus which was not just as harmonious as it might have been. He sung the "*Jug of Punch*," and Mackenzie said that was "a tiffle of a good song." He gave imitations of some of Ingram's companions at the Board of Trade; and showed Sheila what the inside of a Government Office was like. He paid Mackenzie the compliment of asking him for a drop of something out of his flask; and in return he insisted on the King smoking a cigar—which, in point of age, and sweetness, and fragrance,

was really the sort of cigar you would naturally give to the man whose daughter you wanted to marry.

Ingram understood all this; and was pleased to see the happy look that Sheila wore. He talked to her with even a greater assumption than usual of fatherly fondness; and if she was a little shy, was it not because she was conscious of so great a secret? He was even unusually complaisant to Lavender, and lost no opportunity of paying him indirect compliments that Sheila could overhear.

"You poor young things!" he seemed to be saying to himself, "you've got all your troubles before you; but in the meantime you may make yourselves as happy as you can!"

Was the weather at last about to break? As the afternoon wore on, the heavens became overcast, for the wind had gone back from the course of the sun, and had brought up great masses of cloud from the rainy south-west.

"Are we going to have a storm?" said Lavender, looking along the southern sky, where the Barvas hills were momentarily growing blacker under the gathering darkness overhead.

"A storm?" said Mackenzie, whose notions on what constituted a storm were probably different from those of his guest. "No—there will be no storm. But it is no bad thing if we get back to Barvas very soon."

Duncan sent the horses on, and Ingram looked out Sheila's waterproof and the rugs. The southern sky certainly looked ominous. There was a strange intensity of colour in the dark landscape, from the deep purple of the Barvas hills, coming forward to the deep green of the pasture-land around them, and the rich reds and browns of the heath and the peat-cuttings. At one point of the clouded and hurrying sky, however, there was a soft and vaporous line of yellow in the grey; and, under that, miles away in the west, a great dash of silver light struck upon the sea, and glowed there so that the eye could scarcely bear it. Was it the damp that brought the perfumes of the moorland

so distinctly towards them—the bog-myrtle, the water-mint, and wild thyme? There were no birds to be heard. The crimson masses of heather on the grey rocks seemed to have grown richer and deeper in colour; and the Barvas hills had become large and weird in the gloom.

“Are you afraid of thunder?” said Lavender to Sheila.

“No,” said the girl, looking frankly towards him with her glad eyes, as though he had pleased her by asking that not very striking question. And then she looked round at the sea and the sky in the south, and said, quietly, “But there will be no thunder; it is too much wind.”

Ingram, with a smile which he could scarcely conceal, hereupon remarked—

“You’re sorry, Lavender, I know. Wouldn’t you like to shelter somebody in danger, or attempt a rescue, or do something heroic?”

“And Mr. Lavender would do that, if there was any need,” said the girl, bravely; “and then it would be nothing to laugh at.”

“Sheila, you bad girl, how dare you talk like that to me!” said Ingram; and he put his arm within hers, and said he would tell her a story.

But this race to escape the storm was needless; for they were just getting within sight of Barvas, when a surprising change came over the dark and thunderous afternoon. The hurrying masses of cloud in the west parted for a little space, and there was a sudden and fitful glimmer of a stormy blue sky. Then a strange, soft, yellow, and vaporous light shot across to the Barvas hills, and touched up palely the great slopes, rendering them distant, ethereal, and cloud-like. Then a shaft or two of wild light flashed down upon the landscape beside them. The cattle shone red in the brilliant green pastures. The grey rocks glowed in their setting of moss. The stream going by Barvas Inn was a streak of gold in its sandy bed. And then the sky above them broke into great billows of cloud—tempestuous and rounded masses of golden vapour that burned with the wild glare of the sun-

set. The clear spaces in the sky widened, and from time to time the wind sent ragged bits of yellow cloud across the shining blue. All the world seemed to be on fire; and the very smoke of it—the majestic masses of vapour that rolled by overhead—burned with a bewildering glare. Then, as the wind still blew hard, and kept veering round again to the north-west, the fiercely-lit clouds were driven over one by one, leaving a pale and serene sky to look down on the sinking sun and the sea. The Atlantic caught the yellow glow on its tumbling waves, and a deeper colour stole across the slopes and peaks of the Barvas hills. Whither had gone the storm? There were still some banks of clouds away up in the north-east; and in the clear green of the evening sky, they had their distant greys and purples faintly tinged with rose.

“And so you are anxious, and frightened, and a little pleased,” said Ingram to Sheila that evening, after he had frankly told her what he knew, and invited her further confidence. “That is all I can gather from you; but it is enough. Now you can leave the rest to me.”

“To you?” said the girl, with a blush of pleasure and surprise.

“Yes. I like new experiences. I am going to become an intermeddler now. I am going to arrange this affair, and become the negotiator between all the parties; and then, when I have secured the happiness of the whole of you, you will all set upon me and beat me with sticks, and thrust me out of your houses.”

“I do not think,” said Sheila, looking down, “that you have much fear of that, Mr. Ingram.”

“Is the world going to alter because of me?”

“I would rather not have you try to do anything that is likely to get you into unhappiness,” she said.

“Oh, but that is absurd. You timid young folks can’t act for yourselves. You want agents and instruments that have got hardened by use. Fancy the condition of our ancestors, you know,

before they had the sense to invent steel claws to tear their food in pieces—what could they do with their fingers? I am going to be your knife and fork, Sheila; and you'll see what I shall carve out for you. All you've got to do is to keep your spirits up, and believe that nothing dreadful is going to take place merely because some day you will be asked to marry. You let things take their ordinary course. Keep your spirits up—don't neglect your music, or your dinner, or your poor people down in Borvabost—and you'll see it will all come right enough. In a year or two, or less than that, you will marry contentedly and happily, and your papa will drink a good glass of whiskey at the wedding, and make jokes about it, and everything will be as right as the mail. That's my advice,—see you attend to it."

"You are very kind to me," said the girl, in a low voice.

"But if you begin to cry, Sheila, then I throw up my duties—do you hear? Now look—there goes Mr. Lavender down to the boat with a bundle of rugs; and I suppose you mean me to imperil my precious life by sailing about these rocky channels in the moonlight? Come along down to the shore; and mind you please your papa by singing 'Love in thine eyes,' with Mr. Lavender. And if you would add to that, 'The Minute Gun at Sea,'—why, you know, I may as well have my little rewards for intermeddling now, as I shall have to suffer afterwards."

"Not through me," said Sheila, in rather an uncertain voice: and then they went down to the *Maighdean-mhara*.

To be continued.

NIAGARA.¹

It is one of the disadvantages of reading books about natural scenery that they fill the mind with pictures, often exaggerated, often distorted, often blurred, and, even when well drawn, injurious to the freshness of first impressions. Such has been the fate of most of us with regard to the Falls of Niagara. There was little accuracy in the estimates of the first observers of the cataract. Startled by an exhibition of power so novel and so grand, emotion leaped beyond the control of the judgment, and gave currency to notions regarding the waterfall which have often led to disappointment.

A record of a voyage in 1535 by a French mariner named Jacques Cartier, contains, it is said, the first printed allusion to Niagara. In 1603 the first map of the district was constructed by a Frenchman named Champlain. In 1648 the Jesuit Rageneau, in a letter to his superior at Paris, mentions Niagara as "a cataract of frightful height."² In the winter of 1678 and 1679 the cataract was visited by Father Hennepin, and described in a book dedicated "to the King of Great Britain." He gives a drawing of the waterfall, which shows that serious changes have taken place since his time. He describes it as "a great and prodigious cadence of water, to which the universe does not offer a parallel." The height of the fall, according to Hennepin, was more than 600 feet. "The waters," he says, "which fall from this great precipice do foam and boil in the most astonishing manner, making a noise more terrible

than that of thunder. When the wind blows to the south, its frightful roaring may be heard for more than fifteen leagues." The Baron la Hontan, who visited Niagara in 1687, makes the height 800 feet. In 1721 Charlevoix, in a letter to Madame de Maintenon, after referring to the exaggerations of his predecessors, thus states the result of his own observations:—"For my part, after examining it on all sides, I am inclined to think that we cannot allow it less than 140 or 150 feet,"—a remarkably close estimate. At that time, viz a hundred and fifty years ago, it had the shape of a horse-shoe, and reasons will subsequently be given for holding that this has been always the form of the cataract from its origin to its present site.

As regards the noise of the cataract, Charlevoix declares the accounts of his predecessors, which, I may say, are repeated to the present hour, to be altogether extravagant. He is perfectly right. The thunders of Niagara are formidable enough to those who really seek them at the base of the Horseshoe Fall; but on the banks of the river, and particularly above the fall, its silence, rather than its noise, is surprising. This arises, in part, from the lack of resonance, the surrounding country being flat, and therefore furnishing no echoing surfaces to reinforce the shock of the water. The resonance from the surrounding rocks causes the Swiss Reuss at the Devil's Bridge, when full, to thunder more loudly than the Niagara.

On Friday, the 1st of November, 1872, just before reaching the village of Niagara Falls, I caught, from the railway train, my first glimpse of the smoke of the cataract. Immediately after my arrival I went with a friend to the northern end of the American Fall. It may be that my mood at the time toned

¹ A Discourse delivered in the Royal Institution of Great Britain, on Friday, 4th April, 1873.

² From an interesting little book presented to me at Brooklyn by its author, Mr. Holly, some of these data are derived: Hennepin, Kalm, Bakewell, Lyell, Hall and others, I have myself consulted.

down the impression produced by the first aspect of this grand cascade ; but I felt nothing like disappointment, knowing, from old experience, that time and close acquaintanceship, the gradual interweaving of mind and nature, must powerfully influence my final estimate of the scene. After dinner we crossed to Goat Island, and, turning to the right, reached the southern end of the American Fall. The river is here studded with small islands. Crossing a wooden bridge to Luna Island, and clasping a tree which grows near its edge, I looked long at the cataract, which here shoots down the precipice like an avalanche of foam. It grew in power and beauty as I gazed upon it. The channel spanned by the wooden bridge was deep, and the river there doubled over the edge of the precipice like the swell of a muscle, unbroken. The ledge here overhangs, the water being poured out far beyond the base of the precipice. A space, called the Cave of the Winds, is thus enclosed between the wall of rock and the cataract.

Goat Island terminates in a sheer dry precipice, which connects the American and the Horseshoe Falls. Midway between both is a wooden hut, the residence of the guide to the Cave of the Winds, and from the hut a winding staircase, called Biddle's Stair, descends to the base of the precipice. On the evening of my arrival I went down this stair, and wandered along the bottom of the cliff. One well-known factor in the formation and retreat of the cataract was immediately observed. A thick layer of limestone formed the upper portion of the cliff. This rested upon a bed of soft shale, which extended round the base of the cataract. The violent recoil of the water against this yielding substance crumbles it away, undermining the ledge above, which, unsupported, eventually breaks off, and produces the observed recession.

At the southern extremity of the Horseshoe is a promontory, formed by the doubling back of the gorge excavated by the cataract, and into which it plunges. On the promontory stands

a stone building, called the Terrapin Tower, the door of which had been nailed up because of the decay of the staircase within it. Through the kindness of Mr. Townsend, the superintendent of Goat Island, the door was opened for me. From this tower, at all hours of the day, and at some hours of the night, I watched and listened to the Horseshoe Fall. The river here is evidently much deeper than the American branch ; and instead of bursting into foam where it quits the ledge, it bends solidly over and falls in a continuous layer of the most vivid green. The tint is not uniform but varied ; long stripes of deeper hue alternating with bands of brighter colour. Close to the ledge over which the water rolls, foam is generated, the light falling upon which and flashing back from it, is sifted in its passage to and fro, and changed from white to emerald green. Heaps of superficial foam are also formed at intervals along the ledge, and immediately drawn down in long white striae.¹ Lower down, the surface, shaken by the reaction from below, incessantly rustles into whiteness. The descent finally resolves itself into a rhythm, the water reaching the bottom of the Fall in periodic gushes. Nor is the spray uniformly diffused through the air, but is wafted through it in successive veils of gauze-like texture. From all this it is evident that beauty is not absent from the Horseshoe Fall, but majesty is its chief attribute. The plunge of the water is not wild, but deliberate, vast, and fascinating. From the Terrapin Tower, the adjacent arm of the Horseshoe is seen projected against the opposite one, midway down ; to the imagination, therefore, is left the picturing of the gulf into which the cataract plunges.

The delight which natural scenery produces in some minds is difficult to explain, and the conduct which it prompts can hardly be fairly criticised

¹ The direction of the wind with reference to the course of a ship may be inferred with accuracy from the foam-streaks on the surface of the sea.

by those who have never experienced it. It seems to me a deduction from the completeness of the celebrated Thomas Young, that he was unable to appreciate natural scenery. "He had really," says Dean Peacock, "no taste for life in the country; he was one of those who thought that no one who was able to live in London would be content to live elsewhere." Well, Dr. Young, like Dr. Johnson, had a right to his delights; but I can understand a hesitation to accept them, high as they were, to the exclusion of

"That o'erflowing joy which Nature yields
To her true lovers."

To all who are of this mind, the strengthening of desire on my part to see and know Niagara Falls, as far as it is possible for them to be seen and known, will be intelligible.

On the first evening of my visit, I met, at the head of Biddle's Stair, the guide to the Cave of the Winds. He was in the prime of manhood—large, well built, firm and pleasant in mouth and eye. My interest in the scene stirred up his, and made him communicative. Turning to a photograph, he described, by reference to it, a feat which he had accomplished some time previously, and which had brought him almost under the green water of the Horseshoe Fall. "Can you lead me there to-morrow?" I asked. He eyed me inquiringly, weighing, perhaps, the chances of a man of light build and with grey in his whiskers in such an undertaking. "I wish," I added, "to see as much of the Fall as can be seen, and where you lead I will endeavour to follow." His scrutiny relaxed into a smile, and he said, "Very well; I shall be ready for you to-morrow."

On the morrow, accordingly, I came. In the hut at the head of Biddle's Stair I stripped wholly, and re-dressed according to instructions,—drawing on two pairs of woollen pantaloons, three woollen jackets, two pairs of socks, and a pair of felt shoes. Even if wet, my guide urged that the clothes would keep me from being chilled, and he was

right. A suit and hood of yellow oil-cloth covered all. Most laudable precautions were taken by the young assistant of the guide to keep the water out, but his devices broke down immediately when severely tested.

We descended the stair; the handle of a pitchfork doing in my case the duty of an alpenstock. At the bottom my guide inquired whether we should go first to the Cave of the Winds, or to the Horseshoe, remarking that the latter would try us most. I decided to get the roughest done first, and he turned to the left over the stones. They were sharp and trying. The base of the first portion of the cataract is covered with huge boulders, obviously the ruins of the limestone ledge above. The water does not distribute itself uniformly among these, but seeks for itself channels through which it pours torrentially. We passed some of these with wetted feet, but without difficulty. At length we came to the side of a more formidable current. My guide walked along its edge until he reached its least turbulent portion. Halting, he said, "This is our greatest difficulty; if we can cross here, we shall get far towards the Horseshoe."

He waded in. It evidently required all his strength to steady him. The water rose above his loins, and it foamed still higher. He had to search for footing, amid unseen boulders, against which the torrent rose violently. He struggled and swayed, but he struggled successfully, and finally reached the shallower water at the other side. Stretching out his arm, he said to me, "Now come on." I looked down the torrent as it rushed to the river below, which was seething with the tumult of the cataract. De Saussure recommended the inspection of Alpine dangers with the view of making them familiar to the eye before they are encountered; and it is a wholesome custom in places of difficulty to put the possibility of an accident clearly before the mind, and to decide beforehand what ought to be done should the accident occur. Thus wound up in the present instance, I entered the water. Even where it was

not more than knee-deep, its power was manifest. As it rose around me, I sought to split the torrent by presenting a side to it; but the insecurity of the footing enabled it to grasp the loins, twist me fairly round, and bring its impetus to bear upon the back. Further struggle was impossible; and feeling my balance hopelessly gone, I turned, flung myself towards the bank I had just quitted, and was instantly swept into shallower water.

The oilcloth covering was a great incumbrance; it had been made for a much stouter man, and standing upright after my submersion, my legs occupied the centres of two bags of water. My guide exhorted me to try again. Prudence was at my elbow, whispering dissuasion; but taking everything into account, it appeared more immoral to retreat than to proceed. Instructed by the first misadventure, I once more entered the stream. Had the alpenstock been of iron, it might have helped me; but as it was, the tendency of the water to sweep it out of my hands rendered it worse than useless. I, however, clung to it by habit. Again the torrent rose, and again I wavered; but by keeping the left hip well against it, I remained upright, and at length grasped the hand of my leader at the other side. He laughed pleasantly. The first victory was gained, and he enjoyed it. "No traveller," he said, "was ever here before." Soon afterwards, by trusting to a piece of drift-wood which seemed firm, I was again taken off my feet, but was immediately caught by a protruding rock.

We clambered over the boulders towards the thickest spray, which soon became so weighty as to cause us to stagger under its shock. For the most part nothing could be seen; we were in the midst of bewildering tumult, lashed by the water, which sounded at times like the cracking of innumerable whips. Underneath this was the deep resonant roar of the cataract. I tried to shield my eyes with my hands, and look upwards; but the defence was useless. My guide continued to move on, but at

a certain place he halted, and desired me to take shelter in his lee and observe the cataract. The spray did not come so much from the upper ledge as from the rebound of the shattered water when it struck the bottom. Hence the eyes could be protected from the blinding shock of the spray, while the line of vision to the upper ledges remained to some extent clear. On looking upwards over the guide's shoulder, I could see the water bending over the ledge, while the Terrapin Tower loomed fitfully through the intermittent spray gusts. We were right under the tower. A little further on, the cataract, after its first plunge, hit a protuberance some way down, and flew from it in a prodigious burst of spray; through this we staggered. We rounded the promontory on which the Terrapin Tower stands, and pushed, amid the wildest commotion, along the arm of the Horseshoe, until the boulders failed us, and the cataract fell into the profound gorge of the Niagara river.

Here my guide sheltered me again, and desired me to look up; I did so, and could see, as before, the green gleam of the mighty curve sweeping over the upper ledge, and the fitful plunge of the water as the spray between us and it alternately gathered and disappeared. An eminent friend of mine often speaks to me of the mistake of those physicians who regard man's ailments as purely chemical, to be met by chemical remedies only. He contends for the psychological element of cure. By agreeable emotions, he says, nervous currents are liberated which stimulate blood, brain, and viscera. The influence rained from ladies' eyes enables my friend to thrive on dishes which would kill him if eaten alone. A sanative effect of the same order I experienced amid the spray and thunder of Niagara. Quickened by the emotions there aroused, the blood sped healthily through the arteries, abolishing introspection, clearing the heart of all bitterness, and enabling one to think with tolerance, if not with tenderness, of the most relentless and unreasonable foe. Apart from its scientific value,

and purely as a moral agent, the play, I submit, is worth the candle. My companion knew no more of me than that I enjoyed the wildness; but as I bent in the shelter of his large frame, he said, "I should like to see you attempting to describe all this." He rightly thought it indescribable. The name of this gallant fellow was Thomas Conroy.

We returned, clambering at intervals up and down so as to catch glimpses of the most impressive portions of the cataract. We passed under ledges formed by tabular masses of limestone, and through some curious openings formed by the falling together of the summits of the rocks. At length we found ourselves beside our enemy of the morning. My guide halted for a minute or two scanning the torrent thoughtfully. I said that, as a guide, he ought to have a rope in such a place; but he retorted that, as no traveller had ever thought of coming there, he did not see the necessity of keeping a rope. He waded in. The struggle to keep himself erect was evident enough; he swayed, but recovered himself again and again. At length he slipped, gave way, did as I had done, threw himself flat in the water towards the bank, and was swept into the shallows. Standing in the stream near its edge, he stretched his arm towards me. I retained the pitchfork handle, for it had been useful among the boulders. By wading some way in, the staff could be made to reach him, and I proposed his seizing it. "If you are sure," he replied, "that, in case of giving way, you can maintain your grasp, then I will certainly hold you." I waded in, and stretched the staff to my companion. It was firmly grasped by both of us. Thus helped, though its onset was strong, I moved safely across the torrent. All danger ended here. We afterwards roamed sociably among the torrents and boulders below the Cave of the Winds. The rocks were covered with organic slime which could not have been walked over with bare feet, but the felt shoes effectually prevented slipping. We reached

the cave and entered it, first by a wooden way carried over the boulders, and then along a narrow ledge to the point eaten deepest into the shale. When the wind is from the south, the falling water, I am told, can be seen tranquilly from this spot; but when we were there, a blinding hurricane of spray was whirled against us. On the evening of the same day, I went behind the water on the Canada side, which, I confess, struck me, after the experiences of the morning, as an imposture.

Still even this Fall is exciting to some nerves. Its effect upon himself is thus vividly described by Mr. Bakewell, jun.: "On turning a sharp angle of the rock, a sudden gust of wind met us, coming from the hollow between the Falls and the rock, which drove the spray directly in our faces with such force that in an instant we were wet through. When in the midst of this shower-bath, the shock took away my breath; I turned back and scrambled over the loose stones to escape the conflict. The guide soon followed, and told me that I had passed the worst part. With that assurance I made a second attempt; but so wild and disordered was my imagination that when I had reached half-way I could bear it no longer."¹

To complete my knowledge it was necessary to see the Fall from the river below it, and long negotiations were necessary to secure the means of doing so. The only boat fit for the undertaking had been laid up for the winter; but this difficulty, through the kind intervention of Mr. Townsend, was overcome. The main one was to secure oarsmen sufficiently strong and skilful to urge the boat where I wished it to be taken. The son of the owner of the boat, a finely-built young fellow, but only twenty, and therefore not sufficiently hardened, was willing to go; and up the river I was informed there lived another man who would do anything with the boat which strength and daring could accomplish. He came.

¹ "Mag. of Nat. Hist." 1830, pp. 121, 122.

His figure and expression of face certainly indicated extraordinary firmness and power. On Tuesday, the 5th of November, we started, each of us being clad in oil-cloth. The elder oarsman at once assumed a tone of authority over his companion, and struck immediately in amid the breakers below the American Fall. He hugged the cross freshets instead of striking out into the smoother water. I asked him why he did so, and he replied that they were directed *outwards*, not *downwards*. The struggle, however, to prevent the bow of the boat from being turned by them, was often very severe.

The spray was in general blinding, but at times it disappeared and yielded noble views of the Fall. The edge of the cataract is crimped by indentations which exalt its beauty. Here and there, a little below the highest ledge, a secondary one jets out; the water strikes it and bursts from it in huge protuberant masses of foam and spray. We passed Goat Island, came to the Horseshoe, and worked for a time along the base of it; the boulders over which Conroy and myself had scrambled a few days previously lying between us and the base. A rock was before us, concealed and revealed at intervals, as the waves passed over it. Our leader tried to get above this rock, first on the outside of it. The water, however, was here in violent motion. The men struggled fiercely, the older one ringing out an incessant peal of command and exhortation to the younger. As we were just clearing the rock, the bow came obliquely to the surge; the boat was turned suddenly round, and shot with astonishing rapidity down the river. The men returned to the charge, now trying to get up between the half-concealed rock and the boulders to the left. But the torrent set in strongly through this channel. The tugging was quick and violent, but we made little way. At length, seizing a rope, the principal oarsman made a desperate attempt to get upon one of the boulders, hoping to be able to drag the boat through the channel; but it bumped so

violently against the rock, that the man flung himself back and relinquished the attempt.

We returned along the base of the American Fall, running in and out among the currents which rushed from it laterally into the river. Seen from below, the American Fall is certainly exquisitely beautiful, but it is a mere frill of adornment to its nobler neighbour the Horseshoe. At times we took to the river, from the centre of which the Horseshoe Fall appeared especially magnificent. A streak of cloud across the neck of Mont Blanc can double its apparent height, so here the green summit of the cataract shining above the smoke of spray appeared lifted to an extraordinary elevation. Had Hennepin and La Hontan seen the Fall from this position, their estimates of the height would have been perfectly excusable.

From a point a little way below the American Fall, a ferry crosses the river in summer to the Canadian side. Below the ferry is a suspension bridge for carriages and foot-passengers, and a mile or two lower down is the railway suspension bridge. Between the ferry and the latter the river Niagara flows unruffled; but at the suspension bridge the bed steepens and the river quickens its motion. Lower down the gorge narrows and the rapidity and turbulence increase. At the place called the "Whirlpool Rapids," I estimated the width of the river at 300 feet, an estimate confirmed by the dwellers on the spot. When it is remembered that the drainage of nearly half a continent is compressed into this space, the impetuosity of the river's escape through this gorge may be imagined. Had it not been for Mr. Bierstädt, the distinguished photographer of Niagara, I should have quitted the place without seeing these rapids; for this, and for his agreeable company to the spot, I have to thank him. From the edge of the cliff above the rapids, we descended, a little I confess to a climber's disgust, in an "elevator," because the effects are best seen from the water level.

Two kinds of motion are here obviously active, a motion of translation and a motion of undulation—the race of the river through its gorge, and the great waves generated by its collision with, and rebound from, the obstacles in its way. In the middle of the river the rush and tossing are most violent; at all events, the impetuous force of the individual waves is here most strikingly displayed. Vast pyramidal heaps leap incessantly from the river, some of them with such energy as to jerk their summits into the air, where they hang suspended as bundles of liquid spheres. The sun shone for a few minutes. At times the wind coming up the river searched and sifted the spray, carrying away the lighter drops and leaving the heavier ones behind. Wafted in the proper direction, rainbows appeared and disappeared fitfully in the lighter mist. In other directions the common gleam of the sunshine from the waves and their shattered crests was exquisitely beautiful. The complexity of the action was still further illustrated by the fact that in some cases, as if by the exercise of a local explosive force, the drops were shot radially from a particular centre, forming around it a kind of halo.

The first impression, and, indeed, the current explanation of these Rapids is, that the central bed of the river is cumbered with large boulders, and that the jostling, tossing, and wild leaping of the water there are due to its impact against these obstacles. I doubt this explanation; at all events there is another sufficient reason to be taken into account. Boulders derived from the adjacent cliffs visibly cumber the *sides* of the river. Against these the water rises and sinks rhythmically but violently, large waves being thus produced. On the generation of each wave there is an immediate compounding of the wave motion with the river motion. The ridges, which in still water would proceed in circular curves round the centre of disturbance, cross the river obliquely, and the result is that at the centre waves commingle

which have really been generated at the sides. In the first instance we had a composition of wave motion with river motion; here we have the coalescence of waves with waves. Where crest and furrow cross each other, the motion is annulled; where furrow and furrow cross, the river is ploughed to a greater depth; and where crest and crest aid each other, we have that astonishing leap of the water which breaks the cohesion of the crests, and tosses them shattered into the air. From the water level the cause of the action is not so easily seen; but from the summit of the cliff the lateral generation of the waves and their propagation to the centre are perfectly obvious. If this explanation be correct, the phenomena observed at the Whirlpool Rapids form one of the grandest illustrations of the principle of *interference*. The Nile “cataract,” Mr. Huxley informs me, offers examples of the same action.

At some distance below the Whirlpool Rapids we have the celebrated whirlpool itself. Here the river makes a sudden bend to the north-east, forming nearly a right angle with its previous direction. The water strikes the concave bank with great force, and scoops it incessantly away. A vast basin has been thus formed, in which the sweep of the river prolongs itself in gyrotory currents. Bodies and trees which have come over the falls are stated to circulate here for days without finding the outlet. From various points of the cliffs above this is curiously hidden. The rush of the river into the whirlpool is obvious enough; and though you imagine the outlet must be visible, if one existed, you cannot find it. Turning, however, round the bend of the precipice to the north-east, the outlet comes into view.

The Niagara season had ended; the chatter of sightseers had ceased, and the scene presented itself as one of holy seclusion and beauty. I went down to the river's edge, where the weird loneliness and loveliness seemed to increase. The basin is enclosed by high and almost precipitous banks—covered, when I

was there, with russet woods. A kind of mystery attaches itself to gyrating water, due perhaps to the fact that we are to some extent ignorant of the direction of its force. It is said that at certain points of the whirlpool pine-trees are sucked down, to be ejected mysteriously elsewhere. The water is of the brightest emerald green. The gorge through which it escapes is narrow, and the motion of the river swift though silent. The surface is steeply inclined, but it is perfectly unbroken. There are no lateral waves, no ripples with their breaking bubbles to raise a murmur, while the depth is here too great to allow the inequality of the bed to ruffle the surface. Nothing can be more beautiful than this sloping liquid mirror formed by the Niagara in sliding from the whirlpool.

The green colour is, I think, correctly accounted for in "Hours of Exercise in the Alps." In crossing the Atlantic I had frequent opportunities of testing the explanation there given. Looked properly down upon, there are portions of the ocean to which we should hardly ascribe a trace of blue; at the most a hint of indigo reaches the eye. The water, indeed, is practically *black*, and this is an indication both of its depth and its freedom from mechanically suspended matter. In small thicknesses water is sensibly transparent to all kinds of light; but as the thickness increases, the rays of low refrangibility are first absorbed, and after them the other rays. Where, therefore, the water is very deep and very pure, *all* the colours are absorbed, and such water ought to appear black, as no light is sent from its interior to the eye. The approximation of the Atlantic Ocean to this condition is an indication of its extreme purity.

Throw a white pebble into such water; as it sinks it becomes greener and greener, and, before it disappears, it reaches a vivid blue green. Break such a pebble into fragments, each of these will behave like the unbroken mass; grind the pebble to powder, every particle will yield its modicum of green; and if the particles be so fine as to

remain suspended in the water, the scattered light will be a uniform green. Hence the greenness of shoal water. You go to bed with the black Atlantic around you. You rise in the morning and find it a vivid green; and you correctly infer that you are crossing the bank of Newfoundland. Such water is found charged with fine matter in a state of mechanical suspension. The light from the bottom may sometimes come into play, but it is not necessary. A storm can render the water muddy by rendering the particles too numerous and gross. Such a case occurred towards the close of my visit to Niagara. There had been rain and storm in the upper-lake regions, and the quantity of suspended matter brought down quite extinguished the fascinating green of the Horseshoe.

Nothing can be more superb than the green of the Atlantic waves when the circumstances are favourable to the exhibition of the colour. As long as a wave remains unbroken no colour appears; but when the foam just doubles over the crest like an Alpine snow-cornice, under the cornice we often see a display of the most exquisite green. It is metallic in its brilliancy. But the foam is necessary to its production. The foam is first illuminated, and it scatters the light in all directions; the light which passes through the higher portion of the wave alone reaches the eye, and gives to that portion its matchless colour. The folding of the wave, producing, as it does, a series of longitudinal protuberances and furrows which act like cylindrical lenses, introduces variations in the intensity of the light, and materially enhances its beauty.

We have now to consider the genesis and proximate destiny of the Falls of Niagara. We may open our way to this subject by a few preliminary remarks upon erosion. Time and intensity are the main factors of geologic change, and they are in a certain sense convertible. A feeble force acting through long periods, and an intense force acting through short ones, may produce ap-

proximately the same results. To Dr. Hooker I have been indebted for some samples of stones, the first examples of which were picked up by Mr. Hackworth on the shores of Lyell's Bay, near Wellington, in New Zealand. They have been described by Mr. Travers in the Transactions of the New Zealand Institute. Unacquainted with their origin, you would certainly ascribe their forms to human workmanship. They resemble flint knives and spear-heads, being apparently chiseled off into facets with as much attention to symmetry as if a tool guided by human intelligence had passed over them. But no human instrument has been brought to bear upon these stones. They have been wrought into their present shape by the wind-blown sand of Lyell's Bay. Two winds are dominant here, and they in succession urged the sand against opposite sides of the stone; every little particle of sand chipped away its infinitesimal bit of stone, and in the end sculptured these singular forms.¹

The Sphinx of Egypt is nearly covered up by the sand of the desert. The neck of the Sphinx is partly cut across, not, as I am assured by Mr. Huxley, by ordinary weathering,

¹ "The stones, which have a strong resemblance to works of human art, occur in great abundance, and of various sizes, from half an inch to several inches in length. A large number were exhibited showing the various forms, which are those of wedges, knives, arrow-heads, &c., and all with sharp cutting edges.

"Mr. Travers explained that, notwithstanding their artificial appearance, these stones were formed by the cutting action of the wind-driven sand as it passed to and fro over an exposed boulder-bank. He gave a minute account of the manner in which the varieties of form are produced, and referred to the effect which the erosive action thus indicated would have on railway and other works executed on sandy tracts.

"Dr. Hector stated that although, as a group, the specimens on the table could not well be mistaken for artificial productions, still the forms are so peculiar, and the edges, in a few of them, so perfect, that if they were discovered associated with human works, there is no doubt that they would have been referred to the so-called 'stone period.'"
Extracted from the Minutes of the Wellington Philosophical Society, Feb. 9, 1869.

but by the eroding action of the fine sand blown against it. In these cases nature furnishes us with hints which may be taken advantage of in art; and this action of sand has been recently turned to extraordinary account in the United States. When in Boston, I was taken by Mr. Josiah Quincy to see the action of the *sand-blast*. A kind of hopper containing fine silicious sand was connected with a reservoir of compressed air, the pressure being variable at pleasure. The hopper ended in a long slit, from which the sand was blown. A plate of glass was placed beneath this slit, and caused to pass slowly under it; it came out perfectly depolished, with a bright opalescent glimmer, such as could only be produced by the most careful grinding. Every little particle of sand urged against the glass, having all its energy concentrated on the point of impact, formed there a little pit, the depolished surface consisting of innumerable hollows of this description. But this was not all. By protecting certain portions of the surface and exposing others, figures and tracery of any required form could be etched upon the glass. The figures of open iron-work could be thus copied; while wire gauze placed over the glass produced a reticulated pattern. But it required no such resisting substance as iron to shelter the glass. The patterns of the finest lace could be thus reproduced; the delicate filaments of the lace itself offering a sufficient protection.

All these effects have been obtained with a simple model of the sand-blast devised for me by my assistant. A fraction of a minute suffices to etch upon glass a rich and beautiful lace pattern. Any yielding substance may be employed to protect the glass. By immediately diffusing the shock of the particle, such substances practically destroy the local erosive power. The hand can bear without inconvenience a sand-shower which would pulverize glass. Etchings executed on glass with suitable kinds of ink are accurately worked out by the sand-blast. In fact, within certain limits, the harder the

surface, the greater is the concentration of the shock, and the more effectual is the erosion. It is not necessary that the sand should be the harder substance of the two; corundum, for example, is much harder than quartz; still, quartz-sand can not only depolish, but actually blow a hole through a plate of corundum. Nay, glass may be depolished by the impact of fine shot; the grains in this case bruising the glass before they have time to flatten and turn their energy into heat.

And here, in passing, we may tie together one or two apparently unrelated facts. Supposing you turn on, at the lower part of a house, a cock which is fed by a pipe from a cistern at the top of the house, the column of water, from the cistern downwards, is set in motion. By turning off the cock, this motion is stopped; and when the turning off is very sudden, the pipe, if not strong, may be burst by the internal impact of the water. By distributing the turning of the cock over half a second of time, the shock and danger of rupture may be entirely avoided. We have here an example of the concentration of energy in *time*. The sand-blast illustrates the concentration of energy in *space*. The action of flint and steel is an illustration of the same principle. The heat required to generate the spark is intense, and the mechanical action being moderate, must, to produce fire, be in the highest degree concentrated. This concentration is secured by the collision of hard substances. Calc-spar will not supply the place of flint, nor lead the place of steel in the production of fire by collision. With the softer substances, the *total* heat produced may be greater than with the hard ones; but to produce the spark, the heat must be intensely *localized*.

But we can go far beyond the mere depolishing of glass; indeed, I have already said that quartz sand can wear a hole through corundum. This leads me to express my acknowledgments to General Tilghman,¹ who is the inventor

of the sand-blast. To his spontaneous kindness I am indebted for some beautiful illustrations of his process. In one thick plate of glass a figure has been worked out to a depth of three-eighths of an inch. A second plate seven-eighths of an inch thick is entirely perforated. Through a circular plate of marble, nearly half an inch thick, open work of the most intricate and elaborate description has been executed. It would probably take many days to perform this work by any ordinary process; with the sand-blast it was accomplished in an hour. So much for the strength of the blast; its delicacy is illustrated by a beautiful example of line engraving, etched on glass by means of the blast.¹

This power of erosion, so strikingly displayed when sand is urged by air, renders us better able to conceive its action when urged by water. The erosive power of a river is vastly augmented by the solid matter carried along with it. Sand or pebbles caught in a river vortex can wear away the hardest rock; "potholes" and deep cylindrical shafts being thus produced. An extraordinary instance of this kind of erosion is to be seen in the Val Tournanche, above the village of this name. The gorge at Handeck has been thus cut out. Such waterfalls were once frequent in the valleys of Switzerland; for hardly any valley is without one or more transverse barriers of resisting material, over which the river flowing through the valley once fell as a cataract. Near Pontresina in the Engadin, there is such a case, the hard gneiss being now worn away to form a gorge through which

United States, is forcibly illustrated by the rapid transfer of men like Mr. Tilghman from the life of the soldier to that of the civilian. General McClellan, now a civil engineer, whom I had the honour of frequently meeting in New York, is a most eminent example of the same kind. At the end of the war, indeed, a million and a half of men were thus drawn, in an astonishingly short time, from military to civil life. It is obvious that a nation with these tendencies can have no desire for war.

¹ The sand-blast will be in operation this year at the Kensington International Exhibition.

¹ The absorbent power, if I may use the phrase, exerted by the industrial arts in the

the river from the Morteratsch glacier rushes. The barrier of the Kirchet above Meyringen is also a case in point. Behind it was a lake, derived from the glacier of the Aar, and over the barrier the lake poured its excess of water. Here the rock being limestone was in great part dissolved, but added to this we had the action of the solid particles carried along by the water, each of which, as it struck the rock, chipped it away like the particles of the sand-blast. Thus by solution and mechanical erosion the great chasm of the *Fenster-aarschlucht* was formed. It is demonstrable that the water which flows at the bottoms of such deep fissures once flowed at the level of what is now their edges, and tumbled down the lower faces of the barriers. Almost every valley in Switzerland furnishes examples of this kind; the untenable hypothesis of earthquakes, once so readily resorted to in accounting for these gorges, being now for the most part abandoned. To produce the Cañons of Western America no other cause is needed than the integration of effects individually infinitesimal.

And now we come to Niagara. Soon after Europeans had taken possession of the country, the conviction appears to have arisen that the deep channel of the river Niagara below the falls had been excavated by the cataract. In Mr. Bakewell's "Introduction to Geology," the prevalence of this belief has been referred to: it is expressed thus by Professor Joseph Henry in the *Transactions of the Albany Institute*:¹—"In viewing the position of the falls and the features of the country round, it is impossible not to be impressed with the idea that this great natural raceway has been formed by the continued action of the irresistible Niagara, and that the falls, beginning at Lewistown, have, in the course of ages, worn back the rocky strata to their present site." The same view is advocated by Sir Charles Lyell, by Mr. Hall, by M. Agassiz, by Professor Ramsay, indeed by almost all of those who have inspected the place.

A connected image of the origin and progress of the cataract is easily obtained. Walking northward from the village of Niagara Falls by the side of the river, we have to our left the deep and comparatively narrow gorge through which the Niagara flows. The bounding cliffs of this gorge are from 300 to 350 feet high. We reach the whirlpool, trend to the north-east, and after a little time gradually resume our northward course. Finally, at about seven miles from the present Falls, we come to the edge of a declivity which informs us that we have been hitherto walking on table-land. Some hundreds of feet below us is a comparatively level plain, which stretches to Lake Ontario. The declivity marks the end of the precipitous gorge of the Niagara. Here the river escapes from its steep mural boundaries, and in a widened bed pursues its way to the lake which finally receives its waters.

The fact that in historic times, even within the memory of man, the fall has sensibly receded, prompts the question, how far has this recession gone? At what point did the ledge which thus continually creeps backwards begin its retrograde course? To minds disciplined in such researches the answer has been and will be, at the precipitous declivity which crossed the Niagara from Lewiston on the American to Queenston on the Canadian side. Over this transverse barrier the united affluents of all the upper lakes once poured their waters, and here the work of erosion began. The dam, moreover, was demonstrably of sufficient height to cause the river above it to submerge Goat Island; and this would perfectly account for the finding by Mr. Hall, Sir Charles Lyell, and others, in the sand and gravel of the island, the same fluviatile shells as are now found in the Niagara river higher up. It would also account for those deposits along the sides of the river, the discovery of which enabled Lyell, Hall, and Ramsay to reduce to demonstration the popular belief that the Niagara once flowed through a shallow valley.

The physics of the problem of exca-

¹ Quoted by Bakewell.

vation, which I made clear to my mind before quitting Niagara, are revealed by a close inspection of the present Horseshoe Fall. Here we see evidently that the greatest weight of water bends over the very apex of the Horseshoe. In a passage in his excellent chapter on Niagara Falls, Mr. Hall alludes to this fact. Here we have the most copious and the most violent whirling of the shattered liquid; here the most powerful eddies recoil against the shale. From this portion of the fall, indeed, the spray sometimes rises without solution of continuity to the region of clouds, becoming gradually more attenuated, and passing finally through the condition of true cloud into invisible vapour, which is sometimes reprecipitated higher up. All the phenomena point distinctly to the centre of the river as the place of greatest mechanical energy, and from the centre the vigour of the Fall gradually dies away towards the sides. The horseshoe form, with the concavity facing downwards, is an obvious and necessary consequence of this action. Right along the middle of the river the apex of the curve pushes its way backwards, cutting along the centre a deep and comparatively narrow groove, and draining the sides as it passes them.¹ Hence the remarkable discrepancy between the widths of the Niagara above and below the Horseshoe. All along its course, from Lewiston Heights to its present position, the form of the Fall was probably that of a horseshoe; for this is merely the expression of the greater depth, and consequently greater excavating power, of the centre of the river. The gorge, moreover, varies in width as the depth of the centre of the ancient river varied, being narrowest where that depth was greatest.

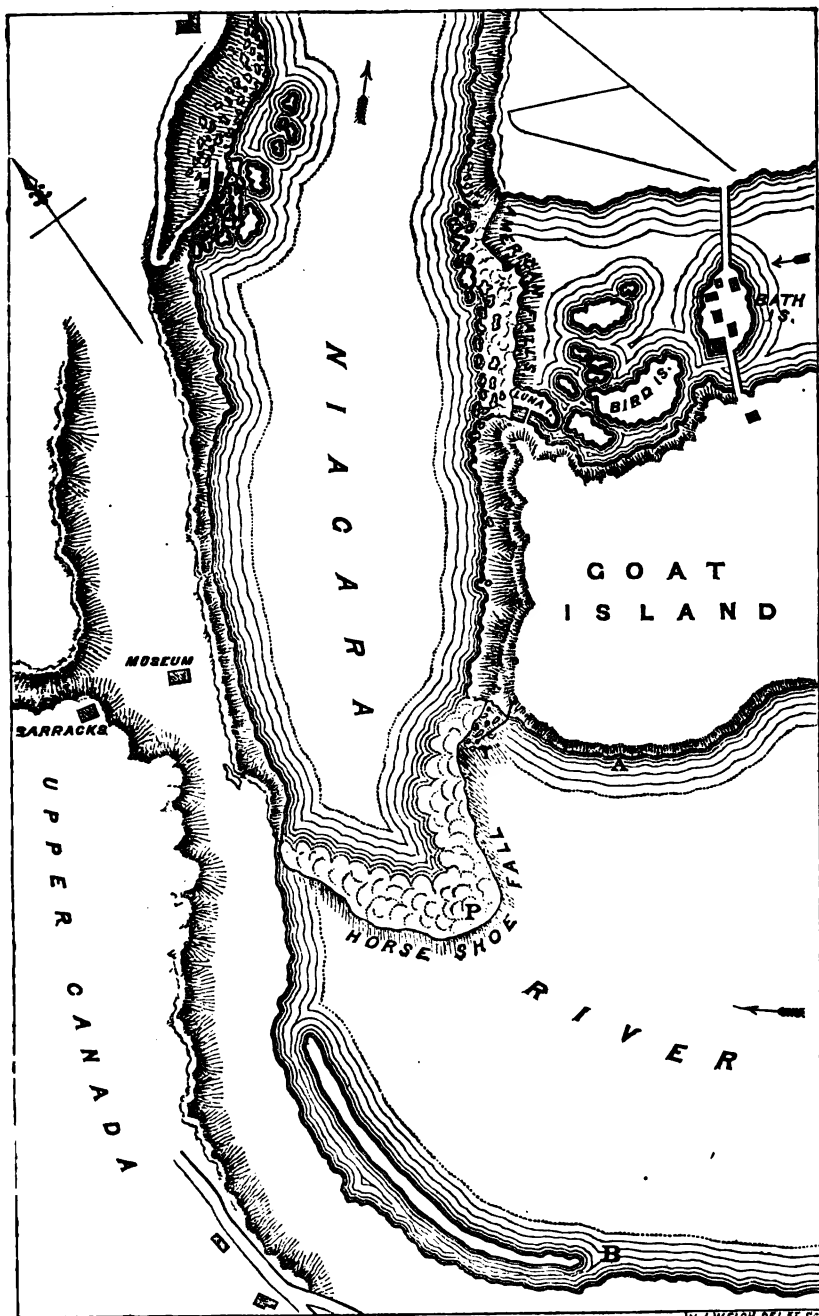
The vast comparative erosive energy of the Horseshoe Fall comes strikingly into view when it and the American

Fall are compared together. The American branch of the upper river is cut at a right angle by the gorge of the Niagara. Here the Horseshoe Fall was the real excavator. It cut the rock and formed the precipice over which the American Fall tumbles. But since its formation, the erosive action of the American Fall has been almost nil, while the Horseshoe has cut its way for 500 yards across the end of Goat Island, and is now doubling back to excavate a channel parallel to the length of the island. This point, I have just learned, has not escaped the acute observation of Professor Ramsay.¹ The river bends; the Horseshoe immediately accommodates itself to the bending, and will follow implicitly the direction of the deepest water in the upper stream. The flexibility of the gorge, if I may use the term, is determined by the flexibility of the river channel above it. Were the Niagara above the Fall sinuous, the gorge would obediently follow its sinuosities. Once suggested, no doubt geographers will be able to point out many examples of this action. The Zambesi is thought to present a great difficulty to the erosion theory, because of the sinuosity of the chasm below the Victoria Falls. But assuming the basalt to be of tolerably uniform texture, had the river been examined before the formation of this sinuous channel, the present zigzag course of the gorge below the Fall could, I am persuaded, have been predicted, while the sounding of the present river would enable us to predict the course to be pursued by the erosion in the future.

But not only has the Niagara river cut the gorge; it has carried away the chips of its own workshop. The shale being probably crumbled is easily carried away. But at the base of the fall we find the huge boulders already described, and by some

¹ In the discourse of which this paper is a report, the excavation of the centre and drainage of the sides was illustrated by a model devised by my assistant, Mr. John Cottrell.

¹ His words are:—"Where the body of water is small in the American Fall, the edge has only receded a few yards (where most eroded) during the time that the Canadian Fall has receded from the north corner of Goat Island to the innermost curve of the Horseshoe Fall."—*Quarterly Journal of Geological Society*, May 1859.



means or other these are removed down the river. The ice which fills the gorge in winter, and which grapples with the boulders, has been regarded as the transporting agent. Probably it is so to some extent. But erosion acts without ceasing on the abutting points of the boulders, thus withdrawing their support and urging them gradually down the river. Solution also does its portion of the work. That solid matter is carried down is proved by the difference of depth between the Niagara river and Lake Ontario, where the river enters it. The depth falls from seventy-two feet to twenty feet, in consequence of the deposition of solid matter caused by the diminished motion of the river.¹

In conclusion, we may say a word regarding the proximate future of Niagara. At the rate of excavation assigned to it by Sir Charles Lyell, namely, a foot a year, five thousand years or so will carry the Horseshoe Fall far higher than Goat Island. As the gorge recedes it will drain, as it has hitherto done, the banks right and left of it, thus leaving a nearly level terrace between Goat Island and the edge of the gorge. Higher up it will totally drain the American branch of the river; the channel of which in due time will become cultivable land. The American Fall will then be transformed into a dry precipice, forming a simple continuation of the cliffy boundary of the Niagara. At the place oc-

cupied by the fall at this moment we shall have the gorge enclosing a right angle, a second whirlpool being the consequence of this. To those who visit Niagara a few millenniums hence I leave the verification of this prediction. All that can be said is, that if the causes now in action continue to act, it will prove itself literally true.

The preceding highly instructive map has been reduced from one published in Mr. Hall's *Geology of New York*. It is based on surveys executed in 1842, by Messrs. Gibson and Evershed. The ragged edge of the American Fall north of Goat Island marks the amount of erosion which it has been able to accomplish while the Horseshoe Fall was cutting its way southward across the end of Goat Island to its present position. The American Fall is 168 feet high, a precipice cut down, not by itself, but by the Horseshoe Fall. The latter in 1842 was 159 feet high, and, as shown by the map, is already turning eastward to excavate its gorge along the centre of the upper river. P is the apex of the Horseshoe, and r marks the site of the Terrapin Tower, with the promontory adjacent; round which I was conducted by Conroy. Probably since 1842 the Horseshoe has worked back beyond the position here assigned to it. Certainly the promontory at r appeared to me much sharper than it is here shown to be. In view of these considerations the foregoing prediction is merely the prospective statement of a fact requiring no great foresight to anticipate it.

JOHN TYNDALL.

¹ Near the mouth of the gorge at Queens-ton, the depth, according to the Admiralty Chart, is 180 feet; well within the gorge it is 132 feet.

MY TIME, AND WHAT I'VE DONE WITH IT.

BY F. C. BURNAND.

CHAPTER IV.

THE WELCOME HOME.

"WHY, Cecil, what a big fellow you've grown!"

Had I? This was the first I had heard of it, and I did not know exactly how to take the greeting.

It was either admiration or reproof. It certainly did not sound like the former, and it could not, evidently, be intended for the latter. The next minute he added, in a tone of disappointment, "Not quite a man yet though, eh?"

Not quite, certainly. Sir John, I have ascertained, had been accustomed to speak of me during his absence as "My son, sir, who's at home now,"—he quite forgot that I was not even out of petticoats,—“will be quite a companion when I return.”

He was chagrined to find me a child, and his first salutation was only a complimentary tribute to my size as a child.

Thank goodness, I did not commence by crying. I was very near it, however. I looked down and blushed: I looked up and smiled. I, what my Aunt Clym called, "fiddled" with my fingers, interlacing them in an awkward and nervous fashion.

"Don't do that, Cecil," said Aunt Clym. "Haven't you got anything to say to your papa?"

No, nothing.

Had we been left together, I should have had a great deal, but it required a preface of getting on his knee, and accustoming myself to him, before I could repose confidence in my newly-found father. Whether there lurked in my mind a doubt of his identity, or whether I was only a striking illustration

of the truth of the proverb about a wise child, it is impossible to tell. I was abashed in his presence, and Aunt Clym's method did not go far towards conciliating me. My father, poor man, was disappointed. So was I. Neither put this into words. I seemed to experience a sort of feeling of having been imposed upon, and that this was not at all the father I had been expecting—in fact nothing like him.

After the first greetings were over, and I had come out of it all without crying, I was anxious to get back to the house-keeper's room, where my nurse was; but this was not permitted by my aunt, who seized the opportunity to point out to my father how fond I had become of certain associates, who, she was sure, were leading me astray.

My father heard her to the end gravely, and then observed—

"He must go to school at once."

This did surprise me. I do not know why, but such a course had certainly never entered into my head as one which was to be pursued with myself.

"You'd like to go to school?" my father asked me.

I smiled and was silent. Intuitively I felt that he wanted me to say "Yes," and that he would conceive a very low opinion of me were I to reply "No." So I kept the latter to myself, for private communication, subsequently, to Nurse Davis, but I said "Yes" to my father, and thus it happened that almost the first word of any importance that I had had to say to my father, was an untruth.

His manner made me nervous and timid. I was afraid of displeasing him, and he had a way—I saw it in the first five minutes—of knitting his eyebrows, and twitching his nose, which served

to indicate that the slightest contradiction would set him against me.

The Colvins are undoubtedly an excitable family, impulsive and irritable in various degrees. Mrs. Clym was all this and more. She was a woman of stern determination and settled purpose. Not so my father; he represented the Colvin virtues and failings in full. To impulsiveness and irritability, he added vacillation. If you had asked him for his own opinion of himself—and he often quoted himself as an example to be followed on most matters—he would have shown you what a cautious, calculating man he had always been in business, how he had anything but a hot temper, and how he was invariably willing to hear both sides of a case, and to give a calm and impartial judgment, even where his own interests were vitally concerned. Heprided himself upon being excessively neat and clean, as indeed he was, and upon his extremely polite and courteous bearing in the society he frequented, where, to do him justice, he was always welcomed, and where he flattered himself on shining as a wit and a *bon vivant*. That he did flatter himself is certain, as he was neither one nor the other, though with a secret desire to excel in both characters. These are characteristics of the Colvins decidedly; but I fancy I have met others, besides Colvins, who have easily deceived themselves in such matters.

At eight years old I should have liked, in spite of Aunt Clym's presence, to have jumped on my father's knee, and to have asked him all about the strange country whence he had so recently come, and, especially, about the tigers. But such familiarity was out of the question. As we had begun, so we were to go on, and the next thing I had to hear was my good nurse complained of, and scolded, before my father, who, having his *rôle* given him by his sister, did not dare depart from it, but intimated to Mrs. Davis, that, after Master Cecil had been sent to school, her further services would be dispensed with.

That night my father made his *rentrée* into society, at a stately party given by

Uncle Clym, who, being heartily glad to see his brother-in-law back again safe and sound, was for an extra bottle in honour of the occasion, after the retirement of the ladies and of the children. When I was brought in to say "good-night to Papa," I was uncertain about kissing him,—a doubt I had always entertained with regard to any gentleman, whether relation or not, to whom I had had, up till then, the honour of having been introduced.

Sir John seemed as confused and as timid as myself, and I believe his brown face coloured slightly, as he turned round to bid me good night, and kiss me. His was a rough chin, and I did not like it. Two or three gentlemen called me to them, and asked me my age, and when I was going to school. This was an unfortunate question, as it started a stout gentleman with a red face on the subject of "rods in pickle," and remembrances of a leather strap, and a peculiar birch rod when he was a boy (I was glad to think that *he* had suffered, at all events), which so affected my nerves, that, being overtired and rather frightened, I began to cry, not noisily, but breaking into it, and suppressing it, all at one time—two opposite efforts that nearly choked me.

My father was, I saw it at once, considerably pained by my unmanly way of taking what was only meant in jest, but which, not seeing the fun in the same light as the stout red-faced gentleman, I had looked upon as very real and serious earnest, and had thus given way. Biscuits and fruit partially restored my equanimity. I accepted these presents in order to share them at home with Nurse Davis. My father observed that "I wanted to be knocked about a bit, and be among boys," which would have brought on another fit of tears, had not Uncle Clym's butler entered with a fresh bottle, to whose care (the butler's, not the bottle's) I was straightway confided, to be delivered to Nurse Davis, awaiting me in the passage. As I went out I heard Uncle Clym say "Now ten,"—meaning "Now then!"—which I have since learnt is the formula for

the commencement of a jovial evening, the "Up Guards and at 'em" of a convivial commander-in-chief. Jovial that evening might have been for them; not for me.

At home in our lodgings, all our conversation was about school, and of the separation between Nurse Davis and myself; and though I did not understand much about either subject, yet of one thing I felt certain, and this I said as I sobbed on my dear old nurse's bosom, "that I loved her very much, and wished Papa hadn't come to take me away."

Then she hushed me, and set me to say my prayers, ending with "God bless dear Papa this night," which somehow seemed to me unnecessary now, when he had returned safe and sound from among the tigers in India. And thus father and son met, and I fancy that neither of us was the happier for the meeting.

I fell asleep dreaming of the birch, leather strap, and rods in pickle with which that horrid red man had impressed my imagination.

One thing was clear at all events and no dream, namely, that I had come to the end of my play-time, and that, henceforth, school-time was to begin in earnest.

CHAPTER V.

SCHOOL-TIME. GLIDING ONWARDS.

THE Colvin baronetcy had a history, written and illuminated, up to my great-grandfather's time; who, being a fine old English gentleman of the sporting-acquire type, sold the library, sold the venerable portraits, combined with his son to cut off the entail, and finally raised money on everything that was worth a penny. There being at length nothing left to live for, or to live on, he died at Geneva, in the odour of bankruptcy, leaving his debts and difficulties to his son. The Colvins of the Crusades had once more to go to the East; for my grandfather having settled in his own mind that a title was of small use without money, brought his remaining capital into Wingle's firm, started to lead a new life on the Stock Exchange,

and dedicated his son, my father, to business from his very earliest years with all the enthusiasm of a Hamilcar. Beyond this the old gentleman had no notion of education, and my father was kept so closely at the grindstone by his employers (a large mercantile firm, dealing chiefly, I fancy, in silks, with a highly respectable provincial connection) as to have hardly any time left for recreation or self-improvement at night.

This firm, Owen Brothers, merchants, had a branch establishment at Shrewsbury; and here my father was sent for, I think, two years, to make himself thoroughly acquainted with all the details of the business. This, it seems, was about the only time he ever resided out of London as long as he remained in England. Later in life he quitted Owen Brothers. He revived the old Colvin, Wingle, and Co. stockbroking firm, and, starting on his own account, went on and prospered.

My father valued his title—reverenced it as something quite apart from himself, and he had determined that "he would give his son," as I have often heard him say, "a first-rate education, sir; and then he'll be fitted for anything." Lacking this himself, he saw what an excellent thing it would be, although he had but very vague notions of how to set about it. He heard of Holyshade College as the first public school where all the nobility sent their sons, and for this place he at once destined his boy. After that would follow one of the two great Universities, and then the Church, or the Bar, as a profession. Business was to be out of the question. Two Colvins were enough for the city, and the time was fast approaching when the woollack, or the episcopal bench, might be graced by our name. The Colvin baronetcy was, whatever might be said, something in hand to begin with. The Clyms, my cousins, were to be brought up to business—the Clym business being shipping insurance; and henceforth, from the commencement of my career at the private school, preparatory to Holyshade—I was taught by my father to look down upon the Clyms,

and, indeed, upon any boy who was on his road to Cornhill. He seemed to forget there might be some danger of such a sentiment reacting upon himself, but then he looked upon himself as the wisest, kindest, and best of parents; as I believe my grandfather, taking his conduct from quite another point of view, had done before him. People were paid to educate me—that was all my father knew of the matter, beyond the fact that these people, whoever they might be, were paid by him. Business might get better or worse, but he considered that his heir was laying up for himself such a store of knowledge for the future, as must achieve greatness by an easy and pleasant way; and, as to the sinews of war, had he not already provided for the improbable adversities of the future?

He was fond of delivering oracular precepts for my benefit, generally while he was dressing for a party, and I, ten years old, and seated on a chair, was intently watching the operation—being much interested in the watch and money, usually lying on the dressing-table.

"You must always," he used to observe, under the impression that he was enunciating some original philosophical doctrine, and deluding himself all the while with the idea that he was addressing a young man twice my age, "You must always look on both sides of a difficulty,"—here he would fold his cravat twice round, and tie it in the nattiest bow possible. "One day I might not be able to do all for you that I intend."

I am sure he felt a sort of pleasure in saying this, as if the contingency were too remote to be even possible, and, therefore, one on which he could safely expatiate. He continued: "*Then* you'll have plenty of friends to help you, and you'll only have to get up in court and make a speech, and they'll say, *Hulloa!* here's a clever fellow, by Jove!"—here he got into his coat and gave his whiskers a last brush; "and then"—here his money and watch went into his pockets, and the chance of half-a-crown had vanished for that time—"you'll be Lord Chancellor or some-

thing"—here his brougham would be announced, and after saying, "Good night," he would sometimes, not often, stoop to kiss me—stooping not being an easy matter in such a stiff white tie as it was then the fashion to wear. Besides, to caress the child destroyed the illusion of my being his companionable grown-up son. As a child he treated me as an ideal man, without foreseeing that this would end in his treating the man as an ideal child. He always left home in more or less of a hurry, and after he had consulted his watch, and observed that it was past time, he would run downstairs and be driven off at a rapid pace, leaving me to my own devices for amusement. These I soon found in any books I could get hold of, and in my old friend the theatre, with Blue Beard and Co. (only on rather a larger scale, consistent with my increasing age and improved means), of which I used to give performances to the servants. My audience included the cook and her cousin—an enormous tall corporal in uniform—of whom I was at first very much afraid, but who really proved a most amiable person, and, considered as (in himself) the greater part of my "gentle public," most appreciative. My performances at this time were, for the most part, under the patronage of the cook and The Military.

After this came supper; and then the housemaid—to whose hands, during my holidays, I fell, in company with the grates and fire-irons—would intimate that it was time for me to retire for the night, "unless," she generally was obliged to add, "you wish your Pa to come 'ome and catch you hup."

She used to emphasize the "h's" very strongly. She had wonderful stories about her grandmother—who seemed to have been a sort of Mother Shipton, seeing strange forms in the sky. These stories I would get her to tell me with a view to inducing repose, but unsuccessfully, as I subsequently lay awake fancying all sorts of woes coming upon the earth in consequence of Anne's venerable relative having beheld a regi-

ment of soldiers marching in a flash of lightning. This and a new Blue Chamber in "Blue Beard"—which I had lately purchased, and which was furnished with fearful skeletons in rose-coloured flames—impress my memory to this day so vividly and clearly, that, as I write, I seem to behold the bony creatures of my imagination dancing on the wall, as I had often seen them in those childish days, when unable to ring, or to scream, I sought safety under the bed-clothes, where after a time I fell asleep.

I dwell upon these incidents—slight and valueless in themselves, but of great weight as bearing upon my future: of great weight to parents who leave children to form themselves as best they can; of great weight to those who look forward to their children's companionship in later life; who, neglecting to sow carefully, yet expect to reap profitably. To what purpose is this written? The least eventful life may point a moral. Dull, and monotonous, as the paid preacher's stereotyped discourses, are the sermons of the Rev. Father Time; and his sermons are experience. Who learns from them aught for his own guidance? We can apply the advice thus taught to our neighbours; they, we see, were fools not to have learnt by the experience of others; but for ourselves, circumstances alter cases, and we alone are judges of the circumstances. It is, indeed, a wise child who knows his own father so thoroughly as to avoid his faults, and improve upon his good qualities.

When I have said that Sir John was weak and impulsive; when I have said that his only idea concerning his son was, that there were those whom he paid for their duty of attending the youth, until the time should arrive for him to be his father's companion—when I have said this, I have said all I have to urge against the parental policy. Between him and myself there might have been the strongest attachment, had not he, in the first instance, kept so far apart from me, that the cord of our natural love, strained to the utmost,

was forced to yield to the force which, later on, was brought to bear upon it, and then it snapped in twain—but, thank God, not for ever.

Had my mother been spared, she would have had to suffer much, as this history will show, for what has fallen heavily on my father and myself would have fallen heaviest on her, and she would have been wounded through me, but by no fault or misdoing of mine.

No one could have been kinder to me than Nurse Davis. She was, certainly, for her station in life, a superior person, and before going to school I really possessed a very fair amount of knowledge, as far as reading and writing went, besides an intimate acquaintance with Oriental habits and customs as illustrated in "Blue Beard," on my stage, and the Eastern fairy tales in my dear old book; not to mention such an acquaintance with Germany as was to be met with in the play of "Der Freischütz," with Skelt's "Scenes and Characters," and in the legendary lore of the Brothers Grimm. So was it with Robin Hood and William Tell (whom I had seen in a pantomime, the first I ever witnessed, and who for years remained in my mind as a man with thin legs and an enormous head, who would pepper his son's nose and otherwise illtreat him at breakfast)—I say, with all these odds and ends, my knowledge-box was fairly stored, and, by the way, so was my school-box, wherein were a cake, apples, biscuits, and a small jar of mixed pickles, which Nurse considered a rare delicacy. At school my cake was divided among my new companions, as were also the apples and biscuits, everyone looking upon the distribution as a matter of course, calling for no expressions of gratitude towards the noble donor, who could not help himself, and what is more, could not prevent *their* being helped. As for the pickles, to the best of my recollection, I never set eyes on them after they had once been taken out of my box. I rather fancy I heard Miss Secunda Sharpe, the second sister, say something about pickles being very unwholesome, but I think this remark

must have only applied to them as eatables for boys, as I am pretty sure that, on Sunday, I recognized some well-known favourites of my nurse's, such as very small but very strong onions, at the upper end of the dinner-table, on the schoolmistresses' plates. But what is not, in the goose's opinion, sauce for the gosling, may be a very excellent relish for the goose herself.

Nurse, who had quitted my father's service, came, with Julie and Mr. Verney, to see me one Sunday during the summer time. Mr. Verney, on this occasion, was peculiarly light and airy, and wore a countrified hat, and turn-down collars. He told me he took this opportunity of "courting the zephyrs which were trifling with the fragrant buttercups and the humble daisies in the luxuriant meadows." I did not understand him then, but I believe this to have been a mere poetical figure, signifying that having been deposited by the sixpenny 'bus at the corner, he had walked up the lane under the trees, and through the front garden to the school-house.

Julie was grown, and a little shy. I asked her if she'd like to come to my school, and she replied "No," which I considered at the time rather unkind. At parting, however, we cried a bit, all of us except Mr. Verney, who stood over us in the attitude of a benignant gaoler. He presently interrupted our sobs with an admonitory cough.

"Parting, Jane, as the bard has expressed it, is 'such sweet sorrow' that we shall be here till to-morrow, I'm afraid, unless we leave our excellent young friend to his scholastic duties, and catch the fleeting omnibus at the corner of the lane, where it will be within the next quarter of an hour. Farewell!"

When they'd gone, I didn't get over it for an hour or more, but sat alone, thinking of what they were doing now, and how happy they were in being free while I was still a prisoner. I managed to secrete the cake which had been given me, and shared it with a friend in the bed next to me,

eating it in haste as if it were a sort of Passover ceremony, due regard, by the way, not being paid to the necessary dress to be observed on such a solemn occasion, for we ate it at night, when the other boys were asleep, in our dormitory. We paid for it, in medicine, the following day. This did not prevent our repeating our gluttony on the occurrence of a similar opportunity.

Of my time at this period I have very little worth recording. I cried on the first morning after my arrival, and was dazed by the formality of school prayers round the breakfast-table. I remember that the first words to impress me with anything resembling a sentimentally religious feeling were in the collect commencing "Lighten our darkness," which was always read at night prayers, and imbued me with a mysterious dread of bedtime. This solemn petition used invariably to make me feel very sad; it seemed to be a sort of funeral service read over us boys previous to storing us away for the night. I fancy this impression had vanished by the time I had got into bed, or I should not have indulged in such reckless dissipation as cake-eating after the light was out.

It took me a long time to master my duty towards my neighbour in the Catechism, and I really do not think I ever rightly succeeded in acquiring the proper order of the sentences about being "true and just in all my dealings" (which always reminded me of shopkeepers), and about "hurting nobody by word or deed." In consequence of the Catechism I suffered a martyrdom, not for any conscientious objections to its doctrinal statements, but for the reason above mentioned; and it certainly was tiresome work on a hot Sunday afternoon, under the eye of an irritable mistress, who often hurt somebody "by deed," and that somebody was myself. Our punishments were various. One, of Chinese origin, was a stiff leather collar, which kept your chin up, and forced you to assume a proud bearing in spite of yourself, and greatly

to your own discomfort. The position of some people enjoying an elevated social position and paying its penalties, has forcibly recalled to my mind this collar. Then there was the ruler for the knuckles of the recalcitrant, which extracted from me many a sob on a cold morning. Bread and water was not much of a punishment for me, as I was very partial to dry bread, if I could only have enough of it.

My holidays were passed at home, where, except my Clym cousins, with whom I occasionally spent the day, I had no companions, save the servants and the corporal afore-mentioned. I enjoyed their parties while my father went out to his. Of him I saw very little, except on Sundays, when he would send for me into the sitting-room (we were still in lodgings—on our road to a big house, my father having changed his intention on this subject several times—but no longer over the dairy), and would read two or three chapters “out of the Old Testament” to me—generally those wherein occurred the hardest and longest names, which he took great delight in hearing himself pronounce. He was proud of his reading, and considered the exercise as equivalent to a church service. Sometimes, of an afternoon, he would let me accompany him, in state, to a fashionable place of worship, of which all I remember is, that there was exquisite singing, accompanied by a great rustling of music-paper, and that the preacher, reader, and clerk were piled up one above the other, of each of whom only just so much was visible as can be seen of a punch-doll in the usual show. More often, however, he took me, on Sunday, to call on Grandmamma Colvin, and then to my other grandmamma, Mrs. Pritchard. He never came to see me at school, or asked me any educational questions. He appeared to be uninterested in me as long as I continued a child; it seemed such an age before I should be anywhere near manhood. Nothing short of my having been born a ready-made man would have satisfied him. It was clear that

both of us must wait. But my father was impatient.

So far the stream of time bore me along, lazily, easily. Nurse Davis, Julie, and Frampton's Court I already seemed to have left far behind. Where on my voyage I might meet them again never entered into my head. The future gives a child no trouble, and the past but little pleasure. I had been happy with the Verneys, and I was happy without them. Be it remembered, I was alone, and therefore selfish. Our family archives record instances of selfish individuals among the Colvins. It is a theory that every man has in him some disease which will exhibit its fatal power if he live long enough for its development. Growing up within me was selfishness. I see, now, that nothing but the knife could have saved me. I know, now, that a true love had already taken root deep down in my heart, out of sight; and of its existence I should not be aware until the earth above should be broken by the strength of its first upward shoots.

My small boat was now to be delayed at a landing-stage, where I was to take in fresh stores and meet new characters. Already the pilots destined to betray their trust, to run both ship and boat upon the rocks, were awaiting us on this new shore.

CHAPTER VI.

OLD CARTER'S ACADEMY.—AS HINTED IN A FORMER CHAPTER, ONE OF MY IMPORTANT PERSONAGES APPEARS FOR THE FIRST TIME.

Soon the time came for jackets, and with a new suit I was sent to a new school, near Bromfield, in Kent, which I was informed was to be preparatory to going to Holyshade. This establishment was kept by the Rev. Thomas Carter, a pompous clergyman of the Evangelical school, who stood in great awe of his wife. Mrs. Carter ruled him, ruled the ushers—who did their best to render themselves agreeable to her—and ruled the boys. Here, I

made the acquaintance of that diabolical instrument the cane. Mrs. Carter generally looked in at the door when any chastisement was being inflicted, and would keep her husband up to the mark by such words of encouragement as "That's not hard enough, Thomas; make him feel it, my dear," so that Mr. Carter, one day losing his temper, and getting very red in the face, cried out to her, "Perhaps you'd like to do it yourself," to which she at once replied that she wouldn't cane at all if she couldn't do it better than that, adding that "she'd like to cane him and the boys too," whereat the second usher put his head under the lid of his desk and laughed, while his senior smiled grimly, and took an enormous pinch of snuff. She was a dreadful little, freckled, shrivelled woman, and was quite my idea of a witch. With a broomstick and a sugarloaf hat she would have been perfect: only I pity the imp who would have dared to get within reach of her broomstick; he would have had a Walpurgis night not to be forgotten in a hurry.

Out of the fifty or sixty boys, there were only two in whom I was interested. One was the captain of the school, Percival Floyd, whom I admired and feared. The other was Austin Comberwood, of whom I was very fond. The head boy—we didn't call him captain—was Percival Floyd. He was nearly seventeen, and in the general opinion quite a man, if it had not been for his still wearing jackets, which gave him rather a nautical appearance, especially about the legs, of which, as may be imagined, we saw a good deal. He had a magnificent reputation for strength and prowess at fisticuffs. It was just a question whether he could thrash Stephen Harker, who was about his own age, and had lately gone into stick-ups and tails. These appendages caused Master Harker considerable embarrassment, on account of his having been chastened, on his return in this new attire, "Pussy Cat," by the drawing-master, who was a wag in his way; but if *his* pleasantry was tolerated, out of deference to Art, that of

the juniors—who pretended to "miaow" when Harker's back was turned, and to be afraid of his tail coat—was visited with condign punishment whenever he succeeded in catching a delinquent, which was not often. Harker was strong in neckties of a rainbow pattern, and flattered himself that he was the admiration of a girls' school which frequented our church. He was the son of a Manchester manufacturer, reputed to be immensely wealthy, with mills and machinery in every direction. He was partial to sweet-smelling pomade, with which he used to plaster his black hair until it shone again, and his great amusement and delight was to watch the very gradual growth of some fluffy down on his upper lip, for which purpose he kept a small looking-glass fastened to the inside of the lid of his desk. This dark streak of down, looking like a smudge from a lead pencil, was as interesting to him as the first sprouts of a spring crop to a farmer. The drawing-master remarked that every pussy cat had moustachios, and this joke lasted us for some time, until Fatty Bifford asked Harker if he wouldn't like some cat's-meat, therewith imitating the cry of the purveyor of that article; whereupon, being unable to run away as quickly as he had intended, he was captured, and handled so severely, that we never attempted to imitate the humorous Bifford, who, we considered, deserved all he had got, for his inability to escape the consequences.

There were two Biffords—Fatty and Puggy—brothers with so strong a family resemblance to each other, that it seemed as if they'd been originally intended for twins. They were not, however, and Fatty was the elder by two years. They were never known to agree on any one point, except that they should always be fighting, and no question ever arose between them, which was not at once decided by the ordeal of battle. Such a battle, too! where all was fair, except a blow below the lowest waistcoat button, which Fatty Bifford could not, and would not, stand. And this was the fatal blow that his bre-

ther Puggy invariably gave him when affairs were becoming desperate. Then Fatty, doubled up like a Punch doll, would fall, protesting, with his latest and shortest breath, against foul play, whereat the ring would interfere. Then, in consequence of a difference of opinion having arisen between Puggy and one of the interposing bystanders, it became the younger brother's turn to have a fresh encounter on his hands, when he, after some few feints and guards, invariably succumbed, and spent the remainder of his play-hours in tears and abuse of his brother. Fatty was never known to speak well of Puggy, and Puggy never had a good word for his brother. Fatty would confide to the boys that there was no such sneak as Puggy, and Puggy would confidently assert that there never was such a cowardly bully as that Fatty. Yet their attachment to each other was, strange to say, firm and sincere, and has so remained through life. In their conflicts at school, hair-pulling came to be considered quite as one of the fine arts, while throttling and kicking were managed with so great a dexterity, as, in more sporting times, would have elevated their performance to the rank of a science. Blows were seldom exchanged, except *the* one already mentioned. Nobody having authority ever interfered between them, except on two occasions, when I remember Mrs. Carter suddenly rushing in, having been at the keyhole for some minutes previously, and seizing them both by the hair, which she tugged impartially until they yelled again, she banged their heads together and took them off to be caned on the spot: and a very sore spot it must have been for a long time afterwards. This is the only instance within my knowledge of a satisfactory issue of an uncalled-for interference by a third party in the quarrels of relations.

As for the ushers, the senior was seldom with us in play-hours, having his own amusements and lodgings in the country town of Bromfield, within five minutes' walk of our school-house. Our second usher, as a rule, had scarcely

settled down into the ways of the place before he was somehow or other sent about his business; generally, it was believed, through Mrs. Carter's instrumentality.

It was a tradition at old Carter's that the second usher never stopped more than one half: if he did, he'd stay two years. When I first came, this post was occupied by a Mr. Daw, a little man with a large head, who ate garlic privately and smelt of it publicly. On wet afternoons he used to sing to us some rollicking songs with strangely worded choruses. Mrs. Carter came in during one of these performances, and as his music did not possess charms sufficient to calm her savage breast, he received notice and left.

To his professorial chair succeeded a Mr. Venn. He was an unwholesome-looking man, whose complexion reminded me of a frog's back. His restless eyes, peering out of deep recesses, moved quickly and suspiciously, as though he were perpetually on the alert for the appearance of somebody from some unexpected quarter. I remember in the story of the fisherman and the genii how in the king's palace the wall suddenly opened and a Moor stepped out, much to the consternation of the fisherman. Had our second usher been the fisherman, he would have been ready for him and waiting.

The way in which he would play with the ruler seemed to suggest the defensive, and he always dived down behind the lid of his desk, and brought up his head again to look right and left sharply, much after the manner of a thrush on a lawn, fearful of being surprised in his worming operations. In the place of eyebrows he had two irritable-looking red lines, with stumps of hair dotted about, as though they alone had been spared in a severe visitation of pumice-stone. His nose was trowel-shaped—that is, it fitted in a very broad and flat manner on to the cheeks, and tapered away to not too fine a point. His mouth was large; but he generally kept it shut, scarcely opening it to speak. He had no more smile on his face than has

a man, with a strong sense of humour, suffering from sea-sickness. Easy-going, lounging Mr. Crosbie, M.A., the senior, who affected a sporting costume, and kept two dogs of doubtful breed (which curled their tails downwards when interviewed by other dogs, and pretended never to see any cat that happened to be quite close to them), was afraid of him, and in his presence was on his best behaviour. Old Carter spoke of Mr. Venn as a gentleman with the highest recommendations from the most learned, reverend, and respectable authorities. He trumpeted him before he arrived. After his arrival, old Carter saw less of the schoolroom than heretofore, and at dinner Mrs. Carter was far more civil to Mr. Venn than ever she had been to Mr. Crosbie. All the boys remarked the change, and wondered. Percival Floyd was soon on as friendly a footing as one ever could be with Mr. Venn; and Harker, being ignored, was left to Crosbie, who, it was whispered, knew Harker at home, and having actually stopped at Harker's mill, was, for reasons of his own, very lenient with his young friend over Horace and Homer.

One hot summer's day the boys were in the field playing cricket—a game which I never could summon up sufficient nerve to play. So much danger and so much trouble for nothing, seemed to me to be associated with this amusement, that I and the only other boy who shared my feelings on the subject, Austin Comberwood, were accustomed to retire to a distant part of the field, where he would tell me the stories of Scott's novels, wherein, as was natural, I was mightily interested; and were he compelled to leave off at a thrilling point of interest, I used to look forward with pleasure to the night-time, when, as we lay in our little room (we were the only two sleeping there), it would be "continued in our next" by him.

While he was recounting "Ivanhoe" to me, Mr. Venn came up, and sent Austin with a message across the field. Then he turned to me, and, knitting the red marks which did duty for brows, asked—

"How old are you, Colvin?"

"Twelve last birthday, sir," I replied, for I was getting on by this time.

"Where's your father now?"

"In London, sir."

"Always in London?"

"Always, I think," I replied with some hesitation, because it struck me as quite a new idea that my father should ever go out of town. Then I added, by way of such an explanation as appeared to me necessary—

"We live in London, sir."

"You know Shrewsbury, don't you?" he asked.

I was never strong in English geography; and geography out of England would have at that time completely floored me. It occurred to me that Mr. Venn was taking a mean advantage of me out of school hours. However, I knew enough to reply confidently that Shrewsbury was the capital of Shropshire.

"Ah," he returned, "I don't mean that. Didn't you once live there?"

"No, sir."

It suddenly occurred to me that I might have been born there. I shouldn't have been sorry to prove this to my schoolfellows, as all the other boys had been born, they said, in the country; and they used to call me a cockney—a term I detested, implying, as it seemed to me, an ignorance of such matters as riding, hunting, shooting, and fishing, with which my companions, one and all, professed themselves familiar. Their derision was all the more galling on account of its being caused by what was simply the truth, and nothing but the truth. I knew no more of fishing, or indeed of any field sports, than I did of astronomy; and, as may be imagined, I was not much of a Newton at this period of my life. Not that I wish to infer that I have since attained any eminence in the science of the stars. No: such high flights I have left to Dædalian individuals. For myself, I am content to leave the solar system alone. It has worked remarkably well for some considerable time without any interference on my part, and I am not

ambitious of being a Phaëthon, and getting the calendar into a muddle. I will accept alterations peaceably, but will not originate them. Make old May-day in December, and put Christmas-day in July, I shall not complain, but will celebrate the one with port and filberts, and the other with iced plum-pudding and cold mince-pies.

However, to come back to Shrewsbury, whence we started. The notion of its having been my birth-place, with its logical train of consequences, commencing with the certainty that I could no longer be upbraided with cockneyism—this notion, I say, seemed to me so brilliant, that I couldn't help suggesting to Mr. Venn that it was not impossible that I might have been born there.

"H'm," he said presently, after a pause, "you don't take after your mother."

I had always been told I was very like her, and I said so, adding, "I'm not like my father, sir"—of which distinction I was not a little proud; because, to my imagination, my mother had been the loveliest creature ever seen.

He seemed to consider the proposition as one deserving his best attention. Presently he inquired—

"She does not come down to see you here?"

The question was so extraordinary, that I stared up at him with all my might. Come down here to visit me, I thought; and wished that it could be so, that I might see and love her. He had unwittingly struck a chord in my heart of infinite sweet melody. My mother seemed to me too sacred for him to mention; and as the tears welled up, and the green fields and landscape became obscured by the mist that filled my eyes, I replied—

"She is dead, sir."

"Dead," he repeated, softly, as if much shocked; "I did not know this, or I should not have mentioned the subject."

The excuse sounded awkward, but kindly, and at that moment, in spite of my grief, I felt myself of considerable

importance. I could not, had I been then asked, have put the reason into words, but I suppose that my personal vanity was flattered by having received a sort of apology from an authority so formidable as Mr. Venn.

Being in this humour, I was quite willing to talk about myself and domestic matters. He smiled when, becoming confidential, I described Mr. Verney; and I thought he really must have known him; but he said that he did not; and he appeared considerably interested when I, wishing to impress upon him clearly the marked distinction between my Aunt Clym and my Aunt Susan, was forced to point out, as something to be remembered, that Aunt Susan was my mother's sister, and my Grandmamma Pritchard was my mother's mamma.

"Pritchard?" he asked, in a tone that implied a doubt of my veracity. I assured him that it was so, and he seemed as puzzled as Fatty Bifford when thinking of the answer to a question in Proportion. Then he said—

"Have you ever heard the name of Wingrove?"

I had some idea that he was laughing at me, but I saw by his face and manner that he was quite serious. I seemed to have heard the name of Wingrove, but somehow, if at all, in connection with the Verneys. The longer I thought, the more sure I became that I never had heard it before.

"Then," he said, with his peculiarly ill-favoured smile, "then, when you see your father, ask him if he knows the name of Wingrove;" and as we looked at one another I laughed timidly, not being quite sure whether it was said in joke or earnest, and being uncertain as to how he might take it if I were wrong.

But he patted me on the back and laughed in turn, as the wolf might have laughed, when he was so tickled with the idea of the practical joke he was going to play on Little Red Riding Hood; and then as Austin Comberwood returned, Mr. Venn walked away. I asked Austin about Wingrove, and he didn't know, and, moreover, didn't think it was in

any of Sir Walter Scott's novels (which put the matter in a new light to me), unless it might be, he surmised, in one of the books that he hadn't yet read. This led to a discussion as to the number of books he *had* read; and just as he was commencing where he had left off, about the Black Knight (who *he* was going to be I couldn't make out), we were summoned into school.

I thought of Wingrove and the conversation with Mr. Venn, once or twice afterwards, but it very soon ceased to interest me—having no chance against Ivanhoe, as narrated in the dark, at bedtime, by Comberwood—until, later on, a slight incident recalled it to my memory. Mr. Venn's conduct towards me from this time forth was distinguished by so many marks of kindness (he once actually rescued me from old Mother Carter's hands, by moral not physical force) that this portion of my time at this school was, on the whole, very happily spent. It is true I was dubbed "Venn's Favourite," but the boys soon dropped this when they discovered that, on the love-me-love-my-dog principle, to be the friend of Cæsar's friend was to be the friend of Cæsar. The Biffords were the sole exception to this rule. They were too deeply engaged in their own domestic broils to trouble themselves with the affairs of the outer world. They left during my third half, and fought not only up to the last minute, but on the very steps of the fly which was to convey them to the station. The last that was here seen of them (from Carter's dining-room, and looking through the fly window) was Fatty Bifford with both his hands tugging at and twisting Puggy's hair, freshly oiled for going home; while the latter had got hold of his brother's new necktie, and was trying to strangle him before they should reach the station. As we soon after received news of them from Holyshade College, whither they had both preceded me, though the majority of Carter's boys used to go to Harton School, we had the gratification of knowing that their latest squabble had not ended fatally.

During my last two school-times I

ceased to be Venn's favourite, in fact, as I had long before ceased to be in name. As the circumstances which, I have since learnt, occasioned this change of demeanour have shown themselves to have been fraught with consequences of the deepest importance, not only to myself but to others, I must not now pass lightly over certain events which, trivial as they then seemed, did most undoubtedly mark an epoch in the history of my time.

CHAPTER VII.

WORKING ROUND—OTHER IMPORTANT PERSONAGES ON THE SCENE—AN ILL WIND, AND SOME CONSEQUENCES.

ABOUT this time, my father, at the recommendation of his greatest friend and constant adviser, Mr. James Cavander, and in opposition to all that could be urged against the scheme by Aunt Clym—on all occasions Cavander's warm opponent—took and furnished a house in that district of Kensington which a Museum and a National Portrait Gallery have since combined to render famous. Business in the city—whatever that might mean—had been good; "things" also in the city had been for some time "looking up," and had enabled my father to purchase the long lease of a residence which the auctioneer's advertisement described as both eligible and desirable. Mr. Cavander was probably correct in suggesting it as a good investment. For my part I know very little more about such matters now than I did then; practical experience alone can endow me with such wisdom as is necessary for matters which are, like the prices of Belgravian palaces, too high for me, and as yet—that is up to the present time of writing—I have not been able to purchase another house on a similar site.

But this Mr. James Cavander—could I write this history and omit all mention of him, I would. Could I show my love for my enemies by observing silence about them, I would. But it is as impossible to keep James Cavander

out of this voracious narrative, as it would be to ignore the devil in the history of Christianity.

For you, my friends, who honour our family by perusing this addition to its past history, I have no disguise, no trick; I tell you that at this particular point I introduce my arch-villain, so that you may sympathise with me when I, as a boy, first saw him, and intuitively disliked him. Let us be in jackets and turn-down collars again, and let us dislike him together, for the plain and simple reason that we do dislike, and can't tell why. My instinct was right—I can say so now: and for the correctness of first instincts, I will back children and women against all others. It was on returning to Old Carter's that I first encountered Mr. Cavander, and felt as kindly disposed towards him as I have above intimated. He was, so far, my Doctor Fell: the reason why I could not tell; but this I knew, in less than two minutes, and knew full well, that I *did* not, and never could, like Mr. James Cavander.

Undoubtedly a handsome man, with the darkest hair, whiskers, and eyebrows I had as yet seen; and I do not think I have since met his equal in this respect.

His eyes were, so to speak, his face; for you got at them and they at you first and foremost. They faced you out, steadfastly. They bothered you like the light of a dark lantern. These eyes further gave you the idea of their being the spies set at the windows to seize on all that might furnish material for the brain within, whose machinery was hard at work all day, and far into the night, until the watchers should succumb to drowsiness, and the busy thoughts should hie to their playground in the land of dreams.

Cavander took you in as raw material through his eyes, and turning you over and over, and round and round, easily and pleasantly produced you in the form best adapted to his purpose. Cavander's mental steam hammer could brush the dust off a fly's wing without disturbing it, or could crush a boulder of granite. This latter effort

was not to the man's taste, as requiring sudden violence.

He would have preferred treating Leviathan as a trout, and bag him by tickling. If you were of no use to him, he forgot you, and it would be fair to say of him generally that he only remembered you for your own disadvantage. Thus, he could forget what was not worth his while to remember, but he never troubled himself to forgive.

Do I suppose, looking back at this man, that when by himself he professed undying hatred of any human being? Undoubtedly not: I firmly believe that he considered himself no worse than those among whom he moved, and far better than many whom he heard parading their charitable sentiments. He despised both Pharisees and publican, as canting hypocrites. And, to do him justice, he neither professed too much with the one, nor abased himself abjectly with the other. I have seen his name attached to many a subscription for a good and pious purpose, and I have heard of his kind acts in gifts of money to certain poor people who had proved themselves to be deserving objects of charity. People mostly spoke of him as "a clever fellow," but at the same time they shook their heads knowingly, implying thereby that there are more ways than one of being clever, and that on the whole they'd rather not be called upon to explain precisely their meaning. Such remarks as these my father used to take as complimentary to his own sagacity, for in the city he and Cavander appeared to be inseparable. While I had been growing, Cavander had been becoming a necessary part of my father's business. My shoes were too small for him at present, but he had taken my measure for my boots of the future, which, made for me, he intended to wear himself. Somehow I had never met this gentleman at home. He said he perfectly remembered me as quite a child, and I've no doubt but that he was right. Perhaps his holidays coincided with mine, and so when he went away I arrived. Be this as it may, we met face to face when I was between eleven and twelve, and since

that day in the city I have not had the opportunity of forgetting him.

I confess my sorrow at the personal appearance of the wicked genie of my story. I am annoyed that he should have been at once so patently proclaimed villain; and were it in my power to change, I would make him of Saxon type (when, you see, he would not be cursed with this conventionally villainous black hair), and would let him skip on to the scene, like a sheepish Colin to a pastoral symphony, without a vestige of the wolf popping out anywhere. But it cannot be. I am not painting a monster; I am only drawing a black sheep, whose dark wool is as glossy as the coat of a seal, and who is an ornament and not a blemish to the flock.

For his complexion, it was pale, lightly, yet healthily, browned by the sun. The heaviest part about his face was his chin: you almost expected to see it worked up and down behind the ears with pulleys. Sometimes I noticed that while ruminating he would let it drop, and so stand thinking, with his mouth open. When he had settled whatever it was that might be occupying his attention, he would bring his jaws to with a click of the teeth, which boded no good to an adversary. This habit of his was uncommonly startling to me, as also was his way of wetting his lips, which he often did when he had not quite made up his mind as to a course to be pursued, or whenever he permitted himself to show his annoyance.

He was altogether a man of striking appearance. His dress was exactly to his time of life, and within the fashion of the day. As a child I mentally compared him with my uncle, Herbert Pritchard, who, to my mind, was the gayest dressed man I knew; in fact he was all coloured shirt and patent boots. By the side of Mr. Cavander, Uncle Herbert might be considered as the wearer of a fancy dress. In the summer you would have thought, on seeing Uncle Herbert's light and airy costume in the city, that he had come thither in his yacht—or in somebody else's, which would have been far more probable. But Cavander's

dress remained apparently very nearly the same at one season as at another—in perfect taste always; and you would never hear him, as you would Uncle Herbert, complaining of the excessive heat of an ordinary summer, or of the difficulty of keeping warm in a seasonable winter, at which time of the year Uncle Herbert's appearance was that of a man bound on an expedition to the northern regions, especially if you met him in a carriage—somebody else's, of course, never *his*—where he would have rugs and wraps enough to smother a whole orphanage asylum of babies in the Tower.

Herbert Pritchard was a favourite with Cavander, whom he used to consult on his "little matters of business in the city," whenever he came to see my father. Herbert's city speculations were to Cavander like the card-playing of old ladies for counters at two-pence a dozen. He had microscopic investments, too, in various odd things, all done, as it were, in threepenny bits. It amused him, however, and, as it gave him an interest in perusing the city article in *The Times*, it also added to his subjects of conversation. But as we shall see more of Herbert Pritchard later on, I will not stop to discuss him here.

Uncle Herbert had volunteered to see me safely down to Carter's, having to pay a visit in the neighbourhood. I was glad of this, as it meant half-a-sovereign more in my pocket—certainly five shillings, and on previous occasions I had been seen to the station by one of my father's clerks, and booked for my destination like a parcel. So Uncle Herbert took the city on his road.

The city puzzled me immensely, but as we were driven up to the office door in a close cab (hackney coaches had recently gone out, and hansom hadn't come in) I did not on this occasion see very much of it.

We went up some stone stairs into a sort of gallery, dark and dirty. Had it been Mr. Cavander who had taken me, I might have suspected some mischief. I couldn't imagine my father having anything to do with such a dreary place as this.

We stopped before a glass door, on

which I distinguished the word "Private." I suppose on this occasion we went in by a back way. The place has been so altered of late years—in fact, I rather fancy those old offices have been entirely pulled down—that were I to come upon it again suddenly I do not think I should recognize it.

The private room was empty, but in the front room, where some clerks were at a desk, behind a sort of screen of brass wires, like some sort of dangerous birds, and hidden from view by green curtains on brass rods, stood Mr. Cavander, leaning on the mantel-piece.

"How are you, Cavander?" said Uncle Herbert.

Mr. Cavander turned and saluted him with a nod, and then took me into consideration. There was not at this time much of me to take in, and he did it with ease at a glance.

"Your nephew?" he asked.

"Yes," replied Uncle Herbert, "this is Master Cecil Colvin, on his way to school."

I expected to be asked to shake hands with Mr. Cavander, but I wasn't, so I merely looked up at him and smiled, with an indistinct notion of corroborating Uncle Herbert's statement, which if acted upon by Mr. Cavander, I surmised dimly, and from the first with great mistrust, might lead to half-a-sovereign. A schoolboy's ideas are on these occasions generally mercenary. If Mr. Cavander had given me a shake of the hand and a tip, I wonder if my opinion of him would have been altered? I imagine that I should even now still have some lurking prejudice in his favour in consequence of this going-to-school gift, and would at any time have lent an unwilling ear to what might be said against him. However, he did not give half a sovereign or half a penny, and consequently, not being bribed to vote for him as the real friend of the schoolboy, I was at liberty to resent any of his observations addressed to me.

"Have you been flogged yet?" he asked.

This was not a pleasant subject to begin with, and I *did* resent it.

"No," I answered shortly, "I've not."

"Ah!" he said, as if old Carter had been remiss in his duty on this point. "A boy's no good till he's flogged. You're going to Holyshade after this."

I said that I didn't know. From his tone of allusion to this great public school I augured the worst, and sincerely hoped that my father would abandon his intention.

"You don't know," he returned, eyeing me with evident disfavour, "but I do. Little boys don't know what's good for them. They fag, and flog, at Holyshade. You'll be made to clean the boots and shoes. That's the thing to make a man of you."

I did not see at the time, and I have failed to understand since, how cleaning boots and shoes for other boys could advance me either socially or morally. I candidly said to Mr. Cavander that I did not want to go to Holyshade.

"Oh, don't you?" he asked ironically.

"No," I replied, with a smile that was so very like a threatening rain-cloud, that Uncle Herbert attempted to illuminate the view of Holyshade with a few rays of warm sunlight.

"He'll like it well enough when he's accustomed to it. Plenty of fun, boating, cricket, and all that kind of thing. I know a lot of Holyshaders. Jolly chaps. 'Gad, I wish they'd sent *me* there. Ah! here's John."

My father entered so busy and pre-occupied, that he scarcely took any notice of me beyond patting my cheek and referring to his watch, in order to see how close at hand the time for the starting of my train might be.

Then he handed some papers to one clerk, and told another to run over to somewhere (Capel Court, I suppose) and bring back the latest news. Then Uncle Herbert very much wanted to know something about "Turks," and the reply appearing unsatisfactory, he wanted to know something else about "Indians," and something further about "Rupees," and requested a few particulars as to the Polygon tin mine (in which he was interested up to the price of one share, value ten pounds) and the

Antipodean Gas Company; and then, having, as it seemed, been unable to come to any conclusion on any of these subjects, he pulled up his collar and wristbands, and lounging back in a hard arm-chair, he laid himself out on an incline, and considered his boots, while my father earnestly consulted Mr. Cavander.

I watched the latter closely. He never hesitated when he had once shut his mouth with a click. His teeth coming together settled the matter. I saw that my father deferred to him entirely. I saw that everything he was doing in the city was at his friend's instigation, and that without his advice he was doing nothing. The clerks coming in obeyed Mr. Cavander's orders, or told my father that Mr. Cavander had already expressed his wishes on some business affair, whereupon my father left it to him, and appeared perfectly satisfied with his arrangements.

Clients looked in to see Cavander if they could, and put up with my father if they couldn't, or they got Sir John to speak for them, and presently they'd all talk together, while Cavander listened, and quarrel and get excited, until a clerk who had been previously sent out, would rush in and hand a paper to Mr. Cavander, when all would suspend their arguments and listen to the latest news and his advice. No one took any notice of me, except to ask Sir John "Whose boy—yours?" when my father smiled and nodded, as much as to say, "Yes, he's of no consequence just now; he's not a man yet: only a child: but it does him good to let him listen, as a man, to our conversation: don't mind him," and then passed on to business.

Once a fat, foreign gentleman—an Italian merchant, I fancy—coming in suddenly, and out of breath, thought to interest Cavander in his behalf by pretending to be enraptured with my personal appearance, and then asking him if I wasn't his eldest. Whereupon he answered curtly, No, that I was nothing to do with him, and handed the mistaken man over to the head clerk, and would have nothing further to say to him on any subject whatever.

A young clerk, a mere boy, was commissioned by my father to see to my wants as to luncheon before I started. The lad was not allowed to indulge in luxuries himself, but was told to furnish me with whatever I liked best at Birch's, where I prevailed on him to have some delicious tartlets, which he put down to me, and we said nothing about it.

On returning to the office, I found Uncle Van, who had come in from Lloyd's, talking about the fearful gales, which had resulted in serious losses to the underwriters.

"I never knew such a ting—he-he-he," he was saying, laughing as usual, but in a nervous, uncertain manner. "Such losses—my good-a-gracious!—ev'ry one is hit hart."

Were I to spell "every" thus, "evhry," it might give some idea of Uncle Van's way of pronouncing an "r." It didn't sound at all like one of the liquid family, but resembled a guttural that had lost its way in his nose.

"What is it, Van?" asked Cavander, smiling, for Uncle Van, in his way, amused him as much as Herbert Pritchard. My father was sitting at a small table casting up some accounts.

"The late gales?" suggested a long-legged gentleman, looking out from behind a newspaper. There were generally three or four nobodies in the office reading the papers, and imagining that they were engaged in enormously profitable transactions. They were somehow or other useful in the way of business, or they wouldn't have been encouraged.

"Gales!" exclaimed Uncle Van, "tey've been fearful. We—tat is Peter Hoskins, Heinz, and myself—hat written te *Prairie Bird* from Melbourne——"

"There was nothing risky in that," said Cavander, stretching out his legs on the hearthrug, and taking a cigarette out of his case. Smoking was not permitted in business hours to anyone except Cavander, whose health was supposed to require it, and he never used anything but cigarettes of his own private and particular manufacture.

"Risky!" exclaimed Uncle Van, "no, it vas a certainty."

"And it hasn't come in?" said my

father carelessly, finishing his sum in arithmetic, and opening his desk.

"It's te vorst of to-tay, and tere are something like twenty wrecks on te coast," replied Uncle Van, shaking the paper in his hand. "Zee 'are! No salvage, notting at all. Zee tesse telegraph account to te room. Zee, I reat you—um—um—'Total loss of te *Prairie Bird* . . . the names of te five persons ascertain't to have been savet'—tat's notting. I reat you tesse accounts: it vas fearful . . . 'savet'—yes—" he was so agitated that he had some difficulty in picking out the part of the paragraph he required, and thus it happened that, involuntarily, he ran over the line containing the list of the people rescued from the vessel—"Jacob Furnival, — Penfold, Richard Varish (of Sunderland), Sarah Wingrove——"

A startled exclamation escaped my father as he sat with the half-raised lid of the desk in his hand, while Cavander, for one second, paused in lighting his cigarette.

"Eh?" said Uncle Van, looking up; and the long-legged gentleman, emerging from behind his newspaper, observed that the storm must have indeed been awful.

Uncle Herbert remarked that it would have been nasty weather for a cruise, and requested, being nautically interested, further particulars.

Uncle Van turned towards him, and commenced reading his account of it, including once more the list of names.

It was listened to with breathless attention, and I well remember noticing how my father, from time to time, cast a nervous glance at Cavander, who stood before the fireplace imperturbably smoking a cigarette.

Having made his effect here, Uncle Van, after nodding kindly to me, hurried off, to be the first with the news in another quarter.

Observing that my father was apparently disinclined to enter upon any business except his own that day, for he

was still seated at his desk, and engaged upon whole rows of accounts on several sheets of paper, Herbert Pritchard rose to fulfil his promise of seeing me safely off by the train which was to take me back to school.

My father said, "Certainly, thank you," and shook my hand shortly and coldly. Suddenly it occurred to him that I should want some money, and he gave me a sovereign, for which I thanked him.

For an embrace, for a cheering smile, for one warm word of interest in my career, I would have sacrificed my gold piece then and there. In another moment my heart would have spoken, and I should have burst into tears, had not Mr. Cavander said, as I followed Uncle Herbert to the door—

"You'll be flogged when you get back for being a day late."

I replied surlily, "No, I shan't," but after this intimation I did not feel at all comfortable on the subject, and my dislike of my father's friend became intensified by several degrees.

As I went along the dark passage I lagged behind Uncle Herbert, in the vain hope of my father coming out and embracing me. This slow progression brought me opposite the inner private room, the door of which, marked "Private," opened on to the landing.

I was startled by a dull sound, as of some one thumping a table heavily, and then my father's voice anxiously addressing Cavander.

"You heard the name?"

"Yes," answered Cavander quietly; "what of it?"

"What of it?" exclaimed my father.

"Why, heavens, Cavander, did you not tell me that she——"

Here Uncle Herbert loudly called to me to descend the staircase, and, as quickly and as lightly as I could, lest the man I most dreaded should come out, and accuse me of eavesdropping, I ran on, and in another minute was at my uncle's side and in the street.

A CAUCASIAN DRINKING-BOUT.

"J'AI l'honneur de présenter à votre Majesté le plus grand buveur du Caucase," said Prince Woronzoff, with the utmost gravity, in presenting to the Emperor Nicholas, at Tiflis, a certain Georgian prince. Such a form of introduction might have been considered as somewhat equivocal, but no suspicion of its good faith occurred to the Georgian nobleman. To be styled before his sovereign and his peers the "hardest drinker in the Caucasus" was a great compliment, and an honour which, if report is to be trusted, he thoroughly deserved. And, after all, there was something to be proud of in it, for the Georgians and their fellow-countrymen of Immeritia and Mingrelia—though many degrees higher in civilization than the repulsive savages of Central Asia, with whom the vivid pencil of M. Wereschagin has lately made us familiar—still retain many of the manners and customs, and ways of thought and feeling, which are associated in our minds with remote and barbarous times. With them a mighty drinker is identified with the notion of a great warrior and hunter, good at all exercises of the body, and foremost in feats of skill and daring: the biggest cup is as much the emblem of the hero as the heaviest sword and the longest spear. Nor was the Georgian prince in question an unworthy example of the popular idea, for of all the Georgian gentlemen who poured out their life-blood for Russia on the plain of Kars, fighting against their hereditary foe, the infidel Mussulman, none did doughtier deeds or died a nobler death than he. How the reputation of the strong head which was supposed to accompany the strong arm was won, the following story may help to show.

It had been my good, or evil, fortune to be present at many a scene of profuse hospitality in the Caucasus—Russian

leave-takings, festivals of Cossacks of the Line, &c.—and my efforts at boon-companionship had been so far satisfactory that the worthy successor to the dignity of "le plus grand buveur" had solemnly, in accordance with ancient custom, placed his arm within mine, each of us holding a mighty beaker, and as we thus drank, linked together, had formally granted me the privileges of a brother; but I had never yet assisted at a *bond fide* native country feast, which it was said would beat anything in the way of eating and drinking I had hitherto seen. The opportunity, however, at length occurred, while staying at Kutais, the capital town of Immeritia. The then Governor of the province, Prince Mirsky, had been for some time under a promise to pay a visit to one of the native princes—every proprietor is called a prince—and he kindly determined to keep his promise while we were there, sending word to the prince that he would dine with him on a certain day and bring some guests.

Accordingly we started one morning, a party of five, to drive the twenty-five miles to Prince Tchadze's house. The first twenty miles were along the main road to Poti on the Black Sea; we then turned off the road into a field, and the rest of the way was regular cross-country work, such as nothing on wheels but a *tarantasse* or a *pericladnoi* could possibly accomplish. Just after leaving the road we were startled by a loud discharge of firearms, and out of a wood in front of us dashed a party of some sixty horsemen, firing guns and pistols and brandishing swords in a most alarming manner. They charged up to within a few feet of the carriage, and halted with a loud hurrah. Those were the relatives and dependants—clients, in fact—of the prince, who had come out to welcome us and escort us the rest of the way. After many escapes from being over-

turned, we arrived at an opening in a high wooden fence rather like a park paling; this opening was closed by horizontal bars, and at its side was a regular English stile, with steps on both sides and a rail at the top. Driving through the opening, we entered what might well be called a park—most beautiful greensward, with many a fine old tree, walnut, beech, oak, and others, entirely surrounded by the fence. At one extremity of the enclosure stood the house. In all that part of the country the houses of the proprietors stand within enclosures of this description, and the wealth and importance of the owner may be estimated by the extent of the enclosure. That of our host was over 200 acres. The house was built entirely of wood, and in its general appearance somewhat resembled a Swiss cottage. It was raised above the ground on piles, a precaution necessary in those river-flooded valleys to guard against the sudden inundations that take place. A broad flight of steps led up to a covered verandah, from which doors opened out into the different apartments, all on one floor. The balusters of the staircase, the pillars of the verandah, the doors, and, indeed, the whole of the front of the house, were most beautifully and elaborately carved. At the foot of the staircase stood our host, a fat, jolly-looking man, in a parrot-green native costume, and very unlike in appearance the majority of his wild handsome-looking countrymen. In the verandah above were two ladies, to whom the prince, after welcoming us in a most affectionate manner, presented us; they were his wife and daughter, plump and comely dame and damsel, but not types of the exquisite beauty to be met with so often in the Trans-Caucasus.

As it was not yet dinner-time we were invited to refresh ourselves with a slight *zakousky*, the usual *avant-diner*, consisting of caviare, smoked ham, sardines, bread, &c., washed down with a glass of *vodka*. Prince Mirsky then sat down to a game of chess with our host, while some of us talked to the ladies, and others walked in the park.

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At two o'clock we were summoned to dinner. In a large hall opening out of the verandah and occupying the whole breadth of the house were spread two tables, one for the guests and chief personages, the other for the dependants, and each having a sort of division to separate those who sat above the salt from those who sat below. The only ladies were our host's wife and daughter. Soup began the repast, and then to each person was handed a plate covered with pieces of three or four kinds of fish. Hardly was there time to begin upon this when another plateful of some kind of meat was put down, and then another and another, till the space in front of each guest was crowded with several platefuls of different kinds of food. While we were occupied in getting through the contents of some of these plates a flourish of horns was heard, and a sort of procession entered the hall, bearing on a huge silver tray the hind-quarters of an ox roasted.

Before, however, getting through any more food, let me say something about the drink. At the commencement of the dinner an "arbiter bibendi," or toast-master, was, according to the usual custom, appointed, the approval by the guests of the choice being courteously asked and of course given. This post in all home festivals is generally confided to some relation well known for his drinking qualifications, and whose success and endurance in drinking-bouts have given him a certain prescriptive right to the honour. In this instance the office was allotted to a cousin of our host's, a tall handsome wild-looking fellow, whom we had remarked among the horsemen accompanying us for his daring horsemanship, splendid costume, and abundant hair. The *toolambatch*, as the symposiarch is called, did not assume his functions at the beginning of dinner, and for a short time we drank peaceably out of wine-glasses. The drink was the red wine of the country, slightly rough and acrid but not strong. On the entrance of the quarter of beef a small silver cup was given to each person at the upper table, and filled by the four

attendants whose especial duty it was to serve the wine, and then the toolambatch, rising, proposed the health of the Emperor of Russia. As soon as the toast had been drunk, some half-a-dozen youths, who sat at the bottom of the upper table, began chanting in a rather dolorous tone what we were informed were verses from the Psalms, and we were further told that there were certain psalms especially set apart for such occasions, a few verses being chanted after each toast, and that it was considered a great feat if these psalms were all got through before everybody was *hors de combat*.

The quarter of beef was put down in front of the toolambatch, who, drawing the long dagger always worn by the natives at the fastening of the belt in front, cut away horizontally at it until he arrived at a perfectly smooth, even surface of meat. He then stopped to propose another toast, which was drunk out of the same silver cups as before. Returning to his work at the beef, he began cutting most delicate wafer-like slices, which he handed hanging on the dagger to his neighbour, who in turn handed them on to another, and so on. Excellent indeed were these slices, and extraordinary the number of them one managed to devour. Another after a time relieved the toastmaster of the task of carving, and then another; but the demand for slices never seemed to cease, and they appeared not to come amiss even in the middle of a sweet dish, for platefuls of all sorts and kinds of food, of which it would be impossible to give a list, were constantly being put before us. A few more toasts were drunk out of the small silver cups, and then some larger ones, about the size of an ordinary tumbler, were brought in, and placed here and there at intervals to serve for every three or four of the *convives*. The silence and stiffness which had prevailed during the first part of the proceedings were beginning to disappear, tongues were loosed, and it was surprising to find how languages, which in ordinary moments came haltingly or not at all, now flowed freely from unac-

customed lips. The point had been reached,

ἔπει πόσιος καὶ ἐδῆτύος ἐξ ἔρον ἔντο,

though it is needless to say that, as at the Homeric banquets so on this occasion, the desire of drinking being satisfied was no obstacle to the continuance of that occupation. The serious business of the feast appeared only to begin when a good-sized cup was brought in and handed to the toolambatch, who "crowned it with wine"—it held nearly a bottle—and drank the bumper off to the health of the ladies. He then refilled it and passed it to his left-hand neighbour, by whom it was emptied and returned to the toolambatch, to be again filled by him and passed to the second person on his left, and so on all round the company. The psalm-chanting had become by this time much less doleful, and if the time was not so good as at the commencement, and the general swing a trifle irregular, it must be said that the whole effect was more lively and inspiring. Indeed, the repeated toasts were beginning to tell in many instances, and the ladies, who had behaved most admirably, and had viewed the scene with a kindly interest, begotten no doubt of habit, now rose to depart. Prince Mirsky, who by his position had the privilege of exempting himself from the stringent law which allows no man to quit the table so long as the toolambatch is erect, accompanied them. One of his aides-de-camp, who knew what was coming, managed to sneak out unobserved, and could not be found till just before we went away. The other remained, and begged on behalf of himself and the other two strangers that they might be allowed to sit there merely as spectators. The request, however, was politely but firmly refused, until it was urged that two of us had been and still were very unwell. The plea was accepted. But alas for my bad luck, no available excuse could be found for me, and to my horror I saw myself without hope of escape let in for a carouse to which anything I had hitherto witnessed was but a joke.

Toast now succeeded toast in quick succession; but all was done with a gravity and staidness befitting so important a proceeding. The wine was of the same kind as at first, but the quality was if anything rather better. The manner of drinking continued as before, the toolambatch first filling the cup and drinking himself, and then refilling it for each one from left to right. After two or three rounds out of one cup, another of somewhat larger size was brought, and thus progressively we got on to goblets of most formidable capacity.

What need to tell how the scene progressed, what toasts were drunk, what victims consigned to forgetfulness? Suffice it that our numbers were at length reduced to four, the toolambatch, myself, and two others, one the only remnant of the chorus, which had long since ceased to celebrate the toasts, leaving, I suspect, the psalms unfinished. Was the end approaching, and what was that end to be? I asked myself with increasing horror when I saw brought in a huge bowl, wide-mouthed, deep-bottomed, and two-handled, into which the toolambatch with unfaltering hand emptied *three and a half bottles*, and then with much emphasis proposed to drink to the health of the "dead men." With fascinated eyes I watched him as slowly, but without a pause he drained the monstrous cup, literally

"Pleno se proluit auro,"

and longed that he might be numbered with those whose health he was drinking. But no, he finished, and holding the edge on his thumb nail showed that only the ruby drop was left. Defections had left me immediately on his right, so that my turn came last. The first on his left accomplished the task, though with many a pause. The next began well, stopped, tried again with faltering hands, again paused, once more tried, and then placing the cup on the table sank among the dead. I was partially saved, for it was the law that when anyone succumbed in the act of drinking the person next to him should only finish what was left. My predecessor

had almost completed his task, and I managed to finish it without accident.

We three remaining ones now sat eyeing one another like gladiators in a ring, and measuring one another's strength and endurance. A minute or two elapsed, and then the toolambatch, to whom the cup had been returned, rose once more, and calling for more wine, proposed to drink to the health of the "living." It was a desperate emergency. To face again the chance of having to swallow that awful magnum seemed out of the question. What was to be done—feign defeat, and fall among the dead, and so avoid the impending fate? I thought of the words Horace puts in the mouth of Vibidius,

"Nos nisi damnose bibimus, moriemur inulti;" and then as the beginning of the following line

"Et calices poscit majores"

came mechanically to mind, a sudden thought seized me. "What!" I exclaimed, starting up, "do you propose to drink to the victors out of the same cup as to the vanquished? Not so, I demand a larger one:

'Capaciores affer huc, puer, scyphos.'

The toolambatch, though his face, when the meaning of this outburst had been explained to him, showed slight symptoms of astonishment, lost none of his equanimity, but turned to the servants and asked for a bigger cup. There was none. "Never mind," I said, my classical memories now thoroughly aroused, "bring that here," pointing to a large earthen pitcher which had been used as a wine cooler, and which must have held over two gallons; "we will drink out of that." With one look of blank amazement at the proposed flagon the toolambatch quietly declined the task, which would have fallen to him first, of trying to empty it. "Then," said I, "we drink no more." Such was the law, and there was no appeal. My *σόφισμα* had succeeded, the toolambatch was no Socrates, and our symposium at once broke up.

FRED A. EATON.

PROBLEMS OF CIVILIZATION.

PART II.

IN my last address we had already heard the sound of those much-feared and much-abused words, "the organization of labour." Turn them into French, and they become at once terribly suggestive. Vague ghosts of Communism and Socialism rise up before us, till timid folk feel inclined to put their fingers in their ears, and run away shrieking for the police. Unhappily for unhappy France, they *are*, inseparably I fear, connected there with terrible memories—with bitter class hatreds, unclosed social wounds; with blood-stained barricades, and armed men behind them, asserting against society, in blind but deadly earnest, the first "right of labour," as the Paris workman holds it—the right "to live working, or die fighting." I do not care to consider curiously why it is that we have no such memories to brood over, but would for myself earnestly deprecate the tone of complacency in which our press too often takes up this tale; and thanks, not God, but our remarkable national characteristics—our reverence for the constable's staff, our distrust of ideas, and the rest—that our people are not Red Republicans, Socialists, Communists, or even as these Frenchmen. We have a sorrowful enough record in the past, of bitterness and unwisdom—an anxious enough present, with our South Wales strikes, agricultural labourers' unions, and drinking ourselves out of the Alabama indemnity in one year—a future enough overcast, to keep our attention sadly and earnestly fixed at home. We shall want all our breath to cool our own broth. When such "serious changes are going on in the structure" of the society to which he belongs, it is only the eyes of the fool that are in the ends of the earth.

The "organization of labour" in this kingdom has gone on in two parallel lines for the last twenty years and more, and at a rate as remarkable as that of the increase of our material riches. If Mr. Gladstone had added to his statement, as to what the last fifty years have done for us in this direction—that in the organization of labour, and the consequent change in the condition of the working classes, the same period had done more than the 300 years since the first Statute of Labourers—or indeed than the whole of previous English history—he would have been making a statement even more certain, and more easy of proof, than that which he did make. Let me very shortly make good my words. It was not until the year 1825 that the laws prohibiting combinations of workmen were repealed. They had lasted since the early Plantagenet times. Under them no open combination of artisans or labourers, such as the Trades Unions which we know, was possible. There were unions, indeed, but they met as secret societies, and worked by secret penalties and terrorism. After 1825 they came at once into the light, and there was a remarkable decrease, indeed almost a cessation, of those sanguinary crimes connected with trades' disputes which had disgraced the previous quarter of a century. It took another quarter of a century to effect the next great change. From 1825 till 1849-50 may be called the period of local Unionism. In the latter year it entered on a new phase, that of federation. The first sign of the change was the great strike of the engineers at Christmas 1851. Public attention was drawn to this struggle, involving as it did the prosperity of the most skilled, and most thoroughly national, of our great industries, and the country was startled to find that a league of upwards

of 100 local unions, all federated in one amalgamated society, were sustaining the local contests in Oldham and London. This federation, although beaten in 1852, has gone on steadily gaining power and numbers ever since. There were then some 11,000 members, belonging to 100 branches in Great Britain and Ireland, and the funds of the society at the end of the great strike went down to zero; in fact, it came out of the contest in debt. There are now upwards of 40,000 members, nearly 300 branches, which are spread over all our colonies, the United States, and several European countries, and the accumulated fund amounts to more than 150,000*l*. The example of the engineers has been followed, as we all know, by almost every other great industry. The Boiler-makers' Union, the Masons' Union, the Amalgamated Carpenters and Joiners', and the vast ironworkers and coalworkers' unions, in England, Scotland, and Wales, are the best known. Each of these is growing steadily, and aims at absorbing the whole trade. And not only are the unions of the separate trades federated in great amalgamated societies, but these societies are again in federation. They hold a Congress at the opening of each new year. It sat at Leeds at the beginning of this year, when another step in advance was proposed, being nothing less than the incorporation of all the unionists in the kingdom into one vast society. This proposal was indeed rejected; but even as it is, for all practical purposes the unions throughout the country are allied in a federation, which promises to be drawn closer and closer every year, and to become more and more powerful. Such have been, shortly speaking, the results of the twenty-five years of federated unionism.

And now let us look, as fairly as we can, at *this* "problem of civilization," and ask what it means and where it tends. That unionism is a great power, and likely to become a greater one still, no one will deny. That it is an army, by which I mean an organization for fighting purposes, goes without talk. That nearly

all unions have their sick and provident funds, and their benefits of one kind and another, is perfectly true; but these are not their vital function. They are organized and supported "to speak with their enemies in the gate," and to fight whenever it may be thought advisable. And when it comes to fighting, they may use every penny of the funds (as the Amalgamated Engineers did in 1852) without a thought of the provident purposes contemplated by their rules. You can't have armies and battles without training professional soldiers. They must come to the front as naturally as cream rises if you let milk stand; and the Trades Unions train leaders who are essentially fighting men. I do not use the word as implying any censure. Many cruel and unfair attacks have been made on these men as a class with which I do not in the least sympathise. Many accusations have been brought against them which I know to be untrue. There are good and bad amongst them, as in all other classes; but, on the whole, they have done their work faithfully, and without giving needless offence. Indeed, I have often found them far more ready to listen to reason, to negotiate rather than fight, than their rank and file. They have supported the attempts to establish Courts of Arbitration and Conciliation, and are, as a rule, honest representatives, and in advance of their constituents. But the fact remains—they are fighting men, at the head of armies; and their business is constant watchfulness, and prompt action whenever a fair opportunity occurs. They accept and act on the principles of trade which they have learnt from their employers and see proclaimed in all the leading journals. Their business is to enable their members to sell their labour in the dearest market, and to limit and control the supply. "Morality," they maintain with their betters, "has nothing to do with buying and selling." They have nothing to do with the question whether their action is fair or just to employers, or whether it will bring trouble and misfortune on workmen outside the union. Employers and

outsiders must look to themselves; what they have to see to is, that every unionist gets as much and gives as little as possible. No one can doubt that this is a most serious business, and that organizations such as these do threaten the prosperity of our industry. Nevertheless, for my own part I accept unionism as on the whole a benefit to this nation. Without it our working classes would be far less powerful than they are at present, and I desire that they should have their fair share of power and of all national prosperity. The free and full right of association for all lawful purposes is guaranteed to all our people. They had better use it now and then, unwisely and tyrannically, than be unable to use it at all. I shall be glad to see the day, and I fully believe it will come, when Trades Unions will have played their part, and become things of the past. But they have still a part to play, and until they are superseded by other associations, founded on higher principles and aiming at nobler ends, their failure and disappearance would be a distinct step backwards—an injury, not an advantage, to the nation and to civilization.

What hope, then, is there of the rise of other associations amongst our people of nobler aim than their Trades Unions? I said just now that the "organization of labour" had been going on amongst us by means of two parallel movements. Of one of these—the Trades Union, or fighting movement—I have already spoken; and we now come to the Co-operative movement, to which I have looked for five-and-twenty years, and still look with increasing hope, for the solution of the labour question, and a building up of a juster, and nobler, and gentler life throughout this nation. The present Co-operative movement is not thirty years old. The store of the Rochdale Equitable Pioneers, which has become world-famous now, was established in the year 1844 by a few labouring folk, of very small means and very high aspirations. Their first venture in goods, not amounting to more than some 20*l.* worth, but all that they could command, was

trundled in a wheelbarrow to the little room in Toad Lane, where they started on the trifling work of making trade honest, and delivering their brethren of the working class with themselves from the bondage in which they were held by the credit system, by thriftlessness, by intemperance. On the 28th of September, 1867, I had the pleasure of attending a great gathering of Co-operators at Rochdale to celebrate the opening of their new central store. This new central store is only their chief place of business. It is a fine building four stories high, and surmounted by a clock with a bee-hive on the top of it. The building cost 10,000*l.*, and—besides giving ample room and convenience for their great trade in the shape of shops, offices, store-rooms, workshops, committee-rooms—on the third story there is a library with an area of 150 square yards, and a news-room containing an area of 170 square yards; and on the fourth floor, one large room for lectures and meetings, capable of seating 1,500 persons comfortably. The number of members exceeded 7,000, the business reached 60,000*l.* a quarter, the profits 40,000*l.* a year, and the assets of the society 120,000*l.*

But I am running away from my text. There have been other examples in plenty, as remarkable though not so well known as that of Rochdale; but it is with the movement as a whole, not with individual cases, that we are concerned. It may be said to have begun, then, in 1844. For the next few years it struggled on slowly but surely. The first meeting of representatives of the different stores and associations met at Bury, and afterwards in Manchester, in 1851, to consult and take measures for obtaining legal recognition, and for concerting joint action. There were forty-four societies represented, and the delegates drew up rules for the guidance of the Co-operative movement. To these rules—this first public statement of the objects of the Co-operative Parliament—I must return presently. The inconvenience of having to carry on trade without a legal status was remedied in

the next year by the passing of the first Industrial and Provident Societies Act, which gave a corporate existence, and powers of suing and being sued, to all societies of persons carrying on their trade in common who chose to register under it. From the time of its legal recognition the progress of the movement has been as rapid as that flood of riches of which I spoke in my former paper. The Government Returns for 1870—only eighteen years from the passing of the first Act—show that in that year there were upwards of 1,500 registered societies, numbering some half-million of members (each of whom, we must recollect, is the head of a family). These societies distributed amongst their members more than 8,000,000*l.* of goods, and returned to them 467,164*l.* in bonuses on their purchases.

But here we are met by the old question. This mere progress in numbers and wealth is nothing to the purpose in itself. It may well have demoralized and divided, instead of strengthening and uniting, and then it had better not have happened at all. How is this? Well, in this case I am glad to be able to answer confidently and hopefully. The wealth *has* been well earned, *is* being well spent. From the very first the Co-operators—these poor men, these weavers, cobblers, labourers—have deliberately and steadily repudiated the current commercial principles and practices. They are societies for fellow work and mutual help. They have fought no battle for high or low prices, and have no such battle to fight. They claim to stand on the principle of combining the interests of producer and consumer; they hold, one and all, as their distinctive doctrine, that inasmuch as the life of nine-tenths of mankind must be spent in labour—in producing and distributing, buying and selling—moral considerations must be made to govern these operations; and anything worth calling success in them must depend, not upon profits but upon justice. For the ideas “cheapness” and “dearness,” they have deliberately substituted “fair prices,” and their whole life has

been a struggle, not, of course, free from backslidings and falls, to reach that ideal.

I mentioned the first Congress of 1851 just now. At that gathering the following resolution was carried unanimously and by acclamation, after a number of others, in not one of which is there any mention of profits. It runs: “That the various Co-operative stores of England should use all their efforts to prevent the sale of adulterated articles, inasmuch as the Co-operative movement is by its very constitution open and honest in its dealings; and that any departure from the strictest honesty in dealing is a gross violation of the principles and intentions of Co-operation.” Now, just compare this first public announcement with the prospectus of an ordinary trading company, silent as to everything but profits, and I think you will feel that the atmosphere is different. But it is one thing to pass virtuous resolutions, and another to live up to them. How far have the Co-operators been able to do this? Here again I can answer, consistently, and on the whole successfully. Their system has been, on the whole, faithfully worked by men who have devoted their lives to it, and have remained as poor as they began. They have never lost sight of or lowered their original aims. One striking contrast between the ordinary trade system and theirs will be worth yards of talk. We all know how up-hill, almost desperate, a battle the founder of a new business has to fight in the competitive world. Every neighbour looks on him as an enemy and an intruder, and tries to break him down as fast as possible by underselling him, or in any other available way. In the Co-operative system the new comer is welcomed and helped. The great Wholesale Co-operative Society at Manchester has been established for this special purpose, one of its most prominent objects being “to consolidate and extend the movement by enabling small societies to purchase their goods on the most advantageous terms—thus securing them from imposition in the days of their infancy

and inexperience." In this way the weakest village store gets precisely the same advantages in purchasing its few shillings' worth of goods as Halifax, Oldham, or Rochdale, with their monthly thousands.

But it is impossible to bring before you in the space I have at my disposal anything like proofs of a tithe of the good which this movement has done; how it is steadily strengthening and purifying the daily lives of a great section of our people. I wish I could induce all here to look into the matter carefully for themselves. Meantime I may say that it has in the first place delivered the poor in a number of our great towns from the credit system, which lay so hard on them twenty years ago—for the Co-operative system is founded scrupulously on ready-money dealings. Next it has delivered the poor from adulterated goods and short weight and measure. It has developed amongst them honesty, thrift, forethought, and made them feel that they cannot raise themselves without helping their neighbours.

The management of business concerns of this magnitude has developed an extraordinary amount of ability among the leading members, who in committees, and as secretaries and buyers, conduct the affairs of the stores throughout the country. As their funds have accumulated they have been invested in corn mills and cotton mills, most of which have been managed with great ability and honesty, and are returning large profits. There have been failures, of course, as there must be in all movements; but in scarcely any cases have these been owing to the deep-seated dishonesty, the lying, the puffing, and trickery, which have brought down in disgraceful ruin so many of our joint-stock companies. I have been speaking hitherto chiefly of the societies known as Co-operative stores which are concerned with distribution; but associations for production are now multiplying, and at least as great results may be looked for from them. In those few which I have had the opportunity of watching, I can speak with the greatest

confidence of the admirable influence they have exercised on the character and habits of the associates. But I prefer to call in here the testimony of one who has had as much experience and done as much work for the Co-operative movement in England as any living man. "If," writes Mr. Ludlow, "a co-operative workshop has sufficient elements of vitality to outlast the inevitable storms and struggles of its first few years, it begins to develop a most remarkable series of results. Co-operation first expels from the shop drunkenness, and all open disorder, which are found wholly inconsistent with its success; introducing in their stead a number of small adjustments and contrivances of a nature to facilitate work, or promote the comfort of the worker. By degrees it exterminates in turn the small tricks and dishonesties of work which the opposition of interests between the employers and employed too often excuses in the worker's eyes; it is felt to be the interest of each and all that all work should be good—that no time should be lost. Fixity of employment meanwhile, coupled with a common interest, creates new ties between man and man, suggests new forms of fellowship, till there grows up a sort of family feeling, the only danger of which is, its becoming exclusive towards the outside. Let this state of things last a while and there is literally developed a new type of working man, endued not only with that honesty and frankness, that kindness and true courtesy which distinguish the best specimens of the order wherever they may be placed, but with a dignity and self-respect, a sense of conscious freedom, which are peculiar to the co-operator. The writer met with such a type first in the Associations Ouvrières of Paris. He has since had the happiness of seeing it reproduced, with variations as slight as the differences of nationality might render unavoidable, in English co-operative workshops; and he therefore believes that its development may be confidently looked forward to as a normal result of co-operative production."

These two parallel movements—differing fundamentally in their principles and objects—have had this in common, that they have done more than all other causes put together to raise the condition of the great mass of the working people. By increasing manifold their power and weight, they have at last won for them a place side by side with the other classes of the community; and have given them a large share in, if not the ultimate control of, the government and the destinies of our country. While they were disorganized they were powerless. They have found out the worth of organization, and are perfecting it in both directions with an energy which must have very serious results for the whole nation. That much of what they are doing in their Trades Unions is causing alarm, and raising a spirit of hostility to these organizations throughout the country, is plain to the most careless observer. I am not here to defend many of their acts and much of their policy. I feel the truth of many of the accusations which are brought against them: of their carelessness of the common weal in the pursuit of their own ends; of the tyranny which they sometimes exercise over minorities in their own body; of the deterioration in work, the dawdling and incompetence which in many trades are not unjustly laid at their door.

But before we blame them for these things, let us glance back at the history of the country during the last fifty years, the period of the immense development of our material prosperity, and see whether there is not another side to the picture, whether much may not be pleaded on their side in mitigation.

Fifty years ago the intensely national and aristocratic system under which England had lived for centuries, and which had carried her through the great struggle with Napoleon, with so much glory and at such fearful cost, was tottering to its fall. Happily for the nation the cost broke down the system, and in 1832 the first Reform Bill brought the middle class fairly into partnership in the government of the

British Empire—indeed, in the last resort (as has been proved so often since), handed over to them the ultimate controlling power. During the next thirty-five years, whenever they have been deeply moved, all opposition has gone down before them. Those years therefore stand out as a distinct period in our history, unlike and apart from anything which went before them. With the trading class as ultimate rulers, this period has been an industrial one, and that class may well point with pride to its achievements, and claim that the sturdiness and energy which carried England so triumphantly through the great revolutionary war have not failed her in their keeping. The contrast between Great Britain in 1832 and 1867 is indeed astounding. In 1832 no railway ran into London, no iron ship had been built, and no steamer had crossed the ocean. The power of carrying out great enterprises by associated capital did not exist except by special privilege. All the necessities of life—air, light, and food—were heavily taxed. The press was shackled by stamp duties and paper duties. The Post Office was a hindrance rather than a help to communication. The Poor Laws were pauperizing and degrading the nation. We were even then the workshop of the world, but a shop in which the workers were hampered and trammelled by bandages of all kinds, which look to us now inconceivably mischievous and childish. On their advent to power the middle class found themselves bound hand and foot. They have burst every bond. The period between the two Reform Bills set all these fiscal confusions and absurdities straight. It has covered the land with railways, and all seas with iron steamers; the earth is belted by the telegraphs of English companies. Every restriction on the association of capital has disappeared. Food and light are untaxed to rich and poor. All imposts enhancing the cost of consumption are gone, or are so reduced as to be no longer burdensome. We have the New Poor Law, an improvement at any rate on

the old, and leaving perhaps little to be desired from a middle-class point of view. We have the penny post and a free press. In the same period the capital of the country has multiplied at the rate Mr. Gladstone has told us. These are the fruits of the admission of the middle classes to their fair share in the government of the country—no mean fruits, surely, and attained in the active life of one generation. There are still men in the House of Commons who sat in it before 1832. The representative man of the best side of this period, Mr. Gladstone, to whom the great financial reforms which followed the repeal of the Corn Laws are due more than to any other, was already then in the full vigour of manhood.

But what did this same period of middle-class ascendancy do for the working classes?

The great free-trade struggle was its culminating point, the repeal of the Corn Laws its crowning victory. A middle-class victory, it is true, but carried by the help of the working classes in the great towns, with whom the cry of the cheap loaf did good service. But it was not the appeal to their pockets which carried the working classes into the free-trade camp. Far more powerful than the cheap-loaf cry with them was the grand, if somewhat vague, teaching of the free-trade leaders, of a reign of peace and universal goodwill between nations, which the overthrow of aristocratic and commercial monopolies, and the breaking down of restrictions on trade, was to inaugurate. I have no space here to prove the point, but let those who doubt it take one recent instance of the comparative power of self-interest and of high principle with the masses of our people. I refer to their conduct during the American war and the cotton famine, when the chance of averting want from their homes was resolutely put aside lest the cause of the slave in America should be imperilled. Does any man doubt now that, if our operatives had cried out for breaking the blockade, Napoleon's insidious proposals for intervention would

have been accepted, and the Southern negroes would have remained enslaved to this day? I own it seems to me—and I say it with some shame for my own class—that, in our great free-trade struggle, the only part of our people which has nothing now to regret for the part they took is the working class. Our territorial aristocracy and their retainers fought for their monopoly. Our trading classes preached justice, freedom, and the vital interests which are common to all nations; but what they fought for was, as the last quarter of a century has shown too clearly, not any commercial millennium in which honest goods and just prices should reign, but the greatest possible facilities for buying cheap and selling dear. Our working class seized on the noble and human side of the teaching of their natural leaders—are still, indeed, proclaiming that “labour is of no country,” that “all nations are meant to live in peace and friendship”—but have protested by the two movements we have been considering to-night against the notion that the world is to be saved and set right by unlimited competition; and they have been hitherto the class which has taken least by the results of the struggle. *Laissez faire* may have done great things for other classes; for them it has only proved a hard taskmaster, and the new period of our history, which commenced in 1867, when the sceptre passed from the middle class, and the first years of which have been so full of change, will witness the struggle between that central belief of the middle-class period and the belief in, and practice of, organization, which has carried our working classes (who are after all, be it remembered, the great majority of the nation) into partnership with the upper and middle classes. The middle-class period, they will remember, left the labour question almost untouched; and it was not till they had gained a voice in legislation that the Masters and Servants Bill, the Trades Unions Bill, the Hours of Labour Regulation Act, and the Mines Regulations Bill have become law. Bearing these

things in mind, and remembering also how new and strange the feeling of power must be to them, I think we shall be prepared to make great allowances, even for the doings of Trades Unions.

The other column of the industrial organizations of the working classes has no need to ask for indulgent criticism, and will bear the keenest without wincing. They have never been aggressive. They have never even negatively encouraged idleness, or class jealousies, or kept back the industrious and skilled worker, or protested against piece-work. They have wrought out the emancipation of their own members by patience, and diligence, and honest dealing; and are giving proofs, sorely needed amongst us, that trade and commerce, production, distribution, consumption, may be made to conform themselves to the ordinary moral laws which have been accepted, in theory at least, by the whole of Christendom for eighteen hundred years. The great reform, like the greatest of all reforms, has come from below; and our upper classes are now beginning to imitate the example of the poor weavers and cobblers, often however in their imitations leaving out the best part of their models, and setting up what are nothing but ready-money shops, founded merely with a view to profits, and calling them co-operative stores.

If I am right as to the leading ideas of our working classes, it is obvious, then, that one of the chief problems of civilization which must soon come to the front will be the proper functions of Government. They do not share the creed of advanced Liberalism, the intense jealousy of Government except in the capacity of policeman. The taking over of the railways, a more active interference with sanitary matters, with pauperism—with the liberty of the subject, in short—will have no terrors for them. They will not be deterred, I take it, by such phrases as “grandmotherly government,” from insisting that society shall be organized precisely to that point where organization will be found to act most beneficially on the habits and life of the great majority of

the nation. I venture to think that when they get to understand these matters better, there will be no difficulty in taking legislative means to stop strikes. Legislation of a new kind will be pressed on the Government with increasing persistence. The country will have to consider how far it will go in new directions, and will have no more difficult and delicate questions to consider. I have little fear myself that we shall go too far, for certainly the first two experiments, the Hours of Labour Regulation Act and the Habitual Criminals Act, have not furnished the opponents of “grandmotherly government” with any arguments in favour of their views. I can answer from my own knowledge of the benefits conferred by the former, at the expense, I firmly believe, of no liberty which any citizen had a right to use. Of the working of the second I have the knowledge gained from parliamentary papers.

I do not propose to detain you with the reasons which induced the present Government to break entirely new ground in this matter. Suffice it to say, that on the 11th of August, 1869, an Act introduced by the Home Secretary became law under the title of “The Habitual Criminals Act, 1869.”

It has been the fashion to speak of Mr. Bruce as a weak Minister, timid in his political faiths, and easily turned from his purpose by any resolute opposition. I am not one of those who agree with this estimate of him; and certainly the Habitual Criminals Act (and the Prevention of Crime Act, 1871, which has followed it) cannot be cited as timid legislation. So far as the present question is concerned, the important parts of this new legislation are—first, that it gives the police power to arrest, and the magistrates to imprison, any person holding a licence under the Penal Servitude Acts (commonly called a “ticket-of-leave”) *whom the police have reason to believe is getting a livelihood by dishonest means*; and secondly, that in the case of proceedings against receivers of stolen goods, it makes a previous conviction evidence of know-

ledge on the part of the accused that the goods were stolen, and throws the burden of proving the contrary on the accused. Now these are very startling provisions. We all know that the maxims, "Every man shall be held innocent until proved guilty," "The burden of proof rests on the accuser," lie at the root of English criminal law. I suppose that every Englishman values them as most precious safeguards of liberty, and would be ready to fight for them if necessary. I certainly would myself, and it was with something very like misgiving that I silently assented at last in the House of Commons to the facts and arguments of the Home Secretary, and gave my humble support to the Government. The result has been striking, and well worth the careful consideration of all persons interested in these questions. In the year 1869, in the autumn of which the Habitual Criminals Act was passed, the number of houses of receivers of stolen goods, and of houses of known bad character, reached the highest figure ever attained in England since reliable records of such matters have been kept. Their total number was 15,030. In the following year the number fell to 13,081, and in 1871 to 11,072. In the same period the houses of notoriously bad character, the resort of thieves and their companions, were reduced from 1,740 to 1,139. The reduction of these nests of vice and crime was in the first full year during which the Act was in operation, as compared with the average of the previous three years, equal to 26 per cent., and in the next year (1871) to 36·8 per cent.

The strife between employer and employed, the question of the proper limits of the functions of Government, the inevitable collision between the principle of *laissez faire* and the faith in organization which the working classes will endeavour to express by legislation as soon as they feel their power, are only superficial indications after all of a far deeper struggle. The signs of that struggle are all about us and around us. You cannot pick up a

newspaper without coming across them. Perhaps the most remarkable of them of late, spoken or written, have been the speech of Mr. Gladstone at Liverpool, quoted in my Tuesday's lecture, and a series of articles in the *Pall Mall Gazette* on Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity.¹ Of the speech I need only say that I rejoice that it was made. The articles I must refer to a little more in detail.

After a masterly examination of the utilitarian and positivist theories, the writer explains his own views: how he has come honestly and bravely to the conclusion, that believers in "the service of humanity" and "the religion of fraternity" have no solid ground beneath them—why, for his part, he will resolutely continue to love his friend and hate his enemy, and will on no terms call all sorts of people, of whom he knows and for whom he cares nothing, his *brothers* and sisters—he proceeds:—"The believer in the religion of fraternity cannot speak thus. He is bound to love all mankind. If he wants me to do so too, he must show me a reason why. Not only does he show me none, as a rule, but he generally denies either the truth or the relevancy of that which, if true, is a reason—the doctrine that God made all men and ordered them to love each other. Whether this is true is one question; how it is proposed to get people to love each other without such a belief I do not understand. It would want the clearest of all imaginable revelations to make me try to love a considerable number of people whom it is unnecessary to mention, or affect to care about masses of men with whom I have nothing to do." It is healthy and bracing to hear or read such plain speaking; for, when one comes upon a naked and transparently honest denial, not only of modern theories, but of teaching which one learnt at one's mother's knee, upon which Christendom and civilization, such as we have it, are supposed to have been built up, a man must be very careless or very

¹ Since published separately, with the name of Mr. Fitzjames Stephen to them.

dishonest who is not driven to ask himself plainly how far he agrees with it.

The writer in question goes on, coming specially to the subject of these lectures, and supporting on one side the view which I was urging on Tuesday as to the effects of civilization:—"These are the grounds on which it appears to me that there is a great deal of self-deception as to the nature of fraternity, and that the mere feeling of eager, indefinite sympathy with mankind, in those cases in which it happens to exist, is not deserving of the admiration which is so often claimed for it. I will say, in conclusion, a very few words on the opinion that the progress of civilization, the growth of wealth and of physical science, and the general diffusion of comfort, will tend to excite or deepen such sympathy. I think it more probable that it will have exactly the opposite effect. The whole tendency of modern civilization is to enable each man to stand alone and take care of his own interests, and the growth of liberty and equality will, as I have already shown, intensify these feelings. They will minimize all restraints and reduce everyone to a dead level, offering no attractions to the imagination or to the affections. In this state of society you will have plenty of public meetings, Exeter Halls, and philanthropic associations, but there will be no occasion for patriotism or public spirit. France in 1870, with its ambulances and its representatives of the Geneva Convention, was, after all, a poor, washy, feeble place in comparison with Holland three centuries before. There are many commonplaces about the connection between the decay of patriotism and the growth of luxury. No doubt they have their weak side, but to me they appear far more like the truth than the commonplaces which are now so common about the connection between civilization and the love of mankind. Civilization no doubt makes people hate the very thought of pain or discomfort either in their own persons or in the case of others. It also disposes them to talk and to potter about each other's affairs

in the way of mutual sympathy and compliment, and now and then to get into states of fierce excitement about them; but all this is not love, or anything like it. The real truth is, that the human race is so big, so various, so little known, that no one can really love it. You can at most fancy that you love some imaginary representation of bits of it, which, when examined, are only your own fancies personified. A progress which teaches people to attach increased importance to phantoms is not a glorious thing, in my eyes at all events. It is a progress towards a huge Social Science Association, embracing in itself all the Exeter Halls that ever were born or thought of. From such a religion of humanity I can only say in the deepest tones of alarm and horror, 'Good Lord, deliver us!'"

A very startling, suggestive, and, in many respects, I believe, truthful, diagnosis of our condition, and forecast of what is coming upon us. I should think most persons when they put it down must have asked themselves, What then? Freedom, equality, brotherhood, a mockery and delusion!—the passionate struggle of three generations to realize them ending in a huge Exeter Hall millennium! The writer exclaims scornfully, "Good Lord, deliver us!" and passes on in his strength—but we cannot. For us, then, what outlook? what escape? Who shall deliver us from the body of this death? I have not come here, 400 miles from home, my friends, to speak to you on the problems of civilization and to shirk the most difficult and the most interesting of them all—the one, in fact, which underlies and overshadows all others—I mean, of course, this religious problem. Do not start in alarm, or suppose for a moment that I am about to trespass on or lead you into the tangled paths of religious polemics. The party wrestling-matches and janglings of the various Churches and sects which go by the common name of Christian, are to me only not wholly indifferent because they seem so eminently futile and mischievous. But the religious "prob-

lem of civilization" lies outside of all this. For I think very few persons interested in these questions can have failed to remark the uneasy and mournful tone which runs through much of the serious scepticism in our current literature. Of flippancy and shallowness we have no doubt enough and to spare, but not amongst the writers and thinkers I refer to, and from one of the ablest of whom I have been quoting. Their feeling would seem to be rather one of sorrow that Christianity has been unable to hold its own. They recognize the noble work it has done—admit that its history has been the history of civilization—while they entirely abandon it as a living power, capable of delivering us from the moral and religious anarchy which seems to them to brood over the nineteenth century in as dense a cloud as overshadowed the Roman world in the time of Augustus. They are too English and too masculine to put up with the "Universum" of Strauss, or the organized religion of humanity of the Positivists. Blank Atheism has no attraction whatever for them. Rather in a gloomy and despondent way, while refusing belief to anything which cannot be tested by the methods of their science and measured by their plumb-line, with a sort of half hope which they will scarcely admit to themselves, they seem to recognize the travail of their own time with thoughts too big for utterance hitherto, and to look, with a dull, dim kind of hope, for the gradual rise out of the chaos of a new faith, which shall fuse again and give expression to the scattered thoughts and aspirations of mankind, and stand out as a revelation of God suited to these new times, which have been driven in sheer despair to abandon the old revelation.

A curious echo—if that can be called an echo which is set in an entirely different key—comes back to these broodings from the New World. There, too, the foremost thinkers recognize the prevailing anarchy, and many look for a new revelation, but in a cheerful and hopeful spirit, such as befits a new

country, and rather as a supplement to, than as a substitution for, the Christianity which they too believe to have spent its force, and to be inadequate to the new time. Let Mr. Emerson, their ablest and wisest voice, speak for them. "And now," he says, in an address—singularly typical of the best current thought of New England—to the senior Divinity Class at Harvard University, "let us do what we can to rekindle the smouldering, nigh-quenched fire on the altar. The evils of the Church that now is are manifest. The question returns, What shall we do? I confess all attempts to project and establish a Cultus, with new rites and new forms, seem to me vain. Faith makes us, and not we it, and faith makes its own forms. All attempts to contrive a new system are as cold as the new worship introduced by the French to the Goddess of Reason—to-day pasteboard and flagree, and ending to-morrow in madness and murder. Rather let the breath of new life be breathed by you through the forms already existing. For if once you are alive, you shall find that they become plastic and new. . . . I look for the hour when that supreme beauty which ravished the souls of those Eastern men, and chiefly of those Hebrews, and through their lips spoke oracles to all time, shall speak in the West also. The Hebrew and Greek Scriptures contain immortal sentences, which have been bread of life to millions. But they have no epical integrity—are not shown in their order to the intellect. I look for the new Teacher, who shall follow so far these shining laws that he shall see them come full circle; shall see their rounding, complete grace; shall see the world to be the mirror of the soul; shall see the identity of the law of gravitation with purity of heart; and shall show that the Ought, that Duty, is one with science, with beauty, and with joy."

Surely, my friends, there is something singularly inspiring in this Transatlantic voice. Its first ring is like that of a bugle in front of a forming battalion. The call to the best heart and

head in young America to throw to the winds all attempts to establish a new Cult, new rites, new forms ; to rekindle the smouldering fire on the altar by themselves breathing new life into the forms already existing, till they become plastic and ready to fit the new times, and express the new thoughts—is to my mind full of hope, for the Old World as well as for the New. But look again, listen again, and the jubilant voice falters ; the sound of the bugle grows wandering, uncertain, and passes away in a few wild notes, to me at least as empty of hope as that wail of the Old World. The voice which spoke to those old Hebrews has not then, as yet, spoken in the West : a new Teacher is needed there too, who shall bring with him some further good news for men. Without such, the shining laws cannot come full circle—the pure of heart cannot see God.

Great is the controversy—full of the most absorbing interest for every human soul, and great the issues which the civilization of our day is forcing on a world bent on enjoyment of all kinds—sensual, artistic, intellectual—and on shutting its ears to all voices from the height and from the depth. And more and more clearly it seems to me, at least, is the voice, calmer than silence, sounding from the height and from the depth ; and more and more vain grows the world's effort to enjoy any of its good things, until it hears and answers. As Carlyle said scornfully thirty years ago, the wealth is enchanted, the art is enchanted, the science is enchanted ; let those who feel that they are really the better for them, give us their names.

But the philosopher of Concord (Emerson) has touched the very centre of the matter. A new Teacher, he tells us, is needed ; a new Gospel will make the progress of civilization wholly beneficent. The great West (at least, all that is noblest in it) is looking for such a

man, for such a message. Vain outlook ! the "shining laws" would come full circle fast enough, have been ready to do so any time these eighteen hundred years, if men would only let them. The Teacher who has spoken the last and highest word to mankind, is asking of our age, as He asked of the men of His own day, as He has asked of the sixty generations of our fathers who have come and gone since His day, the question which goes to the root of all "problems of civilization"—of all problems of human life—"What think ye of Christ ?" The time is upon us when that question must be answered by this nation, and can no longer be thrust aside, while we go, one to his farm, and another to his merchandise. Is this life the model of what human life must become—is He the Son of God, dwelling with men now and always, and inspiring them with power to live that life—not a small section of them here and there, but the whole race, big, various, and disagreeable as it is to most of us ? Upon the answer England gives to that question depends our future—whether we shall flounder on under the weight of increasing riches, till our vaunted civilization has brought us to utter anarchy, and so to the loss of courage, trustfulness, simplicity, manliness—of everything that makes life endurable for men or nations ; or whether we shall rise up in new strength, casting out the spirit of Mammon in the Name which broke in pieces the Roman Empire, subdued the wild tribes which flooded that empire in her decay, and founded a Christendom on the ruins—which in our own land has destroyed feudalism, abolished slavery, and given us an inheritance such as has been given to no people on this earth before us ; and so build up a stronger, gentler, nobler national life, in which all problems of civilization shall find their true solution.

T. HUGHES.

IN MEMORIAM.

Loving and loved, here from life's ardent prime
 Near threescore years and ten he worked, and taught,
 Forcing from stony pages of past Time
 Their buried truths. Here from his glowing thought
 And eloquent speech our wondering grandsires caught
 New lore for Nature's lore. Our fathers here,
 And here ourselves have known his teachings fraught
 With interest ever fresh, and loved to hear
 His racy wit, and mark his kindling eye
 Flash to new truths welcome from fear all free,
 Greeting God's light in each.

Here lovingly

Raise we a shrine, wherein our souls may see
 His garnered treasure—which may teach, and be
 Most precious in Science's memory.

JOHN C. DODGE.

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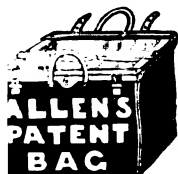
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LOVING and loved, here from life's ardent prime
 Near threescore years and ten he worked, and taught,
 Forcing from stony pages of past Time
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 And eloquent speech our wondering grandsires caught
 New love for Nature's lore. Our fathers here,
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 With interest ever fresh, and loved to hear
 His racy wit, and mark his kindling eye
 Flash to new truths welcome from fear all free,
 Greeting God's light in each.

Here lovingly
 Raise we a shrine, wherein our sons may see
 His garnered treasures—which may teach, and be
 Meet monument to SEDGWICK's memory.

JOHN C. CONTBEARE.

CAMBRIDGE, *Wednesday, 26th March, 1873.*

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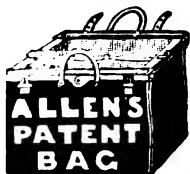
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JUNE, 1873.

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MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1873.

A PRINCESS OF THULE.

c'

BY WILLIAM BLACK, AUTHOR OF "THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A PHANTOM," ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.

"O TERQUE QUATERQUE BEATH!"

CONSIDER what a task this unhappy man Ingram had voluntarily undertaken! Here were two young people presumably in love. One of them was laid under suspicion by several previous love-affairs, though none of these, doubtless, had been so serious as the present. The other scarcely knew her own mind—or perhaps was afraid to question herself too closely lest all the conflict between duty and inclination, with its fears and anxieties and troubles, should be too suddenly revealed. Moreover, this girl was the only daughter of a solitary and irascible old gentleman living in a remote island; and Ingram had not only undertaken that the love-affairs of the young folks should come all right—thus assuming a responsibility which might have appalled the bravest—but was also expected to inform the King of Borva that his daughter was about to be taken away from him.

Of course, if Sheila had been a properly brought-up young lady, nothing of this sort would have been necessary. We all know what the properly brought-up young lady does under such circumstances. She goes straight to her papa and mamma, and says, "My dear papa and mamma, I have been taught by my various instructors that I ought to have

no secrets from my dear parents; and I therefore hasten to lay aside any little shyness, or modesty, or doubt of my own wishes I might feel, for the purpose of explaining to you the extent to which I have become a victim to the tender passion, and of soliciting your advice. I also place before you these letters I have received from the gentleman in question: doubtless they were sent in confidence to me, but I must banish any scruples that do not coincide with my duty to you. I may say that I respect and even admire Mr. So-and-So; and I should be unworthy of the care bestowed upon my education by my dear parents if I were altogether insensible to the advantages of his worldly position. But beyond this point I am at a loss to define my sentiments; and so I ask you, my dear papa and mamma, for permission to study the question for some little time longer, when I may be able to furnish you with a more accurate report of my feelings. At the same time, if the interest I have in this young man is likely to conflict with the duty I owe to my dear parents, I ask to be informed of the fact; and I shall then teach myself to guard against the approach of that insidious passion which might make me indifferent to the higher calls and interests of life." Happy the man who marries such a woman! No agonizing quarrels and pathetic reconcilia-

tions, no piteous entreaties, and fits of remorse, and impetuous self-sacrifices, await him ; but a beautiful, methodical, placid life, as calm, and accurate, and steadily progressive as the multiplication table. His household will be a miracle of perfect arrangement. The relations between the members of it will be as strictly defined as the pattern of the paper on the walls. And how can a quarrel arise when a dissector of the emotions is close at hand to say where the divergence of opinion or interest began ; and how can a fit of jealousy be provoked in the case of a person who will split up her affections into fifteen parts, give ten-fifteenths to her children, three-fifteenths to her parents, and the remainder to her husband ? Should there be any wretched fractions going about, friends and acquaintances may come in for them.

But how was Sheila to go to her father and explain to him what she could not explain to herself ? She had never dreamed of marriage. She had never thought of having to leave Borva and her father's house. But she had some vague feeling that in the future lay many terrible possibilities that she did not as yet dare to look at—until, at least, she was more satisfied as to the present. And how could she go to her father with such a chaos of unformed wishes and fears to place before him ? That such a duty should have devolved upon Ingram was certainly odd enough ; but it was not her doing. His knowledge of the position of these young people was not derived from her. But, having got it, he had himself asked her to leave the whole affair in his hands, with that kindness and generosity which had more than once filled her heart with an unspeakable gratitude towards him.

"Well, you *are* a good fellow !" said Lavender to him, when he heard of this decision.

"Bah !" said the other, with a shrug of his shoulders, "I mean to amuse myself. I shall move you about like pieces on a chess-board, and have a pretty game with you. How to checkmate the king with a knight and a princess—

in any number of moves you like—that is the problem ; and my princess has a strong power over the king, where she is just now."

"It's an uncommonly awkward business, you know, Ingram," said Lavender, ruefully.

"Well, it is. Old Mackenzie is a tough old fellow to deal with ; and you'll do no good by making a fight of it. Wait. Difficulties don't look so formidable when you take them one by one, as they turn up. If you really love the girl, and mean to take your chance of getting her, and if she cares enough for you to sacrifice a good deal for your sake, there is nothing to fear."

"I can answer for myself, any way," said Lavender, in a tone of voice that Ingram rather liked : the young man did not always speak with the same quietness, thoughtfulness, and modesty.

And how naturally and easily it came about, after all ! They were back again at Borva. They had driven round and about Lewis, and had finished up with Stornoway ; and, now that they had got back to the island in Loch Roag, the quaint little drawing-room had even to Lavender a homely and friendly look. The big stuffed fishes and the strange shells were old acquaintances ; and he went to hunt up Sheila's music just as if he had known that dusky corner for years.

"Yes, yes !" called Mackenzie, "it is the English songs we will try now."

He had a notion that he was himself rather a good hand at a part song—just as Sheila had innocently taught him to believe that he was a brilliant whist-player when he had mastered the art of returning his partner's lead—but fortunately at this moment he was engaged with a long pipe and a big tumbler of hot whiskey and water. Ingram was similarly employed, lying back in a cane-bottomed easy chair, and placidly watching the smoke ascending to the roof. Sometimes he cast an eye to the young folks at the other end of the room. They formed a pretty sight, he thought. Lavender was a good-looking fellow enough ; and there was some-

thing pleasing in the quiet and assiduous fashion in which he waited upon Sheila, and in the almost timid way in which he spoke to her. Sheila herself sat at the piano, clad all in slate-grey silk, with a narrow band of scarlet velvet round her neck; and it was only by a chance turning of the head that Ingram caught the tender and handsome profile, broken only by the outward sweep of the long eyelashes.

"Love in thine eyes for ever plays,"

Sheila sang, with her father keeping time by patting his forefinger on the table.

"He in thy snowy bosom strays,"

sang Lavender; and then the two voices joined together—

"He makes thy rosy lips his care,
And walks the mazes of thy hair."

Or were there not three voices? Surely, from the back part of the room, the musicians could hear a wandering bass come in from time to time, especially at such portions as "Ah, he never, ah, he never never touched thy heart!" which old Mackenzie considered very touching. But there was something quaint, and friendly, and pleasant in the pathos of those English songs which made them far more acceptable to him than Sheila's wild and melancholy legends of the sea. He sang "Ah, he never, never touched thy heart!" with an outward expression of grief, but with much inward satisfaction. Was it the quaint phraseology of the old duets that awoke in him some faint ambition after his trionic effect? At all events, Sheila proceeded to another of his favourites—"All's Well"—and here, amid the brisk music, the old Highlandman had an excellent opportunity of striking in at random.

"The careful watch patrols the deck
To guard the ship from foes or wreck—"

these two lines he had absolutely mastered, and always sang them, whatever might be the key he happened to light on, with great vigour. He soon went

the length of improvising a part for himself in the closing passages; and laid down his pipe altogether as he sang—

"What cheer? Brother, quickly tell!
Above? Below! Good-night! All, all's well!"

From that point, however, Sheila and her companion wandered away into fields of melody whither the King of Borva could not follow them; so he was content to resume his pipe and listen placidly to the pretty airs. He caught but bits and fragments of phrases and sentiments; but they evidently were comfortable, merry, good-natured songs for young folks to sing. There was a good deal of love-making, and rosy morns appearing, and merry zephyrs, and such odd things, which, sung briskly and gladly by two young and fresh voices, rather drew the hearts of contemplative listeners to the musicians.

"They sing very well whatever," said Mackenzie, with a critical air, to Ingram, when the young people were so busily engaged with their own affairs as apparently to forget the presence of the others. "Oh, yes, they sing very well whatever; and what should the young folks sing about but making love, and courting, and all that?"

"Natural enough," said Ingram, looking rather wistfully at the two at the other end of the room. "I suppose Sheila will have a sweetheart some day?"

"Oh, yes, Sheila will hef a sweetheart some day," said her father, good-humouredly. "Sheila is a good-looking girl; she will hef a sweetheart some day."

"She will marry too, I suppose," said Ingram, cautiously.

"Oh, yes, she will be marrying, Sheila will be marrying—what will be the life of a young girl if she does not marry?"

At this moment, as Ingram afterwards described it, a sort of "flash of inspiration" darted in upon him, and he resolved there and then to brave the wrath of the old king, and place all the conspiracy before him, if only the

music kept loud enough to prevent his being overheard.

"It will be hard on you to part with Sheila when she marries," said Ingram, scarcely daring to look up.

"Oh, ay, it will be that," said Mackenzie, cheerfully enough. "But it is everyone will hef to do that; and no great harm comes of it. Oh, no, it will not be much whatever; and Sheila she will be very glad in a little while after, and it will be enough for me to see that she is ferry contented and happy. The young folk must marry, you will see, and what is the use of marrying if it is not when they are young? But Sheila, she will think of none of these things. It was young Mr. MacIntyre of Sutherland—you hef seen him last year in Stornoway—he hass three thousand acres of a deer-forest in Sutherland—and he will be ferry glad to marry my Sheila. But I will say to him, 'It is not for me to say yes or no to you, Mr. MacIntyre; it is Sheila herself will tell you that.' But he wass afraid to speak to her; and Sheila herself will know nothing of why he came twice to Borva the last year."

"It is very good of you to leave Sheila quite unbiassed in her choice," said Ingram; "many fathers would have been sorely tempted by that deer-forest."

Old Mackenzie laughed a loud laugh of derision, that fortunately did not stop Lavender's execution of "I would that my love would silently."

"What the teffle," said Mackenzie, "hef I to want a deer-forest for my Sheila? Sheila is no fisherman's lass. She has plenty for herself, and she will marry just the young man she wants to marry, and no other one—that is what she will do, by Kott!"

All this was most hopeful. If Mackenzie had himself been advocating Lavender's suit, could he have said more? But notwithstanding all these frank and generous promises—dealing with a future which the old Highlandman considered as indefinitely remote—Ingram was still afraid of the announcement he was about to make.

"Sheila is fortunately situated," he said, "in having a father who thinks only of her happiness. But I suppose she has never yet shown a preference for anyone?"

"Not for anyone but yourself," said her father, with a laugh.

And Ingram laughed too, but in an embarrassed way, and his sallow face grew darker with a blush. Was there not something painful in the unintentional implication that of course Ingram could not be considered a possible lover of Sheila's, and that the girl herself was so well aware of it that she could openly testify to her regard for him?

"And it would be a good thing for Sheila," continued her father, more gravely, "if there wass any young man about the Lewis that she would tek a liking to; for it will be some day I can no more look after her, and it would be bad for her to be left alone all by herself in the island."

"And don't you think you see before you now some one who might take on him the charge of Sheila's future?" said Ingram, looking towards Lavender.

"The English gentleman?" said Mackenzie, with a smile. "No; that any way is not possible."

"I fancy it is more than possible," said Ingram, resolved to go straight at it. "I know for a fact that he would like to marry your daughter, and I think that Sheila, without knowing it herself almost, is well-inclined towards him."

The old man started up from his chair.

"Eh? what! my Sheila?"

"Yes, papa," said the girl, turning round at once.

She caught sight of a strange look on his face, and in an instant was by his side.

"Papa, what is the matter with you?"

"Nothing, Sheila, nothing," he said, impatiently. "I am a little tired of the music, that is all. But go on with the music. Go back to the piano, Sheila, and go on with the music; and Mr. Ingram and me, we will go outside for a little while."

Mackenzie walked out of the room, and said, aloud in the hall—

“Ay, are you coming, Mr. Ingram? It iss a fine night this night, and the wind is in a very good way for the weather.”

And then, as he went out to the front, he hummed aloud, so that Sheila should hear,—

“Who goes there? Stranger, quickly tell!
A friend! The word? Good-night! All’s well!
All’s well! Good-night! All’s well!”

Ingram followed the old man outside, with a somewhat guilty conscience, suggesting odd things to him. Would it not be possible, now, to shut one’s ears for the next half-hour? Angry words were only little perturbations in the air. If you shut your ears till they were all over, what harm could be done? All the big facts of life would remain the same. The sea, the sky, the hills, the human beings around you, even your desire of sleep for the night, and your wholesome longing for breakfast in the morning, would all remain; and the angry words would have passed away. But perhaps it was a proper punishment that he should now go out and bear all the wrath of this fierce old gentleman, whose daughter he had conspired to carry off. Mackenzie was walking up and down the path outside, in the cool and silent night. There was not much moon now, but a clear and lambent twilight showed all the familiar features of Loch Roag and the southern hills; and down there in the bay you could vaguely make out the *Maighdean-mhara* rocking in the tiny waves that washed in on the white shore. Ingram had never looked on this pretty picture with a less feeling of delight.

“Well, you see, Mr. Mackenzie,” he was beginning, “you must make this excuse for him—”

But Mackenzie put aside Lavender at once. It was all about Sheila that he wanted to know. There was no anger in his words—only a great anxiety, and sometimes an extraordinary and pathetic effort to take a philosophical view of the

situation. What had Sheila said? Was Sheila deeply interested in the young man? Would it please Sheila if he was to go indoors and give at once his free consent to her marrying this Mr. Lavender?

“Oh, you must not think,” said Mackenzie, with a certain loftiness of air even amidst his great perturbation and anxiety, “you must not think I hef not foreseen all this. It wass some day or other Sheila will be sure to marry; and although I did not expect—no, I did not expect *that*—that she would marry a stranger and an Englishman, if it will please her, that is enough. You cannot tell a young lass the one she should marry—it iss all a chance the one she likes, and if she does not marry him, it is better she will not marry at all. Oh, yes, I know that ferry well. And I hef known there wass a time coming when I would give away my Sheila to some young man; and there iss no use complaining of it. But you hef not told me much about this young man—or I hef forgotten—it is the same thing whatever. He has not much money, you said—he is waiting for some money—well—this is what I will do. *I will give him all my money if he will come and live in the Lewis.*”

All the philosophy he had been mustering up fell away from that last sentence. It was like the cry of a drowning man who sees the last life-boat set out for shore, leaving him to his fate. And Ingram had not a word to say in reply to that piteous entreaty.

“I do not ask him to stop in Borva—no, it iss a small place for one that hass lived in a town. But the Lewis, that is quite different; and there iss ferry good houses in Stornoway—”

“But surely, sir,” said Ingram, “you need not consider all this just yet. I am sure neither of them has thought of any such thing—”

“No,” said Mackenzie, recovering himself, “perhaps not. But we hef our duties to look at the future of young folks. And you will say that Mr. Lavender hass only expectations of money?”

"Well, the expectation is almost a certainty. His aunt, I have told you, is a very rich old lady, who has no other near relations; and she is exceedingly fond of him, and would do anything for him. I am sure the allowance he has now is greatly in excess of what she spends on herself."

"But they might quarrel, you know—they might quarrel. You hef always to look to the future—they might quarrel, and what will he do then?"

"Why, you don't suppose he couldn't support himself, if the worst were to come to the worst. He is an amazingly clever fellow——"

"Ay, that is very good," said Mackenzie, in a cautious sort of way, "but has he ever made any money?"

"Oh, I fancy not—nothing to speak of. He has sold some pictures; but I think he has given more away."

"Then it iss not easy, tek my word for it, Mr. Ingram, to begin a new trade if you are twenty-five years of age; and the people who will tek your pictures for nothing, will they pay for them if you wanted the money?"

It was obviously Mr. Mackenzie's eager wish to prove to himself that, somehow or other, Lavender might come to have no money, and be made dependent on his father-in-law. So far, indeed, from sharing the sentiments ordinarily attributed to that important relative, he would have welcomed with a heartfelt joy the information that the man who, as he expected, was about to marry his daughter, was absolutely penniless. Not even all the attractions of that deer-forest in Sutherlandshire—particularly fascinating as they must have been to a man of his education and surroundings—had been able to lead the old King of Borva even into hinting to his daughter that the owner of that property would like to marry her. Sheila was to choose for herself. She was not like a fisherman's lass, bound to consider ways and means. And now that she had chosen, or, at least, indicated the possibility of her doing so, her father's chief desire was that his future son-in-law should come and take and enjoy his money, so

only that Sheila might not be carried away from him for ever.

"Well, I will see about it," said Mackenzie, with an affectation of cheerful and practical shrewdness. "Oh, yes, I will see about it, when Sheila has made up her mind. He is a very good young man, whatever——"

"He is the best-hearted fellow I know," said Ingram warmly. "I don't think Sheila has much to fear if she marries him. If you had known him as long as I have, you would know how considerate he is to everybody about him, how generous he is, how good-natured, and cheerful, and so forth—in short, he is a thorough good fellow, that's what I have to say about him."

"It iss well for him he will hef such a champion," said Mackenzie, with a smile; "there iss not many Sheila will pay attention to as she does to you."

They went indoors again—Ingram scarcely knowing how he had got so easily through the ordeal, but very glad it was over. Sheila was still at the piano, and, on their entering, she said—

"Papa, here is a song you must learn to sing with me."

"And what iss it, Sheila?" he said, going over to her.

"'Time has not thinned my flowing hair.'"

He put his hand on her head, and said—

"I hope it will be a long time before he will thin your hair, Sheila."

The girl looked up, surprised. Scotch folks are, as a rule, somewhat reticent in their display of affection; and it was not often that her father talked to her in that way. What was there in his face that made her glance instinctively towards Ingram? Somehow or other her hand sought her father's hand, and she rose and went away from the piano, with her head bent down and tears beginning to tell in her eyes.

"Yes, that is a capital song," said Ingram, loudly. "Sing 'The Arethusa,' Lavender. '*Said the saucy Arethusa.*'"

Lavender, knowing what had taken

place, and not daring to follow with his eyes Sheila and her father, who had gone to the other end of the room, sang the song. Never was a gallant and devil-may-care sea-song sung so hopelessly without spirit. But the piano made a noise; and the verses took up time. When he had finished, he almost feared to turn round; and yet there was nothing dreadful in the picture that presented itself. Sheila was sitting on her father's knee, with her head buried in his bosom, while he was patting her head, and talking in a low voice to her. The King of Borva did not look particularly fierce.

"Yes, it is a tittle of a good song," he said, suddenly. "Now get up, Sheila, and go and tell Mairi we will have a bit of bread and cheese before going to bed. And there will be a little hot water wanted in the other room, for this room it is too full of the smoke."

Sheila, as she went out of the room, had her head cast down, and perhaps an extra tinge of colour in the young and pretty face. But surely, Lavender thought to himself, as he watched her anxiously, she did not look grieved. As for her father, what should he do now? Turn suddenly round, and beg Mackenzie's pardon, and throw himself on his generosity? When he did, with much inward trembling, venture to approach the old man, he found no such explanation possible. The King of Borva was in one of his grandest moods—dignified, courteous, cautious, and yet inclined to treat everybody and everything with a sort of lofty good-humour. He spoke to Lavender in the most friendly way; but it was about the singular and startling fact that modern research had proved many of the Roman legends to be utterly untrustworthy. Mr. Mackenzie observed that the man was wanting in proper courage who feared to accept the results of such inquiries. It was better that we should know the truth, and then the kings who had really made Rome great might emerge from the fog of tradition in their proper shape. There was something quite sympathetic in the way he

talked of those ill-treated sovereigns, whom the vulgar mind had clothed in mist.

Lavender was sorely beset by the rival claims of Rome and Borva upon his attention. He was inwardly inclined to curse Numa Pompilius—which would have been ineffectual—when he found that personage interfering with a wild effort to discover why Mackenzie should treat him in this way. And then it occurred to him that, as he had never said a word to Mackenzie about this affair, it was too much to expect that Sheila's father should himself open the subject. On the contrary, Mackenzie was bent on extending a grave courtesy to his guest, so that the latter should not feel ill at ease until it suited himself to make any explanations he might choose. It was not Mackenzie's business to ask this young man if he wanted to marry Sheila. No. The king's daughter, if she were to be won at all, was to be won by a suitor; and it was not for her father to be in a hurry about it. So Lavender got back into the region of early Roman history, and tried to recall what he had learned in Livy, and quite coincided with everything that Niebuhr had said or proved, and with everything that Mackenzie thought Niebuhr had said or proved. He was only too glad, indeed, to find himself talking to Sheila's father in this friendly fashion.

Then Sheila came in and told them that supper was laid in the adjoining room. At that modest meal, a great good-humour prevailed. Sometimes, it is true, it occurred to Ingram that Sheila cast an anxious glance at her father, as if she were trying to discover whether he was really satisfied, or whether he was not merely pretending satisfaction to please her; but for the rest the party was a most friendly and merry one. Lavender, naturally enough, was in the highest of spirits; and nothing could exceed the light-hearted endeavours he made to amuse, and interest, and cheer his companions. Sheila, indeed, sat up later than usual, even although pipes were lit again, and

the slate-grey silk likely to bear witness to the fact in the morning. How comfortable and homely was this sort of life in the remote stone building overlooking the northern sea! He began to think that he could live always in Borva, if only Sheila were with him as his companion.

Was it an actual fact, then, he asked himself next morning, that he stood confessed to the small world of Borva as Sheila's accepted lover? Not a word on the subject had passed between Mackenzie and himself; yet he found himself assuming the position of a younger relative, and rather expecting advice from the old Highlandman. He began to take a great interest, too, in the local administration of the island; he examined the window-fastenings of Mackenzie's house and saw that they would be useful in the winter; and expressed to Sheila's father his confidential opinion that the girl should not be allowed to go out in the *Maigh-dean-mhara* without Duncan.

"She will know as much about boats as Duncan himself," said her father, with a confident smile. "But Sheila will not go out when the rough weather begins."

"Of course you keep her indoors then," said the younger man, already assuming some little charge over Sheila's comfort.

The father laughed aloud at this simplicity on the part of the Englishman.

"If we wass to keep indoors in the bad weather, it would be all the winter we would be indoors! There iss no day at all Sheila will not be out some time or other; and she is never so well as in the hard weather, when she will be out always in the snow, and the frost, and hef plenty of exercise and amusement."

"She is not often ailing, I suppose," said Lavender.

"She is as strong as a young pony, that is what Sheila is," said her father, proudly. "And there is no one in the island will run so fast, or walk as long without tiring, or carry things from the shore as she will, not one."

But here he suddenly checked himself.

"That is," he said, with some little expression of annoyance, "I wass saying Sheila could do that if it wass any use; but she will not do such things, like a fisherman's lass, that hass to help in the work."

"Oh, of course not," said Lavender, hastily. "But still, you know, it is pleasant to know she is so strong and well."

And at this moment Sheila herself appeared, accompanied by her great deer-hound, and testifying by the bright colour in her face to the assurances of her health her father had been giving. She had just come up and over the hill from Borvabost, while as yet breakfast had not been served. Somehow or other Lavender fancied she never looked so bright, and fearless, and handsome as in the early morning, with the fresh sea-air tingling the colour in her cheeks, and the sunlight shining in the clear eyes or touching from time to time a glimpse of her perfect teeth. But this morning she did not seem quite so frankly merry as usual. She patted the deer-hound's head, and rather kept her eyes away from her father and his companion. And then she took Bras away to give him his breakfast just as Ingram appeared to bid her good-morning, and ask her what she meant by being about so early.

How anxiously Lavender now began to calculate on the remaining days of their stay in Borva! They seemed so few. He got up at preposterously early hours to make each day as long as possible; but it slipped away with a fatal speed, and already he began to think of Stornoway, and the *Clansman*, and his bidding good-bye to Sheila. He had said no more to her of any pledge as regarded the future. He was content to see that she was pleased to be with him; and happy indeed were their rambles about the island, their excursions in Sheila's boat, their visits to the White Water in search of salmon. Nor had he yet spoken to Sheila's father. He knew that Mackenzie knew; and both seemed

to take it for granted that no good could come of a formal explanation until Sheila herself should make her wishes known. That, indeed, was the only aspect of the case that apparently presented itself to the old King of Borva. He forgot altogether those precautions and investigations which are supposed to occupy the mind of a future father-in-law; and only sought to see how Sheila was affected towards the young man who was soon about to leave the island. When he saw her pleased to be walking with Lavender, and talking with him of an evening, he was pleased; and would rather have a cold dinner than break in upon them to hurry them home. When he saw her disappointed because Lavender had been unfortunate in his salmon-fishing, he was ready to swear at Duncan for not having had the fish in a better temper. And the most of his conversation with Ingram consisted of an endeavour to convince himself that, after all, what had happened was for the best, and that Sheila seemed to be happy.

But somehow or other, when the time for their departure was drawing near, Mackenzie showed a strange desire that his guests should spend the last two days in Stornoway. When Lavender first heard this proposal, he glanced towards Sheila, and his face showed clearly his disappointment.

"But Sheila will go with us, too," said her father, replying to that unuttered protest in the most innocent fashion; and then Lavender's face brightened again, and he said that nothing would give him greater pleasure than to spend two days in Stornoway.

"And you must not think," said Mackenzie, anxiously, "that it is one day or two days, or a great many days, will show you all the fine things about Stornoway. And if you were to live in Stornoway, you would find very good acquaintances and friends there; and in the autumn, when the shooting begins, there are many English who will come up, and there will be ferry great doings at the castle. And there is some gen-

tlemen now at Grimersta whom you hef not seen, and they are ferry fine gentlemen; and at Garra-na-hina there iss two more gentlemen for the salmon-fishing. Oh, there iss a great many fine people in the Lewis, and it iss not all as lonely as Borva."

"If it is half as pleasant a place to live in as Borva, it will do," said Lavender, with a flush of enthusiasm in his face, as he looked towards Sheila, and saw her pleased and downcast eyes.

"But it iss not to be compared," said Mackenzie, eagerly. "Borva—that is nothing at all; but the Lewis—it is a ferry different thing to live in the Lewis, and many English gentlemen hef told me they would like to live always in the Lewis."

"I think I should, too," said Lavender, lightly and carelessly, little thinking what importance the old man immediately and gladly put upon the admission.

From that moment Lavender, although unconscious of what had happened, had nothing to fear in the way of opposition from Sheila's father. If he had there and then boldly asked Mackenzie for his daughter, the old man would have given his consent freely, and bade Lavender go to Sheila herself.

And so they set sail, one pleasant forenoon, from Borvabost; and the light wind that ruffled the blue of Loch Roag gently filled the mainsail of the *Maigh-dean-mhara* as she lightly ran down the tortuous channel.

"I don't like to go away from Borva," said Lavender, in a low voice, to Sheila, "but I might have been leaving the island with greater regret, for, you know, I expect to be back soon."

"We shall always be glad to see you," said the girl; and, although he would rather have had her say "I" than "we," there was something in the tone of her voice that contented him.

At Garra-na-hina, Mackenzie pointed out with a great interest to Lavender a tall man who was going down through some meadows to the *Amhuinn Dhubh*, the Black River. He had a long rod over his shoulder; and behind him, at

some distance, followed a shorter man, who carried a gaff and landing-net. Mackenzie anxiously explained to Lavender that the tall figure was that of an Englishman. Lavender accepted the statement. But would he not go down to the river and make his acquaintance? Lavender could not understand why he should be expected to take so great an interest in an ordinary English sportsman.

"Ferry well," said Mackenzie, a trifle disappointed, "but you would find several of the English in the Lewis if you were living here."

These last two days in Stornoway were very pleasant. On their previous visit to the town, Mackenzie had given up much of his time to business affairs, and was a good deal away from his guests; but now he devoted himself to making them particularly comfortable in the place and amusing them in every possible way. He introduced Lavender, in especial, to all his friends there, and was most anxious to impress on the young man that life in Stornoway was, on the whole, rather a brilliant affair. Then was there a finer point from which you could start at will for Inverness, Oban, and such great centres of civilization? Very soon there might even be a telegraphic cable laid to the mainland. Was Mr. Lavender aware that frequently you could see the Sutherlandshire hills from this very town of Stornoway?

Here Sheila laughed; and Lavender, who kept watching her face always, to read all her fancies and sentiments and wishes in the shifting lights of it, immediately demanded an explanation.

"It is no good thing," said Sheila, "to see the Sutherland hills often; for when you see them, it means to rain."

But Lavender had not been taught to fear the rain of the Western Isles. The very weather seemed to have conspired with Mackenzie to charm the young man with the island. At this moment, for example, they were driving away from Stornoway along the side of the great bay that stretches northward until it finds its furthest promontory in Tiumpan Head. What magnificence of

colour shone all around them in the hot sunlight! Where the ruffled blue sea came near the long sweep of yellow sand it grew to be a bright, transparent green. The splendid curve of the bay showed a gleaming line of white where the waves broke in masses of hissing foam; and beyond that curve again long promontories of dark-red conglomerate ran out into the blue waters of the sea, with their summits shining with the bright sea-grass. Here, close at hand, were warm meadows with calves and lambs cropping the sweet-scented Dutch clover. A few huts, shaped like bee-hives, stood by the road-side, close by some deep brown peats. There was a cutting in the yellow sand of the bay for the pulling up of captured whales. Now and again you could see a solan dart down from the blue heavens into the darker blue of the sea, sending up a spurt of foam twenty feet high as he disappeared; and far out there, between the red precipices and the ruffled waters beneath, white sea-fowl flew from crag to crag or dropped down upon the sea to rise and fall with the waves.

At the small hamlet of Gress they got a large rowing-boat manned by sturdy fishermen, and set out to explore the great caves formed in the mighty wall of conglomerate that here fronts the sea. The wild-fowl flew about them, screaming and yelling at being disturbed. The long swell of the sea lifted the boat, passed from under it, and went on with majestic force to crash on the glowing red crags and send jets of foam flying up the face of them. They captured one of the sea-birds—a young thing about as big as a hen, with staring eyes, scant feathers, and a long beak with which it instinctively tried to bite its enemies—and the parents of it kept swooping down over the boat, uttering shrill cries, until their offspring was restored to the surface of the water. They went into the great loud-sounding caverns, getting a new impression of the extraordinary clearness of the sea-water by the depth at which the bottom was visible; and here their shouts occasionally called up from some dim twilight

recess—far in among the perilous rocks—the head of a young seal, which would instantly dive again and be seen no more. They watched the salmon splash in the shallower creeks where the sea had scooped out a tiny bay of ruddy sand; and then a slowly-rolling porpoise would show his black back above the water and silently disappear again. All this was pleasant enough on a pleasant morning, in fresh sea-air and sunlight, in holiday-time; and was there any reason, Mackenzie may fairly have thought, why this young man, if he did marry Sheila, should not come and live in a place where so much healthy amusement was to be found?

And in the evening, too, when they had climbed to the top of the hills on the south of Stornoway harbour, did not the little town look sufficiently picturesque, with its white houses, its shipping, its great castle and plantations lying in shadow under the green of the eastern sky? Then, away to the west, what a strange picture presented itself! Thick bands of grey cloud lay across the sky, and the sunlight from behind them sent down great rays of misty yellow on the endless miles of moor. But how was it that, as these shafts of sunlight struck on the far and successive ridges of the moorland, each long undulation seemed to become transparent; and all the island appeared to consist of great and golden-brown shells, heaped up behind each other, with the sunlight shining through?

"I have tried a good many new effects since I came up here," said Lavender, "but I shall not try *that*."

"Oh, it is nothing—it is nothing at all," said Mackenzie, with a studied air of unconcern. "There is much more beautiful things than that in the island, but you will have need of a ferry long time before you will find it all out. That—that is nothing at all."

"You will perhaps make a picture of it some other time," said Sheila, with her eyes cast down; and, as he was standing by her at the time, he took her hand, and pressed it, and said, "I hope so."

Then, that night! Did not every hour produce some new and wonderful scene; or was it only that each minute grew to be so precious, and that the enchantment of Sheila's presence filled the air around him? There was no moon; but the stars shone over the bay and the harbour, and the dusky hills beyond the castle. Every few seconds the lighthouse at Arnish Point sent out its wild glare of orange fire into the heart of the clear darkness, and then as suddenly faded out and left the eyes too bewildered to make out the configuration of the rocks. All over the north-west there still remained the pale glow of the twilight; and somehow Lavender seemed to think that that strange glow belonged to Sheila's home in the west, and that the people in Stornoway knew nothing of the wonders of Loch Roag, and of the strange nights there. Was he likely ever to forget?

"Good-bye, Sheila," he said, next morning, when the last signal had been given, and the *Clansman* was about to move from her moorings.

She had bidden good-bye to Ingram already, but, somehow, she could not speak to his companion just at this last moment. She pressed his hand, and turned away, and went ashore with her father. Then the big steamer throbbed its way out of the harbour; and by and by the island of Lewis lay but as a thin blue cloud along the horizon, and who could tell that human beings, with strange hopes, and fancies, and griefs, were hidden away in that pale line of vapour?

CHAPTER IX.

"FAREWELL, MACKRIMMON!"

A NIGHT journey from Greenock to London is a sufficiently prosaic affair in ordinary circumstances; but it need not be always so. What if a young man, apparently occupied in making himself comfortable, and in talking nonsense to his friend and companion, should be secretly calculating how the journey could be made most pleasant to a bride,

and that bride his bride? Lavender made experiments with regard to the ways and tempers of guards—he borrowed planks of wood with which to make sleeping-couches of an ordinary first-class carriage—he bribed a certain official to have the compartment secured—he took note of the time when, and the place where, refreshments could be procured—all these things he did, thinking of Sheila. And when Ingram, sometimes surprised by his good-nature, and occasionally remonstrating against his extravagance, at last fell asleep on the more or less comfortable cushions stretched across the planks, Lavender would have him wake up again, that he might be induced to talk once more about Sheila. Ingram would make use of some wicked words, rub his eyes, ask what was the last station they had passed, and then begin to preach to Lavender about the great obligations he was under to Sheila, and what would be expected of him in after-times.

“You are coming away just now,” he would say, while Lavender, who could not sleep at all, was only anxious that Sheila’s name should be mentioned, “enriched with a greater treasure than falls to the lot of most men. If you know how to value that treasure, there is not a king or emperor in Europe who should not envy you.”

“But don’t you think I value it?” the other would say, anxiously.

“We’ll see about that afterwards, by what you do. But in the meantime you don’t know what you have won. You don’t know the magnificent single-heartedness of that girl, her keen sense of honour, nor the strength of character, of judgment, and decision that lies beneath her apparent simplicity. Why, I have known Sheila, now — But what’s the use of talking?”

“I wish you would talk, though, Ingram,” said his companion, quite submissively. “You have known her longer than I. I am willing to believe all you say of her, and anxious, indeed, to know as much about her as possible. You don’t suppose I fancy she is anything less than you say?”

“Well,” said Ingram, doubtfully, “perhaps not. The worst of it is that you take such odd readings of people. However, when you marry her, as I now hope you may, you will soon find out; and then, if you are not grateful—if you don’t understand and appreciate *then* the fine qualities of this girl, the sooner you put a millstone round your neck and drop over Chelsea Bridge the better.”

“She will always have in you a good friend to look after her when she comes to London.”

“Oh, don’t imagine I mean to thrust myself in at your breakfast table to give you advice. If a husband and wife cannot manage their own affairs satisfactorily, no third person can; and I am getting to be an elderly man, who likes peace, and comfort, and his own quiet.”

“I wish you wouldn’t talk such nonsense,” said Lavender, impetuously. “You know you are bound to marry—and the woman you ask to marry you will be a precious fool if she refuses. I don’t know, indeed, how you and Sheila ever escaped——”

“Look here, Lavender,” said his companion, speaking in a somewhat impatient way, “if you marry Sheila Mackenzie, I suppose I may see something of both of you from time to time. But you are naturally jealous and exacting, as is the way with many good fellows who have had too much of their own way in the world; and if you start off with the notion now that Sheila and I might ever have married, or that such a thing was ever thought of by either of us, the certain consequence will be that you will become jealous of me, and that, in time, I shall have to stop seeing either of you, if you happen to be living in London.”

“And if ever the time comes,” said Lavender, lightly, “when I prove myself such a fool, I hope I shall remember that a millstone can be bought in Victoria-road, and that Chelsea Bridge is handy.”

“All right: I’m going to sleep.”

For some time after Ingram was permitted to rest in peace; and it was not

until they had reached some big station or other, towards morning, that he woke. Lavender had never closed his eyes.

"Haven't you been asleep?"

"No."

"What's the matter now?"

"My aunt."

"You seem to have acquired a trick recently of looking at all the difficulties of your position at once. Why don't you take them singly! You've just got rid of Mackenzie's opposition—that might have contented you for a while."

"I think the best plan will be to say nothing of this to my aunt at present. I think we ought to get married first, and when I take Sheila to see her as my wife, what can she say then?"

"But what is Sheila likely to say before then? And Sheila's father? You must be out of your mind."

"There will be a pretty scene, then, when I tell her."

"Scenes don't hurt anybody, unless when they end in brickbats or decanters. Your aunt must know you would marry some day."

"Yes, but you know whom she wished me to marry."

"That is nothing. Every old lady has a fancy for imagining possible marriages; but your aunt is a reasonable woman, and could not possibly object to your marrying a girl like Sheila?"

"Oh, couldn't she? Then you don't know her. '*Frank, my dear, what are the arms borne by your wife's family?*' '*My dear aunt, I will describe them to you as becomes a dutiful nephew. The arms are quarterly: first and fourth, vert, a herring, argent; second and third, azure, a solan-goose, volant, or. The crest, out of a crown vallery, argent, a cask of whiskey, gules. Supporters, dexter, a gillie, sinister, a fisherman.*'"

"And a very good coat-of-arms, too. You might add the motto *Ultimus regum. Or Atavis editus regibus. Or Tyrrenha regum progenies*. To think that your aunt would forbid your wedding a king's daughter!"

"I should wed the king's daughter, aunt or no aunt, in any case; but you see, it would be uncommonly awkward

—just as old Mackenzie would want to know something more particular about my circumstances—and he might ask for references to the old lady herself, just as if I were a tenant about to take a house——"

"I have given him enough references. Go to sleep; and don't bother yourself."

But now Ingram felt himself just as unable as his companion to escape into unconsciousness, and so he roused himself thoroughly, and began to talk about Lewis, and Borva, and the Mackenzies, and the duties and responsibilities Lavender would undertake in marrying Sheila.

"Mackenzie," he said, "will expect you to live in Stornoway at least half the year, and it will be very hard on him if you don't."

"Oh, as to that," said the other, "I should have no objection; but, you see, if I am to get married I really think I ought to try to get into some position of earning my own living, or helping towards it, you know. I begin to see how galling this sort of dependence on my aunt might be, if I wished to act for myself. Now if I were to begin to do anything, I could not go and bury myself in Lewis for half the year—just at first; by and by, you know, it might be different. But don't you think I ought to begin and do something?"

"Most certainly. I have often wished you had been born a carpenter, or painter, or glazier."

"People are not born carpenters or glaziers, but sometimes they are born painters. I think I have been born nothing; but I am willing to try, more especially as I think Sheila would like it."

"I know she would."

"I will write and tell her the moment I get to London."

"I would fix first what your occupation was to be, if I were you. There is no hurry about telling Sheila; although she will be very glad to get as much news of you as possible, and I hope you will spare no time or trouble in pleasing her in that line. By the way, what an

infamous shame it was of you to go and gammon old Mackenzie into the belief that he can read poetry: why, he will make that girl's life a burden to her. I heard him propose to read 'Paradise Lost' to her as soon as the rain sets in."

"I didn't gammon him," said Lavender, with a laugh. "Every man thinks he can read poetry better than every other man, even as every man fancies that no one gets cigars as good and as cheap as he does, and that no one can drive a dog-cart safely but himself. My talking about his reading was not as bad as Sheila's persuading him that he can play whist. Did you ever know a man who did not believe that everybody else's reading of poetry was affected, stilted, and unbearable? I know Mackenzie must have been reading poetry to Sheila long before I mentioned it to him."

"But that suggestion about his resonant voice and the Crystal Palace!"

"That was a joke."

"He did not take it as a joke, and neither did Sheila."

"Well, Sheila would believe that her father could command the Channel Fleet, or turn out the present Ministry, or build a bridge to America, if only anybody hinted it to her. Touching that Crystal Palace: Did you observe how little notion of size she could have got from pictures when she asked me if the Crystal Palace was much bigger than the hot-houses at Lewis Castle?"

"What a world of wonder the girl is coming into!" said the other, meditatively. "But it will be all lit up by one sun, if only you take care of her, and justify her belief in you."

"I have not much doubt," said Lavender, with a certain modest confidence in his manner which had repeatedly of late pleased his friend.

Even Sheila herself could scarcely have found London more strange than did the two men who had just returned from a month's sojourn in the northern Hebrides. The dingy trees in Euston-square, the pale sunlight that shone down on the grey pavements, the noise of the omnibuses and carts, the multitude of strangers, the blue and mist-like

smoke that hung about Tottenham Court Road—all were as strange to them as the sensation of sitting in a hansom and being driven along by an unseen driver. Lavender confessed afterwards that he was pervaded by an odd sort of desire to know whether there was anybody in London at all like Sheila. Now and again a smartly-dressed girl passed along the pavement—what was it that made the difference between her and that other girl whom he had just left? Yet he wished to have the difference as decided as possible. When some bright, fresh-coloured, pleasant-looking girl passed, he was anxious to prove to himself that she was not to be compared with Sheila. Where, in all London, could you find eyes that told so much? He forgot to place the speciality of Sheila's eyes in the fact of their being a dark grey blue under black eyelashes. What he did remember was that no eyes could possibly say the same things to him as they had said. And where, in all London, was the same sweet aspect to be found, or the same unconsciously proud and gentle demeanour, or the same tender friendliness expressed in a beautiful face? He would not say anything against London women, for all that. It was no fault of theirs that they could not be sea-kings' daughters, with the courage, and frankness, and sweetness of the sea gone into their blood. He was only too pleased to have proved to himself—by looking at some half-dozen pretty shop girls—that not in London was there anyone to compare with Princess Sheila.

For many a day thereafter Ingram had to suffer a good deal of this sort of lover's logic, and bore it with great fortitude. Indeed, nothing pleased him more than to observe that Lavender's affection, so far from waning, engrossed more and more of his thought and his time; and he listened with unflinching good-nature and patience to the perpetual talk of his friend about Sheila, and her home, and the future that might be in store for both of them. If he had accepted half the invitations to dinner sent down to him at the Board of Trade

by his friend, he would scarcely ever have been out of Lavender's club. Many a long evening they passed in this way—either in Lavender's rooms in King Street or in Ingram's lodgings in Sloane Street. Ingram quite consented to lie in a chair and smoke, sometimes putting in a word of caution to bring Lavender back from the romantic Sheila to the real Sheila, sometimes smiling at some wild proposal or statement on the part of his friend, but always glad to see that the pretty idealisms planted during their stay in the far North were in no danger of dying out down here in the South. These were great days, too, when a letter arrived from Sheila. Nothing had been said about their corresponding; but Lavender had written shortly after his arrival in London, and Sheila had answered for her father and herself. It wanted but a very little amount of ingenuity to continue the interchange of letters thus begun; and when the well-known envelope arrived, high holiday was immediately proclaimed by the recipient of it. He did not show Ingram these letters, of course; but the contents of them were soon bit by bit revealed. He was also permitted to see the envelope, as if Sheila's handwriting had some magical charm about it. Sometimes, indeed, Ingram had himself a letter from Sheila; and that was immediately shown to Lavender. Was he pleased to find that these communications were excessively business-like—describing how the fishing was going on, what was doing in the schools, and how John the Piper was conducting himself, with talk about the projected telegraphic cable, the shooting in Harris, the health of Bras, and other esoteric matters?

Lavender's communications with the King of Borva were of a different nature. Wonderful volumes on building, agriculture, and what not, tobacco hailing from certain royal sources in the neighbourhood of the Pyramids, and now and again a new sort of rifle or some fresh invention in fishing-tackle—these were the sort of things that found their

way to Lewis. And then, in reply, came haunches of venison, and kegs of rare whiskey, and skins of wild animals, which, all very admirable in their way, were a trifle cumbersome in a couple of modest rooms in King Street, St. James's. But here Lavender hit upon a happy device. He had long ago talked to his aunt of the mysterious potentate in the far North, who was the ruler of man, beast, and fish, and who had an only daughter. When these presents arrived, Mrs. Lavender was informed that they were meant for her; and was given to understand that they were the propitiatory gifts of a half-savage sovereign who wished to seek her friendship. In vain did Ingram warn Lavender of the possible danger of this foolish joke. The young man laughed, and would come down to Sloane Street with another story of his success as an envoy of the distant king.

And so the months went slowly by; and Lavender raved about Sheila, and dreamed about Sheila, and was always going to begin some splendid achievement for Sheila's sake, but never just managed to begin. After all, the future did not look very terrible; and the present was satisfactory enough. Mrs. Lavender had no objection whatever to listening to his praises of Sheila, and had even gone the length of approving of the girl's photograph when it was shown her. But at the end of six months, Lavender suddenly went down to Sloane Street, found Ingram in his lodgings, and said—

"Ingram, I start for Lewis to-morrow."

"The more fool you," was the complacent reply.

"I can't bear this any longer; I must go and see her."

"You'll have to bear worse if you go. You don't know what getting to Lewis is in the winter. You'll be killed with cold before you see the Minch."

"I can stand a good bit of cold, when there's a reason for it," said the young man; "and I have written to Sheila to say I should start to-morrow."

"In that case I had better make use of you. I suppose you won't mind taking up to Sheila a sealskin jacket that I have bought for her."

"That you have bought for her!" said the other.

How could he have spared 15*l.* out of his narrow income for such a present! And yet he laughed at the idea of his ever having been in love with Sheila.

Lavender took the sealskin-jacket with him, and started on his journey to the North. It was certainly all that Ingram had prophesied, in the way of discomfort, hardship, and delay. But one forenoon, Lavender, coming up from the cabin of the steamer into which he had descended to escape from the bitter wind and the sleet, saw before him a strange thing. In the middle of the black sea, and under a dark grey sky, lay a long wonder-land of gleaming snow. Far as the eye could see the successive headlands of pale white jutted out into the dark ocean, until in the south they faded into a grey mist and became invisible. And when they got into Stornoway harbour, how black seemed the waters of the little bay, and the hulls of the boats, and the windows of the houses, against the blinding white of the encircling hills!

"Yes," said Lavender to the captain, "it will be a cold drive across to Loch Roag. I shall give Mackenzie's man a good dram before we start."

But it was not Mr. Mackenzie's notion of hospitality to send Duncan to meet an honoured guest; and ere the vessel was fast moored, Lavender had caught sight of the well-known pair of horses, and the brown waggonette, and Mackenzie stamping up and down in the trampled snow. And this figure close down to the edge of the quay? Surely there was something about the thick grey shawl, the white feather, the set of the head, that he knew!

"Why, Sheila!" he cried, jumping ashore before the gangway was shoved across, "whatever made you come to Stornoway on such a day?"

"And it is not much my coming to Stornoway if you will come all the way

from England to the Lewis," said Sheila, looking up with her bright and glad eyes.

For six months he had been trying to recall the tones of her voice, in looking at her picture, and had failed; now he fancied that she spoke more sweetly and musically than ever.

"Ay, ay," said Mackenzie, when he had shaken hands with the young man, "it was a piece of foolishness her coming over to meet you in Stornoway; but the girl will be neither to hold nor to bind when she takes a foolishness into her head."

"Is this the character I hear of you, Sheila?" he said; and Mackenzie laughed at his daughter's embarrassment, and said she was a good lass for all that, and bundled both the young folks into the inn, where luncheon had been provided, with a blazing fire in the room, and a kettle of hot water steaming beside it.

When they got to Borva, Lavender began to see that Mackenzie had laid the most subtle plans for reconciling him to the hard weather of these northern winters; and the young man, nothing loth, fell into his ways, and was astonished at the amusement and interest that could be got out of a residence in this bleak island at such a season. Mackenzie discarded at once the feeble protections against cold and wet which his guest had brought with him. He gave him a pair of his own knickerbockers and enormous boots; he made him wear a frieze coat borrowed from Duncan; he insisted on his turning down the flap of a sealskin-cap and tying the ends under his chin; and thus equipped they started on many a rare expedition round the coast. But on their first going out, Mackenzie, looking at him, said with some chagrin—

"Will they wear gloves when they go shooting in your country?"

"Oh," said Lavender, "these are only a pair of old dog-skins I use chiefly to keep my hands clean. You see I have cut out the trigger-finger. And they keep your hands from being numbed, you know, with the cold or the rain."

"There will be not much need of

that after a little while," said Mackenzie; and, indeed, after half-an-hour's tramping over snow and climbing over rocks, Lavender was well inclined to please the old man by tossing the gloves into the sea, for his hands were burning with heat.

Then the pleasant evenings!—after all the fatigues of the day were over, clothes changed, dinner despatched, and Sheila at the open piano in that warm little drawing-room, with its strange shells, and fish, and birds.

"Love in thine eyes for ever plays;
He in thy snowy bosom strays,"

they sang, just as in the bygone times of summer; and now old Mackenzie had got on a bit further in his musical studies, and could hum with the best of them—

"He makes thy rosy lips his care,
And walks the mazes of thy hair."

There was no winter at all in the snug little room, with its crimson fire, and closed shutters, and songs of happier times. "When the rosy morn appearing" had nothing inappropriate in it; and if they particularly studied the words of "O wert thou in the cauld blast," it was only that Sheila might teach her companion the Scotch pronunciation, as far as she knew it. And once, half in joke, Lavender said he could believe it was summer again if Sheila had only on her slate-grey silk dress, with the red ribbon round her neck; and sure enough, after dinner, she came down in that dress, and Lavender took her hand and kissed it in gratitude. Just at that moment, too, Mackenzie began to swear at Duncan for not having brought him his pipe, and not only went out of the room to look for it, but was a full half-hour in finding it. When he came in again, he was singing carelessly,

"Love in thine eyes for ever plays,"

just as if he had got his pipe round the corner.

For it had been all explained by this time, you know; and Sheila had in a couple of trembling words pledged away

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her life, and her father had given his consent. More than that he would have done for the girl, if need were; and when he saw the perfect happiness shining in her eyes—when he saw that, through some vague feelings of compunction, or gratitude, or even exuberant joy, she was more than usually affectionate towards himself—he grew reconciled to the ways of Providence, and was ready to believe that Ingram had done them all a good turn in bringing his friend from the South with him. If there was any haunting fear at all, it was about the possibility of Sheila's husband refusing to live in Stornoway, even for half the year, or a portion of the year; but did not the young man express himself as delighted beyond measure with Lewis, and the Lewis people, and the sports, and scenery, and climate of the island? If Mackenzie could have bought fine weather at 20*l.* a day, Lavender would have gone back to London with the conviction that there was only one thing better than Lewis in summer-time, and that was Lewis in time of snow and frost.

The blow fell. One evening a distinct thaw set in; during the night the wind went round to the south-west; and in the morning, lo! the very desolation of desolation. Suainabhal, Mealasabhal, Cracabhal, were all hidden away behind dreary folds of mist; a slow and steady rain poured down from the lowering skies on the wet rocks, the marshy pasture-land, and the leafless bushes; the Atlantic lay dark under a grey fog, and you could scarcely see across the loch in front of the house. Sometimes the wind freshened a bit, and howled about the house, or dashed showers against the streaming panes; but ordinarily there was no sound but the ceaseless hissing of the rain on the wet gravel at the door and the rush of the waves along the black rocks. All signs of life seemed to have fled from the earth and the sky. Bird and beast had alike taken shelter; and not even a gull or a sea-pye crossed the melancholy lines of moorland which were half obscured by the mist of the rain.

"Well, it can't be fine weather always," said Lavender, cheerfully, when Mackenzie was affecting to be greatly surprised to find such a thing as rain in the island of Lewis.

"No, that is quite true," said the old man; "it was very good weather we were having since you have come here. And what is a little rain?—oh, nothing at all. You will see it will go away whenever the wind goes round."

With that Mackenzie would again go out to the front of the house, take a turn up and down the wet gravel, and pretend to be scanning the horizon for signs of a change. Sheila, a good deal more honest, went about her household duties, saying merely to Lavender—

"I am very sorry the weather has broken; but it may clear before you go away from Borva."

"Before I go? Do you expect it to rain for a week?"

"Perhaps it will not; but it is looking very bad to-day," said Sheila.

"Well, I don't care," said the young man, "though it should rain the skies down, if only you would keep indoors, Sheila. But you do go out in such a reckless fashion. You don't seem to reflect that it is raining."

"I do not get wet," she said.

"Why, when you came up from the shore half-an-hour ago, your hair was as wet as possible, and your face all red and gleaming with the rain."

"But I am none the worse. And I am not wet now. It is impossible that you will always keep in a room, if you have things to do; and a little rain does not hurt anyone."

"It occurs to me, Sheila," he observed, slowly, "that you are an exceedingly obstinate and self-willed young person, and that no one has ever exercised any proper control over you."

She looked up for a moment, with a sudden glance of surprise and pain; then she saw in his eyes that he meant nothing, and she went forward to him, putting her hand in his hand, and saying with a smile—

"I am very willing to be controlled."

"Are you really?"

"Yes."

"Then hear my commands. You shall *not* go out in time of rain without putting something over your head, or taking an umbrella. You shall *not* go out in the *Maighdean-mhara* without taking some one with you besides Mairi. You shall never, if you are away from home, go within fifty yards of the sea, so long as there is snow on the rocks—"

"But that is so very many things already—is it not enough?" said Sheila.

"You will faithfully remember and observe these rules!"

"I will."

"Then you are a more obedient girl than I imagined, or expected; and you may now, if you are good, have the satisfaction of offering me a glass of sherry and a biscuit, for, rain or no rain, Lewis is a dreadful place for making people hungry."

Mackenzie need not have been afraid. Strange as it may appear, Lavender was well content with the wet weather. No depression, or impatience, or remonstrance was visible on his face when he went to the blurred windows, day after day, to see only the same desolate picture—the dark sea, the wet rocks, the grey mists over the moorland, and the shining of the red gravel before the house. He would stand with his hands in his pocket, and whistle "Love in thine eyes for ever plays," just as if he were looking out on a cheerful summer sunrise. When he and Sheila went to the door, and were received by a cold blast of wet wind and a driving shower of rain, he would slam the door to again with a laugh, and pull the girl back into the house. Sometimes she would not be controlled; and then he would accompany her about the garden as she attended to her duties, or would go down to the shore with her, to give Bras a run. From these excursions he returned in the best of spirits, with a fine colour in his face; until, having got accustomed to heavy boots, impervious frieze, and the discomfort of wet hands, he grew to be about as indifferent to the rain as Sheila herself, and went fishing, or

shooting, or boating with much content, whether it was wet or dry.

"It has been the happiest month of my life—I know that," he said to Mackenzie, as they stood together on the quay at Stornoway.

"And I hope you will hef many like it in the Lewis," said the old man, cheerfully.

"I think I should soon learn to become a Highlander up here," said Lavender, "if Sheila would only teach me the Gaelic."

"The Gaelic!" cried Mackenzie, impatiently. "The Gaelic! It is none of the gentlemen who will come here in the autumn will want the Gaelic; and what for would you want the Gaelic—ay, if you was staying here the whole year round?"

"But Sheila will teach me all the same—won't you, Sheila?" he said, turning to his companion, who was gazing somewhat blankly at the rough steamer and at the rough grey sea beyond the harbour.

"Yes," said the girl: she seemed in no mood for joking.

Lavender returned to town more in love than ever; and soon the news of his engagement was spread abroad—he nothing loth. Most of his club-friends laughed, and prophesied it would come to nothing. How could a man in Lavender's position marry anybody but an heiress? He could not afford to go and marry a fisherman's daughter. Others came to the conclusion that artists, and writers, and all that sort of people, were incomprehensible; and said "Poor beggar!" when they thought of the fashion in which Lavender had ruined his chances in life. His lady-friends, however, were much more sympathetic. There was a dash of romance in the story; and would not the Highland girl be a curiosity for a little while after she came to town? Was she like any of the pictures Mr. Lavender had hanging up in his rooms? Had he not even a sketch of her? An artist, and yet not have a portrait of the girl he had chosen to marry? Lavender had no portrait of Sheila to show. Some little

photographs he had he kept for his own pocket-book; while in vain had he tried to get some sketch or picture that would convey to the little world of his friends and acquaintances some notion of his future bride. They were left to draw on their imagination for some presentiment of the coming princess.

He told Mrs. Lavender, of course. She said little; but sent for Edward Ingram. Him she questioned in a cautious, close, and yet apparently indifferent way; and then merely said that Frank was very impetuous; that it was a pity he had resolved on marrying out of his own sphere of life; but that she hoped the young lady from the Highlands would prove a good wife to him.

"I hope he will prove a good husband to her," said Ingram, with unusual sharpness.

"Frank is very impetuous;" that was all Mrs. Lavender would say.

By and by, as the spring drew on, and the time of the marriage was coming nearer, the important business of taking and furnishing a house for Sheila's reception occupied the attention of the young man from morning till night. He had been somewhat disappointed at the cold fashion in which his aunt looked upon his choice—admitting everything he had to say in praise of Sheila, but never expressing any approval of his conduct or hope about the future. But now she showed herself most amiably and generously disposed. She supplied the young man with abundant funds wherewith to furnish the house according to his own fancy. It was a small house—fronting a somewhat common-place square in Notting Hill—but it was to be a miracle of artistic adornment inside. He tortured himself for days over rival shades and hues; he drew designs for the chairs; he himself painted a good deal of panelling; and, in short, gave up his whole time to making Sheila's future home beautiful. His aunt regarded these preparations with little interest; but she certainly gave her nephew ample means to indulge the eccentricities of his fancy.

"Isn't she a dear old lady!" said Lavender one night to Ingram. "Look here. A cheque, received this morning, for 200*l.*, for plate and glass."

Ingram looked at the bit of pale green paper.

"I wish you had earned the money yourself, or done without the plate until you could buy it with your own money."

"Oh, confound it, Ingram, you carry your puritanical theories too far! Doubtless I shall earn my own living by and by. Give me time."

"It is now nearly a year since you thought of marrying Sheila Mackenzie; and you have not done a stroke of work yet."

"I beg your pardon. I have worked a good deal of late, as you will see when you come up to my rooms."

"Have you sold a single picture since last summer?"

"I cannot make people buy my pictures if they don't choose to do so."

"Have you made any effort to get them sold, or to come to any arrangement with any of the dealers?"

"I have been too busy of late—looking after this house, you know," said Lavender, with an air of apology.

"You were not too busy to paint a fan for Mrs. Lorraine, that people say must have occupied you for months."

Lavender laughed.

"Do you know, Ingram, I think you are jealous of Mrs. Lorraine, on account of Sheila. Come, you shall go and see her——"

"No, thank you."

"Are you afraid of your Puritan principles giving way?"

"I am afraid that you are a very foolish boy," said the other, with a good-humoured shrug of resignation; "but I hope to see you mend when you marry."

"Ah, then you *will* see a difference!" said Lavender, seriously; and so the dispute ended.

It had been arranged that Ingram should go up to Lewis to the marriage, and, after the ceremony in Stornoway, return to Borva with Mr. Mackenzie, to remain with him a few

days. But at the last moment Ingram was summoned down to Devonshire, on account of the serious illness of some near relative, and accordingly Frank Lavender started by himself to bring back with him his Highland bride. His stay in Borva was short enough on this occasion. At the end of it there came a certain wet and boisterous day, the occurrences in which he afterwards remembered as if they had taken place in a dream. There were many faces about, a confusion of tongues, a good deal of dram-drinking, a skirl of pipes, and a hurry through the rain; but all these things gave place to the occasional glance that he got from a pair of timid and trusting, and beautiful eyes. Yet Sheila was not Sheila in that dress of white, with her face a trifle pale. She was more his own Sheila when she had donned her rough garments of blue, and when she stood on the wet deck of the vessel, with a great grey shawl around her, talking to her father with a brave effort at cheerfulness, although her lip would occasionally quiver as one or other of her friends from Borva—many of them barefooted children—came up to bid her good-bye. Her father talked rapidly, with a grand affectation of indifference. He swore at the weather. He bade her see that Bras was properly fed; and if the sea broke over his box in the night, he was to be rubbed dry, and let out in the morning for a run up and down the deck. She was not to forget the parcel directed to an inn-keeper at Oban. They would find Oban a very nice place at which to break the journey to London; but as for Greenock—Mackenzie could find no words with which to describe Greenock. And then, in the midst of all this, Sheila suddenly said—

"Papa, when does the steamer leave?"

"In a few minutes. They have got nearly all the cargo on board."

"Will you do me a great favour, papa?"

"Ay, but what is it, Sheila?"

"I want you not to stay here till the boat sails, and then you will have all

the people on the quay vexing you when you are going away. I want you to bid good-bye to us now, and drive away round to the point, and we shall see you the last of all, when the steamer has got out of the harbour."

"Ferry well, Sheila, I will do that," he said, knowing well why the girl wished it.

So father and daughter bade good-bye to each other; and Mackenzie went on shore with his face down, and said not a word to any of his friends on the quay, but got into the waggonette, and, lashing the horses, drove rapidly away. As he had shaken hands with Lavender, Lavender had said to him, "Well, we shall soon be back in Borva again to see you;" and the old man had merely tightened the grip of his hand as he left.

The roar of the steampipe ceased, the throb of the engines struck the water, and the great steamer steamed away from the quay and out of the plain of

the harbour into a wild world of grey waves, and wind, and rain. There stood Mackenzie as they passed, the dark figure clearly seen against the pallid colours of the dismal day; and Sheila waved a handkerchief to him, until Stornoway, and its lighthouse, and all the promontories and bays of the great island had faded into the white mists that lay along the horizon. And then her arm fell to her side; and for a moment she stood bewildered, with a strange look in her eyes, of grief, and almost of despair.

"Sheila, my darling, you must go below now," said her companion; "you are almost dead with cold."

She looked at him for a moment, as though she had scarcely heard what he said. But his eyes were full of pity for her; he drew her closer to him, and put his arms round her, and then she hid her head in his bosom, and sobbed there like a child.

To be continued.

OUR PRESENT POSITION AND PROBABLE FUTURE IN INDIA.

II.

MY former paper was directed mainly to a general view of certain phases of society and government in India. I shall endeavour now, by referring to some more special features of the same society and government, to direct attention to the inward and vital part of what is involved in our present rule in the East. This inquiry ought to indicate, to the extent of its own limits, the prospects of our rule in the future.

Ask the question, "Is not a knowledge of the character of the governed by the governors one of the first conditions of good rule?" and there can be but one answer. Inquire how far Englishmen, ruling in a foreign land, act upon this truism, and the answer is by no means so certain. Only a very few of our countrymen in India really grapple with even this inquiry: How can we, by legislative and administrative capacity, based on a good and honourable social deportment, set Russia at defiance so far as our Indian Empire is concerned? Another question is ever before us. There is not an intelligent and thoughtful Englishman in India who has not given serious attention to Russia's progress towards the Passes of the North-West, the so-called Gates of India. What, however, does it come to? We have not stopped the progress of Russia in Central Asia; nay, can we believe in the practicability of stopping her progress, save by a war, in which, unless we could command the conditions of warfare, it is far from clear that she would not have by far the greater part of the sympathy, and possibly, before the end, even active help of the civilized world? Russia has played her cards with an astuteness—which perhaps merely means a directness of purpose—all her own. Allowing what, however, is far

from certain, that she has a design on India, her last trump card, so far as England is concerned, will probably be an attempt to place England in the wrong. To check this card is a work worthy of the highest statesmanship that England can produce; to leave it, or in any way to commit it to the Indian Foreign Office or Home Office, or both, would be national suicide. The Indian Government has at its disposal in the "services" splendid talent for diplomatic work, and work kindred to that of diplomacy; but England's policy with respect to Russia must not be narrowed to any Indian Office. While the Governor-General is his own Foreign Secretary, as Lord Mayo certainly was, and as Lord Northbrook as certainly is, statesmanship will probably prevail over bureaucratic action in great issues. Wars, however, have oftener arisen from small than from great issues. Probably if ever we have the misfortune to be carried into a war with America, the cause will not be in a great issue like the Alabama dispute, momentous enough to attract the attention of all civilized nations, and to put statesmen on their mettle, but in some trifle light as air. And so in a tenfold degree in the East. Lord Mayo went to India with a clear and intelligible foreign policy. Without attempting to establish a "neutral zone," which no power of man ever will establish in Asia, he concluded a clear and definite treaty with Afghanistan, securing these important results: first, absolute non-interference in Afghanistan on the part of England; secondly, positive support, moral and material, by England to the man in power on the basis of Afghan independence. The present Ameer, after a tremendous struggle with his dynastic rivals, had come out victor. Rahman Khan, the representative of

the rival branch of the family of Dost Mahomed, had become an exile and a pensioner of the Russians, and, moreover, was not of the branch of the family selected by the old Dost for the succession. Clearly, therefore, if a treaty was to be made with Afghanistan, it must be made through the Ameer. And clearly such a treaty was desirable. A terrible fact, almost an Afghan fatality, seemed to interpose. The eldest son of the Ameer, although a man of respectable ability, is believed to be devoid of ambition. His brother, Yakooab Khan, is a man highly distinguished in war, and of the fiercest ambition, and it is not too much to say that he and his supporters believe, with good reason, that to him the Ameer is indebted for the throne. In the war of succession Yakooab fought like a lion, and made his name a terror wherever the power of Cabul was known. To him the supporters of the Ameer instinctively looked as their future head. But the Ameer had a wife to whom he was tenderly attached, and to her young son, Abdoola Khan, he willed that the power should descend. His wisest counsellors held that the decision, if persisted in, would be fatal to the dynasty, but the Ameer persisted, and his young son, and not Yakooab, was presented to Lord Mayo, at the Umballa durbar, as the future Ameer. M. Arminius Vambery, a very high authority, says that Yakooab returned to his government in high dudgeon; and though I have heard on a still higher, because officially informed, authority that he did no such thing, but was entrusted by his father with a most important military command during the durbar, there cannot be a doubt that Yakooab chafed inwardly, and that his recent revolt against his father was altogether on the score of the succession. Lord Mayo lamented the decision of the Ameer, but, faithful to his word that English policy in Afghanistan meant non-interference, he left the question to time. To this extent the Anglo-Indian policy, large and comprehensive if interpreted by statesmen, was established. The second part of that policy consisted

in bringing within the compass of Anglo-Indian influences certain erratic but powerful nations and tribes beyond the frontiers. The Governor-General sent an embassy to the Attaligh Ghazee of Yarkund, and at the same time tried his best to open up the Trade Routes in a contrary direction, to the Shan States and Western China. In both cases he counteracted Russian influence by a far mightier influence than hers—the influence of peace, protection, and trade. Lord Mayo's friends need not care to rest his claim to a high place among the rulers of India on anything more clear-sighted and resolved than his foreign policy, though he did much more, educationally and otherwise, and did it with a clear perception and a true aim. He brought the chiefs of Rajpootana into a system of English education, and he made them proud of that education, and of their connection with the name and fame of England. His policy consisted in a few simple principles; co-operation with Russia in all efforts of peace,—that is, an abnegation of Russiaphobia, with a firm opposition to encroachment on the independence of Asiatic nationalities; amity and good-will, bound and knit by commercial relations, with neighbouring States on our frontiers; and, lastly, a call, so high-toned as to be unmistakable, to the chiefs of India to remember their high descent, and prove themselves worthy of the reverence and loyalty of their subjects, and of the protection of the Queen of England. That was Lord Mayo's foreign policy; and though some of his successors may, and indeed must, develop it greatly, and weave into it features of a social policy which Lord Mayo never had the opportunity of touching to any considerable extent, no future ruler of India will carry to the work a more honourable sense of duty, or a more sincere intention to spread far and wide the blessings of unsectarian education, and to give to the educated a more certain opening to public life and usefulness.

Secure within, and possessing an ever-watchful policy without our frontiers,

we should have little to fear from Russian invasion in comparison with what Russia might, in case of war, have to fear from us. It is alleged by those who deem our power liable to a sudden collapse, if touched by Russia, that in extending our empire till the races comprised in it are so entirely out of proportion to the strength of our European force, we are at the mercy of these races, provided that an even partially common bond of union between them is found. We are pointed to those dark days in the Sikh wars when we seemed alarmingly near to defeat; to the stout resistance in Nepaul and Burma, and to those final efforts of the Mahratta chiefs, whose power had to be broken as a pure necessity of its contact with European civilization. Can we forget, however, that even if disaster had rested on our arms at Ferozeshuhur, there was at least as much attraction in English as in Sikh rule to India generally; and that disasters quite as alarming had more than once or twice in the history of India been repaired. Above all, can we forget that without dwelling on the possibilities of the past we have the mighty certainties of the present in our favour? The Sikhs, once our stoutest enemies, were our firm friends in the Mutiny, and are a strong arm of our power. The gallant Goorkhas, who made their Nepaul hills the scenes of such daring deeds against us in 1816, and whose generous feeling often extorted the admiration of their foes, contribute a force second to none in our native army; a force that under good officers would not easily be beaten. Once won to our side, their faithfulness has become almost a proverb. In Burma the only fear is that the King, under improper influences, may some day compel an interference which no sensible English official desires. Moreover, we certainly have succeeded in impressing on the immense military populations of India a conviction that they serve a good paymaster, whose word is his bond. Only very recently, when several Afghan regiments rebelled, their plea was—"Treat us as the English Government treats its troops,

and we shall be as reliable as they." Again, many of the native chiefs—too many for the ambition of any one to have undue weight—now see that their stable position under the British Crown is greatly preferable to even a successful mutiny which would merely be the beginning of a series of new wars. If we add to this the undoubted fact that though there is a burning passion for independence, which would mean dominance, in many parts of India, the people, through their leaders, are shrewd enough to see that to put themselves under Russia, or even under a native race, in preference to England, would be the reverse of gain, the position, so far, will not be deemed weak. Add still that materially we are on a vantage-ground such as never before was held by any rulers in India. From Allahabad as a military centre we could, in a very short time, have an imposing force in any part of the vast empire, by rail, road, or water, or all combined. The grand trunk road has been thrown into the shade by the grander through railway. A journey from Calcutta or Bombay to Allahabad occupies a day and a night. In the days of Lord William Bentinck it occupied months. The voyage to England can now be made in three weeks. The Secretary of State and the Governor-General can speak together any hour of the day by telegraph. For conveyance of troops and material of war, we have, in the Peninsular and Oriental Company's ships, the finest carrying fleet in the world; and a number of other commercial companies could be drawn into warlike operations. What has Russia to set off against all these advantages, and many more that rise to the mind? We have subject races to wield, it is true; but so also has she, without anything like the same appliances for wielding them, and without a tithe of our power, if we care to use it, for impressing upon those races a conviction that the rule means peace, security, and not merely individual freedom, but also individual fortune. No nation known to history ever produced officers more effective in command of foreign

troops than a vast number of English officers in India have proved themselves. And the breed remains as stout and daring as ever. A declaration of war between Russia and England would call men of mark to the front, eager to try conclusions with the enemy, not on our side of the Indus, but beyond our frontier. Many instances have occurred of the native troops of India fighting splendidly far away from their homes; one instance alone, the remarkable expedition of General Baird from India to the shores of the Mediterranean, in the year 1800, to confront the power of Bonaparte, suffices to show what could be done now under incomparably more favourable conditions, if England were driven to a great war in Asia itself, and if India were under a rule, for military and other combinations, like that of Lord Wellesley, strengthened by a wise, just, and prudent policy within. I hasten from this to the subjects which I think illustrate our real danger.

No thoughtful student of Indian history can have overlooked the fact that in many of the most dangerous periods of English rule in the East, that rule, imperilled by headstrong and injudicious, or weak and timid acts, or counsels, was saved by a far-sighted, just, and forbearing policy which, somehow, came in, as at the very nick of time, when only the help of Heaven seemed likely to be of any avail. Often, indeed, as has the Empire been saved by valour and capacity in war, it has oftener been saved by sound policy and high statesmanship. We still need—nay, we need more than ever—that clear-seeing, just, and generous statesmanship, before which self-seeking and oppression vanish, in whatever strength they may be arrayed, and whatever may be their confidence in their power and right to do what if permitted to be done could only end in deserved ruin. Some people suppose, but there could not well be a greater mistake, that the natives of India, taking the Empire as a whole, are exceptionally difficult to govern. The fact that a number of Englishmen, some of course of great ability, but in the mass

simply the kind of men against whom anyone moving through the streets of London brushes at every step of his walk, should exercise an influence paramount over rank, caste, lineage, wealth, and high attainments in India, ought to show that in spite of existing elements of discord, we are not dealing with a people difficult, but in some respects exceptionally easy, to govern. All the strength of the Anglo-Saxon character certainly is brought out in India by the scope afforded for its exercise. A man in high office has little limit to his power. Mr. Fitzjames Stephen, in about three years, effected without any great difficulty more fundamental, and in the main beneficial, changes in the law of India than a whole generation of law reformers—sturdy, able, and unflinching men—were able to effect in England. And what a high official can do in legislation, a lower one can do in district administration. When, however, we have flattered our national self-love to the utmost, we must confess that to rule India something more than ordinary English qualities in administration is required; something that is supplied in the character of the vast populations. Burning with warlike ambition, as many of the races are, few of them, in the mass (always influenced by some wise head), are unable to recognize an accomplished fact, especially if decided by battle. We have won; we hold the reins of Empire; the forces are clearly on our side, and India, admitting the fact, simply demands protection and good rule: a demand, even where not put into words, always floating—you may almost feel it—on the air of the native life of India. Not government on correct theories. Eastern races are singularly obtuse as to mere theory of government. What they seek for are personal freedom, protection for persons and institutions, scope for individual advancement, and some kind of status ensuring to a man the individual position to which he has attained by birth or merit. Thoughtful and able English

statesmen have always recognized and acted upon these great features in native character; an ambition for State employment, and a rooted self-respect, only subordinate to the still more rooted respect for the institutions of the race and faith. Thoughtless Englishmen in any number will tell you that no such features exist, and that to talk of them indicates ignorance and sentimental fancy. The result is that a learned pundit or moulvie, to whom every man of his own race will bow, runs an hourly risk, out of his own house, of being treated as no better than a vagrant by Englishmen. I say that this is an infinitely greater danger than Russia in Khiva. A favourite expression among a class of our countrymen in India is, "You never understand the native character: when you have been five years in the country, you think that you perfectly understand it; when you have been ten, you doubt that you do so; when you have been twenty, you are quite satisfied that you do not understand it in the least." There may be some scrap of truth in this epigrammatic commonplace; but men who have carried not merely ability, but also sympathy for the people, to their work in India, have always understood enough for every purpose which binds man to man. Such persons learn both from history and life that a native of India can be faithful to the last degree to friend or salt; only, as in everything else, he has his own way of being faithful. That there is an immense amount of petty lying, one soon finds. That there is also a large amount of deep veracity, one finds by degrees. I had relations with a man in whose hands I would, long before I parted from him, at any moment have cheerfully trusted my life, even if I had known that the destruction of it would have made him a prince. A more perfectly brave, loyal nature I never knew. Yet I always believed that if he had thought the telling of a little lie would save anyone from annoyance or reproof, the little lie would without fail have been forthcoming. In a lower grade much of the undoubtedly awfully prevalent lying is defensive. A

domestic servant always seems to think that the truth cannot be for his good; probably because the classes to which he belongs have grown by long ages of subjection to believe, in the mass, that they and their employers must have antagonistic interests; and even where this is clearly not the fact, the habit frequently prevails. The lying among servants, and the roguery in bazaars, and in trade generally, have been thoughtlessly accepted as stamping the entire character of whole races. Yet the confidence that the people repose in each other is sometimes boundless. The Government of India, wanting observations taken on the high land leading to Yarkund, and not caring to send an English officer with a party, engages a poor native to go over the dreary waste, ostensibly as a merchant, but to take the observations. Far on in his journey he falls into difficulties, I think in a zealous attempt to explore the Russian outposts, and he wishes to send his money home to his friends. He finds a countryman, a traveller, whom he had never seen before; the money changes hands, with only faith for a receipt, and the owner in mortal peril; yet the trust is faithfully fulfilled, and the money conveyed to its destination. Men of this class are constantly travelling over the wildest regions beyond our Indian frontiers, to Yarkund, to Bhamo, among Chinese and Pathans and Tun-gani, and a host of races whose very names are unknown in Europe. And it is curious that, in spite of the proverb, "faithless as an Asiatic," they live by faith—a boundless faith—in each other. Is it not reasonable therefore to ask that an Englishman finding, as he may find, that the hugest deeds of duplicity ever done in India have been matched by equally great deeds of devotion and faithfulness, should not act as if he believed himself a part administrator of the affairs of a nation of irredeemable liars and rogues? It is difficult perhaps for a magistrate, living day by day in an atmosphere of lying, so that the common saying runs that his decisions might be as safely

given by the toss-up of an anna piece as by the exercise of judicial thought, to avoid general and marked distrust. But some men, very cautious and watchful, and very determined to put down lying, have nevertheless avoided that fatal error in administration, and in so doing have served the best interests of their country. Moreover, a sensible man will find that he may occasionally set down to falsehood what, probed to the bottom, is not really falsehood, and to determine this fact is worth some trouble. If you seek for lying, it may be found; but I have known brave truth-speaking too among the natives of India. The docility of the native character in even the wild parts of India has been generally admitted, and perhaps needs no illustration. I could not help thinking, however, while driving through dense crowds of natives from the Residency at Lucknow to the Alumbagh, where Havelock's body lies in peace, that such a grave would not have been quite so safe, under like circumstances, in the West. And so with graves without number. Our Indian heroes, warlike or peaceful, buried in the scenes of their struggles or triumphs, will probably have their names handed down on the tombstones till sun and rain have done the work of natural decay. The tomb of Lady Canning at Barrackpore has suffered from vandalism, but it is the vandalism of Europeans, not natives.

I had intended to adduce a number of illustrations of the docility with which the natives of India follow all generous and good leading, but I must be content with a very few. As I have already stated, when Lord Mayo was on his tour through Rajpootana, he invited the chiefs of those warlike races to found a college for their sons, and the invitation was couched in terms so appropriate and well-timed that the funds were forthcoming almost immediately. When Sir William Muir, Lieutenant-Governor of the North-Western Provinces, wished to add his efforts to those of some excellent men who had gone before him, to put down infanticide, and the most fruitful cause of it, expensive

marriages, he called native meetings, here and there, throughout several wonderfully beneficent tours, during which he effectually won the hearts of the people; and though he has found, as many of his predecessors had found in years gone by, that the work will not be done speedily, he has found also that there is a basis of reason and good-will, and an ever-growing intelligence, to which to appeal. The Hindoo family system, which brings all the members of a family, married or unmarried, under one roof, with headship centred in the oldest—the grandfather and grandmother—is no doubt prolific of quarrels, but it could not exist without a deeper foundation of kindness and affection. The devotion of a woman to the memory of her husband, though embodied in a system radically erroneous and necessary to be uprooted, is the nearest approach to the absorption of a life within a life of which the world has an instance. Suttee, as I have stated previously, never was anything like general, but the virtual death in life of a widow is even yet the rule of Hindoo society. A woman who has lost her husband is not expected to think of pleasure any more. Her food is poor, her lot lonely; in the midst of her family she moves as one who has no right on earth. When she breaks this rule, her fate is of the saddest to which a poor outcast woman can fall. Happily a stand has been taken by many intelligent natives for widow marriage, and the marriage of widows has been of late carried out bravely, and in many instances in the face of a tremendous opposition. In all these respects English education is doing its inevitable work. Even in handicrafts, too, the hereditary possessions of caste, mighty changes are taking place. Seeds for agriculture and horticulture, freely given by the Government, are now even eagerly received. In some cases agricultural implements and machines are worked by natives. English jute and other mills, in which all the operatives are natives, are anything but rare features in an Indian

landscape. The magnificent Bengal Prison System of Dr. Mouat comprehends carpentry at benches, instead of on the native principle of squatting on the floor; and so in other handicrafts, parts of a great whole which the projector may well look back upon with a just pride. Of course all this is slow work. One is made to laugh at old stories of native coolies carrying their wheelbarrows on their heads when the railways were being made; as, indeed, in many cases they would even yet. The manner in which even high-class mechanical work is done is still marvellously primitive. The native of India has methods all his own, and older than history, yet after all he produces work which places him beyond competition. What may he not accomplish on new principles if Englishmen will dare the experiment of throwing capital more extensively into the country for manufacture, or better still if wealthy natives will dare the experiment of utilizing their own superabundant labour for that purpose? Every native engineer is a missionary of progress. The spread of education, the distinction of many natives in art, science, and general learning, the readiness with which the railways are used by natives, and much besides, point to a rapid disintegration of all those stable elements of society to which India has owed her exclusion from the general civilization of European nations. If she has, as she has, much flippancy and absurd self-sufficiency embodied in talk without end, she has also grave, calm, patient thought; the power to will and do, and, above all, looked at from a political point of view, the power to wait.

English Society in India is an unquestionably curious mixture; exceedingly grave and sad here, extraordinarily flip-pant and silly there. I have known cases in which a Civil servant would scarcely deign to notice in the street a most respectable merchant; the civil servant having status where the merchant—a man who pays his way, and whose word would be good in a dozen centres of trade—has none. This status, and similar facts of

life, prevent the covenanted civilian from seeing that he is not living in a time like that of even Lord Dalhousie, to go no farther back, but that a mighty change has taken place, and that he, to serve England well in India, must change also. No one can tell him how it must be done; but a very little observation will enable a sensible man to see the fact. We have introduced the competitive system, and could not help doing so, though it is far from clear that we have as yet, and generally, obtained therefrom a better class of men. Certain it is, though, that the principle is one of those that once established never can be recalled, but must, as a pure necessity, be extended. The Duke of Argyll's new Engineering College has to a vital extent extended it for England; but it must be extended also for natives, or we never shall succeed in governing India under the present conditions of civilized nations, and of the now rounded, complete, and almost compact form of the Empire, in which we are paramount, and in which also we are sowing ideas broadcast. Is it not unbearable, even on logical grounds, that while England and India were standing aghast at the financial errors of Sir Richard Temple, a native of India, Sir Madhavo Rao, who had in a few years saved the little state of Travancore, and raised it from an appalling depth of degradation, financially and generally, to affluence and good administration, should have been unable to obtain any office which such a man could have accepted under the British Crown; and that now, he (educated by England) is allowed to carry his talents and rare aptitude for administration to another native state? Are we prepared to admit that having called such talent into being we dare not use it? To admit this, from whatever cause, would be to mark the sceptre as passing from our hands. Is there not also a possibility that with the wider elective franchise existing at home, there may before long be a more general demand here to share in the competition? If such a demand is made, who

or what "service" will be strong enough to stave it off for any length of time? That is at least one possibility of the future. The English community in India is growing larger and more powerful. The native official community will grow larger also, by sheer dint of arduous competition, but we ought to lessen the difficulty by all reasonable means. The entire reconstruction of the Civil Service is one of the great problems of the future. Its importance cannot be overrated. Governors-General, and Lieut.-Governors, and Chief Commissioners, representing individual policies, pass away, while the "Services" remain, with ever-increasing demands on them, permanent institutions in whatever form, and present everywhere; and some very shrewd and thoughtful men in India do not hesitate to say that much as the Civil Service includes of high administrative ability, it would certainly now, in a great emergency, fail, at least to the extent of a terrible sacrifice of life. Many of our young officers are ignorant of English life. I was present, a little time ago, at a meeting, in which a magistrate resolutely contended that the rule of English public meetings is to put a motion first, and then the amendment. And he held to it, and actually carried the point; the natives, who understood the rule perfectly, politely waiving the difference.

A Civil servant in India ought not merely to know much, but also to have a wide experience, to be really useful. There is hardly any limit to the variety of offices to which an officer may be called; and after twenty years of such services a capable man may be trusted in any emergency. But what a cost and danger in the learning! The advantages of an Indian officer are enormous. He has the benefit of access to English literature; short furloughs are now possible; but he has the immense drawback of being sent out with merely school learning to govern men; and he often fails from supposing that it is so easy to succeed. If, therefore, the Civil Service is to bear the next great strain, it will have to be welded

together by the ever-present native help, and with that welding it might soon be made to meet any difficulty. Some persons say that to give magisterial power generally, however judiciously, to chiefs and others, would be dangerous. I question the view. I think that such a course would also add to, rather than impair, the dignity of the office. It is pitiable to see a man like, for instance, the Maharajah of Vizianagram,—a man of talent, English education, munificent character, and an affable and genial disposition,—left without any higher ambition than to increase the number of guns fired in salutes to his honour. Besides, the chiefs are our best protection against fanatics. Nana Sahib (chief by adoption) was less the leader of the mutiny at Cawnpore than was the low-born Azim Oola Khan. The Moulvie Liakut Ali, recently condemned at Allahabad for participation in the mutiny, had been previously a self-devoted mendicant, and never had any rank. The Attaligh Ghazee of Yarkund is a man of very humble origin. The fact is that in educating the chiefs, we ought, when they are worthy of the trust, to give them the power to utilize that education for the repression of those fanatical outbreaks which are a terror to at all events the chiefs themselves, and to hosts of well-to-do persons. I venture also to suggest to young Englishmen about to begin Indian careers, that they are going among real living human beings; that though India was won by individual character, there is at least as much to be said for Burke's impeachment of Hastings as there is for the vigour and strength of the impeached Governor; and that, in the future, England can no more stand with Hastings against Burke than she could with the Ptolemaic against the Copernican system, while at the same time it is not necessary to join Burke in all his condemnation of Hastings. The poor people of India, in their utter helplessness, seize upon every friendly Englishman about to return to England, and say—"Now won't you help us, by correcting mis-statements with respect to us?" Alas,

what can such a man say? He knows that he will hear, from respectable platforms, utter, though perhaps unintentional, fictions, which will be sown broadcast through the land, and that his contradiction will probably only lead to the sowing being more systematically carried on. What a grand thing, however, to a young civilian, to stand in the position of a man who will make the truth to prevail wherever he has the power to do so, and offend whom it may! So standing, there is no nobler career.

The foregoing would be pointless, however, if I stopped short of some living instances of the recent operation of the law and administration in India. Within the last few weeks we have seen the end of the Indian Income-tax, perhaps the greatest strain ever put on the loyalty of the people. Originally instituted as a war tax, indeed a penal tax, after the Mutiny, it was clearly understood to be a temporary impost merely; and the people, after their manner of old, paid even heavy surcharges willingly, for they said, "The tax will soon pass away." Sir Richard Temple made it permanent, and in view of a deficit, increased it to an extent not before dreamt of. This was the one great sore of Lord Mayo's administration, and bitterly he felt its force. A real wail arose from all parts of India. The collectors of Income-tax are far from immaculate in England. In India the system was one of cheating and exaction, from which the poor people had no refuge, and for which there was no redress. Statements of oppression, which in Europe would have caused revolution, were made, in answer to Government inquiry, by men in official positions, and published in both India and England. Yet, in the face of them all, the Finance Minister stated publicly that the Government had, after investigation, only been able to find seven cases of oppression in connection with the Income-tax. The assertion was received in India with a mixture of indignation and contempt; when it was repeated by Mr. Grant Duff in the House of Commons the contempt vanished, and

the indignation became of white heat. The Under-Secretary for India was greatly misled. We may be thankful that the tax has been condemned by Lord Northbrook; I believe it would as certainly have been condemned by Lord Mayo, if he had lived to sanction this year's financial statement. We may be equally thankful that we had no enemy at our doors while the tax existed, for the people could not have been relied upon; and, in the opinion of many well-informed men in India, to return to that tax as a war impost would be to double our difficulties without increasing to an extent worth speaking of the means of grappling with them. The one use the Income-tax had, and it ought to be a great use, is to show us an undoubted crevice in our defensive armour in India. We cannot safely irritate all classes of the people, from palace to cottage. We cannot leave them to the mercy of the unscrupulous men of their own country. In the Income-tax we tried to do all this, and succeeded almost to perfection. The Viceroy could not understand it; he had relied upon the "Service." But the Viceroy who re-enacts the Income-tax, even though the opium revenue fail, as it may, will do so with his eyes open.

Another vital subject at the very close of Lord Mayo's viceroyalty related to the Kooka executions. The time has not come when this vexed subject can be calmly discussed, but the facts have been clearly established, and afford a lesson which no prudent Government can wish to forget. There existed in the Punjab and elsewhere a Hindoo religious sect called the Kookas; a sect pre-eminently cow-worshippers, and occasionally capable of fanatical outbursts, but generally well-conducted men, chiefly of the artisan class. Their chief, Ram Sing, now a prisoner, is a carpenter. In the years 1870 and 1871 the ire of the sect had been excited by the Mahomedan manner of killing cows, openly, and with some circumstances shocking to a Hindoo. Several outbreaks ensued, but so contemptible in character that they

were treated as ordinary affairs of police. In fact, neither capacity nor courage was evinced, but mere turbulence. At last, towards the end of 1872, on the occasion of a festival, a resolution was formed to attack a fort the property of a native chief, about twenty miles from Loodiana. The rioters numbered somewhere between one and two hundred persons, including women, and were considerably nearer the lesser than the greater number. Their chief, Ram Sing, sent timely warning to the Loodiana police that such an outbreak was intended, in defiance of his authority, priestly or patriarchal. The attack was made, and it failed; the townspeople drove back their assailants. In the meantime troops had been telegraphed for to the Delhi camp of exercise, then in all its martial glory under the commander-in-chief, a splendid force of all arms; but long before the troops arrived on the scene, the mutineers had been literally hunted down by the native troops and police of the Maharajahs of Puttiala and Nubha, and others, and, hungry and panic-stricken, the rioters had surrendered to a few—it was asserted without contradiction to a couple of—policemen. There the whole affair collapsed. Prior to this, Mr. Cowan, Deputy-commissioner, had ridden out to the scene of the disturbance, in company with the police superintendent of Loodiana, as for an ordinary police duty, and he found the rioters prisoners. Neither he nor any other European had struck a blow. Now came a question of crucial importance both to Mr. Cowan and to England. In India, the lessons of the past are peculiarly guides to the present. Few writers on the mutiny of 1857 had, as Mr. Cowan was well aware, blamed any British officer for just decision, involve what loss of life it might, in that great struggle. Nobody asked for Hodson's legal authorization to shoot the sons of the King of Delhi, and nobody who rightly understands the crisis ever will ask for it while history endures. The act was one of those which the instinct of self-preservation approves. The men who dared to act in the Mutiny

were rewarded. Timid men were pushed to their right place, in the background. And the reminiscences of the mutiny (thank God, "Clemency Canning" is one of them) still govern India. The Kooka prisoners, once safe in prison, could not legally be put to death without the consent of the Commissioner of Umballa, Mr. Forsyth; and he enjoined on Mr. Cowan not to do anything contrary to the law. The letter to that effect reached Mr. Cowan when he was in the midst of an execution of fifty persons, condemned to death, without the shadow of a trial, by Mr. Cowan himself, who, as only Deputy-commissioner, had no legal power to pass and carry out a capital sentence. Mr. Cowan read the letter; remarked that the executions could not now be stopped; and so they went on till the last of the prisoners had been blown away from the cannon's mouth. If a soldier had so far disobeyed orders, his punishment would have been certain and immediate. Afterwards Mr. Forsyth appeared on the scene, and executed six more; but with a form of trial, and after some remarks, subsequently held (I think incorrectly) to have had only a qualified meaning, in favour of Mr. Cowan's energy, &c. The great mass of the Anglo-Saxon community in India voted Mr. Cowan in the right, and any opinions to the contrary were denounced in language which those who were the objects of the denunciation would scarcely find pleasure in recalling. But justice and the old English love of fair-play prevailed, and a strong and masterly—a just and righteous—minute, by the Government of Lord Napier of Merchistoun, determined, I believe for a long period to come, what it is that England can, and what she cannot, accept as "decision" and "energy" worthy of honour and reward. Circumstances have since been allowed to somewhat impair the value of the great verdict, but the verdict itself no power of man can destroy. It was an act of strong Government—of Government that dared to be just. The deed was not atoned, but securities—the securities

of English civilization—were given to India, that in the high policy of English Government the principles of English freedom and justice should prevail.

I saw the solemn pageant of the reception of Lord Mayo's body in Calcutta, and went away equally satisfied that the vast sea of natives through which the procession passed was impressed in no ordinary degree with the calm strength of British power. The time was a serious one. Not very long before, counting time as Asiatics do, one of the ablest Governors ever placed over a province in India, Sir Henry Durand, had been killed in the Punjab by an accident so unaccountable that a large number of persons held—of course in pure fancy—that what was set down as accident was design. Still more recently Chief Justice Norman had been struck down by an assassin—a Cabulee—in the open space at the door of the Court-house, on the very eve of a decision in the case of several Wahabee conspirators, for the defence of one of whom, the old Calcutta and Patna merchant Ameer Khan, immense wealth had been forthcoming. And, finally, the Wahabee treason itself had been and was being vigorously and stoutly dealt with by the Government, but, thanks to the extraordinary patience and temper of the Attorney-General for Bengal, Mr. Graham, in a spirit of dignity and calm forbearance which no taunt from any side could ruffle. The trial itself was an experiment on the part of the Government, and luckily it rested in good hands. Fierce assaults made on the prosecution by the leading counsel for the defence, the well-known Bombay lawyer, Mr. Anstey, fell unheeded; the Attorney-General firmly and quietly pursued his duty till it ended in the conviction of the old merchant, in whom all the interest of the proceedings centred. I watched the trial narrowly, and felt that the Government throughout exhibited a strength which no intelligent native could fail to comprehend; though some previous proceedings by subordinate agents with a view to the trial were far from as unimpeachable, and they were

cleverly brought out by the able senior counsel for the defence, Mr. Ingram, whose energy and zeal were unflagging. There were rumours, too, of panics up-country; and when the body of the Viceroy was received, Calcutta beyond question included among its population representatives of fierce races whom anything like weakness might have dangerously roused. An Afghan that day in Calcutta would have a view rarely obtainable of the elements of the power which ruled India. The line of route, with the river on one side and a fine plain, the Maidan, on the other, was lined with alternate English and native regiments. The masts of the merchant vessels on the river were crowded with a class of men not known save by repute in the Kyber Pass, but an ominous feature of the power whose base is on the sea. The coffin, borne on a gun-carriage, was followed, after the chief mourners (the dead Viceroy's little son, and brothers, and private secretary), by an array of representative men such as could scarcely have been found out of Calcutta. The fine body-guard contrasted well with the bare-chested sailors from the ships-of-war, and both with the long line of officials, civil, military, and ecclesiastical, and with the representatives of all other non-official bodies, European and native, in the capital. The exhibition of strength was most imposing, and it would have been none the less imposing if the lookers-on had been Europeans instead of Asiatics. There was no tinsel; not a scrap. The gun-carriage was more befitting the ceremony than if the body had been borne on the most gorgeous funeral car. All was solid and suited to a military empire. The ceremony meant more than to do honour to one noble memory, though no generous human being in the vast procession failed to pay that honour where it was so justly due.

These then are some indications of the elements of strength and weakness in operation in India. Patient scholars and workers from England are engaged there with a devotion and abnegation of self compared with which the glory of

war has certainly no claim to pre-eminence. I saw a few days before leaving one instance of a triumph of benevolent zeal—zeal which for nearly a quarter of a century had been directed by a distinguished medical man, Dr. C. Macnamara, to the creation in Calcutta of a real in place of a most imperfect native hospital. All manner of obstacles had been thrown in his way. The rich did not see that the old hospital was not good enough. The poor and suffering preferred the filthy and crowded rooms of “the old place,” as they often do in England. Still the brave doctor plodded on; and he has won—has at last enrolled all sympathies on his side, and a splendid hospital bids fair to be the result. I was brought in contact with another medical man, Dr. Payne, bravely engaged in the Lunatic Asylums and Lock Hospitals, and, like Dr. Macnamara and many more (Dr. Chevers has a European reputation), making the poor natives to feel that the Christian’s faith, which some Englishmen believe, and nearly all profess, has its foundations in that active benevolence which has no narrow exposition of “the household of faith” to check its world-wide application. Lastly, I saw an accomplished native medical man, Dr. Sircar, labouring heroically to found a Science Association on a purely voluntary basis. His success involves so much of independent native effort that one would be churlish indeed not to wish heartily for his success, and also that that success should not be achieved without substantial help from Englishmen. The project is at a standstill for want of sufficient funds, though a large amount has been contributed by natives.

Educationally, valuable progress has been made during the last three or four years, and the progress is all the more marked because it has been made in the face of a tremendous—though often covert—opposition. The Bishop of Calcutta recently declared publicly, and with a fine and honourable decision, that, as the head of the English Church in India, he had no jealousy of the so-called “godless” colleges. The Governor-General and the Lieutenant-

Governor of Bengal appear to have endorsed the view, and Lord Northbrook added some strong expressions in favour of the native right to compete for the Civil Service. Herein, I think, is one of the great hopes for the future of India. Indirectly, the Government has done a great deal for missionary colleges. Mr. Laurie, formerly Her Majesty’s Inspector of Schools in Ceylon, some weeks ago pointed out, in an excellent letter to the *Times*, that the books (essentially Christian, of course) of the Christian Vernacular Society are largely used in State schools, and the Secretary of the Society replied that to inculcate Christianity the Society was formed, forgetting that what Mr. Laurie disapproved was not the Society as a Christianizing agent, but Government identifying itself therewith. This is one specimen among many of the indirect action. It is well known also that missionaries are yearly among the examiners for the University, and of course are paid for their work. Native thinkers do not care sufficiently about these matters to make of them a great “cause.” Once, however, support Missionary Colleges directly, that is by grants-in-aid, and a real danger will be created. Some people will say, “Only in Bengal; what of that?” Well, Bengal can endure, and stand firm; and where these qualities exist there is power. I was struck on going over the Presidency gaol in Calcutta, by finding that the only prisoner, of I think 1,400, within those walls whom the authorities had been unable to either break or bend was a Bengal baboo. Daring dacoits, forgers, burglars, murderers, had been subdued. Men of all races, European, Asiatic, and African—Chinamen, Malays, men from Cabul, and beyond it—had given way; refractory Britons who had broken honourable discipline had been made to bend to discipline not honourable. But that Bengalee had been beaten, put in solitary confinement, and on short rations, and there he was, walking the yard, unregarded—a victor.

We may, then, if we please, make

India so secure within that we may laugh at, though we ought not to close our eyes to, Russia in the Khanates. We can without the slightest disrespect be watchful. Give Russia the freest scope for her vast and important overland trade. She needs our help, and we need hers. Educate India with a real purpose, and do not hold back, at the call of interested persons, that higher education which enables natives of India to enter the Civil Service, and which at any rate enables them to be useful men. Give the missionaries fair play, but no more. The best of them ask for no more; the true missionary holds that the faith of Christ "preached in weakness" will yet prevail. Such men would work wonders if the societies at home were not so ardent in demanding proselytes. The man (whatever his profession, lay or clerical) who does the most practical good in India, without asking whether they to whom the good is done are or are not "of the household of faith," is the best missionary, though his name be praised on no platform or paraded in any "record of mission work." There is no place in the world where the example of our Lord—"He went about doing good"—would have a more powerful effect than in India, if a man would do the good without, at the same time, making it evident that his object is to proselytise. England has thrown into India immense talent, high courage, and strong will. No nation in the world would attack us there without meeting a Tartar; the foe would be met by a force military to the core. Let the people feel that they never had so just a Government—they do feel that they never had one so powerful, or whose arms reached so far—and the future of India will be as bright as its present is at times gloomy. No one can say, however, that the obstacles put in the way of a Native passing the competitive examinations, or that to force on him a Christian educa-

tion, can be just. He must, as ruled at present, come to England, at his own cost, for the competition, and must come at an early age, the maximum limit of which has been recently reduced, without any reason for the reduction being assigned. This reduction is an insuperable difficulty in the way of young Hindoos becoming candidates for the Civil Service. I do not think that India could well have a Secretary who wished more truly than the Duke of Argyll, to do her justice; but it is hard for an Indian Secretary to arrive at real facts when all evidence is directed to special points, in some one of which almost every witness has an interest, direct or indirect, to warp his judgment even where it cannot touch his integrity. Happily, the arena of discussion is becoming widened; the natives of India are finding it possible to appeal themselves to England, and some of the ablest men in the Houses of Parliament are disposed to give them fair play. I infer from these facts that the disabilities will before long be removed. The difficulties are great, but we *can* make all secure within if we please. And, having done so, our position as an Asiatic power is invulnerable. I have referred chiefly to native claims, not because I am not aware of the existence of Anglo-English ones, but simply because the latter have many advocates, and the former few. India is helpless unless England is just, and merciful, and generous. If England can be this, she will rule till the time comes when India can be a great nation, and then there will still remain a union valuable to the best interests of both nations, and beyond the power of any rival nation to destroy. There are great hardships however, borne, perforce, by many Englishmen—civil and military—in India; and no English Government can forget, without criminality, to protect Englishmen and Englishwomen who are living in reliance on their country's honour and justice in India.

JAS. ROUTLEDGE.

UNSATISFACTORY.

- "HAVE other lovers,—say, my love,—
 Loved thus before to-day?"—
 "They may have, yes they may, my love;
 Not long ago they may."

 "But though they worshipped thee, my love,
 Thy maiden heart was free?"—
 "Don't ask too much of me, my love;
 Don't ask too much of me."

 "Yet now 'tis you and I, my love,
 Love's wings no more will fly?"—
 "If Love could never die, my love,
 Our love should never die."

 "For shame! and is this so, my love,
 And Love and I must go?"—
 "Indeed I do not know, my love;
 My life, I do not know."

 "You will, you must be true, my love,
 Nor look and love anew!"—
 "I'll see what I can do, my love;
 I'll see what I can do."

WORKHOUSE GIRLS: WHAT THEY ARE, AND HOW TO HELP THEM.

THE appointment which has been lately made by Mr. Stansfeld, of a Lady Inspector, Mrs. Nassau Senior, whose duty is to investigate the results of pauper school-training, by ascertaining the success or failure in after-life of workhouse girls, proves that attention is being aroused to this subject—a very important one, from the number of girls, probably 3,000, who are annually sent out from our pauper institutions, to make their way upward in the world. In order to understand how to help them, we must know really what they are, and the disadvantages under which they labour. A few facts from one who has devoted much attention to this subject during the last seven years may, perhaps, therefore be of interest.

The children in a Workhouse School are a heterogeneous collection, differing in birth, in the circumstances which have pauperized them, and in the length of time which they have remained in that condition. Some were born, and have passed the whole of their infantine existence, within the workhouse walls; others, after a happy childhood in some cottage home, are temporarily forced to seek refuge in the workhouse for a few months, until they are able to gain a living for themselves. Between these extremes we have orphans and deserted of all ages, the children of the permanently sick or the mentally afflicted, and also the children of drunkards, vagrants, criminals, &c., whose previous knowledge of all forms of evil makes them the worst possible associates for the more respectable children.

It is in accordance with childish nature to dwell on the glories of the unattainable to both itself and its companions. The disease, degradation, and ruin, inevitable consequences of the life which they admire, do not enter into their calculations, when descanting upon

some act of petty theft in which they have been successful, some jollifications upon the proceeds of their parents' crime in which they had participated, the delights of the "penny gaff," or drinking bouts among the dissolute.

We impute no blame to the workhouse authorities. They are necessarily powerless to prevent these evil communications, which nevertheless most effectually tend to corrupt good manners.

We are so accustomed to regard workhouse children (if we think of them at all) in the mass, that few of us realize the fact how large a proportion of the whole is formed of "casuals"—probably half in the metropolitan schools, two-thirds in the country workhouses, and these two-thirds are not represented by the same individuals, "but they change so rapidly that sometimes the numbers passing through the school in a year will be five times as many as it contains in any one day."¹ They pass in and out after a one, two, or three months' residence in the school, to be replaced by others with fresh experiences of evil to form the basis of the sensational stories continually poured into these children's ears!

A girl, aged thirteen, entered a workhouse school in January 1870. She was described as a "regular workhouse bird," having passed in and out of several such institutions. In April she was placed out to service; in July she robbed her mistress in such a manner as to prove she was thoroughly conversant with crime; and in August she was arrested walking the streets as a prostitute. She was imprisoned for six months, and on her discharge taken back by the mistress whom she had injured. Three months afterwards she was arrested for burglary, to which she

¹ *Contemporary Review*, September 1870.

pleaded guilty at the assizes and was sentenced to a reformatory. What harm may not that miserable child have been the means of disseminating during her three months' residence in the schools among her companions—and yet there is no power which can prevent it!

This, then, is the class of children which, when old enough, are placed out to earn their living from our workhouse schools; those who may have been conversant through actual experience of vice from their birth, and those who may be, and probably are, conversant with it from the narratives of their companions. In addition to these disadvantages are the pauperism of all, and the inherited disease of not a few, which weight them heavily, even at their first start in life. Can we wonder at the many accounts we have of the large number of these children resorting to crime and prostitution as a means of livelihood; of the 80 per cent. of London workhouse girls alleged to be on the streets; even of the one instance where it was proved that cent. per cent. were thus lost; and of the sad statement of the Society for the Rescue of Young Women and Children, that it finds workhouse girls, as a class, more hopeless to reform than any other?

Under such circumstances, we cannot look for any striking success among these children even at the best. Mr. Tufnell, one of her Majesty's Inspectors of Workhouse Schools, who has deeply studied the subject, and is very sanguine of the effect of the large district or separate schools upon the permanent children, tells us, in the twenty-second annual report of the Poor Law Board, that not 4 per cent. of children *who had been reared* in the schools fail to become working members of the community; and he afterwards, in a letter to the Central London Board in November 1870, added that he believed that it would be more correct to say that not more than 1 per cent. turned out ill.

Three able letters appeared in 1871 in the *Echo*, August 26th, September 2nd, and 4th, on this subject, signed C. W. G. In them it is conclusively shown that

the average of admission into and discharges from the pauper schools is far larger than the average number of children resident in them. In fact, the proportion of children who can be said to have been reared in the school, is barely 10 per cent. of the whole number, and it is upon this small proportion that Mr. Tufnell bases his statistics. They were, moreover, mostly drawn from the experience of the boys alone, and in many instances extended only to their eighteenth year at farthest. Now, all statistics of this class of children, even of those under the boarding-out system in Scotland, as well as those trained in schools, show that the girls fail to a greater degree than the boys. In a report presented to Parliament in 1862, it will be found that while 11 per cent. of the boys educated for more than two consecutive years in district and separate schools were ascertained to have returned to the union house within the next ten years, 27 per cent. of the girls in the same circumstances had returned. In a letter printed in *Knight's Official Advertiser*, February 1st, 1871, Mr. Tufnell, while mentioning that 30 per cent. of the children (probably calculated on both casual and permanent, though he is not definite on this point) from the Central London District School had returned to that institution or the workhouse in the ensuing three years, tells us that we must not reckon all these returns as failures, for they may arise from various causes other than bad conduct. However, the Honourable Mrs. Way, quoting from public documents, states that of 15,710 boys sent out from pauper schools in two consecutive years, 2,243 had returned; and of 14,030 girls, 3,632 had returned in the ensuing eight years, or about one in five, and of these one in eleven *had returned by their own misconduct*.¹

¹ By these statistics the returns from District and separate Schools alone seem to bear a higher proportion than from all three classes of Pauper Schools. We regret much that we cannot show the proportion which returning through misconduct bears to the return from misfortune among the former.

Mr. Adamson, inspector of poor for the city parish of Glasgow, in his report published August 1872, gives us particulars of 923 children who had been "boarded out" between September 1855 and September 1871, from that workhouse; i.e., a certain sum being paid for their maintenance, they were placed with cottagers, by whom in all respects they were treated as members of the family. Of 457 boys who had left their foster homes to go to work, the career of 25 could not be ascertained; only fourteen bore a bad character, and three had been convicted of crime; while of the 466 girls similarly out at work, the career of thirteen could not be ascertained, seventeen bore a bad character, and five had been convicted of crime. A great advance certainly upon the school statistics, but still showing that it is more difficult to cut a girl off from the entail of pauperism than a boy.

The Glasgow authorities, in their statistics, give us the details of the after-life of the children.

Workhouse girls in general leave the institution at about thirteen years of age, two years younger than those from the Hanwell District School, who are fifteen. It is often remarked, "Why are not the girls trained in their duties by making them undertake the service of the workhouse?" But a moment's reflection will show that they by youth and inexperience would not be competent to undertake them entirely, that this work must be shared by the able-bodied women, who, the slightest knowledge of workhouse life demonstrates, are the worst possible associates and examples for the girls. In the separate school certainly no such difficulty exists, and we find generally more attention is given to industrial pursuits; but still the school is so essentially different from the ordinary household that much necessarily remains untaught except in theory. The value of the children, considering their age and the difficulty of properly training them in their duties, is not much, and they therefore supply in great measure the small households which contain

one young servant only. This has its advantages and disadvantages. The child is always in direct communication with her mistress, and, should the latter be patient and kind, is in an excellent position for learning more of the minutiae of her occupation in a few months than she could in the institution in as many years. On the other hand, she has to attempt all branches of her trade at once. She is kitchen, house, and parlour maid; and to a girl to whom the very names of even the commonest articles of domestic furniture are unknown (for instance the coal-scuttle, the pepper-caster, &c.), this must appear an enormous if not an insurmountable difficulty.

They are but mere children after all—one little girl having been dismissed, after she had been eighteen months in service, for cutting up her mistress's best bonnet-ribbons to make doll's clothes! And yet a former mistress of this child had not scrupled to turn her out into the street at half-past ten at night, on the detection of a theft of sixpence.

It will be remembered also that if the girl has been an inhabitant of the workhouse from her infancy, she has never been trained to act upon her own responsibility—an essential element in the formation of character; she has little or no knowledge of the value of money and what it can procure. Strange as it may seem, she may be even unaccustomed to walk any distance, not through want of bodily strength, but because the exercise of her muscles has been neglected.¹ In placing such a girl out to work to learn the means of earning her livelihood, therefore, it seems according to the dictates of common sense that her lessons should be simplified, she should not have too great a diversity of subjects to study at first, lest in trying to grasp

¹ We know a boarded-out child, strong, healthy, and seven years old, whose foster parents were obliged to set out to church earlier than they were accustomed before she lived with them, because the continuous walk at a steady pace of three-quarters of a mile was too much for the little legs.

them all she may succeed in taking hold of none.

In Bristol the judicious plan was followed by the guardians of placing those girls who, either through bad temper or other faults, were unsuited for domestic service, to work in a carefully managed factory, and boarding them at a "home" under the superintendence of a benevolent lady. A proposal has very lately been made by a Devonshire silk manufacturer to take girls for a similar purpose from one of our metropolitan pauper schools. At Bristol it was found after some months of this training in the duties of ordinary life that many of them could be passed on with satisfactory results to service.

It is an exceptional case where the mistress does not evince a feeling of kindness for her little servant; but should the child have the misfortune to fall into bad hands, she is often completely friendless, and cruelty and injustice can be perpetrated upon her with scarcely a chance of redress. She, poor child, is too ignorant to know both what acts are against the law and how to bring them under its cognizance. She therefore complains to no one, not even to the chaplain who visits her, if she come from a district school, nor the relieving officer, who is her legal protector while she remains in the situation found for her by the parochial authorities, nor the lady friend who perchance may visit her, but suffers in silence, or runs away to ruin, or returns to the workhouse without a character. Injustice, however, as it invariably does, produces an evil effect upon her moral nature, making it less likely than before that she will succeed in rising out of her degraded state. One piece of injustice is, we believe, more often practised than any other, that of retaining the child's wages to pay for the articles she is alleged to have broken, or in the excuse that the equivalent for them has been furnished in old clothes; but no account is rendered, nor is the value of the articles appraised. Sometimes, even not content with this, the mistress saddles the child with a debt to be paid out of

her future wages; and we know one instance in which the girl did so pay a mistress five shillings, to whom she had come with her outfit—an ample one—from the workhouse, remained with her but three months, and yet was told she had contracted a debt of eleven shillings beyond the amount of her wages, which were twelve shillings! Of course the child was not legally responsible for it—she had not given her mistress authority to retain her wages in order to furnish her with clothes. It is, however, customary for the mistress to spend the wages, or at all events to assist the child in the purchase of clothing; and it is desirable that so young and ignorant a person should in some way gain the knowledge of spending her earnings to the best advantage, of getting the best halfpenny's worth for a halfpenny. But this practice at present leaves the child very much at the mercy of unscrupulous persons. A great improvement in our opinion would be the agreement of the mistress to furnish the guardians with a debtor and creditor account of what she spends on the girl's behalf. They are her legal guardians until she is sixteen, and to them alone belongs the power of bestowing the authority upon the mistress to spend the girl's wages, which makes them responsible for the debt if just.

The girl so treated does not know where to apply for redress. She has been told she had better not return to the workhouse. She therefore fears to seek the master's help. If she knows the Board of Guardians exists at all, she does not know that upon them probably devolves (for the law is ambiguous on this point in the case of civil rights) the duty of taking care of her legal interests. By an Act of 1851 the relieving officers are directed to visit pauper children placed out to work in their district; but they are a fully worked body of men, and it is only in some places that this duty is performed. However, few men—and his official position makes it less probable for a relieving officer, even though he may be kind-hearted—can gain the girl's confidence;

and without doing so he will not learn the little particulars which will probably have great effect in rendering her an efficient working member of the community, or an unhappy item in the pauper or criminal classes.

In some unions it is the practice of the matron or schoolmistress to visit the girls occasionally, but the pressing nature of their other duties makes this very uncertain, and it has also a further disadvantage, which will be mentioned shortly. Formerly, I learn, it was the practice in one district to employ several well-conducted pauper women to visit the girls in service. This was, in one respect, a step in the right direction, by affording a motherly influence to them, but, in all other respects, it was undesirable, because it is most important that the child should be led to cast away all ties which bind her to pauperism and to create in her a feeling of repugnance to that state. Now, to her unreasoning faculties all paupers are alike, whether they have become so by misfortune or by fault; and also as long as the visitation is kept up, either by workhouse matrons or by paupers, the girl's origin and connection with pauperism are very apparent, tending to foster the strong prejudice held by many mistresses against workhouse girls as servants.

Friendly supervision and assistance by Sunday or voluntary day school teachers, or by the managers of Preventive Missions, Free Registries, and institutions whose purpose it is to help young girls in service, is now so common that no singularity attaches to a girl from the circumstance of some female agent applying to the employer for permission to visit her, and thus the supervision can be easily maintained after the girl passes into her second place, usually when she is fourteen or fifteen, without necessarily proclaiming the fact that she has been a pauper, the visitor having no apparent connection with the workhouse. In this there is no injustice to the mistress, for she has had an opportunity of obtaining the girl's character from her first employer,

and must judge from that whether the girl be suitable for her. The large majority of mistresses prefer the visitation, recognizing the benefit it is to the child in her struggle upwards, and the assistance it is to themselves in the difficult task of training such an one into a good servant, and also that it is a guarantee they are performing their duty to their little charges. This fact is often disputed by persons who have either no knowledge or only that of official visitation, which is disliked because it is official; but we are now speaking from actual experience.

In a few places societies or individual ladies have kindly undertaken to exercise this influence upon those whom we have shown to be so much in need of it. Sometimes, when the number of girls coming out of the workhouse is small, the lady accomplishes the whole of the visiting herself. In other places, where the girls are numerous and discharged into large communities, it is desirable to place the chief visiting in the hands of a suitable paid female agent, leaving the superintendence and power to act upon emergencies with the lady, who also takes upon herself the entire responsibility with the Board of Guardians.

It is advisable that a personal acquaintance should be made with the girls on leaving the school, so that if they run away from their places before they can be visited for the first time there should be a possibility of recognizing them in the streets, of following them up, and trying to reclaim them back to respectable life.

The children principally of the feeble, the vicious, the drunken, and the insane, we cannot expect them to possess a healthy nervous temperament, especially when they have not experienced the wholesome detrition of home life. This probably in part accounts for the universal complaint that workhouse children are little-enduring and bad-tempered. Just a short explanation to a well-disposed mistress will often gain her over to the side of forbearance with her servant's temper until the latter has

become somewhat accustomed to her duties and their irritating properties.

Hot temper is often an indication that there is energy in the character, and also affection. One small woman who was known to err in that way sometimes, writes, after she had removed with her employer's family to another town, "I wished to stay with Mrs. R. to see her settled," probably considering her services to be of great value. In acknowledging the gift of a little sum of money as a reward, she says she has bought an umbrella with it; and, with a hopeful disposition not shared, I am afraid, by her elders, she adds, "because it won't wear out like other things!" Falsehood and equivocation are also common faults, and arise, perhaps, from the bullying of the strong over the weaker girls, and the many times in which an untruth is spoken and not found out, simply from the numbers with which the teachers have to deal. So again with the petty thefts of food, or the appropriation of some small article of finery, probably common to all children, but more particularly common to workhouse ones. The first possibly arises from the unchanging diet upon which they have fed, while the other children have had the chance of obtaining the "sweeties" so delectable to the infant mind. The second propensity, though not created, is doubtless fostered by the practice of providing a uniform outfit for the girls, which makes them—or they think it does so—as they go along the streets to be the object of the boys' opprobrious epithets. "Workus gal, workus gal, when did you pick oakum last?" does not seem very formidable in itself, but such a cry has been a source of misery to many a girl who has been doing her best to throw off her involuntary degradation. Now, as we can never reasonably hope that even compulsory education will be competent to restrain street boys from the dear delights of teasing, the safer plan would be not to give them the chance of recognizing as their victims girls who might otherwise pass scot-free among them. One girl was, we believe, pre-

vented from running away by her mistress kindly providing some new ribbon and re-trimming her bonnet, so that its origin became unnoticeable.

Dress takes up so large a place in the thoughts of these girls that many indications of character may be learnt from it. A girl having been sent to a lady visitor for "a good talking-to" was seen to be wearing on her head the workhouse bonnet, it is true, but disguised as much as possible by the piece of gingham, with which it is trimmed, being disposed in a fashionable frill, and the crown cut out to admit of the protrusion of a *chignon*, which, however, was not there, as it was not possible to fasten it to her closely-cut crop of hair. This showed that the girl was determined to cast off all workhouse appearance, and that she was not going back if she could help it (which supposition her subsequent history has borne out), and the "talking" was adapted accordingly.

What is desired is, that there should be an absence of peculiarity; and though we may laugh, we cannot help half sympathising with the little boarded-out child, who had been exceedingly proud of her first new frock not in workhouse uniform, until one day she came back from school with her hitherto unclouded face bathed in tears. "What is the matter, Sally?" said her foster-mother. "Polly Smith's new frock has got an Alexandra bend, and mine hasn't!"—some mysterious flounce or other being known under that appellation, and fashionable for the moment at the school.

Another and a terrible danger occasionally assails them. It is well known that there are bad women on the lookout for friendless children for their own purposes. They (owing probably to the utter impossibility of keeping the adults and the children entirely apart when they are under one roof) become acquainted with the faces of the girls, and know when they meet them in the streets that these children in all probability will not be eagerly sought for and rescued out of their vile

clutches. These persons accost the child when out on an errand for her mistress, take her to the nearest public-house or sweetmeat shop, and, treating her, induce her to commit some petty theft which will ruin her character and force her to run away. Then she is at once in the miscreant's power, who will bring her sooner or later to the life which may be outwardly attractive, but subjects its followers to the reckless tyranny of most unscrupulous persons. It is a fact, that a few years ago persons putting on a show of respectability actually repaired to the workhouse of one of our large towns, ostensibly to engage girls for service, but really to make use of them for a life of shame. Effectual measures against this atrocity were immediately taken on its discovery.

It is often believed that the workhouse officials are legally compelled to afford a knowledge of the whereabouts of these children to their near relatives on their applying for it. But this is not the case; and Boards of Guardians would do well to follow the example of the Birmingham Board, which declines to allow relatives to know where their children are placed at service unless after investigation they are found to be respectable people.

Most of these children behave well for the first month or so, and then pass through a period when they give trouble and anxiety in every possible way. It therefore cheers and encourages a mistress to learn that this is what has been observed in many households, and by no means proves that the girl will ultimately fail, especially if she be gently and firmly dealt with.

The kindly help of the matron can also be employed to find a new place for the girl when she is leaving, and thus prevent her return to the workhouse as the only home she knows.

Those who undertake this visitation must not shrink from following their *protégées* into penitentiaries or prisons, should their bad conduct have placed them there; for the chance, though lessened, is not yet destroyed of saving them from utter ruin.

The motive for this superintendence should rest on other grounds than the object of obtaining the gratitude of the visited; although it is pleasant to find that it is evinced by many of these poor girls in various ways. One lassie brought a book which her master, a bookseller, had given her to present to her friend, and another, with a mysterious countenance, drew forth from sundry wrappings a mince-pie that had been the joint production of maid and mistress, for which the latter was famous. Sometimes the feeling is shown in a still more gratifying manner, by taking their friends at their word. One came to a lady, about seventeen months ago, with a sorrowful tale. She had been imprisoned twice, as the lady well knew; had, on her second enlargement, rejected the lady's offer of assistance; but she found that without character she was without honest means of existence, and there was only before her a life of shame, which she owned, though not yet quite sixteen, she had followed for some months, and had probably found out the misery of it. Then, remembering the lady's proffers, she sought her out and found her with some difficulty, and asked for what the lady had promised, *i.e.* help her to earn a character. She asked for nothing else, not even food, though she was almost starving, and the help was to be given in this way—that the lady was to write a note, which the girl was to take to the Refuge, saying, in her own words, “that she was to be kept against her will if she tried to run away.” The request was complied with, and the girl is still in the institution doing well.

Honourable feeling is not always wanting in these girls. One who had a passionate temper had, when the lady visitor's name had probably been used as a bugbear by an equally passionate and very harsh mistress, declared, “She did not want to see Miss —; what did she care about her?” This was triumphantly told in the girl's presence to Miss —, when she visited at the end of the year for the purpose of extracting, if possible, the permission.

to present the reward from this most unpleasant mistress. But the request was refused, and, what was even worse, the child's belief that Miss —— would continue her friendly disposition towards her almost destroyed. The girl left the place before the guardians, on becoming acquainted with the facts, could remove her, and after some trouble was again found, with a poor but kindly mistress. Miss —— put the reward, a work-box, into the girl's hands. She hesitated to take it, and, looking up into her friend's face, said, "But I did say I did not care for you." "And you said it when you were angry, and did not mean it?" "Yes, but I said it" — a confession which endeared her to her friend. Poor girl! she sent for Miss —— a few months afterwards on her deathbed!

It is found very advisable to offer some reward for good conduct, and that this reward should be given for attainment to a certain standard, so that the girl be not put in competition for moral excellencies with her fellows. A reward for twelve months' service with good conduct has now been given to the girls sent out from a large workhouse for six years, and is producing the gratifying result of slowly increasing the percentage of those who entitle themselves to it. The first year the number of girls who came out of the workhouse was fifty, the number rewarded thirteen. Last year the number rewarded was seventeen out of thirty. This has its encouraging aspect; but, on the other hand, it is sad enough to think that out of every hundred girls leaving a workhouse possessing an undoubtedly good school, forty in the next twelve months should have either

run away from their places, returned to the workhouse, have been lost sight of, or have even made their appearance in the police court, and that not more than sixty should have remained steadily at work! Subsequent years, too, will show that while some of those who failed at first will succeed at last, others of the sixty will have fallen away and made utter shipwreck of themselves.

When the proper care and training of these children was first under consideration, the argument was often used that it was enough to separate them from adult pauperism, to secure their immunity from evil association. But I have shown that it is by no means enough—the evil associates are in the schools themselves—and that these children, infected with hereditary disease and proclivity to vice, labouring under the disadvantage of what is so truly called the pauper taint, and whose relatives are oftener a curse than a blessing to them, require more care than the children of the steady labouring man to render them working members of the community. Instead of more care, however, the State can perforce afford only less, and throws them as mere children upon their own resources, to struggle as they best may out of their difficulties, or fall under the weight of them.

Although the State can do little, voluntary workers can do much towards lightening the load upon these little backs; assisting them in trouble, protecting them from wrong, and encouraging them in well-doing. This is a labour which will be found to bring fully its own reward.

JOANNA M. HILL.

“ANOTHER WORLD.”¹

HERMES, the “editor” of the remarkable book which bears the above title, is certainly an extraordinary person—so extraordinary, indeed, that those who agree to believe that he has actual knowledge of the goings-on in a planet which is not ours, and which appears to be Mars, may consistently carry their faith a degree further, and believe likewise that he calls himself by his real name, and is in some way an Avatar of Hermes Trismegistus.

Varying opinions have been expressed as to the purpose of the book, though there is no disagreement as to the fact that from beginning to end it is amusing and suggestive. Some look upon this “Other World” as one of the numerous Utopias which imaginative philanthropists have devised as models to which less perfect communities should at least endeavour to approximate; others have arrived at the conclusion that a satire on the defects of our present civilization is intended, and that the “editor” is less an aspiring Plato than a polite Swift. If, as Voltaire said, Swift was Rabelais in his senses, assuredly Hermes is Swift in his most mannerly condition.

To neither of these opinions do we give assent. If it had been the design of Hermes to embody his ideal of a perfect commonwealth, he would naturally have given us a more distinct account of the political institutions of Montalluyah, the city to which his fragmentary communications refer, and which comprises the most habitable portion of the planet. But with such institutions we are made less acquainted than with any other particular connected with this veritable New-foundland. We learn, indeed, that Montalluyah is governed by one Supreme

Ruler, who bears the singular title “Tootmanyoso,” and is assisted by twelve inferior kings; but with respect to the functions of these inferior potentates—whether they are executive, legislative, or administrative, or are mere privy-councillors with a royal handle to their names—we are left in utter ignorance. Neither do we find the slightest hints of any representative institution, oligarchic or democratic, that in the least resembles our notions of a senate or parliament. We are taught that a great and beneficent revolution was effected by what is commonly called a “virtuous despot;” but we are wholly in the dark as to the character of the political superstructure which he raised on the site left open by the extirpation of old abuses.

On the other hand, the opinion that a fanciful satire is intended, rather than the presentation of an Utopia, is more plausible; for if Hermes scarcely grazes upon politics, he is profuse in his description of those details of manners and customs which are ordinarily the mark of the social satirist. If we have not heard how the favoured race are governed, we at any rate know to a nicety how they are brought up, how they are physicked, how they go courting, how they are married, how they are treated when they come into the world, how pleasantly they slide out of it, how they play music, how they pay compliments, and how they cook. Few Cockneys are more familiar with life in London than anyone who has mastered the communications of Hermes is familiar with life in Montalluyah.

Now the general impression made by the minute description of the state of society in the star-city is, that it is far better, and indicates a far higher civilization than any to be found on the surface of our own globe. Vice has

¹ Another World; or, Fragments from the Star-city Montalluyah. By Hermes. Third edition. London: Samuel Tinsley.

altogether gone out of fashion, to make room, not for an ascetic bliss, but for the power of sinlessly and elegantly indulging in luxuries, which an Assyrian voluptuary might have contemplated with envy. As an enthusiastic description of a superior condition of things necessarily implies a censure of that which is inferior, it must naturally have somewhat of a satirical appearance when addressed to persons living under the less advantageous circumstances. Sterne's proposition that "they manage things better in France," converts itself without a thought into "they manage things worse in England," and the superior goodness of the planet Mars implies the comparative badness of Mother Earth. So far as this is satire, Hermes may be deemed a satirist.

But as to his being an intentional satirist, we believe nothing of the kind. A glow of good-humour is diffused over the entire book, which justifies the supposition that Hermes is far too much delighted with the enjoyments he is describing to find room on his lip for a sneer at terrestrial defects and miseries. Let us rather imagine that he is a poetical utilitarian, who tries to picture the state of things that will arrive when not only the greatest but the most luxurious happiness is diffused amongst the greatest number. Of a state of primitive simplicity, of an Arcadia peopled with smart shepherds and shepherdesses, he has no notion. If we would be as good and as contented as the citizens of Montalluyah, we must become more, not less, Epicurean than we are at present—improve our music, our pictures, our means of locomotion, and our dinners.

For instance, we of this generation are very proud of our electricity; and when an enthusiastic optimist wishes to illustrate the superiority of the present to the past, the first thing to which he refers is probably the electric telegraph. But in our use of this agent we are mere babies compared with the Toot-manyoes and his subjects. Their advance commenced—so Hermes tells us—with the discovery that electricities are so

many and so various, that although they may all be classed under one category, rubricked in the Martial language with a term denoting a "spark of Heaven-power," every kind of body, both animate or inanimate, contains an electricity of its own. So diverse are the natures of these electricities that some are diffused, others concentrated; some sympathetic, some antipathetic, some gently mingling with others; some, when brought into contact with others, causing violent explosions.

Having discovered the existence of these various electricities, the sages of Montalluyah next found out how to extract them from all sorts of organic and inorganic substances. As fish are enumerated, Hermes warns us not to be too proud of our own Torpedo. "In naming fish," he says, "I refer to several species, and not merely to those already known to you as electrical, and which have the power of emitting strong currents of their own peculiar electricity. A huge fish, well known on your earth, supplies us with the most powerful of all electricities, an electricity of immense value." So it appears we are starving in the midst of undetected plenty. Philanthropist as he is, why does not Hermes name the precious fish, instead of tantalizing us with a conundrum? If we knew where to find it, doubtless we should do as they do in Montalluyah. Three large docks are built, into which the "sea-monster" is driven, to be subjected to the process by which he is made to yield up the electricity contained in his huge frame. The different kinds of electricity, when extracted, are stored ready for use in a large building, where, to prevent mischief, they are secured in non-conducting pouches, and placed in separate compartments.

To enumerate the uses to which the very plural electricities are put, would require more space than we can afford to devote to the contemplation of the star-city. Indeed, it is not too much to say that there is a current of electricity through the entire book. One exploit, performed partly by means of this

powerful agent, exceptionally deserves mention, especially as the account of it involves a description of the physical configuration of Montalluyah. A huge mountain mass, it seems, projects from the elevated continent of Montalluyah for miles above the sea, the relic of a vast convulsion of nature, which, sweeping away its former basis, left it unsupported, save by its adhesion to the main continent of which it forms a part. From the point of junction it extends horizontally far beyond the sea-coast, over cities built on the ridges and plains beneath, and it is of such a high elevation that when seen from below it is not easily distinguishable from the clouds above. Another city is built on the suspended mountain itself.

Even to the dull eye of an inhabitant of our earth, the position of the citizens either upon or below a horizontal mass of rock so slightly supported, would have seemed undesirable. The possibility of a crash, involving the destruction of those who fell and those upon whom the fall took place, seems so obvious to the meanest understanding that one marvels why the good folks of Montalluyah chose to build in such dangerous regions. We must assume that they were not very bright before the days of the reforming Tootmanyoso. Even an occasional fall of portions of the under part of the suspended mass, destroying half-a-dozen cities or so with all their inhabitants, was not sufficient to awaken the occupants of more fortunate sites to a sense of their peril. But to the keen eye of the Tootmanyoso it was manifest that a vertical prop was required at or towards the end of the suspended mass, opposite to the point of junction with the continent. A figure which looked like a capital F, or a gibbet, had to be converted into a semblance of the Greek Π , or an integral portion of Stonehenge, or who knows what mischief might have ensued?

By the direction of the Tootmanyoso the perils menaced by the suspended mountain were arrested by the erection of a "mountain-supporter," whose base at the foundation is more than a mile

in diameter, and whose round walls are more than a hundred feet in thickness. The diameter of the tower-head is one-third of the diameter of the base, and the diminution is so gradual as to be scarcely perceived. The material out of which the blocks of which the building is constructed are made, is composed of an amalgamation of iron and marble fused into a compact mass.

This vast work was not to be accomplished without the aid of electricity, since no merely mechanical power would have sufficed to raise the stupendous blocks to the required level. The discovery had happily been made that what we call gravity, is merely "tenacious electricity," and that this may be so much diminished that the heaviest body will become comparatively light. Where can be found a more simple and beautiful application of science to the wants of practical life?

We have endeavoured to describe one grand achievement of the best of Tootmanyosos in advancing the material prosperity of his kingdom. Let us now turn to his educational improvements, premising that nearly all his operations are based on that old-fashioned maxim, "prevention is better than cure." To extirpate phthisis and insanity, he set his doctors to investigate the primary forms of malady, and in general he was so successful that their work left off at a point preceding that at which the labours of the terrestrial practitioners begin. His system of education commences with the babies. Nothing is too great or too small for his comprehensive glance. He can look up to the summit of the mountain-supporter, all but lost in the clouds, and down to the lowest possible cradle in which an infant is to be nursed. He prevents a city above from tumbling down and smashing a city below, and he is equally gracious in preventing parents from boxing their children's ears, and from making them walk too early after the fashion of their elders. A series of machines were invented, under his auspices, by a man named Drahna, which, by the most gradual

process, initiated infants into the independent use of their legs. The first machine is a soft spring-cushion, upon which the child is laid, and which is set in motion by the turn of a small handle. So delightful is the movement, that children have been heard to cry when the machine is stopped. Another machine, larger and stronger than the first, but similar in principle, is used before the first lesson in actual walking begins. In the third machine, which cannot be overturned, and in which every part of the body is supported, the legs of the child are alternately moved, so that it acquires a perfect notion of the sort of operation which it will have to perform in after-life, without the slightest strain on the limbs. In the fourth machine the child uses its own free will in the movement of its legs, but is upheld by a framework covered with bandages of down, which prevents the injuries that might otherwise arise from an ugly fall.

When the children arrive at an age fitted for school, they are under the care of "character-divers," who are totally distinct from the preceptors in the various branches of knowledge. Their duty is not to teach, but to discover the particular qualities, tendencies, and incipient faults of children, and to act accordingly, developing the germs of good, and eradicating those of evil. They are to no small extent assisted in their researches by the establishment of "Amusement Galleries," about which the children are allowed to stray between the hours of study, according to their own inclinations. The toys are mostly of an instructive kind, comprising small musical instruments, maps in relief, and even minute living animals; for Montalluyah is happy enough to possess horses and deer, in shape exactly resembling ours, but no larger than our ordinary lap-dogs. Under these favourable circumstances all sorts of characters are revealed. Vanity, or self-exaltation accompanied by envy, which exults in the depreciation of others, is an ill weed that frequently courts the scrutinizing gaze of the character-divers, who tread it out with the gentlest of footsteps.

On the whole the "amusement gallery" is less intended for male than for female children. Young girls frequent it until they leave school, but young men are forced to quit it when the irrepressible character-divers find their attendance no longer desirable. The Tootmanyoso did not intend to bring up a race of Geoffrey Delamaynes, but he would have had no violent objection to "Muscular Christianity." He instituted gymnastic exercises of a very terrestrial kind, and his sea-bathing for boys comprised headers from very lofty rocks. But, probably taking counsel of some Wilkie Collins of the planet, he showed excessive anxiety that the athlete should not degenerate into the bully. If a timid boy is required to leap into the sea from a very tall rock, six or seven of the bravest are selected to accompany him. They are forbidden to urge him to jump from the high elevation, or to taunt him for shrinking from the performance of the feat; and if he does not follow the example of bolder jumpers, the overseer of the party mildly remarks to him, "As you have not bathed from the rock, you had better bathe below." Ambition now does its work. The timid boy, advised to join the leapers from the lower part, who are his juniors, becomes anxious to imitate the braver boys of his own age. The proper jump is achieved at last, but such is the dread of self-exaltation, that the utmost care is taken neither to praise the new-made athlete too much, nor to reproach him with awkwardness. No boy is allowed, under any circumstances, to taunt another with any weakness or failing, and consequently he who has overcome his timidity scarcely knows that it was fear which prevented him in the first instance from rising to a level with his companions.

Although an Oriental tone pervades the life of Montalluyah, there is no toleration of polygamy. Nay, a slight approach is made to the matrimonial regulations of the Moravians, inasmuch as a contract of marriage is not regarded as a merely private affair, but a matter in which the whole community is in-

terested. In many districts a council of ladies, who have passed through certain ordeals, and a council of elders regulate everything relating to wedlock, and over each of them presides a man of a certain age and spotless character, whose mode of life has been watched and recorded from early years. Let not the advocates for "Woman's Rights" be too sure that they will find allies when there is direct communication between the earth and Mars. It will be observed that even the council composed of elderly ladies is not allowed to act without a male president.

As we have said, the approach to Moravian institutions is slight. If the young lady, whose marriage is intended, is not allowed to cast her eyes over the entire kingdom, she has a liberal allowance of eighty-five candidates, among whom she may make her choice, it being understood that the qualifications of these gentlemen have been first ascertained by the councils. Nor is the lady herself without the possibility of a voice in the formation of this general assembly; for if she has a special liking for one particular person, she is allowed to communicate the fact privately to one of the ladies of the council.

During thirty-one evenings in succession, the eighty-five candidates are assembled together in the presence of the young lady, who on these solemn occasions wears a peculiar head-dress with a star in front. This is a distinctive mark. Other ladies are allowed to be present, but are not expected to pay court to the gentlemen, and the self-denying faculty of the "girls of the period" in Montalluyah is not weakly demonstrated by the fact, that in spite of the general suppression of flirtation, the privilege of attending these gatherings as a looker-on, if for one evening only, is eagerly sought. That in her *embarras de richesses* the lady with the star may not solve the difficulty by suddenly jumping to a choice, she is not allowed to announce her decision till the thirty-first evening has arrived. If the attractions of all of the suitors are, at the first glance, tolerably equal, she examines

their several pretensions, at the rate of about two suitors and three-quarters per evening; but probably some are mentally struck out of the list at the beginning, so that the deliberations of the damsel are confined to a comparatively small number.

On the awful thirty-first evening the maiden declares her decision by presenting the chosen one with an *appropriate* flower. Thereupon a band of music strikes up a well-known march, to the strains of which the happy man leads his intended to a throne, placed on a slightly raised dais. Each of the suitors then lays down a flower before the enthroned beauty, and this she will sometimes kiss when anxious to show that the donor, though rejected, did not occupy the lowest place in her esteem on the list of candidates.

If the thirty-first evening passes over without the expected event taking place, another assembly is called after the lapse of a year; but now the number of suitors is limited to forty-five, and the number of evenings to twelve, rapidity of decision being facilitated by the abbreviation of the time in which the choice is to be declared and a diminution of the area over which the power of choice extends. In the case of another failure, another year elapses, and the assembly is now reduced to twenty-one, and the number of evenings to seven. If no result is obtained, the fastidious young lady is doomed to a life of single blessedness. This regulation has, however, but small practical value, since in the recollection of the Tootmanyoso, who remembered everything, there has not been one case where the selection has been postponed beyond the second year.

We have stated above that the young lady whose hand is sought declares her preference by the presentation to the chosen one of an *appropriate* flower. To render intelligible the force of this statement it is necessary to explain that the inhabitants of Montalluyah, like the terrestrials of the East, have an elaborate language of flowers, of which Hermes gives us some pretty specimens. The meaning associated with each flower

is universally understood, its name at once conveying its signification as distinctly as a combination of words. To so great an extent is proficiency in this language carried, that even long conversations are sometimes held between a lady and gentleman with flowers as the only medium of communication.

These gifted people also have a language of music, and in Montalluyah "Songs without words" would denote no exceptional form of composition, not only words but sentences being often implied by notes. Thus Lenardi, a noted harpist, taking his place at the instrument, expressed to a lady his admiration of her beauty and goodness, his hope that no other occupied her thoughts, the despair that he would feel if his suit were rejected. He wound up with the assertion: "Thou art pure as the dew upon the leaf of opening day; but like to that dew will thy love pass away"—and all this without the utterance from his lips of so much as an articulate sound. The lady, who was quite his match, took her turn at the harp, and, by a process similar to his own, told him so plainly that he need not despair, that a "choice-meeting" was convened, which resulted in a speedy marriage.

The harp is the national instrument of Montalluyah, and addresses several senses at once. Around its framework are devised small birds of variegated plumage, perched on foliage of green enamel, with flowers in their natural colours. The instant the player strikes the chords the birds open their wings, the flowers quiver, and from certain

small vases concealed in the framework are thrown forth jets of perfume, the potency of which is regulated by the force of the harpist.

In these graceful sports of fancy, if so we call them, there is nothing like intentional satire. Hermes appears in the character of an editor only, and the ostensible narrator of the wonders of Montalluyah is the reforming Tootmanyoso himself, the means of communication between author and editor being enveloped in mystery. But, altogether somebody, whether it be Hermes or the Martial potentate, presents the public with a large bouquet of very fragrant flowers, each of which has the peculiarity proper to the flowers of Montalluyah, that it is pregnant with suggestion.

We will conclude our notice of this most original and engaging book, from the varied storehouse of which we have made selections almost at random, with the good Tootmanyoso's profession of his practical philosophy:—

"I loved the world. The wicked only are impatient and discontented. I knew that blessings are everywhere about us, though we are expected to exercise our intelligence to make them available; and whilst I inculcated that 'intemperance is not enjoyment,' and that 'intemperance destroyed the power of enjoyment,' I did not hesitate to tell my people that the world and the blessings everywhere abounding are given us to enjoy, and that, like guests invited to a banquet, we were neither to run riot nor to reject the good things offered us in love."

MY TIME, AND WHAT I'VE DONE WITH IT.

BY F. C. BURNAND.

CHAPTER VIII.

SCHOOL-TIME AND BLAY-TIME—A STRANGE VISITOR.

ON returning to Old Carter's, where I wasn't flogged for being a day late, as Mr. Cavander had prophesied I should be, Mr. Venn, whom the holidays had rendered thinner and yellower, as they had made Mr. Crosbie larger, redder in the nose, and generally stouter, asked me privately,—

"Colvin, did you mention the name of Wingrove to your father?"

"Wingrove, sir?"

I had forgotten all about our conversation, and I thought he would have been angry with me for the omission.

"Yes; do you not remember what I told you?"

"In the cricket field? Yes, sir. But——"

I was about to stammer out an excuse, when it flashed across me that almost the last name I had heard in the office was this identical one of Wingrove.

"I didn't speak about it, sir," I therefore began, adroitly, "because I heard it read out."

"Read out! What do you mean?"

"From a newspaper, sir, by my Uncle Van."

"Van? Is that his name?"

"Not all of it, sir. Mr. Van Clym is my uncle. He has something to do with ships, and"—here it all came back to me clearly—"he rushed in——"

"Where?"

"My father's counting-house, when I was coming down here, sir, with my Uncle Herbert. Do you know my Uncle Herbert, sir?"

This was thrown in craftily, as if to establish a friendly relationship.

"No. Is *his* name Wingrove?"

"No, sir, Pritchard; but he took me up there, and Uncle Van ran in with a newspaper and told us all about some dreadful wreck."

"Well?" Mr. Venn was listening attentively.

"And he said that nearly everyone was drowned except I forget how many, sir; and then he said Wingrove."

"A Wingrove drowned?" he asked, rather sharply.

"No, sir, saved."

"A man?" he asked, scrutinizing me in a way that caused me to wish I had never fallen into this conversational trap.

"A woman, sir; Sarah Wingrove."

"*Sarah*?" he repeated emphatically.

"Sarah," I returned, almost defiantly.

I thought, as a long pause ensued, he was about to dismiss this witness, having no further questions to ask. I was mistaken. He laid his hand on my shoulder, and prevented my turning away.

"You've not made up—you've not invented this story?" he said, pointing, so to speak, his eyes at me with deadly aim.

"No, sir, indeed not," I replied with energy.

"H'm. Do you remember—remembering so much, perhaps you can—where the ship was from?"

I thought for an instant, and then ventured, "Africa or America, sir."

Perceiving my hesitation, for this geographical inquiry trenched on business, he suggested, smiling as much as he could smile, "Australia, perhaps, eh?"

I was much relieved. It was like being prompted in an examination, and being unable to catch the word. "Yes, sir, it was; I am sure of it. It *was* Australia."

"In the paper?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you came down yesterday. That'll do. Go. Stay. If you are writing home, you need not mention my asking anything about it; do you understand, Colvin?"

I answered that I had not much to write about generally, and had no objection to omitting even this item from my scanty budget of school news.

He walked away thoughtfully.

As to my home correspondence, my father used once a week to send me a commonplace letter, which was so stereotyped in its phrases as to weather and health, as to be far more like a circular. As to what I was doing, what progress I was making, what books I was reading, or what might be my moral or religious training at Old Carter's, he never once inquired. They were paid to teach at Carter's, and he took for granted that what was bought and paid for was found on the establishment. As to a line in life for me, that had never entered into his head. His strong point was, that to be a gentleman was everything in this world, and probably in the next, though, at this time, he never ventured upon such *terra incognita* in my hearing, or for my benefit at all events.

"We've all been in business," he used to say, "and your grandfather made his name there. He wasn't a father to me as I am to you, and you'll acknowledge it afterwards as you get on in life. My father put me to work in the city when I was fifteen, and I never had an education such as you've got. I never had *your* advantages. You will be a gentleman and—and—one of these days you'll have your horse in the park, and your stall at the opera, and be able to go about with me."

This was the brilliant future held up to me by my father. He was somehow, he knew not how, fashioning a com-

panion for himself, or rather he was employing others to do it for him, he supplying the material on which they were to operate, and paying for the labour.

At the commencement of this school-time, however, my father for three weeks forgot the usual letter; and in reply to an inquiry (monetary of course), I received a brusque note from Mr. Cavander to the effect that my father was away and too busy to write. What affected me deeply was that the letter contained no enclosure. However, I represented the case to Mr. Venn, who recommended me to go to head-quarters, where I applied with success, and returned with half a sovereign, to be charged in Old Carter's bill as twelve and sixpence. But business is business.

I was never stinted; I had pretty well what I wanted, and more, perhaps, than any other boy at Old Carter's. I was on an equality with them at school; but at home they most of them had brothers and sisters, and their mother was never out of *their* picture of home. But for me, I had no companions of my own age, save the Clyms, my cousins, about whom I did not care, and no one to fill in anything like an adequate way the place to me of a mother. What might have been done for me I have understood since, on learning that the Pritchard family, including Aunt Susan, had once offered to take me, but that this was resented, as an interference, by my father, who irritably observed, that, if *he* didn't know how to bring up his own child, no one else did. It was a mistake on his part, and so they retired from the field: Grandmamma Pritchard limiting herself as heretofore to good advice and timely presents of tooth-powder, and a brush as before; and my Aunt to amusing me on my visits with illustrated books, and showing me what pretty pictures she herself could paint; while Uncle Herbert, lolling on the sofa, as usual, informed me where the best boots in London were to be obtained, and promised me that when I was old enough to appreciate a good

fit, he would introduce me to his own tailor.

"Every gentleman," said Uncle Herbert, yawning, and then admiring his light-coloured trousers, tightly strapped down over his polished leather boots, "should be well dressed."

Uncle Herbert was the only one of the Pritchards who ever thoroughly got on with my father. I fancy his view of clothes was one bond of union between them, and perhaps my father was really able to be of some little use to his brother-in-law in the city. But this opinion I formed later on, when I was, of course, far better able to judge of such matters—though I never understood, and never shall understand "business," on account of my having been so carefully trained to be nothing but an idle gentleman of fortune.

I used to hear enough of business though, on Sundays, during the holidays, when city friends were wont to call and talk over the affairs of the money market. Before I was fourteen, I had a parrot's knowledge of such phrases as "four to an eighth," "buying for the account," and I was perfectly aware that "bulls" and "bears" on the Stock Exchange had no sort of connection with those which Nurse Davis had taken me to see in the Zoological Gardens.

None of the visitors at our house in town that I ever saw had any subject but one, and that was business. There were nervous men, who couldn't take Sunday as a day of rest, but were down on my father, to ask him what he thought Rothschild would do, and whether the Prime Minister had really sent such a message to the Turkish Government or not. There was a stout, bilious-looking German Baron, who became almost green under depression in the city, and took to his bed, I believe, in a panic. He always seemed to be considering what was his next move, on Sunday at least, and perhaps on Monday he *did* move, or changed his mind. My father looked over his accounts on Sunday morning, and spent the time, from breakfast to lunch, in his private room. I came to wonder why

we at school should be taken to church when all the gentlemen I saw in the holidays, including my father, never went to church on Sunday morning, and, as we invariably met them in the park on the afternoon of the same day, I concluded that they never affected a place of worship at all. It once occurred to me that, perhaps, they were taking their holidays too, like myself, and that when *their* work-time recommenced, they would perhaps have to go to church as regularly as Old Carter's boys.

When they were not speaking of city affairs, which was seldom, they had something to say about the singers at the opera, and the actors and actresses at the theatres. Uncle Herbert was strong in this line generally, and there was a jovial, pleasant, fat-faced young stockbroker, who used to give us (I was always of the party, receiving the visits with my father) choice anecdotes of the previous night, which at first astonished me. For though my father would ignore me on a visit to the counting-house, in strict keeping with his notion of my having nothing to do with his business, only with his pleasure, yet I was being educated to enjoy myself, and to do with others as I saw others doing. Thus, at an early age, in my father's drawing-room, and at his dinner-table, I was "one of themselves."

These were my models, for they were my father's chosen companions, and for this position I was being brought up. What was classical learning—what were Latin and Greek, and modern languages, by the side of such pleasures as I heard about from these gentlemen, who were all, it struck me, as happy as the day was long, always excepting the German Baron, who suffered in the chameleon-like manner I have before mentioned, and nervous Mr. Twiddingly, who never could get his money satisfactorily invested, and who was always buying when he ought to have been selling, selling when he ought to have been buying, and ruining himself, gradually, at the rate of a hundred a year, deducted in small losses.

I have since come to appreciate the nuisance I must have been to these *convives*. They were obliged to talk round me, so to speak, and my father often looked at me, covertly, to ascertain whether the conversation was intelligible to me. He was decidedly pleased to find, on occasions, that it was. This showed the kind of sharpness which gratified him, and proved that it would not be long before my intellect, if not my age or growth, would make me a fitting companion for himself. I leave my readers to pass judgment on this mental measurement and this paternal system. I say nothing here.

"Ha, vell! so!" said the German Baron, pinching my cheek; "I tell you vat it is, dey starve you at school, do they? So! no!" And then turning to my father, he'd go on, "He look ver vell—ver, such a col-lor. But"—here his voice sank to a whisper, and his whole manner evinced deep earnestness of purpose—"tell me, my dear Sir John, vas dere anoder rise in de Bonozares, eh?" and forthwith they would slip into business.

One thing had much struck me at school. The boys' parents often came to see them, or sent for them into the town where they were putting up for a day or two, to spend a Wednesday half-holiday. Old Bifford—about whom, in consequence of his wearing a huge muffler, and taking prodigious quantities of snuff, there were various mysterious reports as to his daily avocations—used often to run down (which is a figure of speech, as old Bifford couldn't have run had even an Andalusian bull been behind him), and walk about with his boys one on each side of him. Thus placed, fighting was impossible; and as old Bifford didn't care about talking, and each was afraid of uttering a word in his presence, lest it should be contradicted by the other, and so lead to what the Americans call "a difficulty," their enjoyment of the afternoon must have been of a peculiarly placid character. Indeed, so remarkably gloomy did the trio appear, that Mr. Bifford had more the air of the wicked uncle, taking two

overgrown Babes in the Wood out to be killed, than of an affectionate father devoting himself to the amusement of his two children. They afterwards made up for the temporary truce, by having a regular set-to for the possession of five shillings, of which sum each had been the recipient of half-a-crown.

Harker's papa and mamma, from Manchester, came once a half to see how he was getting on, and left an "h" or two in Dr. Carter's drawing-room, to be picked up by the servant, or by anyone in want of an aspirate.

Comberwood, my companion and evening reciter of Scott's novels, used to depend upon a visit from either his papa or mamma, accompanied by his married sister, as a certainty, about the middle of the half. I should have often liked to have exhibited my father to the boys, walking with his hand on my shoulder, and enjoying the sports going on in the playground. But I never saw any of my relations during school-time, except once Grandmamma Pritchard, and once Uncle Van. Uncle Van didn't call; I met him quite by accident, as we were out for a walk, and I was allowed to fall out of the rank and talk to him. He was startled at seeing me, and after exclaiming "Hullo!" he laughed and chuckled in so high a key, and with such a nervous manner, that Mr. Venn and several of the boys turned back to look. He recovered himself, however, and invited me into a confectioner's.

"Will you 'ave zum zoop or zum buns? he-he-he!" he asked, laughing. "Take what you like. It is all goot for boys, eh, ma'am?"

This question he addressed to the elderly female at the counter, who replied that her pastry was made with more than maternal care for the welfare of her youngest patrons. I remember selecting two Bath buns, half-a-dozen ginger cakes, for which this shop was celebrated, and a tin of acidulated drops, wrapped in red paper. This choice seemed to delight Uncle Van, whose chuckles and laughs were so catching, that the elderly person couldn't

refrain from smiling and nodding at me, by way of congratulating me, personally, on the possession of so kind and good-tempered a relative.

"Will you write 'ome, an' zay you've zeen me, hey?" he asked with a laugh, expressive somehow of considerable anxiety. I know that it struck me at the time that something was wrong somewhere. It turned out afterwards that he had been enjoying a little holiday, without Aunt Clym, and he was afraid lest I should be writing home to my father an account of our meeting, and so let the cat out of the bag. I answered that I was not going to write, but I would do so if he wished, when he brightened up, and told me that I needn't do anything of the sort, as he would himself see my father, and bear to him any message I might want to send.

"I have none, thank you, Uncle Van," I replied after some consideration.

"Your love, hey! he-he-he! and 'ope he's sholly," Uncle Van suggested, by way of a dutiful formula, in the absence of anything better.

I said, "Yes, that would do," and thanked him for his kindness; but I really had nothing to say to my father—nothing that at least would, as I knew from experience, interest him.

Uncle Van insisted upon seeing me safely restored to Mr. Venn's usherly care, being perhaps fearful of my affection for him overcoming my discretion.

"Mr. Venn, this is my Uncle Van," I said.

"Mr. Van Clym," returned Mr. Venn, bowing.

"Yes," chuckled Uncle Van, "he-he; I 'ave come tese way to tese part of Kent, as I make a 'oliday wit my business."

"Shipping, I believe, Mr. Van Clym," said Mr. Venn, politely. I had never seen him so affable.

"Oh! he-he—yes! ships and shippin'. I like to zee for myzelf some time. It is zad tese large wrecks. Dese gales and tese losses—he-he! Well, we must have losses—eh—he-he?"

"I am afraid so. There have been several sad mishaps at sea lately."

Uncle Van adjusted his spectacles and chuckled. Whether it appeared to him, so generally ready to chatter with anyone, a waste of time to talk to an usher on shipping insurance, it is impossible to do more than conjecture. He only answered "Yes," and chuckled again, but this time more dolefully. I fancy he had overstayed his leave granted from home by my aunt.

The boys had passed in, and we then were standing at the back door of the school-yard, which opened on to a dull and dreary road, where an occasional tramp or beggar might be seen, but unless he had some eatables for sale he could expect nothing from the pupils at Old Carter's.

Where the wall of our school-yard ended, another had been begun by some enterprising builder, who, becoming depressed, had given it up, and left it to tumble down as soon as it liked. It had commenced tumbling, and our boys had assisted in making a breach, where we occasionally divided ourselves into military parties, and stormed and defended in turn.

While we were conversing, my attention was attracted to a woman apparently hiding behind this fragment. Once she looked out, but on seeing that I was watching her, she quickly withdrew.

I only wondered whether she might not be the old woman who dealt in unwholesome sweets, boot-laces, hand-glasses, stationery, and pocket-knives, and who had been forbidden to come within bounds. If so, I could not mention the fact to Mr. Venn.

If not, it was of no importance to me, or to anybody. In the meantime Uncle Van Clym, who had allowed the cork of his unnatural reticence to be drawn by our usher's skilfully applied screw of inquiry, was now bubbling over with details about losses in general, and the loss, mentioned by Mr. Venn, of the *Prairie Bird* in particular. He had by this time heard from him the full corroboration of the account which

he said he had recently read in the papers.

So, I thought, he doubted me, and got the newspaper himself.

Uncle Van had himself seen, he said, and talked with the chief officer, and relief had been afforded to all the sufferers, with the exception of one person, a woman of notoriously bad character, who had left the Refuge where she had been hospitably lodged, and had not been seen since. As for the cargo, nothing had been recovered, nor was it likely now that they would hear any more of it.

Mr. Venn, looking at his watch, said he must be going in to lessons, but gave me permission to accompany my uncle to the end of the road, where I could point out to him the shortest way to the town.

After parting from Uncle Van, I turned back leisurely, and seeing that I could not be observed from the school windows, I ventured to stop and look about for the person whom I had supposed to be the old woman with her forbidden tray.

As I approached the breach in the wall, she stepped out. It was not the one I had expected, and I was rather startled by her strange excited manner, — a middle-aged woman, of slatternly appearance, a face that had been handsome, and eyes that were still fine, though wild and roving.

"Come here," she said, addressing me harshly.

I stopped where I was, fearful of advancing towards her.

"I shan't hurt you," she said, with a half-drunken laugh.

I did not feel at all sure on this point, and was ready to take to my heels. I was not the Napoleon's Old Guard. I would not yield, but I would run.

Seeing me undecided, she came close up to me.

"Who was that man you were talking to?"

"Which?" I asked, summoning all my courage.

"The one who went in at that door," she replied, indicating the spot with a

hand that I could see was well shaped, even in the ill-fitting black glove.

"That," I said, "was our usher, Mr. Venn."

"No," she answered, rudely, "that won't do."

"That is his name."

Before I could utter another word, she had pounced upon my wrist, and was pulling me towards the door.

"In there I mean," she said, stopping exactly opposite.

At this moment the door opened, and Venn himself appeared.

Seeing us, he recoiled one step.

The woman released me.

"Mr. Venn?" she inquired, in a tone of mock politeness.

He recovered himself quickly.

"Yes. Go in," he said, turning to me; "I was coming in search of you. Go in, and wait for me in the school-yard."

Then the door was closed behind me, and locked on the outside.

I listened, and heard their footsteps as they walked slowly away, along the road, in the direction of the town, together.

CHAPTER IX.

I RECEIVE AN INVITATION.

PRESENTLY the key turned in the lock, and Mr. Venn entered. Quite blithely for *him*. "A poor mad woman," he explained cautiously; "take no notice of her if you ever see her again. You'd better not say anything about her to the boys, or the small ones might be frightened. Besides, Dr. Carter would punish you for speaking to her. However, I shall not mention it to him."

So we went into work. He was rather cheerful that afternoon, I remember.

At bedtime I told Austin Comberwood all about it, and he asked me if she was anything like Meg Merrilies in "Guy Mannering."

This started our usual evening's entertainment, and I was soon deeply interested in Walter Scott.

We looked out for the mad woman next day, but saw nothing of her.

Austin Comberwood used to tell me how he spent his holidays, and it was quite a treat to hear him talk of his sister Alice, his brother Dick, and his mother. I told him that I had no mother, which seemed so odd to him, that he was silent for some time, and then he questioned me about *my* holidays, and I was able to tell him about the theatres and the London amusements I had been to, that was all. But he, too, knew of these, so that his enjoyment of the country far outbalanced anything within my experience.

Thus it chanced that I was lonely in the holidays, when I had only servants for associates; but happy at school, for I got on well with the boys, and Austin Comberwood was my very dear friend; but I really could have saved up my pocket-money with pleasure, and paid an uncle to visit me regularly, just to show my companions that I had some friends in the world worth knowing.

There was one excellent creature who never forgot me, and that was Nurse Davis. She called at Old Carter's, but the grandeur of the house, the corpulency of the butler, the haughty condescension of Dr. Carter, and the snappishness of his wife frightened her off the premises. She did not come a second time. I was not sorry for this result. I confess it as against myself, and a fault of the snobbishness of boyhood, that I had grown out of Nurse Davis, as I had out of pinafores.

When I returned to the schoolroom, and was asked who had been to see me, I coloured, and refused to answer. Then, somehow, it got about, through the boy who cleaned the boots, who had heard it from the butler, I think, that it was my nurse, and I was so teased and bullied on the subject, that nothing short of a fight with the two Biffords both at once, which ended in their pitching into one another, and a declaration of active war against the whole school, could settle the question. When they found she had brought me a hamper, and that there were cake and wine and

apples inside, sentiments of the utmost friendship towards me were expressed by every boy in the school.

When Nurse called I was very shy, and found some difficulty in asking after the health of the Verneys, politely singling out Julie for special mention.

"Good-bye, dear, and God bless you," said Nurse Davis at parting; "if you're not too proud to see me when you come home for the holidays——"

I protested against her thinking that I should be proud. But somehow I felt that there was truth in it.

"—— And," she continued, "if you ain't yet ashamed of seeing your old Nurse——"

Again I protested, and again I felt that she was right.

"Well, dear, I hope you never will be either too proud or ashamed to speak to those as loves you, and as has brought you up and known you from a child; and if your Aunt Clym only takes as much care of you as I've done, and as I'd ha' done still, if I'd been let alone, I shall be glad to hear of it."

She always disliked Mrs. Van Clym, and so, I said, did I, and positively scorned the idea of their being any comparison between her and my nurse. For this I was rewarded with an embrace, after which the hamper was shown to me in the hall; then repeating her blessing, and with tears in her eyes, she gave me a last kiss, and, without disturbing His Corpulency, The Butler, I let her out of Old Carter's front door.

I sat down in the hall and cried when she had gone. At night too I awoke suddenly, and thought of her; and as it crossed my mind that I had been hard and unkind in my reception of her that day, I burst out crying again, silently, though, on account of my companion, and dropped so many heavy tears on one side of my pillow, that I was obliged to try the other, as dry, cool, and refreshing, and finally, as a stroke of genius, to turn it altogether, and begin my slumbers afresh.

One night, just before Austin Comberwood, who was really quite a Scheherazade in his story-telling, had commenced.

the recital of "Guy Mannering," which had reached its third night's entertainment, he said, from under his coverlet,—

"Cecil."

"Well, Austin."

"Would you like to come home with me next holidays?"

"Very much." My first invitation.

"Mamma wrote to tell me to ask you if your papa would let you."

"Oh, of course he will," I replied warmly.

"And you're to stay a long time."

"What fun!"

"Dick will be there, and Alice. You'll like my sister Alice so much."

I was sure I should. I should like everybody and everything down at—what was the name of the place where he lived?

"Ringhurst Whiteboys."

Whiteboys! how we laughed at the name. In itself it was full of promise of amusement. Who were the Whiteboys? Were they ghosts? This was a dangerous subject in the dark, and Austin set me right at once.

"No," he told me, "they were monks who had lived there a long time ago (I will tell you next Scott's 'Monastery' and 'The Abbot'), and who used to dress in white. They were called the White Friars, and Friars in French meant brothers, and so the people came to call them the Whiteboys."

Austin Comberwood, who was better informed than any boy of his own age whom I have ever met before or since, had answered my question with the gravity befitting the subject. He was older, too, than most boys in his ways, and was looked upon by most of us as a bookworm. His memory was excellent, as I have shown; and not being so robust as his companions, he was allowed to bring one of his favourite books out of doors to read, while others played. There was something so gentle, so feminine about him, that I entertained, it seemed to me, towards him much the same kind of affection as I should have had for a sister. I felt, too, when he mentioned his sister, that I was prepared to love her

deeply and at once. I say "at once," as the Colvin failing is impulsiveness. It may be directed for good or for evil, and so be a blessing or a curse; a strong point in a character, or its weakest. I remember, as well as I remember anything, our conversation on this night, and my great desire to see Alice Comberwood.

"We're going to have some theatricals," said Austin.

"What, with a stage and lights, and dressed up as characters?" I inquired, thinking of my early successes with *Der Freischutz* and *Co.*

"We dress up," he answered; "and Dick, who can carpenter and paint, he makes a scene. We often act—Alice and I and Dick, and sometimes our cousins. Nelly plays the piano for us."

"Who's Nelly?"

"My eldest sister. She's married now, and her husband's a clergyman."

"I may act, mayn't I?" I asked, with some diffidence.

"Oh yes. Alice says in her letter that if you come you shall be Blue Beard."

I was delighted! "And who was to be Fatima?"

"Oh, Alice, of course."

Alice Comberwood Blue Beard's wife—mine in fact! In imagination—I was then thirteen—I had already, as Blue Beard, allied myself to the Comberwood family.

So we fell to talking over our dresses and our scenes, and I ventured to confide to him such theatrical knowledge as I possessed, and said how I could depend upon Nurse Davis and Mr. Verney to help me with a dress; and then I told him as much about them as I could, consistently with my own dignity and importance as the future Blue Beard, possessor of his sister Alice; but I kept silence as to the details of Frampton's Court, and the Verneys' mode of life, and absolutely did not once mention little Julie.

Then we dropped off to sleep, without "Guy Mannering," and only thought of the play-acting, which no doubt entered largely into our dreams that night.

CHAPTER X.

CHRISTMAS INVITATION—ACCEPTED—HIDE
AND SEEK—A MYSTERIOUS MEETING—
SILENCE IS GOLDEN.

A MEMORABLE Christmas. Not the day itself, though that was always a pleasant time for me. I rejoiced in new shillings and sixpences fresh from the Mint, coined, I supposed, purposely for Christmas presents. My father seemed to be worried and annoyed about something, and he and Mr. Cavander were now seldom apart.

Just before Christmas Day came a formal invitation from Austin Comberwood addressed to me, to be referred of course to my father. This proposal he bade me accept at once. I was to leave on the Saturday; he had already arranged to depart on some urgent business the day before. Had I not been thus comfortably disposed of, I should have been sent to Aunt Clym's during my father's absence, for he expected to be away a week or a fortnight.

At my father's request, Uncle Van no doubt would see me into the train for Ringhurst. Uncle Herbert was away.

Our house was not so far from Kensington Gardens but that I could be trusted to roam about there alone, and report myself safely to the housemaid and cook at dinner-time. Kensington Gardens, therefore, had, during the holidays, become my playground, and I was on intimate terms with the park-keepers, the refreshment-stall people, and the waterfowl. When my Clym cousins came to spend a day with me, I took them, by way of treat, to *my* gardens, and introduced them to the acquaintances above mentioned.

Now it so chanced, that while my father was turning over in his mind in whose custody I should be sent to the railway station on Saturday, labelled for Ringhurst, Uncle Van appeared with two of my Clym cousins, whom he had brought to see me, and for whom their mamma was to call in the afternoon.

My father told Mr. Clym he was just the man he wanted to see, whereat

Uncle Van adjusted his spectacles, stared, chuckled, and asked what was the matter. Whereupon my father, looking less anxious than I had seen him since my return, took him by the arm and walked him into his brougham, which was waiting to transport him to the city.

On their departure I proposed Kensington Gardens. Thither we went, adjured and admonished, but unaccompanied.

Robbers and brigands among the trees were our favourite games. There were no rules except those of a fair start to be given to whoever was to assume the lawless character, generally myself. These games were inspired by that love of frightening one another common to all children. To hide anywhere, even though it be in the same place day after day, and then to rush out suddenly, or even to be caught when the surrender itself would be of a startling nature, seem to be among the first notions of juvenile amusement.

Exulting in my superior knowledge of the domain which I had well-nigh come to look upon as my preserves, I was not only able to hide without much chance of detection, but could follow them, after they had passed my place of concealment, and harass them in the rear.

On this day I chose a large tree not far from the boundary railings, and well in view of one of the summer-houses in the walk beyond; that is, in Hyde Park.

I was deliberating whether I should occupy my time in purchasing refreshments at the gate, or should await my cousins' arrival, when a gentleman and lady walked within a few yards of me towards the entrance to the Park. They were not following the beaten track, but crossing the grass. Neither figure was strange to me, except so far as it was strange to see either there. One I could not mistake, and when he turned round, as if looking out for some one to meet him, I said to myself distinctly, "Why, it's Venn!"

Mr. Venn decidedly. And with him

I recognized the odd woman who had stopped me opposite our school-door.

He was too much associated with school for me to be inclined to welcome him in the holidays; and for his companion, once of *her* had been more than enough for me. So I held my tongue, remained in ambush, and waited for them to quit the Gardens, as they were evidently on the point of doing.

I watched them out by the gate. They had been conversing earnestly; now they stood still without saying a word, but each turning from the other to explore the distance.

Evidently whoever they had been expecting was disappointing them.

They walked towards the Park slowly.

A carriage pulled up at the rails, close by the bridge over the Serpentine.

The door opened, and out stepped Mr. Cavander.

He met Mr. Venn and his companion; then with them he returned to the carriage, which the three entered, Mr. Venn and the woman first, Mr. Cavander delaying a second to give the coachman some directions.

These being ended, he too got in, closed the door himself, and in another minute or so the carriage was lost to my view.

This meeting seemed to me, then, to have something to do with me at school. Flogging perhaps. I did not know what to make of it. My cousins came up and caught me for the first time in their lives in my hiding-place.

They did not know anything about Mr. Venn or Mr. Cavander, and only cared for my playing with them. So at it we went again till dinner-time. In the evening I thought of mentioning it to my father, but he returned home with Mr. Cavander, who was dressed for dinner, and after making his toilette they left together.

I said good night to my father in the hall, and in answer to a request, whereunto I was prompted from the kitchen, he told me that if I liked to go to a theatre in company with one of the servants I could do so. "You will soon be able to go about with me," he added.

But this was quite a formal phrase with him. Mr. Cavander was already in the carriage, and he did not hear the remark. I was glad of this, as, disliking him intensely, the prospect seemed to be a bad compliment to Mr. Cavander, and calculated to make him more my enemy than ever.

The theatre intervened, and I had enough to talk about to my father next morning, though he did not prove much of an audience, being apparently nervous and fidgety. His portmanteau was packed, and he was leaving.

He gave me five pounds, and hoped that that would be sufficient for me at Ringhurst. I stared, and, perversely enough, was not profuse in thanks. The amount had paralysed my gratitude. I did not understand then that I was about to represent him at Mr. Comberwood's, and the ambassador's uniform ought to be something more than ordinary. I had in view various investments for my five sovereigns, and a wish to show them to Austin Comberwood all at once. Also it seemed to me that I should appear before his sister Alice as a gentleman of more weight with my five pounds than with one.

"After next half-year," observed my father, "you will go to Holyshade, and then when you come back for the holidays you will be quite a man."

Always the same burden to his song. Then he said good-bye to me, observed that he should certainly ask Mr. Comberwood to dinner (as a reward, I suppose, for having invited me for a week) on his return to town, and so left me; and all that for the time remained to me of my father, so to speak, were my five golden sovereigns jingling in my trouser pocket.

CHAPTER XI.

UNCLE VAN'S DIFFICULTY—PIPKISON TO THE RESCUE—THE BAA-LAMBES—DISTINGUISHED CHARACTERS—ON THE PLATFORM—I MEET AN OLD FRIEND IN A NEW DRESS.

UNCLE VAN had looked in at the last moment to undertake the charge of me

for Saturday, as proposed to him the previous day.

Uncle Van knew Mr. Comberwood as a solicitor often employed by certain shipping firms, and was pretty sure about his going down to Ringhurst every Saturday afternoon. To his care he promised to confide me. Indeed he had been, he said, commissioned by Mr. Comberwood to help him on this occasion in the theatricals.

"Are you going to act?" asked my father.

"No, no; he-he-he," answered Uncle Van, spanning his spectacles, and fitting them into his eyes with his finger and thumb. "No, I can not acts"—he sometimes varied his broken English with plural terminations—"and I am not as-*ked*. I should not go—he-he-he—if I was as-*ked*—he-he-he,"—here he chuckled and spluttered—"because Eliza toes tink all wrong such tings, and she woult not 'ave accept te invitation."

"She never goes to any public amusement, does she?" asked my father.

"No. Ven I goes I goes alone," said Uncle Van, making a noise in his throat resembling a weak watch-spring gone suddenly wrong. This sound was expressive of his intense delight.

"I think the Comberwoods know Herbert," observed my father, meaning Herbert Pritchard.

"I tink zo. P'raps he goes town tese time, but I ton't know. I vill ask Combervoots; I shall zee 'im tomorrow. Cecil, you comes to me on Saturtay morning, and we go to te zity togeters—kee-kee-kee."

Kee-kee-kee is the only way I can invent to represent the peculiar watch-spring chuckle in Uncle Van's throat.

If he could have made my father's trust an excuse for staying away from home all Saturday, I know he would gladly have availed himself of the opportunity.

Saturday was to Uncle Van worse than Sunday. Sunday was a decided day. It was one thing: and Monday and all the other days up to Saturday were another. But Saturday was neither

one nor the other, with the disadvantages of both.

It had not always been so. He had not been brought up to it: on the contrary, he had been gradually brought down to it by the power in his house, against which revolt was impossible, because so evidently impolitic. As a boy—that is, as a Dutch boy—he had been accustomed to take religious duties in as easy a way as his father, with his long, big-bowled pipe, had done before him. They worshipped with their hats on, in a frigid manner, and sat in a plain, undecorated building, fitted up apparently with loose boxes, or, more devoutly speaking, sheep-pens for the fold. In Dutch devotion there was no outward show, and not much inward fervour. When he had married Miss Colvin she had been moderately Evangelical to begin with, and ultra-Evangelical to go on with. She considered, that, however clear-headed her husband might be on business, "out of it he has," she said, "no more mind than a jelly-fish." Now a jelly-fish is not remarkable for intellect. She constituted herself his director, but not his confessor. There is a marked distinction between the two. A director may advise and shape a course: but a confessor must have a penitent, or his office is a sinecure.

Uncle Van was willing to abide by her directions as long as he was allowed to remain in peace and quietness, which meant as long as he had a good dinner at a reasonable hour, and was not interrupted in his doze, and his pipe, after it. Mrs. Clym had long ago conceded the pipe. After all, it was not a point of doctrine but of practice, and might perhaps be gradually given up. It led to no excesses, as Van, though of a generally fishy nature, was not troubled with thirst. So he was permitted to smoke-dry himself like one of his own country's herrings, and he was happy.

But Mrs. Clym was a reformer, and she was bent upon reforming her household's Saturday. She determined to commence Sunday on Saturday, as the

Jews begin their Sabbath on Friday at sunset.

"But te Jews," said Uncle Van, "leave off teir Sabbat on Saturtay, and at zunzet—he-he-he!—and she *ton't*. Bezite, vat 'ave her relishion to toes viz my tinner?"

He complained to his friends, not to her.

Aunt Van had commenced her reforms. She had abolished Saturday dining—or rather, dining *late* on Saturdays.

There was, to her mind, something more devotional in tea than in dinner. There was an unction of solace to the spiritually-minded in buttered toast; and an incentive to heroic virtue in hot tea. Late dinner was of the world, worldly. Tea was, somehow, more congenial to piety. It never occurred to her that the only thing celestial about tea was the heathen empire whence it came. Mrs. Clym never admitted into her presence anything in the shape of a joke. Uncle Clym kept such as he knew to himself. He pronounced jokes "jox," with a short vowel.

Before dinner he would say, "I will tell you some goot jox when my wife's gone to te trawn-room."

When he did tell them, they were very mild: always such funny harmless things as one oyster might tell another, and slobber over afterwards. But on Saturday nights there would be, henceforth, no more guests, and no chance for his "jox."

"I cannot come 'ome to colt meats ant tea," exclaimed poor Uncle Van, in my father's presence.

Sir John wouldn't interfere between man and wife.

At the first of these reform dinners Mr. Clym very nearly burst into tears. He meditated a peaceful solution, with his pipe in his mouth. He slept on the subject, but could make nothing of it. The servants, he was told, found it so convenient, the children liked it; his wife, of course, did. He represented the government in a minority. He appealed to the country; the country couldn't help him. There was only one thing

to be done: *not* to take the goods the gods had provided. He would stay away on Saturdays, and dine elsewhere. But then, how to explain this absence from home? Would Madame believe that he merely stayed away to dine?

Suppose he obtained permission first? An honest idea, and worthy of a well-regulated husband. But how?

To get round Mrs. Clym was a hazardous proceeding. She was so angular, and perpendicular, and she offered so small a chance of a footing, that the first pointed prejudice, sticking out abruptly, would knock you back into the water.

I do not believe in Hannibal's receipt for getting through an obstacle. Sweet oil sounds more like the thing than vinegar.

Clym thought of emollients. With other wives diamonds are the best diplomatists. Mrs. Clym was not to be bought: that is, at *that* price.

Uncle Van would have, hopelessly and helplessly, gradually settled down to like it, as untravelled Englishmen, abroad for the first time, pretend a pleasure in becoming accustomed to the greasiest foreign cookery, had it not been for a friend, who showed him that to succumb was to eat the lotos and be lost.

This friend's name was Pipkison. I cannot pass him over with bare mention of his name. Pipkison was one of the most popular men in London.

He was a Worshipful Brother, with a company of letters after his surname in single file; he was a Fellow with nine letters of the alphabet, every one of them pregnant with meaning. He was a Merry Shepherd, an Ancient Druid, a Redoubtable Buffalo, a Knight of something or other, a Mystic of the Rosicrucian Order, and a number of numerous other social, fraternal, and professedly leveling-up societies, whose bond of union is common subscription for a dinner, whose acolytes are publicans, and whose stoutest supporters are husbands, ready to welcome a solemn excuse for dining out periodically. Their charity begins in conviviality, and is co-extensive with it. Their hymn is "And so say all of us."

Their aim, dignified by high-sounding titles, and disguised under cloaks of moralities and mysteries, is to establish jolly-good-fellowship, among Brothers of the Bottle, all the world over.

But apart from being all these worthies rolled into one, Pipkison was the kindest-hearted and most good-natured bachelor to be found in or out of a Government office, where he laboured from ten to four, and spoke on deep subjects with high officials face to face, and with clerks and underlings through speaking-pipes, which instruments he performed on with much ease and elegance, and great conciseness of diction, arrived at by long official practice.

Pipkison went everywhere worth going to, and knew everybody worth knowing. He also knew anybody, and was to be met, like a geranium on a bleak cliff, when least expected. He was of no particular age: and as far as conviviality went, he was for all and any time. He was never too buoyant; he was never over-fatigued. He fitted into all sorts of society, like a master-key into every kind of lock. He knew everything, and did a little of it well and unobtrusively. He never got himself, or anyone else, into trouble. He received as many communications as a letter-box, and kept them till called for legitimately. All his acquaintances were equally dear to him. He had one friend: just one—an invalid, bedridden in the prime of life, by whose bedside he would sit and chat regularly every Sunday. He never allowed any engagement (save absence from London, which was rare, and then he wrote his friend a cheery letter, full of gossip) to interfere with this duty. This poor fellow's name was Yennick.

Did Pip, in passing through Covent Garden on his morning's walk to his office (under Government), see flowers fresh and beautiful, and fruit in its season, it straightway occurred to him that poor Yennick couldn't get at those luxuries for himself. In another hour fruit and flowers were at Yennick's door, with Mr. Pipkison's compliments. The kindest-hearted creature, Pipkison,

and no scandal-monger, which is a marvellous thing when said of a man, the life of whose conversation was small talk, and who was perpetually being questioned by everyone as to how everyone else was getting on.

Half the world doesn't know how the other half lives. Best not, if one half is to be called, French fashion, the *demi-monde*. Pipkison lived between the two halves, and knew all about both, without really concerning himself about either. Pipkison was this Pip when I was a boy. He is this Pip now, unchanged.

Being such an one as I have shown him, it was only in the natural course of things that he should know Uncle Van, as he knew everybody. Stopping my uncle in the Exchange, as he was moodily walking, frowning at the pavement, jingling his keys in one pocket and balancing them, as it were, with their value in halfpence in the other, Mr. Pipkison called out—

"Hullo, Van! Woa, Van!" which was Pipkison's waggery.

"He-he-he!" laughed Uncle Van, with his usual jelly-fish way. "Always your jox—eh? He-he-he!" and he laughed again, taking one hand out of his trouser pocket to fix his spectacles on, so as to have a better look at Pipkison. Then he said—

"Vell?"

Pipkison answered him—

"Where shall we dine to-day? I'm not speaking like an advertisement, but I mean it."

"He-he-he! I vas tinkin' tat moment. You zee my wife—he-he-he!—she's a deucet goot voman, but I tink only tea at six o'clock on Saturtay von't do. Il faut dîner."

"Of course," replied Pipkison; then with a wink, and indicating Uncle Van's ribs with his forefinger, "How about the Burlington Baa-lams?"

"Hey?—He-he-he! Vat?" asked Uncle Clym. He laughed because he thought Pipkison had made one of his "jox," which he had missed.

"Burlington Baa-lams, Van! You must be a Baa-lamb!"

"He-he-he!" snorted Mr. Clym; "te Baa-lamb—vat is he?"

"The Baa-lamb," replied Mr. Pip, "is a gregarious creature who dines on Saturday at two o'clock, in company with others of the Burlington flock, which, meeting in a pleasant pasturage in the neighbourhood of the Burlington Arcade (whence this name), make a circuit of other grass lands, returning on the last Saturday of the year to their ancient inclosure as aforesaid. That is the poetical account. That is what the gods call us. Mortals would denominate our society a social club, dining out every Saturday early, and not going home till evening."

"I could get home by seven, eh?" asked Uncle Van, much interested.

"By six if necessary."

Uncle Van thought he could manage this. He would dine with the Baa-lambs and return home to tea. He would run with the hare, and hunt with the baa-lambs.

"Are there many?"

"Baa-lambs?" asked Pipkison: then answered, seeing that Mr. Clym had intended this; "yes, there are Barristers qualified as members of the Baa—you observe. Bar—Baa——"

"He-he-he! I zee. Yes. Bar," said Uncle Van, nodding like a loose-headed toy figure on a Christmas bon-bon box.

"Then there are literary men, Baa-lambs of the Pen."

Mr. Clym thought over this. "Pen, eh?" He didn't see it.

"You begin well as a Baa-lamb," said Mr. Pip, "as I see you are a ruminating animal."

"He-he-he!" Uncle Van in fits. This joke had really tickled him. Recovering his seriousness and his spectacles, which were slipping off his nose, he announced his determination thus—

"I say—he-he-he!—I'll be a Baa-lamb."

Mr. Pip solemnly grasped his hand, and appeared to invoke a blessing on the neophyte. Then he, in a deeply tragic manner, addressed Uncle Clym.

"Meet me here at two precisely. At half-past we must to the meadow. Come

dine with me and be my love. By the way, Comberwood told me about wanting some professional person to drill them in their theatricals. I've got the very man. He's an eminent Baa-lamb, and you'll meet him at dinner this afternoon. Good-bye." And off he went.

"Funny fel-low—he-he-he!" said Uncle Van to himself; "vat tit he mean by 'pen,' and 'ruminate?'" He considered a bit, then shrugged his shoulders. "Vun of his 'jox.'"

He saw at once that for this Saturday, at all events, he had obtained a fair excuse. He had "to see a professional person on behalf of Mr. Comberwood, solicitor," and this, without further explanation, would be quite sufficient for Mrs. Clym when he returned home in the evening. Besides, he needn't be late. He could dispose of me by a mid-day train, dine with the Lambs, and be back for seven o'clock tea at home.

This being settled, we proceeded to Mr. Comberwood's office in Gray's Inn.

His clerk informed us that Mr. Comberwood had intended going by the two o'clock train to Ringhurst, but had changed his mind. However, if I were to travel by that train, I should find the carriage waiting to meet me. This was enough for Uncle Van, who forthwith took me to the station, and having, by giving me in charge to the guard, labelled me, as it were, for my destination, he hurried off to keep, as I learnt afterwards, his appointment with Pipkison—whereof we shall meet an important result later on.

I did not like to move about much, or take my eyes off the guard, who seemed to have plenty to do without troubling himself any further about me.

While I was wondering whether I should ever get to Ringhurst, a slouching young man, in an oily green velvet costume, touched his hat to me in a bashful sort of way, and hoped Master Colvin was quite well.

"Why, it's Charles Edmund!" said I, recognizing little Julie's brother.

He had grown enormously, and spread out into hands and feet. I felt that I ought to shake hands with him (three

of my hands would have slipped into one of his easily), and that if I didn't, he'd think I was proud. So I held out mine to him, and rather hoped that nobody saw us.

"Thank ye, Master Colvin," he said; "I'm quite well, an' I'm gettin' on. I ain't a greaser now."

"No, indeed!" I returned, being vaguely glad to hear this on account of my own position in society.

"No," he continued, "I'm porter now. I'm workin' into it, and I'll be a guard in time. Inspector p'raps."

"I hope so, I'm sure. How's your father?" I was becoming atrociously patronising. He was ever so much taller and bigger than I was, being, indeed, by my side quite an ogre.

"Gettin' on capital lately, Master Colvin," he replied. He evidently liked calling me Master Colvin, and was rather pleased and amused by my patronage. "Little Julie's out of an engagement now; she was in the pantomime at the Lane last year. Sally—Beatrice Sarah, you know—she's coming out in the Op'ra, I b'lieve, at Paris; but we ain't seen her for a long time. Lottie's still helping Madame Glissande. Father would ha' gone with Julie to Portsmouth for a week to see Aunt Jane——"

"Nurse Davis?"

"Yes, Master Colvin, she's very well, thank you; I'm sure she'd be glad to hear as I've seen you. I'll tell her; she's a comin' up soon."

"Is she? I should like to see her." I said this partly out of politeness, and partly because I really meant it. Children can be as snobbish as their elders. Master Cecil Colvin, standing on the platform talking to Charles Edmund, was unconsciously developing snobbery. It was new to him, and he was hot and uncomfortable in the performance.

"Yes, mother—she's very well, Master Colvin, thank you"—for I had not asked after her—"said as it would do father good to go for a little fresh air, and take a holiday while he was doing nothing; and so he'd ha' gone, but just then a friend told him as there was something for him to do as 'ud give

him the fresh air and put money in his pocket, along with some ammytoors in the country, so as he's to meet the——"

Here he was suddenly called off by my guard—under whose eye I did not feel justified in shaking hands with him again. However, after he had finished his job he returned to me, looked carefully after my luggage, put me in the right carriage, and finally reappeared just as the train was starting with a bottle of lemonade opened, two oranges, and two sponge-cakes in a bag.

This was so kind of him, and I was so much affected by it, that I had scarcely time either to thank him or to ask him to take some refreshment himself, when the engine, snorting, puffing as hard as if it were quite out of condition for a long run, pulled us away from the platform, like an impatient companion insisting upon lugging you off in a hurry, and Charles Edmund disappeared.

"I wish Julie had been with him," I said to myself. We were on our way to Ringhurst.

CHAPTER XII.

THE COMBERWOOD FAMILY—ALICE—
FIRST IMPRESSIONS—A WORD ON HANDS
—NEW WORLD—THE ARRIVAL OF AN
IMPORTANT PERSON—DESCRIPTION
DEFERRED.

A VISIT to Ringhurst was a great change to a town boy like myself, whose only acquaintance with country-houses was what I had made with such exteriors as I had seen during our walks on half-holidays.

Between twelve and thirteen I was man enough to travel alone, with my five pounds reduced to four pounds ten shillings, and to like my independence. With delight I hailed Austin and his younger brother, Dick, who wasn't at our school, as they in turn waved their hats to me from the platform. There was a beautiful carriage to meet us, with which I mentally compared my father's brougham, wherein I very rarely had the pleasure of riding.

We drove—it was a crisp winter—between small plantations of young firs, which looked like Christmas-trees met together for a party, only without the gifts hanging from their frosted branches.

Through a lodge gate, and up a wide road, in view of more plantations and far older trees of various sorts, until at the doorway of a gabled house the carriage stopped. Then such a bell sounded, the like of which I had never before heard out of church, and men-servants came to see to my luggage. My luggage was only a small portmanteau, and the man easily slung it off the foot-board of the driving-box, where it had been hidden by four stalwart calves. That was all. And the stately vehicle disappeared, and might have turned into a pumpkin without astonishing me very much; everything around was so new, and yet, oddly enough, so familiar.

We stood in a grand old hall. Old pictures, fitting into old panels; a huge fire-place, with fantastic carvings on and about it, and fantastic logs ablaze, as they lay across ancient dogs, between which were feathery ashes, that looked as if grey parrots had been plucked there. Foxes' brushes, trophies of arms and armour on the walls, doors in four recesses in the four corners, looking just the very places whence persons of a mischievous turn might rush out suddenly and say "bo" to the goose they wished to frighten.

"We're at home now," said Austin, helping me to take off my coat and wraps. The remark was unnecessary; but it sounded so kindly in my ears, that I thanked him, and then replied, that "I was so glad."

"They're all in here," cried Dick, touching the handle of the door farthest from me on our left.

"Come in and see my mother," said Austin. "She's here with Alice."

I entered the drawing-room. I felt, and I believe the Colvins experience generally the same feeling—that I was, there and then, in love with Alice Comberwood. No matter what her age, no matter what her looks, I was, without

setting eyes on her, devoted to her as soon as Austin had mentioned her to me.

I had not been long in the world, and had shown myself very tender-hearted wherever the sex had been concerned. So had my father and my grandfather before me. Of this I was not then aware. I note the fact now, and beg that it may be remembered. I had not forgotten my nurse, my first school-mistress, my Aunt Susan; nor Beatrice Sarah, Carlotta Lucille, nor Julie, of Frampton's Court. My heart was large enough to hold them all, it is true, but it resembled a child's play-drawer, where the old dolls and tops are stowed away, when the new one makes its appearance.

Mrs. Comberwood, a handsome lady in the sleekest black velvet, resembling one of the portraits in the hall, welcomed me in a motherly manner.

"I am glad to see you, Master Colvin; I have often heard of you from Austin."

Here we shook hands. I could not say that I had often heard of *her* from Austin, and so all I could do was to look at Alice sheepishly. It must have been sheepishly, for she, standing with one foot, of which I could only see the shoe's point, resting on the steel bar in front of the ancient fireplace, turned towards me and smiled a welcome.

I advanced towards her.

"This is my sister Alice," said Austin, by way of introduction.

I *had* heard of her several times before he had mentioned her name just now. Cecil Colvin, my friends, was deeply impressionable at this time of his life, and, as on soft wax, the image of Alice was forthwith stamped on my heart. Images and superscriptions in soft wax are very soon effaced. Heat the wax once more, bring a different die, and the former image will, at a touch, have disappeared utterly, and for ever. But Alice had, in consequence of Austin's night recitals of Scott, got mixed up in my mind with Sir Walter's heroines, and then I had understood

from her brother that we were down there to act something which she had composed for us. I valued authorship, and Austin had read something of his own to me privately, and as a great favour, which struck me as very clever, because it reminded me so strongly of "Ivanhoe" and "Guy Mannering."

Let me recall this first meeting with Alice Comberwood.

Alice Comberwood, seventeen, the real ruler in her father's house, regarded by all with that imperfect love wherein there is an admixture of fear. Yes, Alice Comberwood, I will set you before me once again, after these many years, as with your mother's admiring gaze fixed on you, you stood smiling upon the gawky, awkward boy, whose silent tongue and speaking eyes told you of the admiration with which you had inspired him. You took it, as a queen, as your right; you took it from me as you would have taken it from anyone, but you secretly prized the homage of a simple, straightforward boy, as the real metal of truth, free from the alloy of flattery.

She had been standing in a meditative attitude before the fire, her fingers interlaced. Now she unclasped her hands, and stretched forth one to me.

I have ever been inclined to judge of female character by the hand. Not as the fortune-teller, who, from the lines engraved on the open palm, predicts a destiny; but, by the whole hand, and the hand's movements, I will warrant myself, if going by first instincts only, to be right in my appreciation of individual character. As to prediction of results, to that I do not pretend. To predicate of a firm character, that in certain circumstances it will act firmly, is to ignore inconsistency. Allowing much for accident, you must allow more for inconsistency. So, on thinking over this matter of hands, I conclude that I have an inclination towards hands, and when called upon to pronounce judgment at all, would rather form my opinion of a woman by her hand, than by her face. I do not say this of men. I do not care for men's hands. There probably is great character in

them, but they have never interested me, and never will. Alice Comberwood's hand looked best against a clear, sharply-defined white cuff, turned back over a tight sleeve. I will tell you what it was not. It was not a ghostly, transparent hand, that would have appeared in a Vandyke portrait, with long, tapering, pointed finger-tips, which seem as though they were only formed for bird-like staccato passages on the piano-forte.

Nothing unreal about Alice Comberwood's hand, as there was nothing unreal about Alice Comberwood. It was a firm, solid, fleshy hand, of even temper, soft in its mesmeric caress, truthful in its decided grasp.

Her gloved hand piqued curiosity like a veiled Venus. It was a positive pleasure to see the glove withdrawn, and then you wondered how you could have ever admired the glove which lay lifeless (and what so helpless and lifeless as a crumpled glove!) on the table beside her, suddenly dead and dull as the skin shed by the water-snake on the bank.

Most women appear to advantage in a riding-habit, Alice to more advantage than most. Logically you can infer how a habit became her.

Something more on this hand, and I have done. It was a hand that would write a plain, straightforward, yea for yea, nay for nay letter, in unangular characters that bear little resemblance to the ordinary meagre regularity and pointed-Gothicness of a school-girl's style.

She had never been a satisfactory pupil. Ordinary persons are satisfactory pupils. Ordinary girls could copy with exactitude: Alice could not. To copy led her on to fanciful additions. Shesaw, intuitively, what she wanted in a book or a picture, and adapted it, after her own fashion. She unconsciously imitated, and a certain sort of originality grew out of her imitation. Later on she would have called this eclecticism, and have wondered at herself for her wilfulness. Facts were to her only the foundations of romance. She mentally dressed up anybody who was pre-

sented to her, just as, when a child, she had insisted upon undressing a dressed doll in order to clothe its sawdust-stuffed body in the costume that pleased *her*. She would ride a tilt for those whom she had chosen to call her friends; but was inclined to scarify such as were obnoxious to her. Religion moderated her eagerness to scarify; and her attempts to reduce the precepts of charity to social practice, resulted either in silence or commonplaces. With her large, bright, inquiring eyes, clear complexion, and dark wavy hair, she could have passed anywhere for a genuine Irish beauty. But her parentage was pure Saxon.

"I am sure you must be very cold," she said to me; "come to the fire. Why, your hands are like ice."

Thereupon she made way for me, and I began to feel myself of some importance. Mrs. Comberwood asked after my father, Sir John, whom she hadn't the pleasure of knowing, and requested some details about the Colvin family, with which I willingly furnished her.

"You have no brothers or sisters?" said Alice. "You are the only one, are you not?"

"Yes, I am the only one."

"You and Austin are great friends?"

Her brother put his arm round her waist affectionately.

"Yes," I replied, "very great friends."

"We have a room together, you know," said Austin.

"Yes, I *do* know," returned his sister, "and you keep Master Colvin awake with Scott's novels."

We both laughed. Then Alice said to her brother,—

"What do the boys call him at school?"

"Nickname?" asked Austin.

"No, nothing rude; I won't hear it, Austin." She held up her hand to warn him.

"It is nothing rude. You know they used to call me 'Owl in the Ivy-bush,' because, when I first went, I had such long hair."

"Owl in the Ivy-bush, indeed!" re-

peated his mother, quite annoyed at any child of hers bearing such an appellation.

"He," Austin went on, alluding unceremoniously to me, "was called 'Elephant.'"

I didn't like this before Alice, and I coloured. Alice smiled. This made it worse. I think I should have been angry, for I wasn't much given to tears, except when anger was abortive, if she hadn't remarked,—

"Well, I don't see why he should be called Elephant."

No more did I.

Austin informed her: "Because, when he was a new boy, he was so big and awkward, and had such large ears."

"You shouldn't repeat such things, Austin, at all events, of your friend," said Mrs. Comberwood.

"He doesn't mind it," answered her son. "Do you?"

I replied that I didn't mind it, of course, from *him*, but that I disliked it from others. Now was my opportunity for explaining to Alice that the title had fallen into disuse by this time, and that in point of fact I was no longer the "Elephant;" but there was a boy whom they called "Rhinoceros," and two others, the Biffords, whose names, up to the time of their leaving, were "Fatty" and "Puggy."

Alice thought these vulgar.

"I hate anything vulgar in names," she said; "and I don't think I like funny names; they ought to be stopped, unless they're exactly suited to the people."

"Nelly's a funny name," observed Dick, who had now joined the party.

"Nelly's my eldest sister," explained Austin.

"Elder, Austin, not eldest. The comparative must be used where there are two, the superlative where there are more."

"Dear me!" ejaculated her mother, pretending to perk herself up. Elders who are unacquainted with the process of extracting the yolk of an egg by suction, do not like being instructed on the subject by juniors, even when the

instruction is conveyed obliquely. A ball striking you just as it glances off an angle of a wall hits hard. Besides, flesh and blood feel the blow; the wall, first struck, did not.

"We're very particular," she added ironically.

"If we *are* to learn grammar, let us speak it," said Alice.

"And what," I asked, becoming bolder, "is your elder sister's name?"

"McCracken," answered Alice, with a sparkle of fun in her eyes.

It was impossible not to laugh. We all laughed, except Mamma, who begged us to consider what an excellent housewife sister Nelly was; and what a good man Mr. McCracken.

"Ah!" exclaimed Alice, moving to the table, "he's so dreadfully low."

"Low! my dear Alice!" cried Mrs. Comberwood, quite startled: "I never heard you say such a thing before, and I hope I never shall again. Of your brother-in-law too! Low! he's a perfect gentleman—and a clergyman—and you who say you have so much respect for the clergy——"

"So I have, Mamma. For all clergymen on account of their office, not for their individual opinions. I was speaking of Andrew McCracken as a clergyman. Of course he's a gentleman, or Nelly wouldn't have married him. As a gentleman, he is what he ought to be. As a clergyman, he is what he ought not to be."

"But you called him 'low,' Alice," Mrs. Comberwood reminded her.

"Well, dear, I thought you would have known that 'Low' meant Low Church—Evangelical."

"He has a right to his opinions: though, as far as I go, and I go quite far enough, I'm sure, I think Nelly might manage to have the service more cheerfully conducted."

"She gives in to him," said Alice, with a toss of the head.

"Ah!" said her mother, thinking, perhaps, that at this point it would be as well to drop the subject. Alice was sharp enough, she was perfectly aware, to have seen long since that Mr. Com-

berwood's wishes were not quite law in his own house, any more than they were in the courts where he professionally appeared as solicitor instructing counsel.

I found myself in a new world. What did I know of Low, High, Evangelical, Anglican, and such terms at that age? Nothing at all. I just remembered having heard Dr. Carter telling the senior usher how, on being invited to some clerical meeting in the neighbourhood, he and two friends had appeared in their black gowns, while the others were all in surplices and hoods. Mrs. Carter denounced this as tomfoolery, and we boys (at dinner) unconsciously imbibed her notion (if any at all) on this subject. The matter was one in no way interesting to me. Had I not been invited to take a part in some New Year's festivities, and to pass a merry holiday-time at Ringhurst? Undoubtedly.

Between seven and eight the steam of a great fuss pervaded the house. There was bustling among servants, fires were suddenly and savagely attacked, logs were piled on recklessly, chamber candles were reviewed in a line on the hall table, where they appeared in heavy marching order, armed with their burnished extinguishers and their snuffers by their side. Then the family mustered in the hall.

The master was expected every minute.

In point of fact he had already passed his usual time. Mamma's anxiety showed itself in the various reasons she gave to prove that there was no cause for it. Nor was there.

"He's not a bit later than he was last night," said Dick.

"Rather earlier, if Papa comes now," observed Alice, walking to the door.

We heard the wind threatening outside, as much as to say boldly, "Coming! Of course he's coming; only mind I'm against him to-night, and the more I try to keep him back the more urgent will he be to press forward." Then the voice was lost among the first and larches, as with a sharp gritty sound, the sharper and the more gritty as it neared the hall

door, came the wheels of the dog-cart, broken by the horse's slinging trot, like the conductor's bâton beating common time on a wooden desk to the opening of the overture to "Semiramide." The last *fortissimo*, the last bar, and the bell was rendered unnecessary, though rung, by the rapidity wherewith the butler threw open the front door.

First came Mr. Comberwood's voice.

Then some of Mr. Comberwood's pan-

cels; for he was of that order of pater-familias which looks upon fish in a straw-plaited basket from London as a peace-offering for venial sins.

"Now, Stephen, *do* come in," urged his wife.

Then Stephen Comberwood came in.

As, however, he is a very big man, and a person of some importance, I must beg leave to reserve his description for the commencement of the next chapter.

To be continued.

THE ENGLISH CENSUS OF 1871, AND THE BOUNDARIES QUESTION.

WHILE a considerable interest is expressed in the progress of the enumeration of the population at the time when each census is taken, it is not a little remarkable that this interest is very evanescent. As soon as the first returns are completed, the habitual reader of any country newspaper is surprised to see its columns suddenly bristle with unwonted figures. The population of each parish or hamlet is carefully noted down, and a comparison drawn with its extent in preceding census years. The occasion of these figures is a very natural one. They minister to the most ordinary, the most general, the most abiding of human sentiments, that of the personal interest everyone feels in his own welfare. The increase of the size of a place is generally a fairly accurate index of the condition of the inhabitants; a diminution, an almost certain sign of a decline of prosperity. Every town, every village, every parish, likes to see its own status in the empire recorded, and is gratified in almost every instance by finding that the population within its boundaries is larger than ten years before. A sort of pleasure is expressed curiously analogous to that experienced by children when they measure their heights against some familiar mark. There, rising step by step, you may trace the progress of each child of the house, till at last the glory culminates in schoolboy pride, marking how the eldest son is higher than his father, high as that father himself may stand. The interest taken in the Census Returns is about as superficial, and about as evanescent as the pleasure of the children in noting down their stature. This is partly to be explained by the fact that it is the superficial points only which ordinary observers remark, and that hence they soon grow weary of the

subject; partly also by the limited circulation which the official publications of the census authorities obtain. Unlikely as it may seem, only about 1,000 copies of these returns are, or can be, for sale; and it is impossible that any general interest should be felt throughout the country in a work which must hence, from the circumstances of publication, be confined to the hands of a very few. The Census Returns are really, after the lapse of a few years, scarce works. I may mention my own experience in this. About the year 1868 I was engaged in some investigations on the extent of house accommodation in England. I wanted, in carrying the inquiry out, a copy of the Scotch Census of 1861. I was quite unable to procure a copy to keep, though the Registrar-General for Scotland himself kindly endeavoured to obtain one for me. Little reason for doubt therefore exists, that there is, as stated by Mr. Lewis in the preface to his Digest, an opening for such a work as that which he has prepared.¹ This volume embodies all the leading facts contained in the two huge official folios, condensed into a compact little book of 200 pages, easy of transport, convenient for the book-case, and of small cost. The slight sketch of the Census of 1851 by Mr. Cheshire met with a considerable circulation. Mr. Lewis's volume is far more complete in every way than any previous analysis of a census, and from the official position of the author the facts may be safely depended on for their fidelity. The original suggestion of the work is due to Dr. William Farr, the President of the Statistical Society

¹ Digest of the English Census of 1871. Compiled from the official returns, and edited by James Lewis, of the Registrar-General's Department. London: Edward Stanford, 1873.

of London. Mr. Lewis commemorates in his preface the aid which the counsel of so well-known and able a statistician has been in the progress of his work.

Besides their comparative scarcity, the great size of the Census Reports will always form a bar to their being extensively popular. It is not every library which, in the present degenerate age, has space for such ponderous tomes on its shelves. More than that, it is far from every reader who can study their contents with advantage to himself. The vast array of figures extending page after page becomes almost appalling, and yet it is most desirable that the facts which these figures denote should be generally known. It is only by the diffusion of accurate information that any progress can be made in the elucidation of many of the social difficulties of the time. Yet to prepare, accurately and honestly, such a work as Mr. Lewis has done, is in itself no easy thing. Those only who have a practical acquaintance and experience of labour in statistics can have any idea, not only of the amount of work required in marshalling such figures so as to place them in a clear and intelligible form, but of the continual need of care and caution in manipulating the materials after they have been laboriously attained. Those only who have endeavoured to employ a statistical mode of inquiry into a wide subject, know the difficulty of so doing as to present a fair and accurate report. Errors will creep in, even into the work of the most careful, the most experienced. But the enemy most to be dreaded is not an occasional mistake. The individual bias of the statistician will, even though he may desire to labour in the spirit of the utmost fairness, always have a tendency to tinge his work. The figures he deals with are always more likely to present themselves in those groups which most naturally lend themselves to his own particular inclination; it is his own personal bias which he must strive to watch against, which he should learn to detect, and to withstand, if he desires to work in a spirit of equity. It is

said that astronomical observers are liable to personal errors in noting down the moment of the transit or the occultation of a star. The exact time can be correctly calculated beforehand; but, to the observer, the phenomenon appears to take place earlier or later than the real time according to his temperament. A "personal error" in observation is stated to be universal; the exact amount differs with the individual, but is sufficiently constant in quantity to admit of being accurately known and allowed for in practice.

There is no corrective to these errors so useful and so complete as the possession of the facts themselves. The inquirer into the social position of the country will learn far more from Mr. Lewis's figures than from volumes of less condensed and less dependable statements. No attempt is made to popularize the subject, by employing any of the imaginary helps which those who make similar investigations sometimes fancy render their writings more generally acceptable. Mr. Lewis depends, and rightly, on the simple facts, placed before his readers in the simplest manner. For the facts, properly understood, are beyond any question the most interesting basis of the history of the future of the inhabitants of these islands. The number of births and deaths, the number of the different classes of the population at different ages, look like mere dry lists of figures. Yet the facts which underlie these dry lists of figures contain the promise of the years to come. The subject to be dealt with is the commonwealth itself; the history of its progress, maintenance, or retrogression, is traceable in these returns. The active progressive energy of the future is to be seen prefigured in the proportions of young life to the remainder of the population; the effect of strikes or successful trade, the prospects of rising or decaying branches of industry may be discovered. It is only by these periodical stocktakings that many of the most important facts can be ascertained, and it is very desirable that sound information on such points

should be diffused among the community generally. Take one instance:—The returns from labour will be very different in different countries in proportion to the average age of the population. That population which contains the greatest proportion of young life needs also to carry on the more energetic industry, otherwise the growth of population will tend to outstrip the means of subsistence.

Some of the most remarkable results arising from these differences in the composition of the populations of the various European nations are to be found noted in M. Maurice Block's "*Europe Politique et Sociale*." According to M. Block's calculations, the effect of the different proportions of adults and younger children to the total population is to produce a very different scale of average gain for each individual than might at first sight have been expected. Our natural idea is at once that England, the country where the average rate of wages is higher than that of the remainder of Europe, would be beyond question the one in which the individual profit would be highest. But to ascertain this point the increased cost arising from the greater number of the population unable, from their age, to earn their own subsistence must be brought into account. Tested in this manner, France appears to be the country in which individual gains stand the highest. This fact, aided by the natural thriftiness of the people, assists to explain how it is that France has been able to clear off with such comparative facility the terrific burden recently laid on her.

The progress of the prosperity of the country may seem a subject more akin to a census report than the charity of the inhabitants. A curious point however connected with almsgiving is commemorated in the following pithy sentence:—"The increase in the number of hospitals is quite remarkable, and it is to no inconsiderable extent the result of the adoption of the cottage hospital system in rural districts. And with regard to public institutions as a whole, the following sentence from the Census

Report of 1861 is even more applicable now than it was ten years ago. The great principle of practical benevolence has been actively at work, and, with the increased wealth of the country, there has been remarked a greater disposition on the part of the rich to do good while living, instead of merely bequeathing a portion of what they have amassed to be dispensed in charitable objects after their decease." (Lewis's Digest, p. 13.)

It is not possible in this place to notice many more of the points; numerous as they are, in Mr. Lewis's Digest, which are of importance as marking the social progress of the country. There are, however, two other matters connected with the drawing up of the census which are so remarkably illustrative of the wastefulness of English modes of procedure that they deserve a special notice. The first requirement, beyond any doubt, in making any enumeration, is to provide a good arrangement for the facts when ascertained. To count the population is one thing, to set down their numbers in a manner which shall be generally useful is another, and a very different thing. The first point therefore to be attended to, is the basis on which the enumeration is to be arranged. This, in the case of a census, consists of the boundaries of the districts within which the population is to be registered. It is curious to see in how many different ways a matter which might appear at first sight to admit of only one reply can be stated; for instance, the way of noting down the population of one of our larger towns. Let Manchester be the example. At the first glance it might seem the easiest thing in the world to ascertain the number of its inhabitants; but when one comes to the actual point there arises at once the question, What are the limits of Manchester? for the size of Manchester may be estimated in more ways than one. Are the boundaries of the municipal or the Parliamentary borough to be taken? These limits vary greatly in size: the difference between the two is the population of a considerable city, a population larger than that of Lincoln, nearly

as large as that of Oxford. Manchester, however, possesses well-defined boundaries compared with many boroughs, some of which are little more than geographical expressions. It may be thought this vagueness of definition is confined mainly to boroughs in the manufacturing districts, rapidly increasing in numbers; but this is far from being the case. Take the metropolis. The "city"—thanks, primarily, to the care of the Romans when they occupied Britain—is clearly defined, but it is the only part of London the actual dimensions of which can in any respect be said to be closely marked out. None of the modern demarcations have any such definiteness. There are literally ten boundaries in all within which London may be stated to exist. All these boundaries except two differ from each other in extent of space or in population. The London of the Metropolitan Local Management Act differs in size from the London included in the Metropolitan Parliamentary Boroughs. The Metropolitan Police District is not coterminous with the Central Criminal Court District. It is, however, satisfactory to observe—perhaps it may be the dawn of a better state of things—that the London School Board District, the latest territorial division, is coterminous with the district within the limits of the Metropolitan Local Management Act. This want of harmony in the boundary of places is, as mentioned above, by no means confined to London. More than this, it is a long-standing grievance. Mr. Rickman, one of the earliest labourers in the field of census inquiry, pointed out about the commencement of this century that there were in England and Wales about 550 parishes known to extend into two counties, or more than one hundred, or other division; worse even than this, detached portions of parishes are to be found scattered in the midst of other parishes. It is obvious that the difficulty in enumerating the inhabitants of places so circumstanced must be one of the smallest of the inconveniences which must arise from this utterly needless

multiplication of boundaries. Yet in the mere preparation of the Census Returns alone, a considerable difficulty arose from this want of uniformity. The Registrar-General observes that "the multiplicity, entanglement, and want of harmony in the subdivisions have more than doubled the work, and consequently the time required for compiling the returns."

At last it is to be hoped that this state of things, pointed out some three-quarters of a century ago by the robust common sense of Mr. Rickman, commented on in the Report of the Poor Law Commissioners on Local Taxation in 1843—to say nothing of remarks by other persons—is likely to be completely and permanently set right by Mr. Stansfeld's Boundaries Bill. Beyond any question, the rectification of Boundaries, to apply a phrase more generally employed in an imperial than a parochial sense, is the right point from which to commence the difficult and intricate reform of Local Government.

In some respects even more remarkable than this, is the curious waste of power resulting from the manner in which the census is made. It will scarcely be believed, though it is a fact, that the official organization, by means of which the census is made, is not a permanent one. The particular department charged with the duty of superintending and revising the census return is called into being every time a census is taken. When the census is completed, the establishment passes into a state of suspended animation, to be revived like the Sleeping Beauty when the proper time comes round; but with this great difference. In the Enchanted Palace the same persons carried on and completed the same acts which they commenced ages before. Though every faculty had been dormant, there was no break in the continuity of existence. The moment the Fairy Prince appeared, the instant the charm was broken, everything continued as it had been before,

"And all the long-pent stream of life
Dashed downward in a cataract."

It is far otherwise with the Census Office; this comes to an end when its duties are performed. The whole process has to be recommenced every ten years. What is needed is a permanent nucleus, consisting of a small but efficient staff, to be charged with the duty of keeping up between each census a general idea of the movement of the population within those boundaries in which the census is taken, of any change of boundaries, of the rise of a new, or the extension of the area in any old municipality. While so great a deficiency as this exists, the omissions in the last census inquiry are less to be wondered at. The attendance on, and the provision made for religious worship should, beyond any question, have been ascertained; and also the means existing for education, and the attendance at the schools now in being. This latter deficiency has since required to be supplemented, and at considerable cost—a cost far exceeding, beyond doubt, that which investigating this subject at the time would have entailed. So again with that very important point, the house accommodation of the country. The Council of the Statistical Society was requested by the Government to suggest those branches of inquiry which it might be desirable to undertake. An investigation into this point, as well as the others just named, was proposed by that Society; but the Government did not think fit to entertain their recommendations. The information which an inquiry into house accommodation would have supplied was at least as important as those included under the other heads. The cost of making it would probably have been most trivial. I am informed, on very high official authority, that, through careful management, the expense of the Scotch census of 1861, when this point was first inquired into, was reduced below the cost in 1851.

Considering the great and growing difficulties which the question of house accommodation in the country involves, it is extremely likely, that before the time for the next census arrives, it will have been found needful to institute a separate inquiry into the matter.

It is needless to enlarge on the importance of this subject. The influence exerted by it over the welfare of the country has been shown by the Bishop of Manchester, Dr. Simon, and many others. Mr. Lewis has endeavoured to supplement the deficiencies of the census by employing some other Parliamentary returns. The details, though interesting, are necessarily not in a form to be of that service which a more complete statement would be. But Mr. Lewis has done his utmost from the materials at his command, and he has also shown considerable skill in drawing up a statement of the electoral divisions of the country, which gives at one view the number of electors and the real property in the various divisions, and also, by the proportion of signatures with marks in the marriage register, an idea of the educational position of each county. Before the time for making another census recurs, it is to be hoped that the importance of rendering the inquiry as complete as possible will be more thoroughly recognized. Meanwhile Mr. Lewis has done good service by preparing a compendium which will be generally useful; which also, by popularizing the subject, will be of greater advantage in the future by making the service which a census can render to society more generally known. No inquiry made by the Government is more important than the census. It forms the groundwork on which a very large proportion of our information as to the condition of the country is based.

R. H. INGLIS PALGRAVE.

VERMONT.

VERMONT is the home of the agricultural Yankee. It is the Green Mountain (Vermont) State, where the Yankee is more like the Englishman than in any other State. The bluntness, cunning, energy, hardfistedness, wonderment, caution, self-love, self-value, and pertinacity of a Yorkshire or North Lincolnshire farmer can be matched and brought to sample more readily in Vermont than in any territory in America colonized by English settlers.

Yet schools and churches abound, as they always will do where female authority has a voice,—and there is no doubt that in Vermont the wife and the mother have a very penetrating, positive, shrill, and clamorous organ of speech. There is little or no exclamation about "Woman's Rights" in this State. The women have their own rights, and their husbands' too, by all appearances.

This paper is written from a country town at the foot of the "Green Mountains," a pastoral continuation of the Alleghany chain, limestone, clothed with trees, turf, and moss; soothing, protective, peaceful, and of constant beauty in summer and winter.

The towns, townlets, villages, and hamlets all bear familiar English names, Lincoln, Newhaven, Shrewsbury, Wallingford, Leicester, Bristol, Rutland, Burlington, Castleton, Brandon, Manchester, Arlington, Whitehall, &c., and in most of them the old English fashion of laying out a public park or village green prevails. The main walks and avenues are lined with rows of maples, limes, and beeches, whose shade in the heats of summer is a grateful boon and repose, and adds to the quiet, sleepy, homely look of a country town.

None can give themselves better characters than these Vermonters. Their men were the "best and bravest soldiers" in the war. They were the "backbone of the whole army" of the North. The Speaker of the State Assembly is to this day hammering away, on the lecture platform, about the deathless doings of the Vermont Brigade. No such business-men, clerks, runners, storekeepers, traffickers, and pedlars are to be found out of Vermont. The late notorious James Fisk, who, in impudence and dishonesty, towered above the gamblers of Wall Street, and the thieves in the municipality of New York, came from a town hard by where I am writing.

To be a "Green Mountain Girl" is another name for a rustic beauty. The Morgan and "Ethan Allen" breeds of trotting horses are "known" to be unrivalled. The granites, marbles, slates, serpentines, minerals, and ores are declared to "be inexhaustible." "Vermont," says a State professor of geology, "is a giant whose full proportions are undeveloped." "Vermont," writes one of the editors of the State Survey, "excels all the other New England States in the agricultural capabilities of its soil." "Give us Old Vermont and New England," exclaims the Secretary of the New England Agricultural Society, "to produce a dollar out of the earth over any other land." "It is easier to make a dollar out of a farm in Vermont than in the West," cries a leading farmer, Colonel D. Needham. "There is no place like Vermont," according to the Reverend President of the University of the State, "to live in, and no place nearer Heaven to die in." And so on with everything raised, grown, or manufactured amid the Green

Mountains, and their dales and plains. Children, farm produce, cattle, cheese, lawyers, cider, locomotives, varnish, paint, flowers, sheep, doctors, corn, apples, trout, pears, pickeral, grapes, nuts, quack medicines, lumber, glass, preachers, pill-boxes, soapstone or steatite, newspapers, slop-pails, drugs, mosses, ferns, and wild fruits, maple-sugar, dogs and carpenters all challenge competition, and defy a possible peer elsewhere in New England.

And the wonder is that a vast deal of all that is so boasted and insisted upon is true. So persistently was this undeniable superiority dinned into my ear that for the first weeks of my stay I began to think that I must believe it, for very peace's sake, and abandon all private judgment. But happily, or unhappily, the natural self-esteem of the Englishman is not so easily subdued. Then came the thought that perhaps a fair amount of this braggadocio, as with us all, is put on and adopted to cover manifest deficiencies; and people who like to impose on others frequently finish by imposing on themselves. So I resolved on keeping my own independent record, small, personal, superficial, but reliable.

Our hotel is as good a house of entertainment—I am insensibly practising the optimist tone—as any in the State. Outside is a marble-flagged piazza, a hundred feet long, and on the roof of it a balcony with the same extent of promenade. In front of the house is a small enclosure planted with maples of a dozen years' growth, furnished also with a self-acting swing, which struck me on my arrival as a sure evidence of the philoprogenitiveness of the landlord, and I was right, for he has no children of his own. His customers have. As the custom is, on entering the hotel, you subscribe your name and residence in the hotel-book, or register of guests, which is always an object of close study to the household and the other visitors; and in the office, or general receiving hall, are the means of ablution, with the hair brush and comb (in common for the whole world), and the newspaper table. Here, too, the idlers, gossips,

and customers of the house congregate, sit and smoke, and talk, and have business interviews, in which those around join if they have the opportunity; and they are mostly safe to find the opportunity. The huge stove which warms this apartment is irresistible to the loafers in the winter time; and they troop in, and loll and lounge in the chairs, as if they were the best and choicest patrons that the landlord could select. As the spring comes on they throng the piazza, and well sun themselves and rock in their chairs, for all the time they can snatch from their several avocations. The meals in the hotel daily brought me new experience. Breakfast at half-past seven a.m., dinner at twelve or half-past twelve, and tea at six, confused one seriously. All are taken at the public table with the other guests. Tea was the only solace at dinner, till it was understood that beer or wine was regarded by me as a positive necessity. The profusion of vegetables at the dinner table is somewhat bewildering; potatoes, tomatoes, beet-root, sweet-corn, indian corn, onions, squash, rice, turnips, helped up by all the growths of the season, as well as three different sorts of bread, garnish the table. Beef, pork, and poultry—the turkey attended by cranberry or blackberry preserve—and sometimes fish, are the viands that commonly await your call. Soups are not much in vogue; the native delight is in oyster stew of milk and oysters in profusion, and baked pork and beans. The huge Saddlerock oyster from New York—four of them will cover a large sized plate—is highly esteemed. The waiters are girls of Irish extraction, tidy, civil, intelligent, far before their countrymen as servants, and, to my taste, superior in every way to the negro waiter, who mixes a supreme audacity with his familiar obsequiousness. The female servants at the hotel where I am residing are first-class domestics, clean, quick, and patient. A lively writer, "Grace Greenwood," a lady for some time employed on the *New York Tribune*, writes from the Rocky Mountain country that the home of

"vegetables" of real grandeur is down in Colorado, the Switzerland of America: "Think of early potatoes, sound and sweet to the core, weighing six pounds apiece! Consider a turnip weighing twenty-two pounds! Shudder before an awful blood beet of sixteen pounds, and make obeisance before a pumpkin actually weighing one hundred and thirty pounds!" "I really," continues Miss G., with "tall" commentary, "reverence that pumpkin, that mountain avalanche of summer sunshine. I would make a pulpit of it for the platform of a woman's rights convention, or put it to some other sacred or dignified use. Think of Spanish cucumbers by the yard, and wheat, oats, and barley more than six feet tall. You need not be surprised to have a Colorado friend write to you from his ranche 'sitting in the cool shade of a stalk of barley growing by my door.'" May it not be said without the smallest impropriety that the sap has risen in that Greenwood? Yet probably there is not a grain of fiction in any one of her facts, for Colorado has been the land of Goshen to agricultural emigrants.

Pickles and relishes are very popular here. Ladies eat pickles with bread and butter, and there is a large green gherkin that is a universal favourite. Driving with "the Major" from a farm house, where we had stopped to purchase a vast jar of these pickles for home consumption, he gravely pulled up about a couple of miles from his own house, opened the jar, and ate two monstrous slices half the size of one's fist. He proffered me a taste, but I was satisfied to see him relish his abstractions with all the heartiness of a farmer's boy. Pastry, cakes, and confectionery are household necessities. All the housewives or servants are skilled in making cakes. Puddings with a flour crust are seldom seen, but creams and pies, fruit, custard and mince, are present at every hotel dinner meal. Plum pudding, or fruit pudding, as they term it, is a much more digestible compound than at the English table, but it tastes strongly of molasses. It would exhaust half a page

of this paper to enumerate the cakes and preserves that are sent up at tea time. Stewed prunes, fruit compotes, pears, peaches, cherries, apples, raspberries, cranberries are the most frequent. Maple-sugar syrup is a delicate relish. Meats, or hash, are served with every meal; and the griddle cake, or cake consisting of four pancakes, one atop of the other, soaked in butter and sugar, is in frequent acceptance. Only in the town hotels is a list of the edibles visible. In the country the waitress enumerates the dishes from which you have to make your choice, though, as has been told above, the vegetables, sauces, and preserves lie before you on the table. To board at a country hotel seldom costs more than ten dollars (2*l.*) per week.

The temperance laws of the State of Vermont are very stringent, and are therefore universally evaded. The public sale of liquor is a crime, and the crime is committed everywhere. There is a bar, but the public is only in appearance barred out. The liquor is frequently sold in a private room, in which he who drinks is locked in; or you follow the landlord into his own sanctum, and take your hasty gulp in a half-guilty fashion, without word or question. There is a loud complaint about the increase of drunkenness all over the State. The first breach of the law by the landlord is punishable by a fine of ten dollars (nearly 2*l.*) in each case preferred; at the third repetition of the offence his licence is taken away. My unfortunate host has just been fined forty dollars. But somehow the lawyers contrive that the summons shall always be for a "first offence." Certainly the present law does not work at all well, though the temperance societies and the clergy, as a body, would not like to have it repeated, or even modified. The tone of feeling about the use of wine, spirits, or beer amongst unprejudiced people is much as it is in England. Let him that likes use these refreshments, and trust to his own sense of decency not to drink to excess. The State of Ohio has passed a law under which any one, who

is injured in "person," property, or means of support by any intoxicated "person," or in consequence of the intoxication of any "person," may recover damages from the "person" who provided the liquor causing the intoxication, or from the landlord owning the premises on which the liquor was procured. This is the verbatim report by "President H. L. Wayland," one of the foremost temperance advocates, who seems to believe that the provisions of this edict can be "easily" executed, and who proposes himself not only to mulct the vendor where a sale of liquor is distinctly proveable, but to "assess the damages upon all the liquor-sellers of the town or county." The druggists sell spirits and wines as part of the medical pharmacopeia; and a very large proportion of spirits used in respectable households is surreptitiously procured from the chemist's stores. The bottles in which the spirits are vended are medicine bottles, and the vendor wraps them up thoroughly in paper, so that whether the article sold is an embrocation, or black draught, or Bourbon whiskey, is not apparent to the neighbour's eye, rarely closed.

The "transients," or chance-customers of a country hotel are of all occupations—minstrels, tumblers, equestrian performers, strolling lecturers, musicians, jugglers and rope dancers, travelling dwarfs, fortune-tellers, spiritualists, clairvoyants, doctors with specifics against every ill endured by the human body, chiropodists, dentists, mesmerists to ensure "sleep at will," like our famous doctor in Bloomsbury, and runners or "drummers" for commercial houses, trading in everything from razorstrops up to locomotives, who display their wares, or prints of them, in a sample room set apart for their exclusive use. Few travel for pleasure, save in the excursion season. General Klemfingler did us the honour to pay us a visit, and present, under proper consideration, his portrait to those who cared to preserve the memory of a great man, hardly twenty-four inches high. He was only just more endurable than

General Tom Thumb, in a tall hat, dress coat, pants or trousers strapped, and boots, carried a gold-tipped cane half as tall as himself for "style," and smoked cigars, strong or mild, whenever any were presented to him. As he sat in the lap of his attendant the conductors of the railway cars passed him without taking a fare. Of course fabulous estimates about his gains were guessed; and he was declared to have been sold by his father, leased out again by his purchaser, and yet to be putting by a handsome weekly fortune on his own behalf.

Major Bumper, a horse tamer, with a patent bit and bridle, who drove his team of black geldings without any reins, using his whip and his voice alone, obtained a fair sale for his harness. Madame Le Blond, with "Iroquois remedies digested from the traditions of the aborigines, and unvitiated by the experimental uncertainties of modern chirurgy," a very respectable, well-dressed old lady, having an observant eye, and quiet, attentive demeanour, did not attract much patronage. But Doctor Maxim caught my attention, with his tall frame, cadaverous pointed face, high cheek-bones, restless eyes, square head; wearing long black hair, and having a prominent large mouth, with a rapid fashion of speech. The Doctor, in his circular, modestly affirmed that, "having been endowed from birth—being the seventh son of the seventh son of the second son of the seventh daughter, *and* with the wonderful and glorious gift of healing the sick and afflicted by his truly wonderful phreno-magnetism, he stands confessed by the most scientific men on either hemisphere, to be the most perfect interpreter of the sympathetic influences of the human race: the phreno-magnetic influence that pervades all human nature, and which is so little understood, and seems so very mysterious to all mankind, is perfectly plain to him." You see the Doctor's orthography and grammar are a little disturbed, probably owing to the excess of the phreno-magnetic influence. He had a long list of visitors, though he in-

sisted on working "only on an equitable and humanitarian principle, taxing those who are able to pay in proportion to property, income, or according to the nature of the disease, ALWAYS IN ADVANCE" Specifics and nostrums, even where the community is well provided with qualified practitioners, have an illimitable market—the placards, almanacks, and illustrated tracts advertising bitters, balsams, ointments, liniments, syrups, tonics, aperients, sedatives, &c., furnish a literature such as the English language owns nowhere else. Dyspepsia, catarrh, scrofula, chill and fever, lung disease, and blue devils, are the mortal ills provided for by the empirical remedies which are reported to have the largest circulation. My rooms are within pistol-shot of half a dozen doctors, including a homeopath and a "sleep-doctor," who divines, during a brief nap, the treatment of disease. Yet the two chemists' shops do a thriving business in quack medicines.

To drive a fast trotting horse is the highest satisfaction, and the primest holiday pastime to all the people, gentle and simple. A "sulky," or racing vehicle of the lightest possible construction, where the driver sits on a strip of carpet or canvas, and planting his feet on the shafts, the wheels being up to his head, weighs about 60 lbs. A buggy, or gig on four wheels, for two sitters, weighs, without its top, from 110 to 200 lbs. A "top-buggy" averages from 250 to 300 lbs. The name "wagon" is usually given to vehicles of a "heavier kind of make," mostly having double seats. Any covered vehicle for the use of passengers is called a carriage, or a coach. The sleighs, which come out in the winter time, are so light that a man might run one. A "trotting-sleigh" will not exceed 35 to 40 lbs. in weight; the ordinary sleigh averages 100. The public and the carriage builder study weight in the draft, and are always thinking of the speed of the horse, and how to help the driver in his progress. Landaus, barouches, and close carriages, are among the equipages of the towns. Sometimes a hooded carriage, something

resembling our cabriolet, is to be met with in the country; but the wagon and the buggy with heads, and leathern curtains which can be buttoned so as to thoroughly enclose the occupants, are the vehicles most in use. Owners and liverymen are very slovenly in the care of their carriages and harness; neither the one nor the other may be cleaned from one week's end to the other. Nor is much time spent in grooming the horse unless his master happens to have had the care of horses in town, or in racing stables, or indeed has had something of an equine education. A horse and buggy may be hired for a whole afternoon for two dollars, eight shillings. You may take a short drive for half that sum. The hire of a wagon and two horses does not exceed four dollars the entire day. All along the various roads are public drinking troughs; usually the driver lets the horse drink at discretion. The roads are very rudely mended; the plank bridges often insecure; and in the clay country the mud is up to the hub of the wheel, and the highways are nearly useless. As a rule, the Yankee and the Yankee-Irish treat their horses with kindness, and rarely flog them. Much is trusted to the intelligence and sagacity of the animal; and I have seen vehicles dragged up and down break-neck openings in the woods, and among the rocks where no roadway had ever been marked out, or was likely to be established, such as scared me to contemplate. The voice of the driver served instead of the whip. As is already well known, the speed of the trotting horse in the United States, with a light "sulky" and an able driver, is marvellous. In my presence, Lady Thorn, a famous trotting mare, trotted with ease three miles in a little more than seven minutes. The first mile was accomplished in two minutes, twenty-two seconds; the second mile was performed in two minutes, twenty-one seconds; and she sped the third, without effort, in two minutes, twenty seconds. The pace of a mile in two minutes and fifty seconds by a pair of horses in harness, is thought very ordinary. There was a

famous pair—Jessie Wales and Prince of Darkness, jet black, over sixteen hands high—that once trotted the mile in two minutes, twenty-eight seconds. Their owner, Mr. Balch, of Boston, was urged to send them over to England as illustrative of the American education of the horse. Prices range from 200 dollars up to 12,000 dollars for a trotting horse. Here, in the distant country, 600 dollars to 1,000 dollars is frequently obtained for a promising trotter. All around the State lie the trotting courses, where purses ranging from 100 to 1,000 dollars are carried off. The trotting matches bring out an enthusiasm from all classes of the people that nothing else will. "Give me the nigger minstrel, and a circus, and a trotting match," says the farmer, "and I'm full." Bets always go with a race, and the Yankee loves to enforce any assertion with the offer of a wager. In the winter, trotting matches are held on the ice. The ponds, lakelets, and rivers, are thronged with teams. Lake Dunmore, near the town of Salisbury, is a favourite rendezvous, having an unbroken sheet of ice four miles in extent, and a mile in width. The sleighs, and sledges, and flights of boys on skates, make an exhilarating tableau at such an event. The children, from their earliest years, practise skating; and, on their little carts, or sleds, mounted on shafts that turn up at the extremities like a skate, race down the snow hills and frozen roads eight or ten at a time, as a winter pastime. The young beggars relish a tumble and roll in the snow with uncommon good humour. There is much excitement, noise, and outcry at a trot on the ice, especially among the Irish section of the community, but little or no visible drunkenness. The meet is for business, for the stakes, and for settlement of the bets; and festivity only comes, if it ever comes, afterwards. The advent of snow is looked for anxiously. "Good sleighing time" is relished by everybody, with or without a team. Occasionally a sleigh, to accommodate twenty, or even thirty, passengers, may be seen with six or eight horses drawing it. And the school

children come in for a treat in riding excursions over the snow, to which the hotel-keeper or liveryman, who has his customers amongst their parents, has invited them. The bells attached to the horses and to the sides of the sleighs sound cheerfully in the crisp air, and occasionally the horses' heads will be garnished with a plume of cock's feathers. The robes and leg-wrappers of the skins of buffalo, bear, wolf, fox, skunk even, are very handsome, and are tastefully lined with coloured cloths—scarlet, blue, and green. The children are omnipotent. In the costumes of both boys and girls, the French and German cut and use of colour have been added to the soberer English style. Fancy costume, *à la militaire* and *à la marine*, has travelled up here, especially since the war. The small, rising population with which I am acquainted, and which I see around, is blessed with good looks, and seems to be robust and strong, in spite of the overwhelming appetite for candy, and sugar, and sweets of every description. Their manners have to be improved, especially indoors, where the fashion of having the head covered has been taught them by their elders. The tone of voice in ordinary speaking by the lads, is very brusque and indifferent, as if the child disliked having to utter any pleasant salutation, and preferred, as it does by instinct, to be left alone. With all of them the spirit of self-assertion is marked, strong, and decided, and they aim to be little men and women as soon as they can walk and speak. In my opinion, the custom of associating them together in the general school, irrespective of sexes, is not a wholesome one. Up to the age of six years, no harm can come of it, but after that this precious freedom should be restrained. It is beginning to be felt in everything in this whole country, that people, young and old, can be too free.

You will smile when I recapitulate the independent diversions of the little township in which I am recording these impressions. We have the parties, decided Montagues and Capulets, antagonists and rivals, on two sides of the

river, which runs through the town. We have the Republican, and its shades and divisions of like and dislike, the Democratic, and the Old Whig party in politics. There are the Catholic section, the Congregational following, the Baptist congregation, the Methodist community, the Episcopal believers, all with very certain ideas about the errors, deficiencies, and bigotry of their rivals in faith and works. They are not to be combined, though the Congregational, Baptist, and Methodist have a monthly meeting, at which the three respective ministers assist. There is an assured distrust of each other with all this fair seeming. Then there are two banks, each with its clients; and the three wealthiest men have independent supporters, who care not to come together, save upon compulsion or at a public meeting, which is half a riot. The immediate population of the town, apart from the outlying community, which is scattered over a circuit—say three miles distant from the main street—does not exceed 1,500 souls, men, women, and children. All the narrow, odd, self-sufficiency of a country village ingrained, is not ameliorated by this separate action and opinion. As the Congregationalist minister, too, phrased the condition of the people to me, "Everybody here thinks himself as good as his neighbour, and a little better."

Brick houses are uncommon; stone, of course, more so. Occasionally you will meet with a marble-fronted house, if there is a quarry hard by. The apartments in most of them are roomy and cheerful; the furniture a curious medley of old and new, made of the walnut and chestnut and pine woods, sometimes ornamented with hickory, and butter-nut, a bright, hard yellow wood. There is a pleasant fashion of adding a piazza outside, rather than a porch merely, to the houses hereabouts. The generality of these homely erections are of wood, with shingle roofs long drawn, with gables and corners, set up as it were to the liking of the owner. The aspect of most of them is quaint and striking, and, hardly one being of the same pat-

tern as its neighbour, is by no means common or uninviting. Hereabouts the residents are fond of gardens, and cultivate flowers out of doors considerably. Patches of grass land—it would be a mockery to call them lawns—are used for croquet; and, in spite of the rugged, shabby ground, the game is popular. Dwarf evergreens are not much in vogue, but the Norway spruce and Austrian pine are rather preferred for planting. Indoors there is a graceful fashion of training English ivy in pots around the room; rustic baskets, fern cases, and plants on a movable stand may also be frequently seen. But in most country houses there is one general apartment that serves for all uses, whilst the other rooms, furnished as costly as the host or hostess can afford, are rarely visited. In a noble looking house fronting my hotel, standing on half-an-acre of ground, the occupants live entirely in the kitchen, see no company, and yet their principal room is flanked with a conservatory.

Talking of houses, lol! here is one being dragged down the hard slippery snow on the road in front of my window by a score of oxen. It is a timber mansion twenty feet high or more, with two storeys, and four windows in front and behind, and having a door with a porch. The boys of the town are in ecstasy, and aid the drivers of the oxen with shouts and gesticulations. In a dull, heavy, reckless fashion the poor beasts drag their burden on some one hundred yards at a time and then stop to take breath. It is certainly a droll sight to watch this moving fabric, inhabited but yesterday. Now it occupies the road, and scares all the teams of horses in the sleighs that approach it. It is nearing the lane where it is to rest, it has safely turned the corner of the street, owing to the invincible order of the drivers, and the usual tranquillity reigns. When I visited it subsequently, its change of site had not visibly decomposed a plank or a timber. And being perched alongside another tenement of the same description on rising ground, it had a well-to-do, fresh, cheerful look, such as it had never enjoyed

previously in one of the main streets, enclosed with more striking and newer edifices. The contractor for the moving of this residence told me he frequently had similar jobs, and would move any house in the town if he "were well paid enough." "And I don't own a horse, neither, and perhaps I'm as well off as men that look down on me; I shall be as good as the best when my mother's dowry is settled." Heaven bless the hopefulness of the man; his mother was eighty-nine; he had her, and a sister, and the widow and two children of a deceased brother, to maintain, and his energy was quite reviving to encounter.

There is evidently no rule of manners or habits, or tastes. Art is utterly unknown, and they are indifferent to it. Hospitality is exercised, as it were, like an impulse. You dine at the house of a friend, and an hour or so after your meal, it is right that you should retire, even if you repeat your visit in the evening. Perhaps they readily get tired of each other. The host rarely knows, or considers, or intends to consider, how to amuse his guest. Accomplishments are not much practised even by the wife and daughters. And the husband is thinking of his business or his speculations. And if you are outside of these, you will have to entertain him as well as yourself. The inquisitiveness saves them a little. Questions are infinitely asked about English manners and customs; and they are also often asked in a half disdainful fashion, as though the smartness and practical character, and superiority of the New Englander must be always evident in comparison with the characteristics of the Old Englander. Yet their generosity, which so pleases them, is very striking. A fallen man is readily helped, unless he is a notorious idler and ne'er-do-well. There is a town farm, on which the destitute are employed, and by which they are supported. The mendicant class is extinct as a class. But the labouring folk will take money if it is offered them, though with a hesitation that is more becoming than greediness. They practise borrowing food, fruit, and implements, vehicles and

horses, &c., in the primitive fashion of early settlers. And they give, especially the women portion of the household, to their poorer neighbours whatever they may be possessed of, and do so as an instinct.

Payment of money by the male agriculturist, all over the world, is assuredly a suffering, and in the plainest language, a blood-letting to him. But here his tenacity is a very proverb. He hates to part with his greenbacks, as this greasy paper currency is always termed. He will inquire, and go away, and return, and inquire, and hang about, and inquire again—touching any article he has to purchase again and again. Then he will take credit—a long credit, and if by mere accident he can settle the bill with goods, hay, corn, butter, cheese, eggs, stock, or the like, he has achieved the summit of earthly felicity. Generally better educated than his compeer in the old country, he also seems to have advanced in stinginess and a love of hoarding that is almost indescribable. Perhaps, after all, it is a love of power which dictates avarice. A sloven in his homestead and its yards, and barns, and fields; a sloven in personal appearance—wearing clothes patched, soiled, torn, and stained with weather and toil of half a century; one of these country farmers, reputed to be of good means, solid, sufficient, has to me frequently been a sore puzzle. Thoroughly ready to swap or drive a bargain, it is amazing to see what life possesses the inert, slouching, silent heap of old clothes, when he is engaged in a "trade." What is his delight, solace, amusement, recreation, "recuper abiat" recompense, amidst all his hard labour, exposure to heat and cold, and increasing self-denial? The greenback—the well-thumbed, half-legible, crumpled, smirched, and ragged greenback—which he can stow away more easily than gold. More than once I have heard of one of these secretive old hoarders carrying five thousand dollars and more about his person, in a pocket-book that a French chiffonier would pass by on a dust-heap.

There is not much appreciation of

"art" in the family; though there is a pretty fair sale for chromos and lithographs of familiar subjects, poultry, cattle, flowers, and fruit. Not one in a thousand knows the difference between a lithograph and an engraving; prints are termed engravings indiscriminately. Two or three portfolios carried by the pedlars of prints from Boston, Albany, and New York, contained very ordinary lithographs of modern pictures, with here and there portraits of Napoleon, Bismarck, and the Emperor of Germany, and female heads as studies: the impressions were very coarse and blurred, but the pedlars assured me they should get them all off their hands with a little patience and flattery. Native talent in sketching and colouring flounders about in so dense a fog that it arrives usually at the point at which it set out. Nor does the study of music fare very much better: vocalists are employed in the church choirs, but the less that is said of these the better. Occasionally a sweet voice is to be met with, but its owner is quite satisfied with what little training has been achieved, and makes but little further progress. Of course the possession of a pianoforte is a step in life, though it may not be opened in the family from one month's end to another. As for the esteem in which the artist is held, when he strays this way, that may be gathered from a little honest narrative, just told me by a credible authority. One of the most distinguished of the German professors of music from Boston had been induced to give, during his summer sojourn, a public concert here, which was according to rule highly commended in the newspaper. A few days after, as he was hurrying to the railway depôt, a householder, raking in his garden in his shirt sleeves, stopped his labours and cried, "Hi! Mister, here. Come and give us a tune. The pianny's indoors." There are several musical associations in Vermont, but the value of their exercises is not perceptible in this district. At the concerts at which I have been present, the singers of any credit were from Boston, which has, as is well known,

high rank in its patronage and encouragement of music. The "Boston Music School" has been mentioned as an illustration of the honest resolve to promote music in its educational, rather than in its sensational, regard. It furnishes a complete musical education, as it announces, practical and theoretical, to all its students. The Vermont associations make a parade and frequent proclamation of what they intend to do, but their members at the "conventions" cut a very sorry figure as artists or amateurs, though of course the press—the local press—never ceases to utter laudation as liberally as possible. It is impossible for criticism to be lower than it is in these local newspapers. Their writers fulsomely praise any performance; and are so approachable that the humblest aspirant may secure a favourable notice if due attention is paid by interviewing the editor and his associates. Mostly a commentary will be prepared by someone interested in the entertainment, be it what it may, and inserted without alteration. Nothing is too familiar for Scriblerus. Here is a column of "minor items" to look over, condensed from a daily paper of large circulation, casually taken up, established some seventy years. "An Odd Fellows' festival" is announced to come off at "one of the best hotels in New England, where the landlady never fails to present the best, richest, and latest viands of the season on the tables for the guests. A good time and a good supper are sure" for all who go there. "The latest and richest variety of costumes" will be at the service of a *Bal Masqué* of the Bizarre Club. George F. Train is advertised to lecture, and the editor writes—"His extensive travels and political enthusiasm have made him a wide reputation throughout the world." "The maple cream" at a confectionery store, "though a little in advance of the season, is splendid." The post-office under the charge "of a gallant and able defender of his country," is one of "the handsomest and best kept in the State." The entertainments presented by some travelling minstrels "abounding in the

choicest music, and brimful of the keenest wit and wry humour, are always looked forward to by our community with the most pleasurable anticipations." In fact, criticism is but advertising with these Rhadamanthuses. The *New York Tribune* told the exact truth in the assertion that "nothing is more common than for persons, otherwise sensible and upright, to enter a newspaper office with requests which are dishonourable to those who make them and insulting to those to whom they are made."

Here we pause. Of the social life of this section of Vermont there yet remains the local government and the

common school to be treated of, both characteristic of a people who, if anything, have too much liberty.

The school and the territory of the United States, to my mind, are its most unexampled blessings—the land to be worked, and the school where he who lists may be taught to work. Region and soil under every variety of climate is owned by this great republic; but its proudest distinction is, that wherever its citizens plant themselves, they rear the public school, free to all, and recognizing no distinctions save those won by skill and industry, and the ardour of self-improvement.

HYMN FOR WHITSUNDAY (JUNE 1).

THE *Veni Sancte Spiritus*, the most beautiful of all Latin hymns, ascribed to Robert the Pious, King of France, in the 11th century, is appointed in the Roman Church for Whitsuntide, and in Luther's "Form of Ordination" (Daniel's "Thesaurus Hymnologicus," ii. 36, v. 69—71). In the accompanying translation the attempt has been made, whilst preserving as far as possible a verbal and rhythmical likeness to the original, to bring out the deeper meaning which belongs to the words when considered as describing the purely spiritual aspect of Christianity.

A. P. S.

Veni, Sancte Spiritus,
Et emitte cœlitus
Lucis tuæ radium.
Veni, Pater pauperum,
Veni, Dator munerum,
Veni, Lumen cordium :

Come, Holy Spirit, from above,
And from the realms of light and love
Thine own bright rays impart.
Come, Father of the fatherless,
Come, Giver of all happiness,
Come, Lamp of every heart.

Consolator optime,
Dulcis hospes animæ,
Dulce refrigerium :
In labore requies,
In æstu temperies,
In fletu solatium.

O Thou, of comforters the best,
O Thou, the soul's most welcome guest,
O Thou, our sweet repose,
Our resting place from life's long care,
Our shadow from the world's fierce glare,
Our solace in all woes.

O lux beatissima,
Reple cordis intima
Tuorum fidelium.
Sine tuo numine
Nihil est in homine,
Nihil est innoxium.

O Light divine, all light excelling,
Fill with Thyself the inmost dwelling
Of souls sincere and lowly :
Without Thy pure divinity,
Nothing in all humanity,
Nothing is strong or holy.

Lava quod est sordidum,
Riga quod est aridum,
Sana quod est saucium :
Flecte quod est rigidum,
Fove quod est languidum,
Rege quod est devium.

Wash out each dark and sordid stain—
Water each dry and arid plain,
Raise up the bruised reed.
Enkindle what is cold and chill,
Relax the stiff and stubborn will,
Guide those that guidance need.

Da tuis fidelibus
In te confidentibus
Sacrum septenarium ;
Da virtutis meritum,
Da salutis exitum,
Da perenne gaudium.

Give to the good, who find in Thee
The Spirit's perfect liberty,
Thy sevenfold power and love.
Give virtue strength its crown to win,
Give struggling souls their rest from sin,
Give endless peace above.

HYMN ON THE ACCESSION (JUNE 20): FOR NATIONAL BLESSINGS.

An Accommodation of Milton's Version of the 136th Psalm.

LET us with a gladsome mind
Praise the Lord, for He is kind!
Long our island throne has stood,
Planted on the ocean flood;
Crown'd with rock, and girt with sea,
Home and refuge of the free:
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Let us with a gladsome mind
Praise the Lord, for He is kind!
On that island throne have sate
Alfred's goodness, Edward's state;
Princely strength and queenly grace,
Lengthened line of royal race:
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Let us with a gladsome mind
Praise the Lord, for He is kind!
Round that throne have stood of old
Seers and statesmen, firm and bold;
Burleigh's wisdom, Hampden's fire,
Chatham's force in son and sire:
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Let us with a gladsome mind
Praise the Lord, for He is kind:
Him, in homely English tongue,
Epic lay and lyric song,
Shakespeare's myriad-minded verse,
Milton's heavenward strains, rehearse:
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Let us with a gladsome mind
Praise the Lord, for He is kind!
Soldiers tried in every clime,
Sailors famous through all time,—
Hands of iron, hearts of oak,
Fresh from their Creator's stroke,—
These His gifts for aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Let us with a gladsome mind
Praise the Lord, for He is kind!
Science, with her thousand eyes,
Sunless mine and starlit skies
Probes and pierces far and near,
Man's estate to guide and cheer:
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Let us with a gladsome mind
Praise the Lord, for He is kind!
Hither, in our heathen night,
Came of yore the Gospel light;
By the Saviour's sacred story
'Angles' turned to angels' glory:
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Let us with a gladsome mind
Praise the Lord, for He is kind!
Rustic churchyard, lordly pile,
Studious cloister, crowded aisle,
Lady chapel, gorgeous shrine,
All proclaim with voice divine
That Thy mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Let us with a gladsome mind
Praise the Lord, for He is kind!
Breaking with a gracious hand
Ancient error's subtle band;
Opening wide the sacred page,
Kindling hope in saint and sage:
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Let us with a gladsome mind
Praise the Lord, for He is kind!
Give us homes serene and pure,
Settled freedom, laws secure;
Truthful lips and minds sincere,
Faith and love that cast out fear:
For Thy mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Let us with a gladsome mind
Praise the Lord, for He is kind!
Grant that Light and Life divine
Long on England's shores may shine;
Grant that People, Church, and Throne
May in all good deeds be one:
For Thy mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

A. P. STANLEY.

THE TRAVELLER'S CALENDAR.

[THE following List has been compiled for travellers anxious to make the best use of their time abroad. Curious and interesting events are often missed from not knowing when they occur. The writer went to Naples a few years ago to see the "liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius" on the 19th to 26th September. By waiting till December he might have included in one journey of very little more extent, the great *Festa* of the year at Loreto (Dec. 10), the "liquefaction" at Naples (Dec. 16), and Christmas Day at Rome—two of which events he missed merely for want of some such list as that now given. It is hoped that the somewhat unusual appearance of such a calendar in *Macmillan* will be pardoned by its readers for the sake of the end it seeks to gain. Every care has been taken to ensure accuracy in the dates, but mistakes will inevitably occur in a first attempt, and the writer will be glad to receive corrections or suggestions for use in a republication next year, should the calendar meet with approval.—EDITOR *M. M.*]

I. IMMOVEABLE.

January.

1. The Circumcision. Papal Chapel at the Sistine;¹ drawing for patron saints at Sta. Maria in Campitelli, Rome.

Commencement of a fair at Leipzig. General holiday in Paris; great display of *étrennes*.

2. Festival in the Alhambra; anniversary of the Catholic conquest of Granada.

¹ "Papal Chapel" signifies the presence of the Pope, "Cardinals' Chapel" the presence of the Cardinals, at High Mass or Vespers. The Pope himself says mass only thrice a year—on Easter Day, Christmas Day, and June 29. It must be remembered that since Rome has been occupied by Victor Emmanuel her festivals have lost their brilliancy, and in many instances have been suspended.

5. Fair of the Befano, St. Eustachio, Rome.
6. The Epiphany. Procession in the Ara Cœli Church, and benediction with the Santo Bambino from the top of the steps; services in different languages and with various rituals, at the Propaganda Church and Sant' Andrea della Valle, throughout the Octave.
8. Ste. Gudule. Festival at Ste. Gudule, Brussels.
17. St. Anthony's Day. Blessing of horses, mules, and cattle at Sant' Antonio, Rome; with a popular festival also, at San Antonio, Madrid; and, after a procession of mules round the church, at San Antonio, Barcelona.
- Festival of St. Anthony, Padua.
18. Chair of St. Peter. Pontifical Mass and procession of the Pope in St. Peter's, Rome.
- (January 6 in Old Style. Epiphany of the Greek Church.) Fair at Kharkoff, South Russia.
- Fair at Orel, south of Moscow, lasts till February 1.
- A crucifix blessed by the Greek bishops and priests on the shore of the Bosphorus, then thrown in the sea to be dived for.
20. St. Sebastian. Festival at San Sebastiano; popular fête of the Miraculous Medal at Sant' Andrea della Valle, Rome.
21. Festival of St. Meinrad at Einsiedeln, in Switzerland.
- St. Agnes' Day. Two lambs blessed at Sta. Agnese, Rome.
23. Festival of San Ildefonso; at Toledo.
25. Conversion of St. Paul. Chains exhibited at San Paolo, Rome.
29. Festival of St. Francis de Sales at Annecy.
- A fair held in this month on the ice, at Nijni Novgorod.

February.

1. St. Ignatius. Illumination of the subterranean church of San Clemente, Rome, where he lies.
2. The Purification. Procession with candles at St. Peter's, Rome.
- 5 to 10. Festival of Sta. Agata, Catania, Sicily.
9. Festival of Sta. Appolline at Louvain.
10. Musical festival commemorating the birth of Grétry, at Liége.
12. Festival of St. Eulalia, Barcelona.
22. Illumination round the miraculous pillar, Cathedral of Zaragoza.
23. Festival of St. Marta, Astorga.

March.

1. Festival of San Hiscio, at Tarifa, Gibraltar.
9. Sta. Francesca Romana. Fête at the Tor de Specchi, and at the Casa degli Esercizj, Rome.
12. Festival of St. Gregory, at San Gregorio, Rome.
13. "Fiesta de las reliquias," Oviedo.
19. Festival of St. Joseph, at Badajos. Fête in San Giuseppe, Rome.
25. The Annunciation. Papal Chapel, Sta. Maria sopra Minerva, Rome. Festival at the Annunziata Church, Florence.
- "Kermesse de Messine," at Mons.
- Festival at Tinos: pilgrimages from all parts of Greece.

April.

5. Festival of San Vincente at Valencia.
23. St. George's Day. Festival, flower fair, and tournaments, at Barcelona.
- Exposition of relics, San Giorgio in Velabro, Rome.
- A fair commences at Augsburg, lasting a fortnight.
- Also St. Adalbert's Day. Great fair at Gniessen, in Prussian Poland.
25. St. Mark. Procession of clergy from San Marco to St. Peter's, Rome.
- Festival at Venice.
- 25 to 27. Fair of Mairena, Seville.
26. Translation of Sta. Leocadia. Festival at Toledo.

Pilgrimages to Genazzano in the Sabine Hills.

30. Festival of St. Catherine at Siena, and at the Minerva, Rome.

On the second Thursday in April, a Swiss celebration of the victory of Nâfels, on the battle-field.

Fairs are held in this month at Seville and at Alessandria.

May.

1. Popular holiday in the Augarten, Vienna.
- Fair at Xeres, Spain.
- Pilgrimage to St. Walpurga's Church, Eichstadt, Bavaria.
- Processions at Russon, in Belgium: Tournai, and Haeckelcover.
2. "Dos de Maio," political festival at Madrid.
3. Invention Holy Cross; relics carried in procession through Milan.
- Relics exposed at Santa Croce, Rome.
5. (St. George's Day, April 23 O.S.) Festival of St. George's Monastery in the Crimea.
- Fair at Elisavetgrad, Russia.
8. Pilgrimage to St. Michael's Church, Manfredonia, Naples.
- Fête of San Michele, Tivoli.
15. Festival of San Isidro, Madrid; "Romeria," singing, dancing.
- 16 to 24. Festival of St. John Nepomuk at Prague; concourse of pilgrims; Mass on the great bridge.
16. Pilgrimage to the house of St. John Nepomuk, near Pilsen.
20. Horse Fair at Ronda, near Gibraltar.
25. Pilgrimage to Santiago de Peñalva, in the "Vierzo," province of Leon, Spain.
26. San Filippo Neri. Papal Chapel, Chiesa Nuova, Rome: his rooms shown.
30. Military Mass and exposition of the body of St. Ferdinand in Seville Cathedral.
- First Sunday in May.*—Miracle of St. Januarius, Naples. Feast of the translation of his relics.
- Pilgrimages at Louvain.
- First Monday in May.*—Festival in Bruges.

First Friday in May.—Sham battle fought by the women of Jaca, in the Pyrenees.

Last Monday in May or first Monday in June.—Procession of the Tramontana, Figueras, Asturias.

June.

- 5 to 7. Fair at Granada.
- 13. Festival of San Antonio, Madrid.
- 15. Sailing of the fleet of herring-boats from Vlaardinger, Rotterdam. Through the eight Sundays of the fishing season sermons are preached on sea-shore in Rügen.
- 16. Once in every three years the "Fête de la luminara" at Pisa, with illuminations.
- Festival "du sacré cœur" at Marseille, commemorating the cessation of a great plague.
- 18. Festival of San Ciriaco and Sta. Paula, at Malaga.
- 23. Eve of St. John Baptist, or Midsummer Day. Bonfires in Norway.
- Pilgrimage to St. Jean du Doigt, Brittany.
- Fireworks and races of bare-backed horses, at Florence.
- 24. St. John Baptist. Chariot races, High Mass in cathedral, and illuminations, at Florence.
- Papal Chapel, San Giovanni Laterano, Rome.
- Festival-day at Seville, at Zaragoza, and at Toledo.
- Relics of St. John carried in procession in Genoa Cathedral.
- Horse Fair at Leon.
- (O.S. June 12.) Fair at Berdichef, South Russia.
- 26. Festival of St. Vigilius, at Trent.
- 28. Eve of St. Peter and St. Paul. Vespers in Papal Chapel at St. Peter's; illumination of the dome.
- The pilgrimage for Maria Zell leaves Vienna.
- 29. St. Peter and St. Paul. High Mass by the Pope in St. Peter's; exposition of relics at San Giovanni in Laterano; fireworks and girandoles on Monte Pincio.

The Mamertine prisons illuminated through the Octave.

Swiss wrestling match at Schupfheim.

29 to July 18. Fair at Pamplona, Navarra.

The Miracle Play at Ober Ammergau, which occurs every ten years, begins on the first Sunday in June, and is continued each Sunday till the end of September. It takes place next in 1880.

July.

- 6. Pilgrimage returns to Vienna from Maria Zell.
- 2 to 4. Festival of the Madonna dell' Orto, Rapallo, on the Riviera; illuminations on the coast.
- 4. Declaration of American Independence.
- 6. (June 24, O.S.) Festival at Boujah, near Smyrna, commencing on the previous evening.
- Horse Fair at Nijni Novgorod.
- 7. Festival of St. Firmin, Pamplona; procession of "los gigantes."
- (June 25, O.S.) Fair held round the Cathedral of the Nativity, at Murom, Russia.
- 8. Commemoration of the victory of Sempach, on the battle-field.
- 9 to 12. (June 27 to 30.) Fair at the monastery of Walaam, Lake Ladoga.
- 10 to 24. Once in every seven years, exhibition of the "grandes reliques" at Aix-la-Chapelle, relics sent by Haroun to Charlemagne. Next year of exhibition, 1874.
- 11 to 15. Festival of Sta. Rosalia, Palermo. Illumination of the cathedral on the 15th.
- 14. (July 2, O.S.) Festival of the miraculous image at Riazan, south of Moscow.
- 16 and following Sunday. Festival of the Virgin del Carmen, Santander.
- 20 to August 8. Fair at Sinigaglia, on the coast above Ancona.
- 21 to August 1. Festival of the great Convent of Assisi.
- 22. Pilgrimage to a little church on the

Rigi, followed by wrestling, jödeling, &c.

(July 10, O.S.) Great fair at Poltava, Russia, lasting for a month.

25. St. James. Festival at Santiago de Compostella, at Barcelona, and throughout Spain.

Country festivals and bonfires in Swabia and in Switzerland.

31. S. Ignatius Loyola. Festival at the Gesù, Rome.

Festival at Escalonilla, Estremadura.

- 31 and August 1. Pilgrimages from Smyrna to the Convent of Elias.

First Sunday in July.—Festival of St. Rombauld, Malines.

Second Sunday.—Festival at Louvain. Kermesse at Ghent.

Sunday following July 15.—Procession of the miraculous wafer, in Sta. Gudule, at Brussels.

Last Sunday in July.—Procession at Furnes, in Belgium.

Swiss wrestling matches are held on the Sunday following July 6th, at Seealp, on the Sunday following July 25th at Batersalp, and on the 26th at Sachsen and on the Engstenalp.

In this month a great fair is held at Tarascon, on the Rhone, opposite Beaucuire.

Throughout July the "Turnervereine" hold their meetings in Germany.

Late in the month the "Kermesse" is held in Brussels.

Throughout the month numerous pilgrimages to St. Anne d'Auray, in Brittany.

Every five years a festival of the guilds is held in Malines; it will next occur in 1874.

In July of this year a great "Sänger-fest" is to be held at Lucerne, in a colossal temporary theatre.

August.

The great fair of Nijni Novgorod is best visited at the end of August; it lasts from about July 27 to September 22 (July 15 to September 10, O.S.).

1. St. Peter's Chains. Festival at San Pietro in Vincoli, Rome.
1 and 2. Great festival at Assisi.

4. St. Dominic. Fête at the Minerva, Rome.

5. Sta. Maria ad Nives. Cardinals' Chapel in Sta. Maria Maggiore, Rome. White flowers showered from the roof of the Borghese Chapel during the function.

6. Festival at Oviedo and at Avila.

10. Fête des drapiers, Vire, Normandy. San Lorenzo. Fête in his churches.

- 12 or 14. Pilgrimage from Gratz to Maria Zell.

15. Assumption of the Blessed Virgin. High Mass in presence of the Pope, at Sta. Maria Maggiore, Rome: benediction from the balcony.

Pilgrimage to Monte di Roccia, Susa.

Pilgrimage to Sta. Maria delle Grazie, near Mantua.

Pilgrimage to the Sacro Monte, Varallo, Piemont.

Festival at Church of the Madonna di Soviore, Spezia.

Festival at Capodimonte, Naples.

Pilgrimage to Massa Lubrense, Sorrento.

Fête de la Vara, Messina.

Decorations and musical services, Florence.

Great festival throughout Spain.

Fair at Xerez, Spain.

Festival at Tinos; pilgrimages there from Greece.

Great festival of Notre Dame de la Garde, Marseille. The silver statue is carried into the town the previous evening on sailors' shoulders; taken through the streets on August 15 in solemn procession; and next day the sailors bear it back to the Chapel, with "stations" by the way.

16. Horse races at Siena, Italy.

19. Festival of Sta. Agata, Catania, Sicily.

20. Festival of St. Stephen of Hungary, at Pesth.

Festivals of St. Greiras and St. Roque, near Gibraltar.

22. Exposition of St. Ferdinand's body, and military music, in Seville Cathedral.

26. Commemoration at Basle of the battle of St. Jacques.

27. Festival of St. Teresa in Spain.
(August 15, O.S.) Festival in
Cathedral of the Assumption,
Moscow.

Fair at Berdichef, Russia.

Festival at Bournabat, near Smyrna.

28, 29. (August 16, 17, O.S.) Festival
at Troitska Monastery, Moscow.

First Sunday in August.—Festival
at Yprès.

Swiss wrestling matches—August 10,
at Rigi Kaltbad and the Tann Alp;
15, at Mont Joli; first Sunday in the
month at Meyringen, and at the Wen-
gern Alp; second and last Sundays at
Ennetegg.

Sunday following August 15.—Ker-
messe at Antwerp. The Giant carried
through the town on Rubens' Car.

In this month, festival of the Pane-
gyris in Mitylene.

On August 17, 18, and 19 of this year,
the Schumann Festival will be held at
Bonn.

Late in August, or early in September,
"Raft-parties" in the Black Forest at
Wildbad and other places.

September.

1. Blessing of fennel at the altar of
St. Gil, Xativa, Spain.

1 to 19. Fair at Lugo, Ravenna.

4. Pilgrimage to Rosalien Capelle,
near Vienna.

Pilgrimage to Mt. Pellegrino, near
Palermo.

8. Nativity of the Blessed Virgin.
Papal Chapel, Sta. Maria del
Popolo, Rome.

Festival on the Superga, Turin.

Festival at Varallo; procession up
the Calvary.

Pilgrimage to the Sanctuary of N.
Donna dei fiori, at Brà, south of
Turin.

Festival at Florence—"rificolone,"
and decoration of street altars.

Fair at Locarno, on Lago Maggiore.

Festival at Piedigrotta, Naples.

Festival at St. Ulrich, among the
Dolomites.

Pilgrimage to Nra. Señora de Cova-
donga, in the Asturias.

Pilgrimage to the miraculous image
of the Peña de Francia, near
Ciudad Rodrigo.

Pilgrimage to the Cueva Santa,
Alcubas, Valencia.

Processions and open-air Mass at
Vienna.

8 to 10. Festival of N. Sra. de Fuen-
santa, Cordova.

9. Viennese popular holiday to Maria
Brunn.

14. Festival of the Engel Weihe, with
open-air Mass and illuminations
at Einsiedeln.

Festival at the Cruz de Sobrarve,
Pyrenees.

17. Festival of St. Lambert, Münster
Cathedral.

19 to 26. Miracle and great Feast of St.
Januarius, Naples.

20 to 30. Fair at Valladolid.

20 to Oct. 12. (Sept. 8 to 31, O.S.)
Fair at Orel, south of Moscow.

21. Fair at Reinosa, Burgos.

22. Festival at the Abbey of St. Moritz,
Canton Valais, Switzerland. High
mass and processions; illumina-
tions on previous evening.

23. Festival of Sta. Tecla, at Tarra-
gona.

23 to 26. Fêtes de Septembre, Brussels.
On the 23rd a Requiem Mass in
Ste. Gudule.

28. Festival of St. Wenceslaus at
Prague.

Volksfest at Cannstadt.

29. St. Michael's Day. Service at St.
Michael's Hermitage, Wild-
kirchli, Appenzell.

Fair at Leipsic.

Exposition of the miraculous
"Forma" at the Escorial.

Pilgrimage to Liria, Valencia.

29 to Oct. 5. Fair at Alicante.

Swiss wrestling matches, first Sunday
in the month and Sunday following the
21st, at Ennetegg; Sept. 29, at Schöpf-
heim.

First Sunday in September.—Ker-
messe at Hal.

On the second Monday in September
the Kirmes begins at Amsterdam, lasting
about a fortnight. The first Saturday
is the chief day.

October.

1. Day of pilgrimage to Lourdes.
 4. Festival of St. Francis at Assisi.
 5. Festival of San Froylan, Leon.
 8. Festival at Seidekeim, eight miles from Smyrna.
 9. Festival at Xerez.
 12. Festival of the Virgin's descent, at Zaragoza.
 28. Exposition of the miraculous "Forma" at the Escorial.
 29. Festival of San Narciso at Gerona, Catalonia.
 - 29 to Nov. 4. Fair at Moncalieri, near Turin.
 31. Eve of All Saints. Visits paid to the cemetery of St. Sebastian, Seville.
- First Sunday of October.*—Rosary Sunday. Great procession from the Minerva, Rome.

"Rosenkranzsonntag" Festival at Einsiedeln.

Processions in Belgium, at Namur, Nivelles, &c.

A Volksfest begins at Munich, lasting two or three days.

In the first week of this month a Volksfest, lasting two or three days, at Wertheim, near Frankfort-on-the-Maine.

Sundays and Thursdays in this month, popular holidays in Rome, on the Monte Testaccio.

Sunday nearest October 14.—Procession of Ste. Angadrème at Beauvais, in commemoration of the siege.

Third Sunday in October.—Kermesse of the Emperor Joseph, in Austria.

November.

1. All Saints. Crowds visit the Naples cemeteries, and the Campo Santo, Rome.

In the confraternity cemeteries at Rome, waxen tableaux, life-size, in impromptu theatres, represent Scripture subjects or scenes from the lives of martyrs: exposed all through the Octave.

2. All Souls. Cemeteries at Seville, at Barcelona, and throughout Spain, much visited.

Crowds visit Père la Chaise, Paris.

Graves in Bohemia and in Munich decked with flowers and lights.

Cemeteries in Vienna much visited.

4. San Carlo Borromeo. Great fête at Milan.

Papal Chapel, San Carlo al Corso, Rome.

6. Festival at Bremen.

- 11 and 25. Days of public shooting on the Lake of Albufera, Valencia.

16. Commemorative service on the battle-field of Morgarten, Switzerland.

22. St. Cecilia. Festival in Sta. Cecilia, Rome, and illumination of catacomb of San Callisto.

23. St. Clement. Festival in San Clemente, Rome, and illumination of the subterranean church.

December.

3. S. Francis Xavier. Fête at the Gesù, Rome, and at Sta. Lucia, Bologna.

4. Fête of the artillerymen, and military mass at Sta. Maria in Transpontina, Rome.

6. Festival at Alicante.

8. Immaculate Conception. Papal Chapel in Sistine, Rome.

Through the Octave, solemn dancing of the Seises in Seville Cathedral.

9. (Nov. 27, O.S.) Festival at Kursk.
10. Great Festival at the Santa Casa in Loreto.

16. Miracle of St. Januarius, Naples. Feast of his "Patrocinio."

21. Fair at Barcelona.

24. Christmas Eve. "Presepe" in every church and house in Naples.

Procession of the Holy Crib in Sta. Maria Maggiore, Rome.

Nocturnal services at the Vatican, Sistine Chapel, &c.

25. Christmas Day. High Mass by the Pope in St. Peter's.

Festival of the "Presepe" at the Ara Coeli. Sermons preached by boys daily for ten days afterwards.

26. S. Stephen. Popular fête, San Stefano Rotondo, Rome.

31. Te Deum, attended by Pope and Cardinals, at the Gesù, Rome.

II. MOVEABLE FESTIVALS.

Carnival.—At Rome this begins on the Saturday week before Ash Wednesday, and lasts to Shrove Tuesday. Masquerades and horse-races each afternoon; lighting and blowing out of the tapers on the last evening.

At Florence, processions, &c.

At Milan the Carnival lasts till first Sunday in Lent, through the "Ambrosian rite" observed there.

In Spain the Carnival is best seen at Barcelona (where, on the first day of Lent "the Carnival is buried"); at Malaga; at Madrid, for three days. At Seville, solemn dancing of the Seises in the Cathedral.

In Belgium the Carnival is kept for three days before Ash Wednesday at Antwerp, Courtrai, &c. The first Sunday in Lent is a great Carnival day at Bruges, Grammont, &c.

In Germany the Carnival is most observed at Cologne, and in Bohemia, on the three days before Ash Wednesday. At Munich the "Metzgersprung" on the Monday before Ash Wednesday.

At Lucerne a curious grotesque procession takes place on the Thursday before Ash Wednesday.

Ash Wednesday.—High Mass in St. Peter's; sprinkling of ashes on the heads of the Cardinals.

Third Sunday in Lent.—Exposition of relics, and great concourse of people at San Lorenzo, Rome, "Carnevaletto delle donne."

During Lent, Passion Plays frequent at Madrid, and throughout Spain.

Passion Sunday.—A sermon in the open air at Seville.

Palm Sunday.—The Pope is carried into St. Peter's, consecrates the palms, and is carried round the building.

Tuesday to Thursday in Holy Week.—"Foire aux jambons," Paris.

Good Friday.—Pergolesi's "Stabat Mater" sung at the Jesuits' Church, Munich.

"Holy Sepulchre" in every church at Vienna: great crowds.

Easter Eve.—Great Court procession at Vienna in the Imperial Palace.

Easter Sunday.—Naples. Pilgrimage of Antignano.

Easter Monday.—Chief day on the Prater, Vienna.

Second Sunday after Easter.—Great fair of Leipzig begins, for three weeks.

In the Rogation Days processions at Rome: at Bruges, Nivelles, and throughout Belgium.

Ascension Day.—Papal Chapel at St. John Lateran, Rome, with the Pope's benediction given from the balcony.

Gathering of the tribe of the Maragatos at Astorga; dancing.

Popular festival at Coire.

Sunday after Ascension Day.—Festival at Tell's Chapel, on the Lake of Lucerne. High Mass and patriotic sermon. Congregation in boats.

Whit Sunday.—Papal Chapel in Sistine Chapel, Rome.

Pilgrimage (during five days) to Monte Virgine, near Naples. Peasants' dances at Mercogliano.

Whit Monday.—Peasants' ball in the Adelsberg caverns (illuminated).

Peasants' dances and illuminations in the Nebelhöhle Cavern, near Lichtenstein, Württemberg.

Festival at Toulouse, with processions. "Fête des corps saints."

Procession at Nivelles, Belgium.

Whit Tuesday.—Pilgrimage to St. Willibrod's Church, Echternach, Luxemburg. Dancing procession.

Pilgrimages to Hal, in Belgium.

The "Niederrheinische Musikfest" is held yearly, at Whitsuntide, in Cologne, Aix-la-Chapelle, Düsseldorf, or Elberfeld. This year it will be at Aix-la-Chapelle.

Trinity Sunday.—Procession of the Lumeçon at Mons.

Pilgrimage to Walcourt, Belgium.

HOLY WEEK IN ROME.

Every evening, at the Trinità dei Pellegrini, the feet of pilgrims are washed by noble ladies.

Wednesday.—"Tenebræ," with gradual extinguishing of lights.

"Miserere" sung before the Pope in the Sistine Chapel.

Holy Thursday.—High Mass in Sistine Chapel; procession of the Pope to the Pauline Chapel, which is illuminated; he blesses the people from the balcony in front of St. Peter's.

"Lavandaia." The Pope washes the feet of thirteen priests in St. Peter's.

"Cena." The Pope waits on the thirteen priests at table, in the Vatican. "Tenebræ" and "Miserere" in the Sistine Chapel. Illumination of Pauline and other chapels.

Good Friday.—"Tenebræ" repeated, and "Miserere."

Adoration of relics in St. Peter's, by the Pope.

Saturday.—Public baptism of Jews, &c., in the Baptistery of Constantine.

Palestrina Mass. Easter Eve service at St. Peter's.

Easter Sunday.—The Pope carried into St. Peter's; celebrates Mass; silver trumpets sounded. Benediction from balcony. Illumination of the dome.

Easter Monday.—Fireworks.

Florence.—Easter Eve. "Lo scoppio del carro." Fireworks in front of the Duomo.

HOLY WEEK IN SPAIN.

Great services at Seville, Toledo, Valencia, Valladolid, and other cities.

Processions of the "Pasos," ancient painted and clothed images.

"Monumentos" (great wooden temples) raised in the churches for the exposition of the Host.

Holy Thursday.—Procession of Pasos at Burgos.

Good Friday.—Illumination of the Monumento at Seville.

Processions of Pasos and banners in Seville, Burgos, &c.

Exhibition of relics at Oviedo.

Easter Eve.—Rending of the Veil at Seville.

Easter Monday.—Procession of the Sacrament.

Fair at El Padron, Santiago.

Festival at Torrijos, Estremadura.

Easter Eve to Easter Monday.—Fair at Seville for the sale of Paschal lambs.

"CORPUS CHRISTI," OR "CORPUS DOMINI."

(Thursday after Trinity Sunday.)

June 12, 1873.

A festival with processions at Trieste, Vienna, and other Roman Catholic cities. Chief festival of the year in Spain.

Seville.—The Quiresters or Seises dance before the high altar in the Cathedral, with castanets, and dresses of Philip III.'s time.

Valencia.—Religious procession: also at Toledo, Santiago, Barcelona, Granada, &c. Processions of "Pasos" and of the Sacrament.

Assembly and dances of the Maragatos at Astorga.

Rome.—High Mass in Sistine Chapel. The Pope then carries the Sacrament in procession to the Vatican Basilica.

Two processions every afternoon during the Octave in Rome.

Munich.—"Fronleichnamfest." Guild processions and open-air services.

Ostend.—Blessing of the sea.

Portugal.—Image of St. George carried on horseback through the streets of Lisbon.

On the Octave day, procession at Genzano in the Alban hills; the streets carpeted with flowers.

GREEK CHURCH FESTIVALS.

Greek Easter.—Monday in Holy Week.—Bathing of pilgrims in the Jordan; encampment in the plains.

Easter Eve.—Ceremony of the Holy Fire in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem.

Ringling of bells in Moscow.

Midnight services in Constantinople.

Easter Sunday.—Processions through the streets of Pera (Constantinople).

Annual feast of the Church of Balukli, Constantinople.

Great celebration of Easter throughout Russia, especially at the Resurrection Monastery near Moscow.

Easter Festival.—Dances, &c., in Rhodes, at Archangelo.

Carnival and Easter Weeks.—Fairs and sledging on the Boulevards of Moscow.

Fifth and Sixth Weeks after Easter.—Fair at Orel, south of Moscow.

Ninth Friday after Easter.—Miraculous image of the Virgin carried to a fair near Kursk; left there till Sept. 24 (12, O.S.).

Fifty days after Easter.—Fair of the *κατακλυσμός* in Cyprus.

Easter Sunday in the Greek Church is regulated by different laws from those which fix its date in the Western Churches. For this year it coincides with the Western Easter, falling on April 13 (April 1, O.S.). Next year it will fall on April 12 (March 31, O.S.); in 1875, on April 25 (April 13, O.S.).

MAHOMETAN FESTIVALS.

The Turkish months are lunar, and 537 Turkish years correspond to 521 of our years. The Turkish year is thus ten or eleven days shorter than ours, and each month in the course of thirty-three or thirty-four years runs backwards through all the seasons of the year. The first of Ramadán for this year falls on Oct. 23; next year it will fall Oct. 13. Our system of leap-year and the Turkish corresponding irregularity—19 years of 354 days to 11 years of 355 days—make it almost impossible to foretell with accuracy the correspondence of Mahometan and Christian dates.

The month of Ramadán is a period of strict fasting. This year it begins on October 23. On its 27th day (Nov. 18, 1873), falls the *Leilet-al-Kadr*, or night of predestination, celebrating the descent of the Koran from heaven. The Mosque of St. Sophia is illuminated, and the Sultan goes in procession through Constantinople. The Ramadán Beiram, “*Eed-es-Sugheiyer*,” or lesser festival, one of the chief Mahometan festivals, succeeds the end of Ramadán, and occupies the first three days of Showál (November 22 to 24). Military parade by the Sultan at the old palace, Constantinople. Great festivities at Cairo.

Towards the end of Showál takes place the solemn departure of the pilgrims from Cairo for Mecca.

The Kurbán Beiram, “*Eed-el-Kebeer*” or greater festival, falls on the 10th of Zul-haj (Jan. 28, 1874), and lasts for four days. It commemorates the sacrifice by Abraham of a ram instead of his son (not Isaac, but Ishmael, according to the Mahometans), and is observed with great festivities and sacrifices at Constantinople and Cairo: also at Mitylene, &c.

The Mahometan year 1291 commences

with the first day of the next month Moharram (February 16th, 1874). On the 10th Moharram the anniversary of the death of El Hoseyn is celebrated at the Mosque of Azhar, in Cairo. (For an interesting account of this festival in India see the *Times* of April 15, 1873.)

Late in the following month Saffer, the pilgrims return from Mecca.

The Mirlood, or Moolid-en-Nebbee, the festival of the birth of the Prophet, lasts from the 3rd to the 12th of Rebeea-el-Owwal, the last being the greatest day (about April 29th, 1874), when the Sultan goes in state to the Mosque of Ahmed at Constantinople, and when, at Cairo, the “*Doseh*” or “treading” is performed; two or three hundred men throw themselves on the ground, that the Sheykh may ride over them on horseback.

The Moolid-el-Hassaneyn, the celebration of the birthdays of El Hasan and El Hoseyn, the sons of Ali, falls in the next month, Rebeeh-l-akher, and is observed for eight days at Cairo with great festivities and illuminations, and religious services at the Mosque of the Hassaneyn.

In the month Regeb (commencing about August 24, 1873, and August 13, 1874) is held for a fortnight the festival of the Seyyideh, at the Mosque of the Seyyideh Zeyneb (the granddaughter of the Prophet) at Cairo.

On the 26th of Regeb is celebrated the ascent of the Prophet to heaven. On this occasion, and also on the festival of the founder of the Shafeite sect, which falls during the following month Shaaban, the “*Doseh*” used to be performed at Cairo, but it is doubtful whether this is still the case.

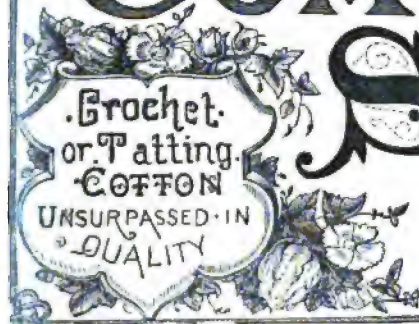
Three times a year a great festival and fair is held at Tantah, between Alexandria and Cairo—the Viceroy often present. The “*Cutting of the Canal*”—piercing the dam of the river Nile—is performed with some ceremony at Cairo, about the second week in August. At the full moon of the months Regeb, Showál, and Zul-haj, solemn visits are paid to the cemetery of Minieh, on the Nile, above Cairo.



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MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1873.

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A PRINCESS OF THULE.

BY WILLIAM BLACK, AUTHOR OF "THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON," ETC.

CHAPTER X.

FAIRY-LAND.

"WELCOME to London——!"

He was about to add "Sheila," but suddenly stopped. The girl, who had hastily come forward to meet him, with a glad look in her eyes, and with both hands outstretched, doubtless perceived the brief embarrassment of the moment, and was perhaps a little amused by it. But she took no notice of it; she merely advanced to him, and caught both his hands, and said—

"And are you very well?"

It was the old and familiar salutation, uttered in the same odd, gentle, insinuating fashion, and in the same low and sweet voice. Sheila's stay in Oban, and the few days she had already spent in London, had not taught her the difference between "very" and "ferry."

"It is so strange to hear you speak in London ——, Mrs. Lavender," he said, with rather a wry face as he pronounced her full and proper title.

And now it was Sheila's turn to look a bit embarrassed, and colour, and appear uncertain whether to be vexed or pleased, when her husband himself broke in with his usual good-natured impetuosity.

"I say, Ingram, don't be absurd. Of course you must call her Sheila—unless when there are people here, and

then you may please yourself. Why, the poor girl has enough of strange things and names about her already. I don't know how she keeps her head. It would bewilder me, I know; but I can see that, after she has stood at the window for a time, and begun to get dazed by all the wonderful sights and sounds outside, she suddenly withdraws and fixes all her attention on some little domestic duty, just as if she were hanging on to the practical things of life to assure herself it isn't all a dream. Isn't that so, Sheila?" he said, putting his hand on her shoulder.

"You ought not to watch me like that," she said, with a smile. "But it is the noise that is most bewildering. There are many places I will know already when I see them, many places and things I have known in pictures; but now the size of them, and the noise of carriages, and the people always passing—and always different—always strangers, so that you never see the same people any more——. But I am getting very much accustomed to it."

"You are trying very hard to get accustomed to it, any way, my good girl," said her husband.

"You need not be in a hurry; you may begin to regret some day that you have not a little of that feeling of wonder left," said Ingram. "But you have not told me anything of what you

think about London, and of how you like it, and how you like your house, and what you have done with Bras, and a thousand other things——”

“I will tell you all that directly, when I have got for you some wine and some biscuits.”

“Sheila, you can ring for them,” said her husband, but she had by that time departed on her mission. Presently she returned, and waited upon Ingram just as if she had been in her father’s house in Borva, with the gentlemen in a hurry to go out to the fishing, and herself the only one who could serve them.

She put a small table close by the French window; she drew back the curtains as far as they would go to show the sunshine of a bright forenoon in May lighting up the trees in the square and gleaming on the pale and tall fronts of the houses beyond; and she wheeled in three low easy-chairs so as to front this comparatively cheerful prospect. Somehow or other it seemed quite natural that Sheila should wheel in those chairs. It was certainly no disrespect on the part of either her husband or her visitor which caused both of them to sit still and give her her own way about such things. Indeed, Lavender had not as yet ever attempted to impress upon Sheila the necessity of cultivating the art of helplessness. That, with other social graces, would perhaps come in good time. She would soon acquire the habits and ways of her friends and acquaintances, without his trying to force upon her a series of affectations, which would only embarrass her and cloud the perfect frankness and spontaneity of her nature. Of one thing he was quite assured—that, whatever mistakes Sheila might make in society, they would never render her ridiculous. Strangers might not know the absolute sincerity of her every word and act, which gave her a courage that had no fear of criticism, but they could at least see the simple grace and dignity of the girl, and that natural ease of manner which is mainly the result of a thorough consciousness of honesty. To burden

her with rules and regulations of conduct, would be to produce the very catastrophes he wished to avoid. Where no attempt is made, failure is impossible; and he was meanwhile well content that Sheila should simply appear as Sheila, even although she might draw in a chair for a guest, or so far forget her dignity as to pour out some wine for her husband.

“After all, Sheila,” said Lavender, “hadn’t I better begin and tell Ingram about your surprise and delight when you came near Oban, and saw the tall hotels, and the trees? It was the trees, I think, that struck you most; because, you know, those in Lewis—well, to tell the truth—the fact is, the trees of Lewis—as I was saying, the trees of Lewis are not just—they cannot be said to be——”

“You bad boy, to say anything against the Lewis!” exclaimed Sheila: and Ingram held that she was right; and that there were certain sorts of ingratitude more disgraceful than others, and that this was just about the worst.

“Oh, I have brought all the good away from Lewis,” said Lavender, with a careless impertinence.

“No,” said Sheila, proudly. “You have not brought away my papa; and there is not anyone in this country I have seen as good as he is.”

“My dear, your experience of the thirty millions of folks in these islands is quite convincing. I was wholly in the wrong; and if you forgive me, we shall celebrate our reconciliation in a cigarette—that is to say, Ingram and I will perform the rites, and you can look on.”

So Sheila went away to get the cigarettes also.

“You don’t say you smoke in your drawing-room, Lavender?” said Ingram, mindful of the fastidious ways of his friend even when he had bachelor’s rooms in King Street.

“Don’t I, though? I smoke everywhere—all over the place. Don’t you see, we have no visitors yet. No one is supposed to know we have come South. Sheila must get all sorts of

things before she can be introduced to my friends and my aunt's friends, and the house must be put to rights, too. You wouldn't have her go to see my aunt in that sailor's costume she used to rush about in up in Lewis?"

"That is precisely what I would have," said Ingram; "she cannot look more handsome in any other dress."

"Why, my aunt would fancy I had married a savage—I believe she fears something of the sort now."

"And you haven't told even her that you are in London?"

"No."

"Well, Lavender, that is a precious silly performance. Suppose she hears of your being in town, what will you say to her?"

"I should tell her I wanted a few days to get my wife properly dressed, before taking her about."

Ingram shrugged his shoulders.

"Perhaps you are right. Perhaps, indeed, it would be better if you waited six months before you introduced Sheila to your friends. At present you seem to be keeping the footlights turned down, until everything is ready for the first scene, and then Sheila is to burst upon society in a blaze of light and colour. Well, that is harmless enough; but look here. You don't know much about her yet—you will be naturally anxious to hear what the audience, as it were, say of her—and there is just a chance of your unconsciously adopting their impressions and opinions of Sheila, seeing that you have no very fixed ones of your own. Now what your social circle may think about her is a difficult thing to decide; and I confess I would rather have seen you remain six months in Lewis before bringing her up here."

Ingram was at least a candid friend. It was not the first, nor the hundredth time, that Frank Lavender had to endure small lectures, uttered in a slow, deliberate voice, and yet with an indifference of manner which showed that Ingram cared very little how sharply his words struck home. He rarely even apologized for his bluntness. These

were his opinions; Lavender could take them or leave them as he liked. And the younger man, after finding his face flush a bit on being accused of wishing to make a dramatic impression with Sheila's entrance into London society, laughed in an embarrassed way, and said—

"It is impossible to be angry with you, Ingram, and yet you do talk so absurdly. I wonder who is likely to know more about the character of a girl than her own husband!"

"You may in time; you don't now," said Ingram, carefully balancing a biscuit on the point of his finger.

"The fact is," said Lavender, with good-natured impatience, "you are the most romantic card I know, and there is no pleasing you. You have all sorts of exalted notions about things—about sentiments, and duties, and so forth. Well, all that is true enough, and would be right enough, if the world were filled with men and women like yourself: but then it isn't, you see; and one has to give in to conventionalities of dress, and living, and ceremonies, if one wants to retain one's friends. Now, I like to see you going about with that wide-awake—it suits your brown complexion and beard—and that stick that would do for herding sheep; and the costume looks well, and is business-like and excellent when you're off for a walk over the Surrey downs or lying on the river-banks about Henley or Cookham; but it isn't, you know, the sort of costume for a stroll in the Park——"

"Whenever God withdraws from me my small share of common sense," said Ingram, slowly, "so far that I shall begin to think of having my clothes made for the purpose of walking in Hyde Park—well——"

"But don't you see," said Lavender, "that one must meet one's friends, especially when one is married; and when you know that at a certain hour in the forenoon they are all to be found in a particular place, and that a very pleasant place—and that you will do yourself good by having a walk in the fresh air, and so forth—I really don't see

anything very immoral in going down for an hour or so to the Park."

"Don't you think the pleasure of seeing one's friends might be postponed till one had done some sort of a good day's work?" said Ingram, mindful of the goodly promise of the youth, and knowing well that Sheila expected the husband of her choice to make a great name for himself one of these days.

"There now," cried Lavender, "that is another of your delusions. You are always against superstitions, and yet you make work a fetish. You do with work just as women do with duty—they carry about with them a convenient little god, and they are always worshipping it with small sacrifices, and complimenting themselves on a series of little martyrdoms that are of no good to anybody. Of course, duty wouldn't be duty if it wasn't disagreeable, and when they go nursing the sick—and they could get it better done for fifteen shillings a week by somebody else—they don't mind coming back to their families with the seeds of typhus about their gowns; and when they crush the affections in order to worship at the shrine of duty, they don't consider that they may be making martyrs of other folks who don't want martyrdom, and get no sort of pleasure out of it. Now, what in all the world is the good of work as work? I believe myself that work is an unmistakeable evil, involving all sorts of jealousy, and greed, and envy; but when it is a necessity, I suppose you get some sort of selfish satisfaction in overcoming it; and doubtless if there was any immediate necessity in my case—I don't deny the necessity may arise, and that I should like nothing better than to work for Sheila's sake——"

"Now you are coming to the point," said Ingram, who had been listening with his usual patience to his friend's somewhat chaotic speculations. "Perhaps you may have to work for your wife's sake and your own; and I confess I am surprised to see you so content with your present circumstances. If your aunt's property legally reverted to you—if you had any sort of family

claim on it—that would make some little difference; but you know that any sudden quarrel between you might leave you penniless to-morrow——"

"In which case I should begin to work to-morrow; and I should come to you for my first commission."

"And you shouldn't have it. I would have you to go and fight the world for yourself—without which a man knows nothing of himself or of his relations with those around him——"

"Frank, dear, here are the cigarettes," said Sheila, at this point; and as she came and sat down, the discussion ceased.

For Sheila began to tell her friend of all the strange adventures that had befallen her since she left the far island of Lewis—how she had seen with fear the great mountains of Skye lit up by the wild glare of a stormy sunrise; how she had seen with astonishment the great fir-woods of Armadale; and how green and beautiful were the shores of the Sound of Mull. And then, Oban!—with its shining houses, its blue bay, and its magnificent trees all lit up by a fair and still sunshine. She had not imagined there was anywhere in the world so beautiful a place; and could scarcely believe that London itself was more rich and noble, and impressive. For there were beautiful ladies walking along the broad pavements, and there were shops with large windows that seemed to contain everything that the mind could desire, and there was a whole fleet of yachts in the bay. But it was the trees, above all, that captivated her; and she asked if they were lords who owned those beautiful houses built up on the hill and half-smothered among lilacs, and ash-trees, and rowan-trees, and ivy.

"My darling," Lavender had said to her, "if your papa were to come and live here, he could buy half-a-dozen of those cottages, gardens and all. They are mostly the property of well-to-do shopkeepers. If this little place takes your fancy, what will you say when you go South—when you see Wimbledon, and Richmond, and Kew, with their

grand old commons and trees? Why, you could hide Oban in a corner of Richmond Park!"

"And my papa has seen all those places?"

"Yes. Don't you think it strange he should have seen them all, and known he could live in any one of them, and then gone away back to Borva?"

"But what would the poor people have done if he had never gone back?"

"Oh, some one else would have taken his place."

"And then, if he were living here, or in London, he might have got tired, and he might have wished to go back to the Lewis and see all the people he knew; and then he would come among them like a stranger, and have no house to go to."

Then Lavender said, quite gently—

"Do you think, Sheila, you will ever tire of living in the South?"

The girl looked up quickly, and said, with a sort of surprised questioning in her eyes—

"No, not with you. But then we shall often go to the Lewis?"

"Oh, yes," her husband said, "as often as we can conveniently. But it will take some time at first, you know, before you get to know all my friends who are to be your friends, and before you get properly fitted into our social circle. That will take you a long time, Sheila, and you may have many annoyances or embarrassments to encounter; but you won't be very much afraid, my girl?"

Sheila merely looked up to him; there was no fear in the frank, brave eyes.

The first large town she saw struck a cold chill to her heart. On a wet and dismal afternoon they sailed into Greenock. A heavy smoke hung about the black building-yards and the dirty quays; the narrow and squalid streets were filled with mud, and only the poorer sections of the population waded through the mire or hung disconsolately about the corners of the thoroughfares. A gloomier picture could not well be conceived; and Sheila, chilled with the

long and wet sail, and bewildered by the noise and bustle of the harbour, was driven to the hotel with a sore heart and a downcast face.

"This is not like London, Frank," she said, pretty nearly ready to cry with disappointment.

"This? No. Well, it is like a part of London, certainly, but not the part you will live in."

"But how can we live in the one place without passing the other and being made miserable by it? There was no part of Oban like this."

"Why, you will live miles away from the docks and quays of London. You might live for a lifetime in London without ever knowing it had a harbour. Don't you be afraid, Sheila. You will live in a district where there are far finer houses than any you saw in Oban, and far finer trees; and within a few minutes' walk you will find great gardens and parks, with lakes in them, and wild fowl, and you will be able to teach the boys about how to set the helm and the sails when they are launching their small boats."

"I should like that," said Sheila, with her face brightening.

"Perhaps you would like a boat yourself?"

"Yes," she said, frankly. "If there were not many people there, we might go out sometimes in the evening——"

Her husband laughed, and took her hand.

"You don't understand, Sheila. The boats the boys have are little things a foot or two long—like the one in your papa's bedroom in Borva. But many of the boys would be greatly obliged to you if you would teach them how to manage the sails properly; for sometimes dreadful shipwrecks occur."

"You must bring them to our house; I am very fond of little boys—when they begin to forget to be shy, and let you become acquainted with them."

"Well," said Lavender, "I don't know many of the boys who sail boats in the Serpentine; you will have to make their acquaintance yourself. But I know one boy whom I must bring to

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W. J. LINTON, S.

And here, at last, was Mr. Ingram come ; and the mere sound of his voice seemed to carry her back to Borva, so that, in talking to him and waiting on him as of old, she would scarcely have been surprised if her father had walked in to say that a coaster was making for the harbour, or that Duncan was going over to Stornoway, and Sheila should have to give him commissions. Her husband did not take the same interest in the social and political affairs of Borva that Mr. Ingram did. Lavender had made a pretence of assisting Sheila in her work among the poor people ; but the effort was a hopeless failure. He could not remember the name of the family that wanted a new boat, and was visibly impatient when Sheila would sit down to write out, for some aged crone, a letter to her grandson in Canada. Now Ingram, for the mere sake of occupation, had qualified himself during his various visits to Lewis so that he might have become the Home Minister of the King of Borva ; and Sheila was glad to have one attentive listener as she described all the wonderful things that had happened in the island since the previous summer.

But Ingram had got a full and complete holiday on which to come up and see Sheila ; and he had brought with him the wild and startling proposal that, in order that she should take her first plunge into the pleasures of civilized life, her husband and herself should drive down to Richmond and dine at the Star and Garter.

"What is that ?" said Sheila.

"My dear girl," said her husband, seriously, "your ignorance is something fearful to contemplate. It is quite bewildering. How can a person who does not know what the Star and Garter is, be told what the Star and Garter is ?"

"But I am willing to go and see," said Sheila.

"Then I must look after getting a brougham," said Lavender, rising.

"A brougham on such a day as this ?" exclaimed Ingram. "Nonsense ! get an open trap of some sort—and Sheila,

just to please me, will put on that very blue dress she used to wear in Borva, and the hat and the white feather, if she has got it——"

"Perhaps you would like me to put on a sealskin cap and a red handkerchief instead of a collar," observed Lavender, calmly.

"You may do as you please. Sheila and I are going to dine at the Star and Garter."

"May I put on that blue dress ?" said the girl, going up to her husband.

"Yes, of course, if you like," said Lavender, meekly, going off to order the carriage, and wondering by what route he could drive those two maniacs down to Richmond so that none of his friends should see them.

When he came back again, bringing with him a landau which could be shut up for the homeward journey at night, he had to confess that no costume seemed to suit Sheila so well as the roughsailor-dress ; and he was so pleased with her appearance, that he consented at once to let Bras go with them in the carriage, on condition that Sheila should be responsible for him. Indeed, after the first shiver of driving away from the Square was over, he forgot that there was much unusual about the look of this odd pleasure-party. If you had told him, eighteen months before, that on a bright day in May, just as people were going home from the Park for luncheon, he would go for a drive in a hired trap with one horse, his companions being a man with a brown wide-awake, a girl dressed as though she were the owner of a yacht, and an immense deer-hound, and that, in this fashion, he would dare to drive up to the Star and Garter and order dinner, he would have bet five hundred to one that such a thing would never occur so long as he preserved his senses. But somehow he did not mind much. He was very much at home with those two people beside him ; the day was bright and fresh ; the horse went a good pace ; and once they were over Hammersmith Bridge and out among fields and trees, the country looked exceedingly pretty, and all the

beauty of it was mirrored in Sheila's eyes.

"I can't quite make you out in that dress, Sheila," he said. "I am not sure whether it is real and business-like, or a theatrical costume. I have seen girls on Ryde Pier with something of the same sort on, only a good deal more pronounced, you know—and they looked like sham yachtsmen; and I have seen stewardesses wearing that colour and texture of cloth——"

"But why not leave it as it is," said Ingram, "a solitary costume produced by certain conditions of climate and duties, acting in conjunction with a natural taste for harmonious colouring and simple form? That dress, I will maintain, sprang as naturally from the salt sea as Aphrodite did; and the man who suspects artifice in it, or invention, has had his mind perverted by the scepticism of modern society——"

"Is my dress so very wonderful?" said Sheila, with a grave complaisance. "I am pleased that the Lewis has produced such a fine thing, and perhaps you would like me to tell you its history. It was my papa bought a piece of blue serge in Stornoway. It cost 3s. 6d. a yard, and a dressmaker in Stornoway cut it for me, and I made it myself. That is all the history of the wonderful dress."

Suddenly Sheila seized her husband's arm. They had got down to the river by Mortlake; and there, on the broad bosom of the stream, a long and slender boat was shooting by, pulled by four oarsmen clad in white flannel.

"How can they go out in such a boat?" said Sheila, with a great alarm visible in her eyes: "it is scarcely a boat at all; and if they touch a rock, or if the wind catches them——"

"Don't be frightened, Sheila," said her husband. "They are quite safe. There are no rocks in our rivers; and the wind does not give us squalls here like those on Loch Roag. You will see hundreds of those boats by and by, and perhaps you yourself will go out in one——"

"Oh, never, never!" she said, almost with a shudder.

"Why, if the people here heard you, they would not know how brave a sailor you are. You are not afraid to go out at night by yourself on the sea; and you won't go on a smooth inland river——"

"But those boats—if you touch them they must go over."

She seemed glad to get away from the river. She could not be persuaded of the safety of the slender craft of the Thames; and, indeed, for some time after seemed so strangely depressed that Lavender begged and prayed of her to tell him what was the matter. It was simple enough. She had heard him speak of his boating adventures. Was it in such boats as that she had just seen; and might he not be some day going out in one of them, and an accident—the breaking of an oar—a gust of wind——

There was nothing for it but to reassure her by a solemn promise that in no circumstances whatever would he, Lavender, go into a boat without her express permission; whereupon Sheila was as grateful to him as though he had dowered her with a kingdom.

This was not the Richmond Hill of her fancy—this spacious height, with its great mansions, its magnificent elms, and its view of all the westward and wooded country, with the blue-white streak of the river winding through the green foliage. Where was the farm? The famous Lass of Richmond Hill must have lived on a farm; but here, surely, were the houses of great lords and nobles, which had apparently been there for years and years. And was this really an hotel that they stopped at—this great building, that she could only compare to Stornoway Castle?

"Now, Sheila," said Lavender, after they had ordered dinner, and gone out, "mind you keep a tight hold on that leash, for Bras will see strange things in the Park."

"It is I who will see strange things," she said; and the prophecy was amply fulfilled. For as they went along the broad path, and came better into view of the splendid undulations of wood-

land, and pasture, and fern ; when, on the one hand, they saw the Thames, far below them, flowing through the green and spacious valley, and, on the other hand, caught some dusky glimpse of the far white houses of London—it seemed to her that she had got into a new world, and that this world was far more beautiful than the great city she had left. She did not care so much for the famous view from the Hill. She had cast one quick look to the horizon, with one throb of expectation that the sea might be there. There was no sea there ; only the faint blue of long lines of country apparently without limit. Moreover, over the western landscape a faint haze prevailed, that increased in the distance and softened down the more distant woods into a sober grey. That great extent of wooded plain, lying sleepily in its pale mists, was not so cheerful as the scene around her, where the sunlight was sharp and clear, the air fresh, the trees flooded with a pure and bright colour. Here, indeed, was a cheerful and beautiful world ; and she was full of curiosity to know all about it and its strange features. What was the name of this tree, and how did it differ from that ? Were not these rabbits over by the fence ; and did rabbits live in the midst of trees and bushes ? What sort of wood was the fence made of ; and was it not terribly expensive to have such a protection ? Could not he tell the cost of a wooden fence ? Why did they not use wire netting ? Was not that a loch away down there, and what was its name ? A loch without a name ? Did the salmon come up to it ; and did any sea-birds ever come inland and build their nests on its margin ?

"Oh, Bras, you must come and look at the loch. It is a long time since you will see a loch."

And away she went through the thick breckan, holding on to the swaying leash that held the galloping greyhound, and running as swiftly as though she had been making down for the shore to get out the *Maighdean-mhara*.

"Sheila !" called her husband, "don't be foolish !"

"Sheila !" called Ingram, "have pity on an old man——"

Suddenly she stopped. A brace of partridges had suddenly sprung up at some little distance, and, with a wild whirr of their wings, were now directing their low and rapid flight towards the bottom of the valley.

"What birds are those ?" she said, peremptorily.

She took no notice of the fact that her companions were pretty nearly too blown to speak. There was a brisk life and colour in her face ; and all her attention was absorbed in watching the flight of the birds. Lavender fancied he saw in the fixed and keen look something of old Mackenzie's grey eye—it was the first trace of a likeness to her father he had seen.

"You bad girl," he said, "they are partridges."

She paid no heed to this reproach ; for what were those other things over there underneath the trees ? Bras had pricked up his ears, and there was a strange excitement in his look and in his trembling frame.

"Deer !" she cried, with her eyes as fixed as were those of the dog beside her.

"Well," said her husband, calmly, "what although they are deer ?"

"But Bras——" she said ; and with that she caught the leash with both her hands.

"Bras won't mind them, if you keep him quiet. I suppose you can manage him better than I can. I wish we had brought a whip."

"I would rather let him kill every deer in the Park than touch him with a whip," said Sheila, proudly.

"You fearful creature, you don't know what you say. That is high treason. If George Ranger heard you, he would have you hanged in front of the Star and Garter."

"Who is George Ranger ?" said Sheila, with an air as if she had said, "*Do you know that I am the daughter of the King of Borva, and whoever*

touches me will have to answer to my papa, who is not afraid of any George Ranger."

"He is a great lord who hangs all persons who disturb the deer in this Park."

"But why do they not go away?" said Sheila, impatiently. "I have never seen any deer so stupid. It is their own fault if they are disturbed; why do they remain so near to people and to houses?"

"My dear child, if Bras wasn't here, you would probably find some of those deer coming up to see if you had any bits of sugar or pieces of bread about your pockets."

"Then they are like sheep, they are not like deer," she said with some contempt. "If I could only tell Bras that it is sheep he will be looking at, he would not look any more. And so small they are; they are as small as the roe; but they have horns as big as many of the red deer. Do the people eat them?"

"I suppose so."

"And what will they cost?"

"I am sure I can't tell you."

"Are they as good as the roe or the big deer?"

"I don't know that either. I don't think I ever ate fallow-deer. But you know they are not kept here for that purpose. A great many gentlemen in this country keep a lot of them in their parks, merely to look pretty. They cost a great deal more than they produce——"

"They must eat up a great deal of fine grass," said Sheila, almost sorrowfully. "It is a beautiful ground for sheep—no rushes, no peat-moss, only fine, good grass, and dry land. I should like my papa to see all this beautiful ground."

"I fancy he has seen it."

"Was my papa here?"

"I think he said so."

"And did he see those deer?"

"Doubtless."

"He never told me of them," she said, wondering that her papa had seen all these strange things without speaking of them.

By this time they had pretty nearly got down to the little lake; and Bras had been alternately coaxed and threatened into a quiescent mood. Sheila evidently expected to hear a flapping of sea-fowls' wings when they got near the margin; and looked all round for the first sudden dart from the banks. But a dead silence prevailed; and as there were neither fish nor birds to watch, she went along to a wooden bench, and sat down there, one of her companions on each hand. It was a pretty scene that lay before her—the small stretch of water ruffled with the wind, but showing a dash of blue sky here and there—the trees in the enclosure beyond clad in their summer foliage, the smooth greensward shining in the afternoon sunlight. Here, at least, was absolute quiet after the roar of London; and it was somewhat wistfully that she asked her husband how far this place was from her home, and whether, when he was at work, she could not come down here by herself.

"Certainly," he said, never dreaming that she would think of doing such a thing.

By and by they returned to the hotel, and while they sat at dinner a great fire of sunset spread over the west, and the far woods became of a rich purple, streaked here and there with lines of pale white mist. The river caught the glow of the crimson clouds above, and shone dusky red amid the dark green of the trees. Deeper and deeper grew the colour of the sun as it sank to the horizon, until it disappeared behind one low bar of purple cloud; and then the wild glow in the west slowly faded away, the river became pallid and indistinct, the white mists over the distant woods seemed to grow denser, and then, as here and there a lamp was lit far down in the valley, one or two pale stars appeared in the sky overhead, and the night came on apace.

"It is so strange," Sheila said, "to find the darkness coming on, and not to hear the sound of the waves. I wonder if it is a fine night at Borva."

Her husband went over to her, and led her back to the table, where the candles, shining over the white cloth and the coloured glasses, offered a more cheerful picture than the deepening landscape outside. They were in a private room; so that, when dinner was over, Sheila was allowed to amuse herself with the fruit, while her two companions lit their cigars. Where was the quaint old piano, now; and the glass of hot whiskey and water; and the "Lament of Monaltrie," or "Love in thine eyes for ever plays"? It seemed, but for the greatness of the room, to be a repetition of one of those evenings at Borva that now belonged to a far-off past. Here was Sheila, not minding the smoke, listening to Ingram as of old, and sometimes saying something in that sweetly-inflected speech of hers; here was Ingram, talking, as it were, out of a brown study, and morosely objecting to pretty nearly everything Lavender said, but always ready to prove Sheila right; and Lavender himself, as unlike a married man as ever, talking impatiently, impetuously, and wildly, except at such times as he said something to his young wife, and then some brief smile and look, or some pat on the hand, said more than words. But where, Sheila may have thought, was the one wanting to complete the group? Has he gone down to Borvabost to see about the cargoes of fish to be sent off in the morning? Perhaps he is talking to Duncan outside about the cleaning of the guns, or making up cartridges in the kitchen. When Sheila's attention wandered away from the talk of her companions, she could not help listening for the sound of the waves; and as there was no such message coming to her from the great and wooded plain without, her fancy took her away across that mighty country she had travelled through, and carried her up to the island of Loch Roag, until she almost fancied she could smell the peat-smoke in the night-air, and listen to the sea, and hear her father pacing up and down the gravel outside the house, perhaps

thinking of her as she was thinking of him.

This little excursion to Richmond was long remembered by those three. It was the last of their meetings before Sheila was ushered into the big world, to busy herself with new occupations and cares. It was a pleasant little journey throughout; for as they got into the landau to drive back to town, the moon was shining high up in the southern heavens, and the air was mild and fresh, so that they had the carriage opened, and Sheila, well wrapped up, lay and looked around her with a strange wonder and joy as they drove underneath the shadow of the trees and out again into the clear sheen of the night. They saw the river, too, flowing smoothly and palely down between its dark banks; and somehow here the silence checked them, and they hummed no more those duets they used to sing up at Borva. Of what were they thinking, then, as they drove through the clear night, along the lonely road? Lavender, at least, was rejoicing at his great good fortune that he had secured for ever to himself the true-hearted girl who now sat opposite him, with the moonlight touching her face and hair; and he was laughing to himself at the notion that he did not properly appreciate her, or understand her, or perceive her real character. If not he, who then? Had he not watched every turn of her disposition, every expression of her wishes, every grace of her manner, and look of her eyes; and was he not overjoyed to find that the more he knew of her the more he loved her? Marriage had increased, rather than diminished, the mystery and wonder he had woven about her. He was more her lover now than he had been before his marriage. Who could see in her eyes what he saw? Elderly folks can look at a girl's eyes, and see that they are brown, or blue, or green, as the case may be; but the lover looks at them and sees in them the magic mirror of a hundred possible worlds. How can he fathom the sea of dreams that lies there, or tell what strange fancies and remi-

niscences may be involved in an absent look? Is she thinking of starlit nights on some distant lake; or of the old bygone days on the hills? All her former life is told there, and yet but half-told, and he longs to become possessed of all the beautiful past that she has seen. Here is a constant mystery to him, and there is a singular and wistful attraction for him in those still depths where the thoughts and dreams of an innocent soul lie but half-revealed. He does not see those things in the eyes of women he is not in love with; but when, in after years, he is carelessly regarding this or the other woman, some chance look—some brief and sudden turn of expression—will recall to him, as with a stroke of lightning, all the old wonder-time, and his heart will go nigh to breaking to think that he has grown old, that he has forgotten so much, and that the fair, wild days of romance and longing are passed away for ever.

"Ingram thinks I don't understand you yet, Sheila," he said to her, after they had got home, and their friend had gone.

Sheila only laughed, and said—

"I don't understand myself, sometimes."

"Eh? what?" he cried. "Do you mean to say that I have married a conundrum? If I have, I don't mean to give you up, any way; so you may go and get me a biscuit, and a drop of the whisky we brought from the North with us."

CHAPTER XI.

THE FIRST PLUNGE.

FRANK LAVENDER was a good deal more concerned than he chose to show about the effect that Sheila was likely to produce on his aunt; and when, at length, the day arrived on which the young folks were to go down to Kensington Gore, he had inwardly to confess that Sheila seemed a great deal less perturbed than himself. Her perfect calmness and self-possession surprised him. The manner in which she had dressed herself, with certain

modifications which he could not help approving, according to the fashion of the time, seemed to him a miracle of dexterity; and how had she acquired the art of looking at ease in this attire, which was much more cumbersome than that she had usually worn in Borva?

If Lavender had but known the truth, he would have begun to believe something of what Ingram had vaguely hinted. This poor girl was looking towards her visit to Kensington Gore as the most painful trial of her life. While she was outwardly calm and firm, and even cheerful, her heart sank within her as she thought of the dreaded interview. Those garments which she wore with such an appearance of ease and comfort had been the result of many an hour of anxiety; for how was she to tell, from her husband's raillery, what colours the terrible old lady in Kensington would probably like? He did not know that every word he said in joke about his aunt's temper, her peevish ways, the awful consequences of offending her, and so forth, were like so many needles stuck into the girl's heart, until she was ready to cry out to be released from this fearful ordeal. Moreover, as the day came near, what he could not see in her, she saw in him. Was she likely to be reassured when she perceived that her husband, in spite of all his fun, was really anxious; and when she knew that some blunder on her part might ruin him? In fact, if he had suspected for a moment that she was really trembling to think of what might happen, he might have made some effort to give her courage. But apparently Sheila was as cool and collected as if she had been going to see John the Piper. He believed she could have gone to be presented to the Queen without a single tremor of the heart.

Still, he was a man, and therefore bound to assume an air of patronage.

"She won't eat you, really," he said to Sheila, as they were driving in a hansom down Kensington Palace Gardens. "All you have got to do is

to believe in her theories of food. She won't make you a martyr to them. She measures every half-ounce of what she eats; but she won't starve you, and I am glad to think, Sheila, that you have brought a remarkably good and sensible appetite with you from Lewis. Oh, by the way, take care you say nothing against Marcus Aurelius."

"I don't know who he was, dear," observed Sheila, meekly.

"He was a Roman Emperor, and a philosopher. I suppose it was because he was an Emperor that he found it easy to be a philosopher. However, my aunt is awful nuts on Marcus Aurelius—I beg your pardon, you don't know the phrase. My aunt makes Marcus Aurelius her Bible, and she is sure to read you bits from him, which you must believe, you know."

"I will try," said Sheila, doubtfully, "but if——"

"Oh, it has nothing to do with religion. I don't think anybody knows what Marcus Aurelius means, so you may as well believe it. Ingram swears by him, but he is always full of odd crotchets."

"Does Mr. Ingram believe in Marcus Aurelius?" said Sheila, with some accession of interest.

"Why, he gave my aunt the book years ago—confound him!—and ever since she has been a nuisance to her friends. For my own part, you know, I don't believe that Marcus Aurelius was quite such an ass as Plato. He talks the same sort of perpetual commonplaces, but it isn't about the True, and the Good, and the Beautiful. Would you like me to repeat to you one of the Dialogues of Plato—about the immortality of Mr. Cole, and the moral effect of the South Kensington Museum?"

"No, dear, I shouldn't," said Sheila.

"You deprive yourself of a treat, but never mind. Here we are at my aunt's house."

Sheila timidly glanced at the place, while her husband paid the cabman. It was a tall, narrow, dingy-looking house of dark brick, with some black-

green ivy at the foot of the walls, and with crimson curtains formally arranged in every one of the windows. If Mrs. Lavender was a rich old lady, why did she live in such a gloomy building? Sheila had seen beautiful white houses in all parts of London—her own house, for example, was ever so much more cheerful than this one; and yet she had heard with awe of the value of this depressing little mansion in Kensington Gore.

The door was opened by a man, who showed them upstairs, and announced their names. Sheila's heart beat quickly. She entered the drawing-room with a sort of mist before her eyes; and found herself going forward to a lady who sat at the further end. She had a strangely vivid impression, amid all her alarm, that this old lady looked like the withered kernel of a nut. Or was she not like a cockatoo? It was through no anticipation of dislike to Mrs. Lavender that the imagination of the girl got hold of that notion. But the little old lady held her head like a cockatoo. She had the hard, staring, observant and unimpressionable eyes of a cockatoo. What was there, moreover, about the decorations of her head that reminded one of a cockatoo when it puts up its crest and causes its feathers to look like sticks of celery?

"Aunt Lavender, this is my wife."

"I am glad to see you, dear," said the old lady, giving her hand, but not rising. "Sit down. When you are a little nervous, you ought to sit down." Frank, give me that ammonia from the mantel-piece."

It was in a small glass phial, and labelled "Poison." She smelt the stopper, and then handed it to Sheila, telling her to do the same.

"Why did your maid do your hair in such a way?" she asked, suddenly.

"I haven't got a maid," said Sheila, "and I always do my hair so."

"Don't be offended. I like it. But you must not make a fool of yourself. Your hair is too much that of a country beauty going to a ball. Paterson will show you how to do your hair."

"Oh, I say, aunt," cried Lavender, with a fine show of carelessness, "you mustn't go and spoil her hair. I think it is very pretty as it is; and that woman of yours would simply go and make a mop of it. You'd think the girls now-a-days dressed their hair by shoving their head into a furze-bush and giving it a couple of turns."

She paid no heed to him; but turned to Sheila, and said—

"You are an only child."

"Yes."

"Why did you leave your father?"

The question was rather a cruel one; and it stung Sheila into answering bravely—

"Because my husband wished me."

"Oh. You think your husband is to be the first law of your life?"

"Yes, I do."

"Even when he is only silly Frank Lavender!"

Sheila rose. There was a quivering of her lips, but no weakness in the proud, indignant look of her eyes.

"What you may say of me, that I do not care. But I will not remain to hear my husband insulted."

"Sheila," said Lavender, vexed and anxious, and yet pleased at the same time by the courage of the girl. "Sheila, it is only a joke—you must not mind—it is only a bit of fun——"

"I do not understand such jests," she said, calmly.

"Sit down, like a good girl," said the old lady, with an air of absolute indifference. "I did not mean to offend you. Sit down, and be quiet. You will destroy your nervous system if you give way to such impulses. I think you are healthy; I like the look of you; but you will never reach a good age, as I hope to do, except by moderating your passions. That is well; now take the ammonia again, and give it to me. You don't wish to die young, I suppose?"

"I am not afraid of dying," said Sheila.

"Ring the bell, Frank."

He did so, and a tall, spare, grave-faced woman appeared.

"Paterson, you must put luncheon on to two ten. I ordered it at one fifty, did I not?"

"Yes, m'm."

"See that it is served at two ten; and take this young lady and get her hair properly done, you understand? My nephew and I will wait luncheon for her."

"Yes, m'm."

Sheila rose, with a great swelling in her throat. All her courage had ebbed away. She had reflected how pained her husband would be if she did not please this old lady; and she was now prepared to do anything she was told, to receive meekly any remarks that might be made to her, to be quite obedient, and gentle, and submissive. But what was this tall and terrible woman going to do to her? Did she really mean to cut away those great masses of hair to which Mrs. Lavender had objected? Sheila would have let her hair be cut willingly, for her husband's sake; but, as she went to the door, some wild and despairing notion came into her head of what her husband might think of her, when once she was shorn of this beautiful personal feature. Would he look at her with surprise—perhaps even with disappointment?

"Mind you don't keep luncheon late," he said to her, as she passed him.

She but indistinctly heard him, so great was the trembling within her. Her father would scarcely know his altered Sheila, when she went back to Borva; and what would Mairi say—Mairi who had many a time helped her to arrange those long tresses, and who was as proud of them as if they were her own? She followed Mrs. Lavender's tall maid up-stairs. She entered a small dressing-room, and glanced nervously round. Then she suddenly turned, looked for a moment at the woman, and said, with tears rushing up into her eyes—

"Does Mrs. Lavender wish me to cut my hair?"

The woman regarded her with astonishment.

"Cut, miss?—ma'am, I beg your

pardon. No, ma'am, not at all. I suppose it is only some difference in the arrangement, ma'am. Mrs. Lavender is very particular about the hair; and she has asked me to show several ladies how to dress their hair in the way she likes. But perhaps you would prefer letting it remain as it is, ma'am?"

"Oh no, not at all!" said Sheila. "I should like to have it just as Mrs. Lavender wishes—in every way just as she wishes. Only, it will not be necessary to cut any?"

"Oh no, miss—ma'am; and it would be a great pity, if I may say so, to cut your hair."

Sheila was pleased to hear that. Here was a woman who had a large experience in such matters, among those very ladies of her husband's social circle whom she had been a little afraid to meet. Mrs. Paterson seemed to admire her hair as much as the simple Mairi had done; and Sheila soon began to have less fear of this terrible tiring-woman, who forthwith proceeded with her task.

The young wife went down-stairs with a tower upon her head. She was very uncomfortable. She had seen, it is true, that this method of dressing the hair really became her—or, rather, would become her in certain circumstances. It was grand, imposing, statuesque; but then she did not feel statuesque just at this moment. She could have dressed herself to suit this style of hair; she could have worn it with confidence if she had got it up herself; but here she was the victim of an experiment—she felt like a schoolgirl about for the first time to appear in public in a long dress—and she was terribly afraid her husband would laugh at her. If he had any such inclination, he courteously suppressed it. He said the massive simplicity of this dressing of the hair suited her admirably. Mrs. Lavender said that Paterson was an invaluable woman; and then they went down to the dining-room on the ground-floor, where luncheon had been laid.

The man who had opened the door waited on the two strangers; the in-

valuable Paterson acted as a sort of henchwoman to her mistress, standing by her chair, and supplying her wants. She also had the management of a small pair of silver scales, in which pretty nearly everything that Mrs. Lavender took in the way of solid food was carefully and accurately weighed. The conversation was chiefly alimentary; and Sheila listened with a growing wonder to the description of the devices by which the ladies of Mrs. Lavender's acquaintance were wont to cheat fatigue, or win an appetite, or preserve their colour. When, by accident, the girl herself was appealed to, she had to confess to an astonishing ignorance of all such resources. She knew nothing of the relative strengths and effects of wines; though she was frankly ready to make any experiment her husband recommended. She knew what camphor was, but had never heard of bismuth. On cross-examination, she had to admit that eau-de-Cologne did not seem to her likely to be a pleasant liquor before going to a ball. Did she not know the effect on brown hair of washing it in soda-water every night? She was equally confessing her ignorance on all such points, when she was startled by a sudden question from Mrs. Lavender. Did she know what she was doing?

She looked at her plate; there was on it a piece of cheese to which she had thoughtlessly helped herself. Somebody had called it Roquefort—that was all she knew.

"You have as much there, child, as would kill a ploughman; and I suppose you would not have had the sense to leave it."

"Is it poison?" said Sheila, regarding her plate with horror.

"All cheese is. Paterson, my scales."

She had Sheila's plate brought to her, and the proper modicum of cheese cut, weighed, and sent back.

"Remember, whatever house you are at, never to have more Roquefort than that."

"It would be simpler to do without it," said Sheila.

"It would be simple enough to do

without a great many things," said Mrs. Lavender, severely. "But the wisdom of living is to enjoy as many different things as possible, so long as you do so in moderation, and preserve your health. You are young—you don't think of such things. You think, because you have good teeth and a clear complexion, you can eat anything. But that won't last. A time will come. Do you not know what the great Emperor, Marcus Antoninus, says?—'*In a little while thou wilt be nobody and nowhere, like Hadrianus and Augustus.*'"

"Yes," said Sheila.

She had not enjoyed her luncheon much—she would rather have had a ham sandwich and a glass of spring water on the side of a Highland hill than this varied and fastidious repast accompanied by a good deal of physiology—but it was too bad that, having successfully got through it, she should be threatened with annihilation immediately afterwards. It was no sort of consolation to her to know that she would be in the same plight with two emperors.

"Frank, you can go and smoke a cigar in the conservatory, if you please. Your wife will come upstairs with me and have a talk."

Sheila would much rather have gone into the conservatory also; but she obediently followed Mrs. Lavender upstairs and into the drawing-room. It was rather a melancholy chamber—the curtains shutting out most of the daylight, and leaving you in a semi-darkness that made the place look big, and vague, and spectral. The little, shrivelled woman, with the hard and staring eyes, and silver-grey hair, bade Sheila sit down beside her. She herself sat by a small table, on which there were a tiny pair of scales, a bottle of ammonia, a fan, and a book bound in an old-fashioned binding of scarlet morocco and gold. Sheila wished this old woman would not look at her so. She wished there was a window open, or a glint of sunlight coming in somewhere. But she was glad that her husband was enjoying himself in the conservatory; and that for two reasons. One of them was that

she did not like the tone of his talk while he and his aunt had been conversing together about cosmetics and such matters. Not only did he betray a marvellous acquaintance with such things, but he seemed to take an odd sort of pleasure in exhibiting his knowledge. He talked in a mocking way about the tricks of fashionable women that Sheila did not quite like; and of course she naturally threw the blame on Mrs. Lavender. It was only when this old lady exerted a godless influence over him that her good boy talked in such a fashion. There was nothing of that about him up in Lewis, nor yet at home, in a certain snug little smoking-room which these two had come to consider the most comfortable corner in the house. Sheila began to hate women who used lip-salve, and silently recorded a vow that never, never, never would she wear anybody's hair but her own.

"Do you suffer from headaches?" said Mrs. Lavender, abruptly.

"Sometimes," said Sheila.

"How often? What is an average? Two a week?"

"Oh, sometimes I have not a headache for three or four months at a time."

"No toothache?"

"No."

"What did your mother die of?"

"It was a fever," said Sheila, in a low voice, "and she caught it while she was helping a family that was very bad with the fever."

"Does your father ever suffer from rheumatism?"

"No," said Sheila. "My papa is the strongest man in the Lewis, I am sure of that."

"But the strongest of us, you know," said Mrs. Lavender, looking hardly at the girl, "the strongest of us will die and go into the general order of the universe; and it is a good thing for you that, as you say, you are not afraid. Why should you be afraid? Listen to this passage."

She opened the red book, and guided herself to a certain page by one of a series of coloured ribbons.

"*'He who fears death either fears the loss of sensation or a different kind of sensation. But if thou shalt have no sensation, neither wilt thou feel any harm; and if thou shalt acquire another kind of sensation, thou wilt be a different kind of living being, and thou wilt not cease to live.'* Do you perceive the wisdom of that?"

"Yes," said Sheila, and her own voice seemed hollow and strange to her in this big and dimly-lit chamber. Mrs. Lavender turned over a few more pages, and proceeded to read again; and as she did so, in a slow, unsympathetic, monotonous voice, a spell came over the girl, the weight at her heart grew more and more intolerable, and the room seemed to grow darker.

"*'Short then is the time which every man lives, and small the nook of the earth where he lives; and short too the longest posthumous fame, and even this only continued by a succession of poor human beings, who will very soon die, and who know not even themselves, much less him who died long ago.'* You cannot do better than ask your husband to buy you a copy of this book, and give it special study. It will comfort you in affliction, and reconcile you to whatever may happen to you. Listen. *'Soon will the earth cover us all; then the earth, too, will change, and the things also which result from change will continue to change for ever, and these again for ever. For if a man reflects on the changes and transformations which follow one another like wave after wave and their rapidity, he will despise every thing which is perishable.'* Do you understand that?"

"Yes," said Sheila; and it seemed to her that she was being suffocated. Would not the grey walls burst asunder and show her one glimpse of the blue sky before she sank into unconsciousness? The monotonous tones of this old woman's voice sounded like the repetition of a psalm over a coffin. It was as if she was already shut out from life, and could only hear in a vague way the dismal words being chanted over her by the people in the other world. She rose, steadied herself for a moment by

placing her hand on the back of the chair, and managed to say—

"Mrs. Lavender, forgive me for one moment; I wish to speak to my husband."

She went to the door—Mrs. Lavender being too surprised to follow her—and made her way down-stairs. She had seen the conservatory at the end of a certain passage. She reached it; and then she scarcely knew any more, except that her husband caught her in his arms as she cried—

"Oh, Frank, Frank, take me away from this house—I am afraid: it terrifies me!"

"Sheila, what on earth is the matter? Here, come out to the fresh air. By Jove, how pale you are! Will you have some water?"

He could not get to understand thoroughly what had occurred. What he clearly did learn from Sheila's disjointed and timid explanations was that there had been another "scene," and he knew that of all things in the world his aunt hated "scenes" the worst. As soon as he saw that there was little the matter with Sheila beyond considerable mental perturbation, he could not help addressing some little remonstrance to her, and reminding her how necessary it was that she should not offend the old lady upstairs.

"You should not be so excitable, Sheila," he said. "You take such exaggerated notions about things. I am sure my aunt meant nothing unkind. And what did you say when you came away?"

"I said I wanted to see you. Are you angry with me?"

"No, of course not. But then, you see, it is a little vexing—just at this moment—. Well, let us go upstairs at once, and try and make up some excuse, like a good girl—say you felt faint—anything—"

"And you will come with me?"

"Yes. Now do try, Sheila, to make friends with my aunt. She's not such a bad sort of creature as you seem to think. She's been very kind to me—she'll be very kind to you when she knows you more."

Fortunately no excuse was necessary ; for Mrs. Lavender, in Sheila's absence, had arrived at the conclusion that the girl's temporary faintness was due to that piece of Roquefort.

"You see you must be careful," she said, when they entered the room. "You are unaccustomed to a great many things you will like afterwards."

"And the room is a little close," said Lavender.

"I don't think so," said his aunt, sharply ; "look at the thermometer."

"I didn't mean for you and me, Aunt Lavender," he said, "but for her. Sheila has been accustomed to live almost wholly in the open air."

"The open air, in moderation, is an excellent thing. I go out myself every afternoon, wet or dry. And I was going to propose, Frank, that you should leave her here with me for the afternoon, and come back and dine with us at seven. I am going out at four thirty, and she could go with me."

"It's very kind of you, Aunt Caroline ; but we have promised to call on some people close by here at four."

Sheila looked up, frightened. The statement was an audacious perversion of the truth. But then, Frank Lavender knew very well what his aunt meant by going into the open air every afternoon, wet or dry. At a certain hour her brougham was brought round ; she got into it, and had both doors and windows hermetically sealed ; and then, in a semi-somnolent state—she was driven slowly and monotonously round the Park. How would Sheila fare if she were shut up in this box ? He told a lie with great equanimity, and saved her.

Then Sheila was taken away to get on her things ; and her husband waited, with some little trepidation, to hear what his aunt would say about her. He had not long to wait.

"She's got a bad temper, Frank."

"Oh, I don't think so, Aunt Lavender," he said, considerably startled.

"Mark my words, she's got a bad temper, and she is not nearly so soft as she tries to make out. That girl has a great deal of firmness, Frank."

"I find her as gentle and submissive as a girl could be—a little too gentle, perhaps, and anxious to study the wishes of other folks."

"That is all very well with you. You are her master. She is not likely to quarrel with her bread and butter. But you'll see if she does not hold her own when she gets among your friends."

"I hope she will hold her own," he said, with some unnecessary emphasis.

The old lady only shook her head.

"I am sorry you should have taken a prejudice against her, aunt," said he, presently.

"I take a prejudice ! Don't let me hear the word again, Frank. You know I have no prejudices. If I cannot give you a reason for anything I believe, then I cease to believe it."

"You have not heard her sing," he said, suddenly remembering that this means of conquering the old lady had been neglected.

"I have no doubt she has many accomplishments," said Mrs. Lavender, coldly. "In time, I suppose, she will get over that extraordinary accent she has."

"Many people like it."

"I dare say you do, at present. But you may tire of it. You married her in a hurry ; and you have not got rid of your romance yet. At the same time, I dare say she is a very good sort of girl, and will not disgrace you, if you instruct her and manage her properly. But remember my words, she has a temper, and you will find it out if you thwart her."

How sweet and fresh the air was, even in Kensington, when Sheila, having dressed and come down stairs, and after having dutifully kissed Mrs. Lavender and bade her good-bye, went outside with her husband. It was like coming back to the light of day from inside the imaginary coffin in which she had fancied herself placed. A soft west wind was blowing over the Park, and a fairly clear sunlight shining on the May green of the trees. And then she hung on her husband's arm ; and she had him to speak to instead of the terrible old woman who talked about dying.

And yet she hoped she had not offended Mrs. Lavender, for Frank's sake. What he thought about the matter he prudently resolved to conceal.

"Do you know that you have greatly pleased my aunt?" he said, without the least compunction. He knew that if he breathed the least hint about what had actually been said, any possible amity between the two women would be rendered impossible for ever.

"Have I really?" said Sheila, very much astonished, but never thinking for a moment of doubting anything said by her husband.

"Oh, she likes you awfully!" he said, with an infinite coolness.

"I am so glad!" said Sheila, with her face brightening. "I was so afraid, dear, I had offended her. She did not look pleased with me."

By this time they had got into a hansom, and were driving down to the South Kensington Museum. Lavender would have preferred going into the Park; but what if his aunt, in driving by, were to see them? He explained to Sheila the absolute necessity of his having to tell that fib about the four o'clock engagement: and when she heard described the drive in the closed brougham which she had escaped, perhaps she was not so greatly inclined as she ought to have been to protest against that piece of wickedness.

"Oh yes, she likes you awfully," he repeated, "and you must get to like her. Don't be frightened by her harsh way of saying things; it is only a mannerism. She is really a kind-hearted woman, and would do anything for me. That's her best feature, looking at her character from my point of view."

"How often must we go to see her?" asked Sheila.

"Oh, not very often. But she will get up dinner-parties, at which you will be introduced to batches of her friends. And then the best thing you can do is to put yourself under her instructions, and take her advice about your dress and such matters just as you did about your hair. That was very good of you."

"I am glad you were pleased with

me," said Sheila. "I will do what I can to like her. But she must talk more respectfully of you."

Lavender laughed that little matter off as a joke; but it was far from being a joke to Sheila. She would try to like that old woman—yes; her duty to her husband demanded that she should. But there are some things which a wife—especially a girl who has been newly made a wife—will never forget; which, on the contrary, she will remember with burning cheeks, and anger, and indignation.

CHAPTER XII.

TRANSFORMATION.

HAD she, then, Lavender could not help asking himself, a bad temper, or any other qualities or characteristics which were apparent to other people but not to him? Was it possible that, after all, Ingram was right; and that he had yet to learn the nature of the girl he had married? It would be unfair to say that he suspected something wrong about his wife—that he fancied she had managed to conceal something—merely because Mrs. Lavender had said that Sheila had a bad temper; but here was another person who maintained that, when the days of his romance were over, he would, see the girl in another light.

Nay, as he continued to ask himself, had not the change already begun? He grew less and less accustomed to see in Sheila a beautiful wild sea-bird that had fluttered down, for a time, into a strange home in the South. He had not quite forgotten or abandoned those imaginative scenes in which the wonderful Sea-Princess was to enter crowded drawing-rooms and have all the world standing back to regard her and admire her, and sing her praises. But now he was not so sure that that would be the result of Sheila's entrance into society. As the date of a certain small dinner-party drew near, he began to wish she was more like the women he knew. He did not

object to her strange, sweet ways of speech, nor to her odd likes and dislikes, nor even to an unhesitating frankness that nearly approached rudeness sometimes in its scorn of all compromise with the truth; but how would others regard these things? He did not wish to gain the reputation of having married an oddity.

"Sheila," he said, on the morning of the day on which they were going to this dinner-party, "you should not say *like-a-ness*. There are only two syllables in *likeness*. It really does sound absurd to hear you say *like-a-ness*."

She looked up to him, with a quick trouble in her eyes. When had he objected to her manner of speaking before? And then she cast down her eyes again, and said, submissively—

"I will try not to speak like that. When you go out, I take a book and read aloud, and try to speak like you; but I cannot learn all at once."

"I don't mind," he said, in an apologetic fashion; and he took her hand as if to show that he meant no unkindness. "But you know other people must think it so odd. I wonder why you should always say *gyarden* for *garden* now, when it is just as easy to say *garden*."

Once upon a time he had said there was no English like the English spoken in Lewis, and had singled out this very word as typical of one peculiarity in the pronunciation. But Sheila did not remind him of that. She only said, in the same simple fashion,—

"If you will tell me my faults, I will try to correct them."

She turned away from him, to get an envelope for a letter she had been writing to her father. He fancied something was wrong, and perhaps some touch of compunction smote him, for he went after her, and took her hand again, and said, gently,—

"Look here, Sheila. When I point out any trifles like that, you must not call them faults, and fancy I have any serious complaint to make. It is for your own good that you should meet the people who will be your friends on

equal terms, and give them as little as possible to talk about."

"I should not mind their talking about me," said Sheila, with her eyes still cast down; "but it is your wife they must not talk about, and, if you will tell me anything I do wrong, I will correct it."

"Oh, you must not think it is anything so serious as that. You will soon pick up from the ladies you may meet some notion of how you differ from them; and if you should startle or puzzle them a little at first by talking about the chances of the fishing, or the catching of wild duck, or the way to reclaim bog-land, you will soon get over all that."

Sheila said nothing; but she made a mental memorandum of three things she was not to speak about. She did not know why these subjects should be forbidden; but she was in a strange land, and going to see strange people, whose habits were different from hers. Moreover, when her husband had gone, she reflected that these people, having no fishing, and no peat-mosses, and no wild duck, could not possibly be interested in such affairs; and thus she fancied she perceived the reason why she should avoid all mention of those things.

When, in the evening, Sheila came down dressed and ready to go out, Lavender had to admit to himself that he had married an exceedingly beautiful girl, and that there was no country awkwardness about her manner, and no placid insipidity about her proud and handsome face. For one brief moment he triumphed in his heart, and had some wild glimpse of his old project of startling his small world with this vision from the northern seas. But when he got into the hired brougham, and thought of the people he was about to meet, and of the manner in which they would carry away such and such impressions of the girl, he lost faith in that project. He would much rather have had Sheila unnoticeable and unnoticed—one who would quietly take her place at the dinner-table and

attract no more special attention than the flowers, for example, which everyone would glance at with some satisfaction and then forget in the interest of talking and dining. He knew that Ingram would have taken Sheila anywhere, in her blue serge dress, and been quite content and oblivious of observation. But then Ingram was independent of those social circles in which a married man must move, and in which his position is often defined for him by the disposition and manners of his wife. Ingram did not know how women talked. It was for Sheila's own sake, he persuaded himself, that he was anxious about the impression she should make, and that he had drilled her in all that she should do and say.

"Above all things," he said, "mind you take no notice of me. Another man will take you in to dinner, of course; and I shall take in somebody else; and we shall not be near each other. But it's after dinner, I mean—when the men go into the drawing-room, don't you come and speak to me, or take any notice of me whatever."

"Mayn't I look at you, Frank?"

"If you do, you'll have half-a-dozen people, all watching you, saying to themselves or to each other, 'Poor thing, she hasn't got over her infatuation yet. Isn't it pretty to see how naturally her eyes turn towards him?'"

"But I shouldn't mind them saying that," said Sheila, with a smile.

"Oh, you mustn't be pitied in that fashion. Let them keep their compassion to themselves."

"Do you know, dear," said Sheila, very quietly, "that I think you exaggerate the interest people will take in me. I don't think I can be of such importance to them. I don't think they will be watching me as you fancy."

"Oh, you don't know," he said. "I know they fancy I have done something romantic, heroic, and all that kind of thing; and they are curious to see you."

"They cannot hurt me by looking at me," said Sheila, simply. "And they will soon find out how little there is to discover."

The house being in Holland Park, they had not far to go; and just as they were driving up to the door, a young man, slight, sandy-haired, and stooping, got out of a hansom and crossed the pavement.

"By Jove," said Lavender, "there is Redburn. That is Lord Arthur Redburn, Sheila: mind, if you should talk to him, not to call him 'my lord.'"

Sheila laughed, and said—

"How am I to remember all these things?"

They got into the house, and by and by Lavender found himself, with Sheila on his arm, entering a drawing-room to present her to certain of his friends. It was a large room, with a great deal of gilding and colour about it, and with a conservatory at the further end; but the blaze of light had not so bewildering an effect on Sheila's eyes as the appearance of two ladies to whom she was now introduced. She had heard much about them. She was curious to see them. Many a time had she thought over the strange story Lavender had told her of the woman who heard that her husband was dying in hospital during the war, and started off, herself and her daughter, to find him out—how there was in the same hospital another dying man whom they had known some years before, and who had gone away because this daughter would not listen to him—how this man, being very near to death, begged that the girl would do him the last favour he would ask of her, of wearing his name and inheriting his property; and how, some few hours after the strange and sad ceremony had been performed, he breathed his last, happy in holding her hand. The father died next day; and the two widows were thrown upon the world, almost without friends, but not without means. This man Lorraine had been possessed of considerable wealth; and the girl who had suddenly become mistress of it found herself able to employ all possible methods in assuaging her mother's grief. They began to travel. The two women went from capital to capital, until at last they came to London; and

here, having gathered around them a considerable number of friends, they proposed to take up their residence permanently. Lavender had often talked to Sheila about Mrs. Lorraine—about her shrewdness, her sharp sayings, and the odd contrast between this clever, keen, frank woman of the world and the woman one would have expected to be the heroine of a pathetic tale.

But were there two Mrs. Lorraines? That had been Sheila's first question to herself when, after having been introduced to one lady under that name, she suddenly saw before her another, who was introduced to her as Mrs. Kavanagh. The mother and daughter were singularly alike. They had the same slight and graceful figure, which made them appear taller than they really were; the same pale, fine, and rather handsome features; the same large, clear, grey eyes; and apparently the same abundant mass of soft fair hair, heavily plaited in the latest fashion. They were both dressed entirely in black, except that the daughter had a band of blue round her slender waist. It was soon apparent, too, that the manner of the two women was singularly different; Mrs. Kavanagh bearing herself with a certain sad reserve that almost approached melancholy at times, while her daughter, with more life and spirit in her face, passed rapidly through all sorts of varying moods, until one could scarcely tell whether the affectation lay in a certain cynical audacity in her speech, or whether it lay in her assumption of a certain coyness and archness, or whether there was no affectation at all in the matter. However that might be, there could be no doubt about the sincerity of those grey eyes of hers. There was something almost cruelly frank in the clear look of them; and when her face was not lit up by some passing smile, the pale and fine features seemed to borrow something of severity from her unflinching, calm, and dispassionate habit of regarding those around her.

Sheila was prepared to like Mrs. Lorraine from the first moment she had caught sight of her. The honesty of

the grey eyes attracted her. And, indeed, the young widow seemed very much interested in the young wife, and, so far as she could in that awkward period just before dinner, strove to make friends with her. Sheila was introduced to a number of people, but none of them pleased her so well as Mrs. Lorraine. Then dinner was announced, and Sheila found that she was being escorted across the passage to the room on the other side by the young man whom she had seen get out of the hansom.

This Lord Arthur Redburn was the younger son of a great Tory Duke; he represented in the House a small country borough which his father practically owned; he had a fair amount of ability, an uncommonly high opinion of himself, and a certain affectation of being bored by the frivolous ways and talk of ordinary society. He gave himself credit for being the clever member of the family; and, if there was any cleverness going, he had it; but there were some who said that his reputation in the House and elsewhere as a good speaker was mainly based on the fact that he had an abundant assurance and was not easily put out. Unfortunately the public could come to no decision on the point, for the reporters were not kind to Lord Arthur; and the substance of his speeches was as unknown to the world as his manner of delivering them.

Now Mrs. Lorraine had intended to tell this young man something about the girl whom he was to take in to dinner; but she herself had been so occupied with Sheila that the opportunity escaped her. Lord Arthur accordingly knew only that he was beside a very pretty woman, who was a Mrs. Somebody—the exact name he had not caught—and that the few words she had spoken were pronounced in a curious way. Probably, he thought, she was from Dublin.

He also arrived at the conclusion that she was too pretty to know anything about the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill, in which he was, for family reasons, deeply interested; and considered it

more likely that she would prefer to talk about theatres and such things.

"Were you at Covent Garden last night?" he said.

"No," answered Sheila. "But I was there two days ago, and it is very pretty to see the flowers and the fruit, and they smell so sweetly as you walk through."

"Oh yes, it is delightful," said Lord Arthur. "But I was speaking of the theatre."

"Is there a theatre in there?"

He stared at her, and inwardly hoped she was not mad.

"Not in among the shops, no. But don't you know Covent Garden Theatre?"

"I have never been in any theatre, not yet," said Sheila.

And then it began to dawn upon him that he must be talking to Frank Lavender's wife. Was there not some rumour about the girl having come from a remote part of the Highlands? He determined on a bold stroke.

"You have not been long enough in London to see the theatres, I suppose."

And then Sheila, taking it for granted that he knew her husband very well, and that he was quite familiar with all the circumstances of the case, began to chat to him freely enough. He found that this Highland girl of whom he had heard vaguely was not at all shy. He began to feel interested. By and by he actually made efforts to assist her frankness by becoming equally frank, and by telling her all he knew of the things with which they were mutually acquainted. Of course, by this time, they had got up into the Highlands. The young man had himself been in the Highlands—frequently, indeed. He had never crossed to Lewis, but he had seen the island from the Sutherlandshire coast. There were very many deer in Sutherlandshire, were there not? Yes, he had been out a great many times, and had his share of adventures. Had he not gone out before daylight, and waited on the top of a hill, hidden by some rocks, to watch the mists clear along the hill-sides and in the valley below? Did

not he tremble when he fired his first shot, and had not something passed before his eyes so that he could not see for a moment whether the stag had fallen or was away like lightning down the bed of the stream? Somehow or other Lord Arthur found himself relating all his experiences as if he were a novice begging for the good opinion of a master. She knew all about it, obviously; and he would tell her his small adventures, if only that she might laugh at him. But Sheila did not laugh. She was greatly delighted to have this talk about the hills, and the deer, and the wet mornings. She forgot all about the dinner before her. The servants whipped off successive plates without her seeing anything of them; they received random answers about wine, so that she had three full glasses standing by her untouched. She was no more in Holland Park at that moment than were the wild animals of which she spoke so proudly and lovingly. If the great and frail masses of flowers on the table brought her any perfume at all, it was a scent of peat-smoke. Lord Arthur thought that his companion was a little too frank and confiding; or rather that she would have been, had she been talking to anyone but himself. He rather liked it. He was pleased to have established friendly relations with a pretty woman in so short a space; but ought not her husband to give her a hint about not admitting all and sundry to the enjoyment of these favours? Perhaps, too, Lord Arthur felt bound to admit to himself there were some men who more than others inspired confidence in women. He laid no claims to being a fascinating person; but he had had his share of success; and considered that Sheila showed discrimination as well as good-nature in talking so to him. There was, after all, no necessity for her husband to warn her. She would know how to guard against admitting all men to a like intimacy. In the meantime, he was very well pleased to be sitting beside this pretty and agreeable companion, who had an abundant fund of good spirits, and who showed no sort

of conscious embarrassment in thanking you with a bright look of her eyes or by a smile when you told her something that pleased or amused her.

But these flattering little speculations were doomed to receive a sudden check. The juvenile M.P. began to remark that a shade occasionally crossed the face of his fair companion; and that she sometimes looked a little anxiously across the table, where Mr. Lavender and Mrs. Lorraine were seated, half-hidden from view by a heap of silver and flowers in the middle of the board. But though they could not easily be seen, except at such moments as they turned to address some neighbour, they could be distinctly enough heard, when there was any lull in the general conversation. And what Sheila heard did not please her. She began to like that fair, clear-eyed young woman less. Perhaps her husband meant nothing by the fashion in which he talked of marriage, and the condition of a married man; but she would rather have not heard him talk so. Moreover, she was aware that, in the gentlest possible fashion, Mrs. Lorraine was making fun of her companion, and exposing him to small and graceful shafts of ridicule; while he seemed, on the whole, to enjoy these attacks.

The ingenuous self-love of Lord Arthur Redburn, M.P., was severely wounded by the notion that, after all, he had been made a cat's-paw of by a jealous wife. He had been flattered by this girl's exceeding friendliness; he had given her credit for a genuine impulsiveness which seemed to him as pleasing as it was uncommon; and he had, with the moderation expected of a man in politics, who hoped some day to assist in the government of the nation by accepting a Junior Lordship, admired her. But was it all pretence? Was she paying court to him merely to annoy her husband? Had her enthusiasm about the shooting of red deer been prompted by a wish to attract a certain pair of eyes at the other side of the table? Lord Arthur began to sneer at himself for having been duped. He ought to have known. Women were as much

women in a Hebridean island as in Bayswater. He began to treat Sheila with a little more coolness; while she became more and more pre-occupied with the couple across the table, and sometimes was innocently rude in answering his questions somewhat at random.

When the ladies were going into the drawing-room, Mrs. Lorraine put her hand within Sheila's arm, and led her to the entrance of the conservatory.

"I hope we shall be friends," she said.

"I hope so," said Sheila, not very warmly.

"Until you get better acquainted with your husband's friends, you will feel rather lonely at being left as at present, I suppose."

"A little," said Sheila.

"It is a silly thing, altogether. If men smoked after dinner, I could understand it. But they merely sit, looking at wine they don't drink, talking a few commonplaces, and yawning."

"Why do they do it, then?" said Sheila.

"They don't do it everywhere. But here we keep to the manners and customs of the ancients."

"What do you know about the manners of the ancients?" said Mrs. Kavanagh, tapping her daughter's shoulder, as she passed with a sheet of music.

"I have studied them frequently, mamma," said the daughter with composure,—*"in the monkey-house at the Zoological Gardens."*

The mamma smiled and passed on to place the music on the piano. Sheila did not understand what her companion had said; and, indeed, Mrs. Lorraine immediately turned, with the same calm, fine face, and careless eyes, to ask Sheila whether she would not, by and by, sing one of those northern songs of which Mr. Lavender had told her.

A tall girl, with her back-hair tied in a knot and her costume copied from a well-known pre-Raphaelite drawing, sat down to the piano, and sang a mystic song of the present day, in which the moon, the stars, and other natural

objects behaved strangely, and were somehow mixed up with the appeal of a maiden who demanded that her dead lover should be reclaimed from the sea.

"Do you ever go down to your husband's studio?" said Mrs. Lorraine.

Sheila glanced towards the lady at the piano.

"Oh, you may talk," said Mrs. Lorraine, with the least expression of contempt in the grey eyes. "She is singing to gratify herself, not us."

"Yes, I sometimes go down," said Sheila, in as low a voice as she could manage without falling into a whisper, "and it is such a dismal place. It is very hard on him to have to work in a big bare room like that, with the windows half blinded. But sometimes I think Frank would rather have me out of the way."

"And what would he do if both of us were to pay him a visit?" said Mrs. Lorraine. "I should so like to see the studio. Won't you call for me some day and take me with you?"

Take her with her, indeed! Sheila began to wonder that she did not propose to go alone. Fortunately, there was no need to answer the question; for at this moment the song came to an end, and there was a general movement and murmur of gratitude.

"Thank you," said Mrs. Lorraine, to the lady who had sung, and who was now returning to the photographs she had left. "Thank you very much. I knew some one would instantly ask you to sing that song—it is the most charming of all your songs, I think, and how well it suits your voice, too!"

Then she turned to Sheila again.

"How did you like Lord Arthur Redburn?"

"I think he is a very good young man."

"Young men are never good; but they may be amiable," said Mrs. Lorraine, not perceiving that Sheila had blundered on a wrong adjective, and that she had really meant that she thought him honest and pleasant.

"You did not speak at all, I think, to

your neighbour on the right; that was wise of you. He is a most insufferable person, but mamma bears with him for the sake of his daughter, who sang just now. He is too rich. And he smiles blandly, and takes a sort of after-dinner view of things, as if he coincided with the arrangements of Providence. Don't you take coffee? Tea, then. I have met your aunt—I mean, Mr. Lavender's aunt—such a dear old lady she is!"

"I don't like her," said Sheila.

"Oh, don't you, really?"

"Not at present; but I shall try to like her."

"Well," said Mrs. Lorraine, calmly, "you know she has her peculiarities. I wish she wouldn't talk so much about Marcus Antoninus and doses of medicine. I fancy I smell calomel when she comes near. I suppose if she were in a pantomime, they'd dress her up as a phial, tie a string round her neck, and label her 'Poison.' Dear me, how languid one gets in this climate. Let us sit down. I wish I was as strong as mamma."

They sat down together, and Mrs. Lorraine evidently expected to be petted and made much of by her new companion. She gave herself pretty little airs and graces, and said no more cutting things about anybody. And Sheila somehow found herself being drawn to the girl, so that she could scarcely help taking her hand, and saying how sorry she was to see her so pale, and fine, and delicate. The hand, too, was so small that the tiny white fingers seemed scarcely bigger than the claws of a bird. Was not that slender waist, to which some little attention was called by a belt of bold blue, just a little too slender for health, although the bust and shoulders were exquisitely and finely proportioned?

"We were at the Academy all the morning, and mamma is not a bit tired. Why has not Mr. Lavender anything in the Academy? Oh, I forgot," she added, with a smile. "Of course, he has been very much engaged. But now, I suppose, he will settle down to work."

Sheila wished that this fragile-looking girl would not so continually refer to her husband; but how was anyone to find fault with her, when she put a little air of plaintiveness into the ordinarily cold grey eyes, and looked at her small hand, as much as to say, "The fingers there are very small, and even whiter than the glove that covers them. They are the fingers of a child, who ought to be petted."

Then the men came in from the dining-room. Lavender looked round to see where Sheila was—perhaps with a trifle of disappointment that she was not the most prominent figure there. Had he expected to find all the women surrounding her, and admiring her, and all the men going up to pay court to her? Sheila was seated near a small table, and Mrs. Lorraine was showing her something. She was just like anybody else. If she was a wonderful Sea-Princess who had come into a new world, no one seemed to observe her. The only thing that distinguished her from the women around her was her freshness of colour, and the unusual combination of black eyelashes and dark blue eyes. Lavender had arranged that Sheila's first appearance in public should be at a very quiet little dinner-party; but even here she failed to create any profound impression. She was, as he had to confess to himself again, just like anybody else.

He went over to where Mrs. Lorraine was, and sat down beside her. Sheila, remembering his injunctions, felt bound to leave him there; and as she rose to speak to Mrs. Kavanagh, who was standing by, that lady came and begged her to sing a Highland song. By this time, Lavender had succeeded in interesting his companion about something or other; and neither of them noticed that Sheila had gone to the piano, attended by the young politician who had taken her in to dinner. Nor did they interrupt their talk merely because some one played a few bars of prelude. But what was this that suddenly startled Lavender to the heart, causing him to look up with surprise? He had not heard the air

since he was in Borva, and when Sheila sang

*"Hark! hark, the horn
On mountain breezes borne!
Awake, it is morn;
Awake, Monaltrie!"*

all sorts of reminiscences came rushing in upon him. How often had he heard that wild story of Monaltrie's flight sung in the small chamber over the sea, with a sound of the waves outside, and a scent of sea-weed coming in at the door and the windows! It was from the shores of Borva that young Monaltrie must have fled. It must have been in Borva that his sweetheart sat in her bower and sang, the burden of all her singing being "Return, Monaltrie!" And then, as Sheila sang now, making the monotonous and plaintive air wild and strange—

*"What cries of wild despair
Awake the sultry air?
Frenzied with anxious care,
She seeks Monaltrie!"*

he heard no more of the song. He was thinking of bygone days in Borva, and of old Mackenzie, living in his lonely house there. When Sheila had finished singing, he looked at her, and it seemed to him that she was still that wonderful Princess whom he had wooed on the shores of the Atlantic. And if those people did not see her as he saw her, ought he to be disappointed because of their blindness?

But if they saw nothing mystic or wonderful about Sheila, they at all events were considerably surprised by the strange sort of music she sang. It was not of a sort commonly heard in a London drawing-room. The pathos of its minor chords, its abrupt intervals, startling and wild in their effect, and the slowly subsiding wail in which it closed, did not much resemble the ordinary drawing-room "piece." Here, at least, Sheila had produced an impression; and presently there was a heap of people round the piano, expressing their admiration, asking questions, and begging her to continue. But she rose. She would rather not sing just then. Where-

upon Lavender came out to her, and said—

"Sheila, won't you sing that wild one about the farewell—that has the sound of the pipes in it, you know?"

"Oh yes," she said, directly.

Lavender went back to his companion.

"She is very obedient to you," said Mrs. Lorraine, with a smile.

"She is a good girl," he said.

*"Oh! soft be thy slumbers, by Tigh-na-linne's waters;
Thy late-wake was sung by Macdiarmid's fair daughters;
But far in Lochaber the true heart was weeping
Whose hopes are entombed in the grave where thou'rt sleeping."*

—so Sheila sang; and it seemed to the people that this ballad was even more strange than its predecessor. When the song was over, Sheila seemed rather anxious to get out of the crowd, and, indeed, walked away into the conservatory, to have a look at the flowers.

Yes, Lavender had to confess to himself, Sheila was just like anybody else in this drawing-room. His Sea-Princess had produced no startling impression. He forgot that he had just been teaching her the necessity of observing the ways and customs of the people around her, so that she might avoid singularity.

On one point, at least, she was resolved she would attend to his counsels—she would not make him ridiculous by any show of affection before the eyes of strangers. She did not go near him the whole evening. She remained for the most part in that half-conservatory half ante-room at the end of the drawing-room; and when anyone talked to her she answered, and when she was left alone she turned to the flowers. All this time, however, she could observe that Lavender and Mrs. Lorraine were very much engrossed in their conversation; that she seemed very much amused, and he at times a trifle embarrassed; and that both of them had apparently forgotten her existence. Mrs. Kavanagh was continually coming to Sheila, and trying to coax her back into the larger room; but in vain. She

would rather not sing any more that night. She liked to look at flowers. She was not tired at all; and she had already seen those wonderful photographs about which everybody was talking.

"Well, Sheila, how did you enjoy yourself?" said her husband, as they were driving home.

"I wish Mr. Ingram had been there," said Sheila.

"Ingram! he would not have stopped in the place five minutes, unless he could play the part of Diogenes, and say rude things to everybody all round. Were you at all dull?"

"A little."

"Didn't somebody look after you?"

"Oh yes, many persons were very kind. But—but——"

"Well?"

"Nobody seemed to be better off than myself. They all seemed to be wanting something to do; and I am sure they were all very glad to come away."

"No, no, no, Sheila. That is only your fancy. You were not much interested, that is evident; but you will get on better when you know more of the people. You were a stranger—that is what disappointed you; but you will not always be a stranger."

Sheila did not answer. Perhaps she contemplated with no great hope or longing the possibility of her coming to like such a method of getting through an evening. At all events, she looked forward with no great pleasure to the chance of her having to become friends with Mrs. Lorraine. All the way home, Sheila was examining her own heart, to try to discover why such bitter feelings should be there. Surely that American girl was honest: there was honesty in her grey eyes. She had been most kind to Sheila herself. And was there not at times—when she abandoned the ways and speech of a woman of the world—a singular coy fascination about her, that any man might be excused for yielding to, even as any woman might yield to it? Sheila fought with herself; and resolved that she would cast forth from

her heart those harsh fancies and indignant feelings that seemed to have established themselves there. She would *not* hate Mrs. Lorraine.

As for Lavender, what was he thinking of, now that he and his young wife were driving home from their first experiment in society? He had to confess to a certain sense of failure. His dreams had not been realized. Everyone who had spoken to him had conveyed to him, as freely as good manners would admit, their congratulations, and their praises of his wife. But the impressive scenes he had been forecasting were out of the question. There was a little curiosity about her, on the part of those who knew her story; and that was all. Sheila bore herself very well. She made no blunders. She had a good presence; she sang well; and everyone

could see that she was handsome, gentle, and honest. Surely, he argued with himself, that ought to content the most exacting. But, in spite of all argument, he was not quite satisfied. He did not regret that he had sacrificed his liberty in a freak of romance; he did not even regard the fact of a man in his position having dared to marry a penniless girl as anything very meritorious or heroic; but he had hoped that the dramatic circumstances of the case would be duly recognized by his friends, and that Sheila would be an object of interest, and wonder, and talk in a whole series of social circles. The result of his adventure, he now saw, was different. There was only one married man the more in London; and London was not disposed to pay any particular heed to the circumstance.

To be continued.

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

A few years ago the late Sir George Cornewell Lewis suggested to a man eminently fitted for the task, that he should write the history of Ireland. The attempts hitherto made, had been, in the judgment of that calm critic, at once partial and superficial, and it seemed that a great subject, full of instruction for the people of both countries, lay waiting for one fit to cope with it—who should unite patient research and judicial calmness of judgment with a moral sense intolerant of wrong, and should know how to denounce evil deeds yet make due allowance for the errors and temptations of the wrong-doer. His friend—wisely, as I believe—resisted the suggestion. Too well acquainted with the story of “English misrule and Irish misdeeds,” he knew that it could not be told, however truly, without reviving on both sides feelings that every real patriot must long to set to rest. “It is too soon,” he answered; “that history may be written a hundred years later, not now.”

It has seemed otherwise to a popular writer, who has devoted brilliant literary faculties and fervent enthusiasm to the service of historical paradox. Having hitherto practised his skill by seeking to reverse the deliberate judgment of mankind upon personages and events of a rather remote period, and little related to the feelings and passions of our own generation, he has now chosen the melancholy story of the connection between England and Ireland for the display of his abilities and his zeal. Amid the hearty cheers of Orangemen and Fenians, he has gone back through the blood-stained annals of Ireland, and given new freshness to the half-forgotten memories of oppression and crime.

On the manner in which he has

achieved his purpose a judgment has been pronounced in this Magazine in which I fully concur; and the only remark that I would desire to add is, that even if the performance were quite other than it is—if the moral standard were acceptable, if the facts were viewed with judicial impartiality, and the conclusions enounced in a tone free from passion and bitterness—the attempt was nevertheless unfortunate, and the moment especially ill-chosen. During the last half-century principles quite opposite to those professed by the author have definitively prevailed—laws declared iniquitous by the general consent of all civilized countries have been repealed—the traditional grievances of Ireland have been redressed, and but one difficult question still remains for solution. Men bred up to a hereditary hatred for the governing country are not yet completely reconciled; but surely this is not the moment to insist on reviving their recollections of a hideous past, and reckoning up the items of the infernal balance-sheet of oppression and crime.

Every man who knows Ireland well, and who holds that a permanent reconciliation is the supreme object to which patriotism and statesmanship on either side of the Channel should constantly tend, agrees in declaring that the one thing needful at this moment is peace. The soil of Ireland is no longer favourable to the growth of disaffection—nothing in the daily life of the Irishman of any class or any sect now supplies provocation. The memory of past wrongs alone nourishes feelings that will gradually disappear when no longer excited. If that might be, the greatest boon that we could bestow on both countries would be a draught of Lethe

deep enough to efface the memory of all that has ever passed between them. But if we must turn our eyes backwards, let us avert them from the dark and dreary times to which none of us who claim kinship with the English or the Irish of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries can refer without shame and humiliation, and take refuge in that later period when first the ideas of right and justice began to influence the relations between the two countries.

It so happened that this period coincided with the appearance of a remarkable man—take him all in all, the most remarkable man that Ireland has produced—by whose genius and energy the course of events was mainly shaped. From a brief retrospect of the career of Daniel O'Connell—from the consideration of what his work was and what the results of his work have been—some light may be thrown on recent history, and, perchance, some guidance be formed for future conduct.

It is the less necessary to speak in detail of the events of O'Connell's political life, as attention has lately been recalled to them by two works, very different in their character, although both are eulogistic in tone.¹ The first of these includes a vigorous sketch of O'Connell's political career. The author has brought to his task a singularly just and candid spirit; he has evidently availed himself of all the published materials now forthcoming, but he does not appear to have had access to the personal recollections of those who bore a part in the transactions of the period. Taking it for what it professes to be—a sketch of the life and work of Ireland's greatest political leader—there would remain little to be added by a subsequent writer if the author had not omitted to give due prominence to the greatest evil under which Ireland now suffers, an evil for whose growth and extension the great Agitator and successive Liberal Governments are jointly responsible.

The second work, a bulky volume, gorgeous in green and gold uniform, is written by a religious lady, the inmate of a monastic house at Kenmare, in Kerry, within a few miles of the home of the "Liberator," as he is still called in his native county. There is no disguise as to the sentiments of the writer. She has undertaken the work in the spirit of hero-worship. Every scrap of information as to the early life of O'Connell is scrupulously recorded; ample, if not well-arranged, details are given of his work during the struggle for Emancipation; but of the period which has by far greater importance in connection with the Ireland of to-day, of his political course after he entered the House of Commons, the authoress appears to be but slightly informed. The only positive contribution to our knowledge of that time is contained in the correspondence of O'Connell with the famous Dr. McHale, Archbishop of Tuam, which the latter has placed in the hands of the authoress. This tends to confirm the belief that O'Connell was personally disposed to support a moderate and practical policy, but was urged to the Repeal agitation by finding that to be the only topic on which he could hope to unite the mass of the popular party.

In the old dispute whether the course of events is mainly determined by the character of individual men, or mainly fashioned by events, or what are called circumstances, arguments may be drawn by either party from the story of O'Connell's life. If it be true that the history of Ireland for the last half-century has been very much the result of his action, it is also true that if he had appeared half a century earlier he must have utterly failed to achieve anything worthy of record. Some will conclude that here, as elsewhere in the course of history, two factors—the man and the opportunity—are both needed to produce great events.

To understand how that opportunity arose, it is necessary to cast back a brief glance on the condition of Ireland during the ninety years that followed

¹ "The Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland," by W. E. H. Lecky, M.A. Longmans, 1871.—"The Liberator, his Life and Times," by M. F. Cusack. Longmans, 1872.

the final victory over the Irish national resistance to English power. It is no pleasant prospect for an Englishman, nor for any man who loves England; but it must be faced by one who would understand the Ireland of O'Connell, or the Ireland of the present day. Look back, then, though but for a few moments.

For three generations Ireland lay in your hands as clay in the hands of the potter. Crushed under the penal laws, the great majority of the nation had forgotten the dream of resistance, and well nigh lost the desire for those rights of citizenship that you withheld. For all practical purposes you had to deal only with the men of your own stock and your own religion, whom you had planted in the country as a garrison, who owed to English authority, not only possessions and privileges, but the still dearer right of lording it over a prostrate people. At the end of ninety years what had you achieved? By a marvellous union of impolicy and injustice you had brought the Protestant ascendancy of Ireland to unite in almost unanimous resistance to your authority. You at first avoided actual conflict by conceding legislative independence at a moment of national difficulty; but you had let disaffection take such root among the Protestants of the North that, a few years later, you had to suppress a rebellious outbreak of which your own natural allies were the instigators and the leaders.

It was not until the mismanagement of Ireland had roused the spirit of resistance among the Protestants that the Catholics began to recover from their long lethargy, and to feel the degradation to which they had been reduced. For nearly a century the only career for any man of spirit and energy among them had been away from home and country—and the story of the Irish Brigade and the military history of Austria and Spain show that such were not wanting. Lest any chance for deep-rooted disaffection should be missed, the law made it a capital felony to open a Papist school. In the comparatively

few old families that had retained some part of their estates, the sons were sent to the Continent for education, and there received their earliest lessons of attachment to the British constitution. Instead of bemoaning the incurable disloyalty of the Irish Catholics, one is tempted to think meanly of men so wronged who could abstain from any opportunity for desperate resistance. In truth their quiescence during the last century¹ was chiefly due to the influence of the clergy. This may have been partly guided by a just estimate of the chances of success in any renewed struggle with English power; but it was probably directed to some extent by the altered policy of the Church of Rome, which had laid aside the combative maxims of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and leaned rather to the support of all established Governments.

The first relaxation of the penal laws in 1793, by giving the electoral vote to the Catholics, prepared the way for the great cycle of events that within forty years have utterly changed the condition and prospects of Ireland. No one at the time imagined that the concession was of much political importance. The Irish peers and gentry who trafficked in political influence made haste to multiply the number of voters who were to be driven to the hustings when required, and blindly to support the landlord's nominee. A thinker of ordinary foresight might have foretold that the day would come when the ascendancy of a small minority, and the exclusion of the great mass of the people from equal rights and advantages, would be felt to be intolerable injustice, and that the right to vote could not in the long run be turned against the very men to whom it was conceded; but he might reasonably have allowed thirty, forty, or fifty years for a class so prostrate as then were the Irish Catholics to assume the attitude of serious resistance. And

¹ The very partial rising of 1798 affords but an apparent exception. The great majority of the Roman Catholic clergy and gentry were directly opposed to the movement, which in consequence never attained serious dimensions.

so it would have been but for a young unknown man, just eighteen years old when the Act was passed, who was bold enough to conceive the design, vigorous and skilful enough to effect it, of raising up the down-trodden masses of his countrymen, and using the votes of serfs to effect their own emancipation. It is hard to conceive a less hopeful undertaking. The son of a younger son of a family of second-rate importance in the remotest part of the island, O'Connell had no external advantages; but Nature had gifted him with exceptional qualifications. The true way to arouse by speech the feelings of the people is to feel with them; the true way to direct them is to aim at the same objects, but to know better than they how these are to be attained. For the office of arousing and guiding the energies of a nation never yet was a leader—call him patriot or call him demagogue—so fitted as was Daniel O'Connell. Whatever qualities or defects you find in the genuine Irish peasant, these you find heightened and intensified in the great Agitator, with the addition of one all-important element, scarcely ever to be found in the same type of character—restless, persevering, indomitable energy. If, as we must own, he failed to attain the loftiest heights of patriotism, if he wanted the elevation of soul that carries a man to noble ends by none but noble means, it is clear that were he other than he was he must have missed the great career that was before him. Of the many men who have taken part in the political history of Ireland, not to speak of the mere sycophants of popular favour, some have approached O'Connell in intellectual gifts, some have perhaps surpassed him in moral elevation; but to none other has it been given, as it was to him, to arouse, guide, and control with absolute sway the mass of his countrymen. Heedless of the present, but gladly dwelling on the prospect of a brighter future, and still more attached to dim traditions of an illustrious past, loving more to be dazzled than to be convinced, so prone to exaggeration that

his ordinary speech is all compacted of superlatives, passionately attached to a creed that unites for him the strongest feelings of religion and patriotism, possessing all the virtues that grace youth, but wanting those that build up manhood, the Irish peasant has hearkened in succession to many political leaders, but in no voice save that of O'Connell has he found the echo to all his own unspoken feelings and aspirations.

The chief incidents of the long struggle for Catholic Emancipation have been accurately noted by Mr. Lecky, but it might be wished that he had given more prominence to the great lesson that Englishmen should draw from the history of that time—deep distrust of their own prejudices.

If honour be due to the men of the Whig party to whom the wisdom of Burke and the generous ardour of Fox had instilled the principles of civil and religious liberty, who for nearly a generation resisted the attractions of place and power, rather than postpone the application of those principles—if we must acknowledge the practical sagacity of others, such as Canning and his followers, tolerant of injustice, but not blind to the impolicy of prolonged resistance—what shall be said of the terrible power of prejudice in a country where wisdom and generosity and practical shrewdness are all helpless against fixed unreasoning prepossessions! Nor was that the worst. A nation of Eldons would surely end in some great catastrophe; but posterity might keep some respect for men who had risked all for a doctrine, however absurd. But the men of the last generation did not truly believe in “No Popery.” They were not, indeed, to be disturbed by the voices of such men as Grey, and Brougham, and Plunket, and Grattan, and Canning, and Russell; but when it came to the point of danger, when it was seen that the refusal of justice to the Irish Catholics would probably entail the cost and labour and discredit of a suppressed insurrection, they discovered that the prejudices they had decorated with the

title of conscientious objections could not bear to be examined in broad daylight. Once more was taught to Ireland that disastrous lesson, destined to be often repeated, that "England's difficulty is Ireland's opportunity,"—that concessions are to be obtained not from the sense of reason and justice, not by direct action on a healthy public opinion, but from the apprehension of danger or inconvenience in refusing them. It might be pleasant to believe that Englishmen of one section or class were alone responsible for the limitless mischief caused by the delay of Catholic Emancipation. Candour forbids such an assertion. The House of Lords has many sins to answer for, but it is impossible to agree with a recent writer in adding this to that special account. It was not until four-and-twenty years after the Legislative Union, during which the question was almost constantly discussed, that a Bill for Catholic Emancipation passed through the House of Commons, and was thrown out by the House of Lords. But in the close divisions upon the resolutions moved by Sir Francis Burdett in 1825, and the subsequent stages of the Bill founded on them, a majority of English members of the Lower House voted against Emancipation, and there is no reason to suppose that at that time a Reformed English Parliament would have shown a more statesmanlike spirit.

Posterity will probably pronounce that up to the passing of the Emancipation Act the career of O'Connell was almost unimpeachable. Refined taste and a nice sense of justice are shocked by the violence of invective in which he often indulged, but, as Mr. Lecky has well observed, the Catholics needed above all things courage and spirit, and nothing served more to raise their tone than to see one of their own class assail in unmeasured language the most conspicuous persons in the State; and in Ireland, where words have not the solemn importance that they possess here, too much stress must not be laid

on mere vehemence of language. It was an evil example for the people of Ireland that their great leader should be constantly engaged in new devices for evading the law, in order to keep up that organized agitation of which he was the inventor; but no one now will deny that his object was legal and constitutional, and the responsibility for the harm of breaking or evading laws essentially unjust rests mainly upon those who enact and maintain them.

It is far more difficult to form a just conclusion as to the latter part of O'Connell's career, from the day when he triumphantly entered the House of Commons, the elect of the Irish nation, to the dark period of his eclipse, when, broken in health and spirit, weighed down by the load of misery that had fallen on his country, he set forth on the pilgrimage which he was not destined to accomplish.

In the course of those eventful seventeen years, the political course of O'Connell passed through three phases, very different in their outward aspect and in their effects on the condition of Ireland.

1. From the passage of the Emancipation Act to the formation of the Melbourne Ministry in 1835, the agitation for the Repeal of the Union was set on foot by O'Connell, as a means for coercing the English Government and Legislature, and obtaining "Justice for Ireland."

2. During the six years' tenure of office by the Melbourne Administration, O'Connell gave the Government almost uniform support, the Repeal Agitation was suspended, and the general condition of Ireland unmistakeably improved.

3. From the accession of Sir Robert Peel to power until his imprisonment O'Connell devoted himself exclusively to the Repeal Agitation. At the very moment when he attained to the utmost height of power and popularity, he was destined to the bitterest disappointment that can befall a political chief—to see the popular movement that he had seemingly led to the threshold of suc-

cess utterly collapse, and such elements of strength as it possessed pass under the guidance of men who had revolted from his authority.

It was not in itself an unfortunate circumstance that the great measure of Catholic Emancipation should have originated with a Ministry previously identified with the party of resistance. If Wellington and Peel, the leaders of that party, had understood that when it became necessary to concede the demands of the Irish Catholics ordinary wisdom required that they should do so in a cordial and generous spirit, the work of reconciliation between the two countries would have been hastened by a quarter of a century. In point of fact, they soon made it too clear that privileges reluctantly conceded were intended to be in practice unavailing; and, with especial imprudence, they made the man who was confessedly the victorious leader in the great struggle the object of petty and irritating slights that could in no way diminish his power, but were certain to excite his enmity.

The event that immediately led the Wellington Administration to yield Emancipation was O'Connell's triumphant election for the county of Clare. The only impediment that prevented him from at once taking his seat was the Oath of Supremacy, then obligatory on the members of both Houses. On the passing of the Catholic Relief Act he would, as a matter of course, have been entitled to enter the House of Commons on taking the new oath provided for Roman Catholic members; but the Government deemed it not unbecoming to introduce into the Act words specially aimed at him, that made him ineligible until he had gone through another election.

The next slight was directed against O'Connell as a member of the profession in which by general consent he held a foremost place. The established usage of the bar in England and Ireland had always been to give the honorary rank of King's Counsel to the most eminent lawyers of the time, and nothing but

professional misconduct had been held to be a ground for exclusion. When the law had declared the Roman Catholics eligible for the highest prizes of the profession, it became impossible to refuse them so slight a distinction. Accordingly some half-dozen of the foremost men were selected, while O'Connell, the senior in professional standing—already fifty-four years of age—and surpassing the rest in public reputation, was made still more conspicuous by the omission of his name from the list.

New and unlooked-for events, however, changed the aspect of affairs; and it seemed as though, for once, the evil destiny that so long presided over the relations between the two countries had yielded to more auspicious influences. The opportunity that was lost in 1829 recurred in the following year.

The accession of a new Sovereign, the fall of the Wellington Administration, and the formation of a new Government composed exclusively of the men who had so long sustained the cause of Catholic Emancipation, appeared to most men as the opening of a new era. For the first time in their history the government of both islands was vested in a body of men who were pledged by the whole tenor of their public lives to carry out in the spirit as well as the letter the principles of civil and religious liberty in dealing with the distracted people of Ireland.

That such was the spirit in which some of the members of the Grey Administration desired to act is now well known; but very different was the spirit in which the government of Ireland was conducted.

The task was, indeed, not easy. On the one hand the Protestants were deeply offended, and ill-brooked the change of system that threatened their undisturbed enjoyment of a monopoly of power, privilege, and pay. True, no great harm had yet been done. They were yet in possession of every post of the slightest value or importance. The

Law, the Police, every local appointment, whether held under the Crown or by the favour of the landed gentry, were in safe hands ; but it was intolerable to think that they might at some not distant time have to share the pleasant seats in the sunshine with the despised class whom they had so long kept out in the cold. On the other hand the Catholics, after recovering from the momentary exultation caused by the passage of the "Relief Bill," were suffering from still more bitter disappointment. They had been made eligible to hold places of trust and emolument, and their emancipation, if it meant anything, meant that they were henceforward to be dealt with on a footing of equality ; but they saw too plainly that in practice the old system of Protestant ascendancy was maintained to the fullest extent, that for every post of importance—and most important in Ireland is the administration of the law—none but men conspicuous for hostility to them were deemed eligible.

It must be owned that the conduct of O'Connell during the year preceding the accession of the Grey Ministry to power had much increased the difficulty of their task. At no period of his career could he be made to feel the responsibility that presses on a leader of the people for the use of violent and exciting language. At that time, smarting under personal as well as national affronts, he repeatedly indulged in outbursts of invective so coarse and indiscriminate as to lower his credit with all parties in England.

The great difficulty of the Grey Ministry did not, however, lie in Ireland, or in Irish agitators, but in their luckless choice of the man through whom the affairs of that country were to be conducted. If ever there were an unhappy illustration of the mischief that comes of striving to fit a square man to a round hole, it was to be seen in the selection of Mr. Stanley, better known as the late Lord Derby, for Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant

of Ireland. Possessing brilliant natural abilities and more than average literary culture, born the representative of one of the great historic families of England, nature and fortune were united to secure for him a first-rate parliamentary career. But his very qualities only served to make more conspicuous his unfitness for the post assigned to him. Knowing just enough of political history to furnish him with weapons for debate, but a stranger to the deeper lessons that are derived from study and reflection, he had no store of wisdom on which to draw for guidance amidst the difficulties that encompassed him. Wisdom, indeed, if that had been added to his natural gifts, would have availed him little. His temperament—which even age did not subdue to calmness—was at that time so impetuous as rarely to leave him an interval for reflection before he had committed himself by speech or act. To a country where secular feuds were exasperated to their utmost violence, between the intolerant supporters of a falling monopoly and the turbulent leaders of a rising democracy, the Government sent a gladiator to preach the lesson of patience and moderation.

At the accession of the Grey Ministry O'Connell did not stand deeply committed to the Repeal of the Union. In his address to the electors of Clare, when forced to present himself a second time before them, the topic was altogether omitted, and a series of legislative measures to be obtained from the Imperial Parliament was confidently promised to the people. Most of the demands then put forth on behalf of Ireland, and several more besides, have since been accorded ; but the masses in Ireland were less easily moved to struggle for the redress of tangible and practical grievances than for the "splendid phantom" of a National Legislature. O'Connell was too true an Irishman not to share in the aspirations of his fellow-countrymen, but far too sagacious and able not to prefer at all times the practical and the practicable. There is no room to doubt that for a long period

O'Connell used the Repeal Agitation altogether as a means to obtain the set of measures collectively known as "Justice to Ireland" by the only method that experience had shown to be efficient with a British Legislature—making it unsafe to refuse them. It is quite certain that it would have been still easier in 1831 than it afterwards was in 1835 to induce O'Connell to moderate his demands and abstain from exciting appeals to the passions of the people. But the man whose office it should have been to urge patience and conciliation was the foremost to offer defiance. An Englishman not used lightly to deal with personal honour and self-respect might be excused if he were disgusted at the unmeasured licence of O'Connell's tongue, but in Stanley's case the feeling of caste was superadded to the national instinct—the contempt with which he was too ready to regard the Irishman was heightened by the sense of utter scorn for the plebeian.

It was not enough that a Liberal Ministry shrunk from any proceedings that could conciliate the support or mitigate the hostility of the great leader of the Irish democracy; their Irish policy was so contrived as to drive all the Roman Catholics, and many of the Liberal Protestants, into adherence—often reluctant adherence—to the political course of the great Agitator. The system of Protestant ascendancy was maintained to the fullest extent. Protestants alone—men personally respectable, but conspicuous for their hostility to the popular party—were selected to fill every important post, and the Under-Secretary of State, the most important wheel in the governmental machinery of Ireland, was the same man who had long been the willing and active instrument of the Orange party.

In the debate on the Address in 1833, in the fourth year of Catholic Emancipation, O'Connell brought forward a definite statement on this head in the House of Commons. There were then in Ireland thirty-four Stipendiary Magis-

trates, five Inspectors-general of Police, and thirty-two Sub-inspectors; the great majority had been appointed since the formation of the Whig Government, yet not a single Catholic had been chosen.

In his reply Mr. Stanley was able to cite three instances in which honorary unpaid distinctions had been conferred on Roman Catholic lawyers, but only a single instance in which a post of practical importance—that of Assistant-Barrister, or salaried Chairman of Quarter Sessions—had been given outside the pale of the favoured creed.

Under such conditions was inaugurated the first Repeal agitation in Ireland, almost avowedly designed as a mere instrument for coercing the Government and Parliament to redress the many undoubted wrongs of the Irish people. If proof were wanted that at that period O'Connell had no serious expectation of success in his professed object, it is to be found in the fact that he not merely assented to, but actively promoted, the election of men not friendly to Repeal.

The secret history of the negotiations that preceded and followed the formation of the Melbourne Ministry in 1835 has not been given to the public. The alliance then contracted with O'Connell has been the object of many accusations; it was a source of constant unpopularity in England, and mainly conduced to the ultimate fall of that Administration. Having at an early age been in frequent contact with most of the men who were concerned in the transactions of that time, I may declare my conviction that there was nothing in the terms of that alliance, nor in the intentions of the parties, that was other than creditable to their political wisdom and honesty.

The terms offered by the Government were none other than measures that were in themselves just and politic. The reform of the Tithe system, the opening of the Corporations to popular election, the abolition of Church Cess, were the most pressing matters requiring legislation. Doubtless O'Connell stipulated

for the practical abolition of the ascendancy system, by not only giving a fair share of Government patronage to the Catholics, but also preferring Liberal Protestants over the partisans of the old system.

The extreme violence of his former denunciations of the Whig party under the preceding Administration made O'Connell's share of the treaty—the virtual abandonment of the Repeal Agitation—more difficult to accomplish than it would have otherwise been, but it was faithfully performed. The alliance, or compact, as they preferred to call it, was the theme of incessant assaults on the Ministry by the speakers and writers of the Tory—not yet Conservative—party; and it is a melancholy proof of the vitality of national and sectarian prejudices that the policy which for the first time gave hope for a reconciliation between the people of the two islands was the chief cause of the downfall of the Ministry that initiated it.

Bitter prejudice against the Irish Roman Catholics was not, in those days, by any means confined to the dense middle strata of English society; it held full possession of the still denser medium of the Squireocracy, and was largely shared by professed politicians. Even the King, more tolerant of difference of creed than of the democratic tendency of the Irish movement, fully shared the aversion to the Irish popular leaders. It is notorious that his dislike to Sheil made it impossible for the Ministry to offer any office, however subordinate, to the most brilliant orator on the Liberal benches of the House of Commons; and there is strong reason to think that the King's personal feelings prevailed in a matter more important in its bearing on the condition of Ireland.

There is good ground for believing that, at the period of the formation of the Grey Administration, some leading members of the Whig party were favourable to a policy of cordial alliance with the Irish Catholics, and wished to see the vast influence of O'Connell enlisted on the side of law and order by appoint-

ing him to the office of Attorney-General for Ireland. A measure so bold was open to obvious objections, though few will now doubt that it would have been wise and statesmanlike. The opposite policy prevailed; and until the Melbourne Government succeeded to power on the failure of Sir Robert Peel in 1835, there was no question of an alliance with the Irish popular party. According to the true principles of our Constitution, it would have been right that a man exercising the great power then held by O'Connell, both in the House of Commons and among the people of one portion of the United Kingdom, should have assumed the duties and responsibilities of political office. It is, in my opinion, hard to believe that any other obstacle than the inveterate prejudices of the King prevented Lord Melbourne from offering, and O'Connell from accepting political office, and that on terms honourable to himself as well as to the Government with which he became connected. I may here relate an anecdote, of which I am unable to fix the exact date, but it must have occurred in the early part of the year 1837. Being at the time an undergraduate at Cambridge, I was walking down to the House with an Irish representative. At the corner of Downing Street we were suddenly confronted by O'Connell, who said, with an air of triumph, "You may congratulate me, my dear B.; I am Attorney-General for Ireland." In answer to some expression of surprise, he continued, "Yes, I have just been with Lord Melbourne, and I have determined to accept the office. But nothing must be said for the present." An hour or two later, O'Connell called the same member aside in the House of Commons, and told him that the arrangement was at an end, because the King had absolutely refused his consent. A promise not to mention what had occurred was given and faithfully kept, and the writer held himself equally bound to silence during the lifetime of the persons concerned. It is right to say, that one of the few persons now

alive who was in a position to be fully aware of every important step taken by Lord Melbourne is persuaded that no such offer was made, and that O'Connell must either have deceived himself as to the nature of the proposition made to him, or from some inexplicable motive have made an unfounded statement. I am unable to offer any explanation, but at this distance of time I can see no reason for withholding the incident as it occurred.

It is unhappily certain that the opportunity for reconciling the people of Ireland to the Legislative Union that was opened by the policy of the Melbourne Administration was not secured. The responsibility rests on many shoulders, but mainly on those of the leader of the party of resistance, Sir Robert Peel. If that able man has been truly described as the greatest Member of Parliament of our century, his conduct in regard to Ireland alone suffices to show that no Prime Minister since the time of Lord Liverpool has less claim to the rank of statesman. Instead of perceiving that the interests of the empire, as well as those of his own party, were concerned in satisfying the reasonable demands of the Irish people, he exerted all his great skill as a party leader in delaying measures that he could not defeat, and haggling over miserable details when everything like principle had been conceded. Witness the long contests over Irish Corporation Reform, dragged on through four sessions of Parliament, and delayed for an additional year because the Opposition in the House of Lords would not yield 14. a year on the qualification clause.

Nothing was more vehemently assailed in the conduct of the Melbourne Ministry than the administration of Government patronage in Ireland, and on no point—at least during its earlier period—was it less open to just blame. The whisper of complaint has never yet been heard from any party in Ireland against the men who were promoted to the judicial bench. For the first time the whole people of Ireland, of whatever

creed or faction, began to conceive the possibility of obtaining impartial justice from the regular tribunals. Far be it from me to say that before them no just men had sat on the Irish bench, but the instances of scandalous partiality were too many and too recent, and the system of exclusiveness had too thoroughly blocked up the channels of justice, for the mass of the people even for a moment to expect a share in it.

Personally, O'Connell was not chargeable with self-seeking in the disposal of Government patronage. He did not, as had been the usage in Ireland with men of the highest social position, provide for most of his relatives and family connections at the public expense. Some unfit and several inefficient men owed to his favour their promotion to places of secondary importance; but this is no more than happens even to the most scrupulous distributor of patronage. It was not till the later period of the Melbourne Administration that a new political disease began to establish itself in Ireland, for whose growth and extension both O'Connell and the Ministry were to a considerable extent responsible.

It is but just to O'Connell to say that at the time when he first obtained preponderating political power in Ireland he showed no disposition to use that power arbitrarily, so as to secure the return to Parliament of his personal adherents. Still less did he give the slightest preference to candidates on sectarian grounds. At the time when his influence was greatest, and when he undoubtedly controlled one-half of the Irish elections, the number of Roman Catholics out of about seventy Liberal representatives never exceeded twenty-six. But a state of political feeling in which one man is able to exert so much power is in itself unsound, and was sure in the long run to breed abuses. Cases frequently arose where O'Connell had practically the nomination of a representative for a popular constituency. It was not to be expected that men of independent character and real ability would seek to

enter public life as the passive instruments of a policy that they could in no way control. It was, perhaps, by no fault in O'Connell that his choice on these occasions was very restricted, but undoubtedly his taste was not squeamish. As the members of the Imperial Parliament saw in succession on the benches behind the great Agitator new representatives of Irish constituencies, whose slightest defect was their ignorance of the forms of polite society, the feeling of political aversion grew to a pitch of exasperation not before seen in Parliament. The class in question—O'Connell's "tail," as they were called—never formed more than a small minority among the Irish Liberal members, yet they sufficed to bring into bad odour the entire body. In plain truth, not a few of these men were needy adventurers, who seized the chance of securing a prize—some paltry place with an income of a few hundreds a year after an interval of political subserviency in the House of Commons.

Before long, as corruption has a marvellous tendency to develop new species and varieties, a still uglier sort of "patriot" came upon the stage. Devoted to the service of his country, he never demanded direct recompense for his disinterested support of the Administration. But he was unceasing in his endeavours to obtain appointments for others. He was an adept in describing the personal, moral, and political claims of his *protégés*, and rarely failed to obtain from the weary Secretary of the Treasury the nomination to every post in any way connected with the county or borough which he represented. In practice, the patronage thus obtained was made a matter of shameless traffic. The candidate bargained with the popular member, and did not receive his appointment until he had actually paid down as much as two or three years' salary of the promised post. Such samples of the genus Patriot were indeed not common. I do not believe that at any one time their number in the House of Commons exceeded three; but the

mischief effected was out of all proportion to the cases that actually occurred. It may be said that neither O'Connell, nor the English gentlemen who had the disagreeable task of managing the Irish members on behalf of the Government, knew of these transactions. They doubtless had no distinct proof of their existence, but I am quite sure that ample and notorious ground for suspicion existed, and that anyone who cared to make inquiry could have obtained adequate proof of the truth. To say that a fact is notorious in a certain society often means that you have no clear or positive evidence; but upon this matter I can say that I have had the most direct and convincing testimony, not as to one only, but as to several separate instances of traffic in Government patronage; and hundreds of persons not directly connected with them must have had equal opportunities with myself. At the same time, I feel equally sure that if anyone had had the hardihood publicly to charge the authors of these scandals, he would have failed ignominiously in his efforts to expose them. All the parties concerned would have solemnly denied everything that had occurred.

It is quite true that even the worst of these instances of political corruption fell far short of those that commonly occurred under the old system, when the Irish Parliament was exclusively Protestant and aristocratic in composition. It was, perhaps, only natural that in a country where such seed had been profusely sown it should blossom forth on new soil; but it is part of the penalty that a man pays for such power as O'Connell then held that he is deemed responsible not only for what he does, but for what he omits to do. It would be unjust to say that O'Connell lowered the tone of political morality in Ireland, but it is true that he failed to use his vast influence to raise and purify it.

If we must acquit him of complicity in downright corruption, we cannot even say so much as to one form of political dishonesty which has always been

leniently regarded in Ireland, and, it is to be feared, has a tendency to extend in this island also. To curry favour with the populace by pandering to the vulgar liking for abuse of those in higher position or authority is in democratic societies a constant temptation to the politician; but in such a country as Ireland, where disaffection lies deep in the breasts of the people, the man is positively criminal who excites it without any real belief in what he says. Yet at the very time when the sole object and intention of many "patriotic" candidates was to earn by steady parliamentary support of the Government some miserable appointment, they rarely addressed a constituency without denouncing the English (or usually *Saxon*) Parliament and Government. Ludicrous illustrations of this were constantly afforded. A very well-meaning country gentleman who had joined one of O'Connell's numerous political associations told me that he was once placed in a great difficulty when, on entering a meeting, he was suddenly called on to take the chair. Not being so ready of speech as most of his countrymen, he said anxiously to some one of the minor fry of agitators who was present, "What am I to do? What am I to say?" "It's the asiest thing in the world," was the reply; "just say a few words about your country, and *abuse the Government*."

O'Connell was, indeed, no mere demagogue. On more than one occasion he showed true courage and patriotism by withstanding the popular impulse of the moment, and if he too often pleased the mob by coarse invective, he merely indulged in the expression of feelings that at the time were thoroughly sincere. But he was certainly not scrupulous as to the means by which he excited and maintained popular enthusiasm, and still less inclined to set up a high standard for his followers. English Ministers thought it a light matter that their Irish supporters should use wild language in Ireland, so long as they never failed when wanted in the division lobby; but great as are the obligations

that Ireland owes to the Melbourne Administration—the first that ever attempted to deal justly and generously with the mass of the population—it is a grievous drawback that it should have had a direct share in inflicting on Ireland the worst evil that now afflicts her—the trade in sham-patriotism.

The fall of the Melbourne Government and the accession to office of Sir Robert Peel mark the commencement of the last period of O'Connell's career. Peel was no way incapable of dealing impartially with Ireland, and several of his colleagues were full of excellent intentions; but he had committed the immense blunder of allowing the passionate resentment of the Irish Tory party to direct his policy as leader of the Opposition. On crossing to the Ministerial side of the House he carried with him these compromising allies, and secured the bitter hostility of the popular party in Ireland. The immediate consequence was that O'Connell thenceforth devoted his utmost energies to the revival of the Repeal Agitation on a scale more formidable than it had ever before attained. Whether he merely intended once more to use the Repeal Agitation as an effective weapon of political warfare, or had finally despaired of obtaining necessary reforms from the Imperial Parliament, it is not easy to decide; but it is to me quite certain that the enthusiasm which he succeeded in exciting through the greater part of Ireland reacted to a marvellous extent upon his own impressionable nature. Having converted the mass of his countrymen, he finally converted himself, not merely to the belief that Repeal was desirable—for so much he perhaps always did believe—but to the conviction that it was attainable. Never, perhaps, has a man engaged in political life been subjected to influences so calculated to excite and to intoxicate. The favourite of a senate will always meet some wholesome opposition, but the "uncrowned monarch" of the Irish people was for more than a year carried forward on one constantly rising wave

of popular enthusiasm. He was not the cool contriver who could sit down to calculate the forces at his disposal, and the obstacles in his way, but the most Irish of all Irishmen, moved by the like passions and affections with the people whom he swayed, capable at one and the same moment of genuine faith and devotion to a cause, and of resorting to mere artifice and cunning in the means for advancing it; an enigma to all Englishmen, because he was compounded of qualities that among them are absolutely incompatible.

Mr. Lecky has touched with a delicate pen the closing portion of O'Connell's career—the blow struck by his imprisonment; the increasing feebleness, caused more by disappointment than organic disease; the dark shadow of the famine closing over his country, and threatening to engulf all classes in one common ruin; and, bitterest of all, the political organization that he had created and led to victory, to which he trusted for whatever was yet to be achieved for his country, shattered to utter impotence by the revolt of the younger and more energetic portion of his followers, who openly defied his authority, and cast suspicion on his motives.

The man who devotes his life to his country in the career of political conflict too often undertakes a thankless task, and he who is not sustained by the loftiest motives must look for no solid reward; but a sadder ending than this of O'Connell is scarcely to be found on record.

Who can look hardly on the record of a life wherein such mighty energies were devoted to the service of an oppressed nation? If in his course he sometimes swerved from the straight path, his faults were severely chastised. The mischief that he did lived after him, and some part, at least, of the good was interred with his bones. His remains were not laid to rest on his native soil before the great lesson of legal and peaceful agitation that he had so steadily inculcated was derided and

abjured by the most conspicuous of his followers.

Of the Young Ireland party, as they were generally called, it is impossible to speak without a share of respect. If some amongst their leaders were men of little real ability, whose shallow brains were stirred up by listening to their own or their companions' frothy declamation, others were made up of more solid stuff, and, under more fortunate conditions, might have done real service in political life. In so far as it was a revolt against the dishonesty and corruption of a section of O'Connell's followers, it was a righteous movement, and demanded the sympathy of every honest man. But the main principle of the party—the right to seek political changes by physical force—was condemned in advance to ignominious failure whenever the attempt to apply it should be made. Young men who had not yet learned that armed rebellion in a country ruled by public opinion is a criminal anachronism, discovered that the teachings of O'Connell, though seemingly forgotten, had sunk deeply into the popular mind. Treason was, indeed, the fashion. The writings of the Young Ireland chiefs were widely read, their speeches were cheered to the echo, and the noise was so great that even experienced statesmen¹ were led to think that it meant something formidable. But although a disaffected people wished well to Smith O'Brien and his confederates, as they would have done to any other enemy of British power, they were very far from

¹ It is known that the late Lord Clarendon, then Lord Lieutenant, was so much impressed with the gravity of the situation that he apprehended the insufficiency of the military force at his disposal, and contemplated the probability of recurring to the support of the Orangemen of Ulster. The writer, who had shortly before travelled through many parts of the South and West, cannot forget the look of incredulity with which that able diplomatist listened, a few days before O'Brien's abortive effort, to the confident opinion that a single regiment would be more than sufficient to meet and disperse any insurrectionary force that could be got together.

that frame of mind that will carry undisciplined men to face the bayonet. Ever since O'Connell showed what might be effected by peaceful agitation, the belief in insurrection as a practical remedy for political or social wrong has gone out of the Irish people.

The Young Irelanders themselves have outlived the errors of their hot youth. They have by this time discovered that corruption and venality flourish under a Republican constitution still more freely than in the mixed political system of the old country. The absurd notion that there is something unbecoming a patriot in the acceptance of office in the public service, and in receiving for honest work remuneration much less than can be gained in professional or commercial pursuits, has not quite disappeared in Ireland, because the very basis of public morality in this relation had been sapped by scandalous appointments of men whose chief claim to preferment was political dishonesty. But since the ablest of the Young Ireland leaders has, in another hemisphere, held conspicuous office which he owed to the merited confidence of his fellow-citizens, and has accepted not only the emoluments of office, but honorary distinction from the Crown, it may be hoped that the confusion of ideas prevailing in Ireland will pass away, and that men will understand the simple proposition that what is discreditable is not the place, but the ladder by which some have reached it—that the fee earned by the skilled practitioner is one thing, and that pocketed by the impudent quack a very different thing.

The condition of Ireland is not yet what men whose patriotism includes the whole empire in its aspirations may have hoped and desired. Disaffection, lying deep, but by no means of a practical character, is still widely spread. This is discouraging; but let rational Englishmen ask themselves whether it is unnatural. For how long a time did English prejudices prevent a fair trial of the Union between the two countries?

For the last five-and-twenty years you could find no man of the least pretension to political sagacity who did not own that the retention of the Irish Church establishment was indefensible in principle and mischievous in practice, and yet it stood untouched till 1869. The more excusable prejudices that impeded any change in the legal relations between landlord and tenant yielded only in 1870 to Mr. Gladstone's Land Bill, and for the first time you could say with truth that Irish disaffection must seek its justification in the past. The single difficulty that remains will be easily solved if you will but remember that whenever you have allowed religious prepossessions or antipathies to guide you in legislating for Ireland, you have invariably committed a blunder, as well as an injustice. Once allow that other men have a right to hold opinions very different from yours, ask yourselves what you would admit to be just treatment if you could change places and opinions with them, and you will not go far wrong in dealing with Ireland.

The cry for Home Rule is not pleasant to our ears. We know well that in the mouths of ninety-nine out of every hundred who use it it means nothing else than disaffection. A few men may mean the very true and simple proposition that the House of Commons has undertaken more work than it can perform efficiently, and that local business could be better transacted in local assemblies. This is no more an Irish grievance than it is a Welsh or a Yorkshire grievance. The agitation, so far as it has real importance, has little or no reference to a practical remedy for a practical evil. It means simply that you have not yet cured the disaffection that you have earned by centuries of misgovernment. It is unreasonable on your part to have expected to do so. Wrong-doing would be made too pleasant and easy in this world if everything were set right by merely ceasing to do wrong. But although it may be long before Irish disaffection

will entirely cease, it has become much less formidable since the two great grievances have been removed. The peasant is now enjoying comparative prosperity, and by Mr. Gladstone's Land Act he has acquired that sense of security which, more than anything else, attaches men to the cause of order. The introduction of competitive examinations for appointments in the public service is a still more efficacious means for creating a feeling favourable to union with England. Unlike the old system of appointment through political influence, this elevates instead of degrading the successful candidate, and the large proportion of Irishmen that gain the prizes supplies an argument whose cogency is felt by all the educated or half-educated classes in Ireland.

So far as I can see, the agitation for Home Rule, or repeal of the Union, is not likely to give any serious trouble, unless by glaring bad policy a vitality is given to it which it does not inherently possess. When orators whose trade is agitation are allowed to tell the people with truth that measures proposed by men responsible to the country, which would undoubtedly be accepted by an Irish Parliament, cannot be carried out because of the prejudices of English and Scotch representatives, or the reluctance of the House of Peers, a valid argument is supplied, *pro tanto*, against the Legislative Union.

It is a still more obvious blunder to show favour to those who aid the Anti-Union agitation. The Minister who gives pay or preferment to venal sham patriots abets a movement hostile to the welfare of the entire empire, and at the same time does a special wrong to Ireland, by nurturing the worst disease under which she labours—utter disbelief in political honesty.

If the younger men amongst us shall live to see complete and cordial union between the people of both islands, there can be no doubt that in the roll of national benefactors to whom that consummation will be due, the foremost name must be that of Daniel O'Connell.

It is not only that he was the first to compel the rulers of the empire to commence the era of justice that alone makes Union possible. His work was greater than this: He found his countrymen slaves; he raised them from the dust, and first taught them to assume at least the attitude of freemen. The education of a people is a slow work; but if at no distant time they are fully worthy to take the place that is prepared for them—that of free citizens of a great united empire—sharing the vanguard post in the great advance of political and social progress, they must never forget that the first lessons of freedom were received from the lips of O'Connell.

Of O'Connell the man, such as he was known to his contemporaries, the next generation will find it difficult to form a just conception. Nothing could be stronger than the animosity which he excited amongst his opponents, unless it were the enthusiastic attachment felt towards him by his personal friends and followers. His faults were on the surface, and were exactly those that most surely shock and offend educated Englishmen. His invectives not rarely descended to scurrility, and his disregard of literal truth and probability in his popular addresses was such as, in an Englishman, would have implied utter want of principle. The irrepressible tendency to exaggeration inseparable from the Irish nature will not, however, be severely judged by posterity. It must be noted that, with scarcely an exception, his violence was excited, not by personal, but by national feelings. His vituperation was directed against the enemies of Ireland, not against the enemies of O'Connell.

If his political friends learned to place implicit confidence in his courage, his energy, and the boundless resources of his inventive intelligence, the personal devotion that he awakened was due to qualities of another order. He was a true friend, faithful to all who had ever done him a service, and possessed in the highest degree that personal

charm of manner and conversation that people of other countries usually attribute to the typical Irishman. But he proved himself to own virtues of a higher and rarer order. On several important occasions, and notably in regard to trade combinations and the Poor Law question, he boldly took the unpopular side, and did not shrink from the clearest expression of his opinions. This does not seem difficult to men who depend upon parliamentary support for political influence. They may reasonably expect that justice will in due time be done to their motives. The case is very different with a man who holds power and importance by the fleeting tenure of popular favour; and one such sacrifice made to conscience should outweigh many a blemish in the career of a popular leader.

Those who best knew O'Connell are able to cite many an instance of magnanimity that contrasts strongly with the unscrupulousness of which his opponents constantly accused him.¹

Of him, as of nearly all men who

have taken an eminent part in public affairs, we may say that, although his aims were lofty, he was not careful in his choice of means. The worst that can with justice be urged against him is that he was too tolerant of baser men, who used low means to compass low ends, so long as they were ready to swell the ranks of his auxiliary forces.

When the future historian is able calmly to survey the miserable history of Ireland up to the end of the last century, he will, perhaps, regard it as no slight testimony to the qualities of the Irish race that it should at such a time have impersonated itself in a figure so commanding and so free from base admixture. If it prove the great qualities of the man that he should have acquired such power over his countrymen, it says not a little for them that the man to whom alone they gave their entire hearts was one whom they may present without shame to the scrutiny of succeeding generations.

JOHN BALL.

¹ An instance, vouched by a person well acquainted with both the parties, has been lately given to me. O'Connell had been on terms of intimacy with P. M., an able and influential man, well known in Dublin. A quarrel, arising from some political difference, broke out between them. O'Connell denounced his opponent in language of extreme violence, and for many years they were on

terms of mutual hostility. Long afterwards P. M. told my informant that during the period of their friendship O'Connell had become aware of circumstances of a private nature which, if published, would have been ruinous to the position and credit of his adversary, but, in spite of the violence of their subsequent quarrel, was never led to divulge them or allude to them in any way.

TRADITIONS OF STERNE AND BUNYAN.

STERNE and Bunyan! Two names more widely apart—two men of genius more unlike in character and life—we can scarcely find in our whole world of reading. Even in Dialogues of the Dead, they would hardly tolerate each other. If we allowed such ghosts to meet, the clerical wit and worldling would certainly throw some wild jests at the Baptist fanatic; and we can imagine the grave Pilgrim looking thunder-clouds at the Reverend Mr. Levity, of Vanity Fair. I will quickly explain why I have, to the amazement of the reader, placed these two names together. I can show Sterne in the act of sketching character close to my village, and it so happens that traditionary footsteps of John Bunyan may be found in the same locality, and the circumstance brings the two men—the two writers—before me with strange, intense reality.

Yorick is still, and evermore, "the keen observer, the arch humorist;" the master of pathos, the magician of the pen. More than a hundred years have rolled away since he breathed his last in the Bond Street lodging. Yet only the other day—on the 18th of June, 1870—the world welcomed some vague account of his wife and daughter, two ladies who have left but faint traces of their existence in a little French town. Think what we will of the man, the fascination of the artist is living now, a century after his death. No apology is needed when I offer new facts about Laurence Sterne and his Uncle Toby—facts which show us the very spot where the great humorist made his outlines from real life.

Twenty years ago, the possessor of a romantic imagination might have been greatly delighted by a visit to Preston Castle, near the village of Preston, in Hertfordshire. This old country-house was then unoccupied, and standing, for-

saken and dilapidated, in the midst of its still beautiful gardens. A narrow lane, running south from Preston, led you to a simple lodge. You then passed through meadows, well fenced with hawthorn and holly, to the north front of the house. Over a low, strong hedge of sweetbriar, you saw a massive grey porch, a little overhung with Virginia creeper; venerable casements looking out on the broad carriage-road which led to the hall-door, and a circle of flower-beds with a central sun-dial. Wide walks, fair lawns, huge evergreens, each one a kingdom of leaves, met the eye as you entered the gates. Well do I remember those grounds, and the wood of pines and chestnuts at the end of them! In the gardens, one saw everywhere a happy blending of modern art with the dear, old, stately formality of other days. But the house had suffered loss at the hands of some individual who had preferred convenience to the charms of antiquity; and had been still more injured by another, who had given a castellated front to a pile half manorial, half Georgian. Preston Castle, when I remember it, stood silent and forsaken, a fit haunt for the ghosts of my childish imagination. The ancient hall, and many chambers centuries old, were on the north side; on the south were the Georgian rooms. Even there, one's footsteps echoed strangely, and the mid-day sun, passing into them through an outer blind of sweet roses, starry jasmine, and climbing creepers, could not lighten the gloom within. The sight of the mildewed walls, the faded, falling papers, the blank, deserted hearth, would have saddened any heart but that of a child, full of "life, and whim, and *gaieté de cœur*." What story have I to tell of this ghostly place? Not the story of many a pleasant summer afternoon spent there with those who have de-

parted hence. It is the story of Uncle Toby—the Uncle Toby of real life; one which I heard from lips now silent, and which I know to be true.

In the days of Laurence Sterne, the owner of Preston Castle was a certain Captain Hinde, who was at once the old soldier and the country gentleman. My father, who lived near the village of Preston, was told by the late Lord Dacre, of The Hoo, in Hertfordshire, that this Captain Hinde “was Sterne’s Uncle Toby.” Much interested, my father asked many questions, and ascertained that the fact was well known to the Lord Dacre of the “*Tristram Shandy*” period, and had been transmitted in the Dacre family from father to son. His lordship added, that a very old man named Pilgrim, who had spent his young days in the service of Captain Hinde, might be found some few miles from The Hoo, and that he would be able to give certainty and interest to the story from his early recollections. My father sought an interview with Pilgrim, the venerable patriarch of a lonely little village, and in the course of a long conversation gathered evidence which clearly traced my Uncle Toby to a real-life residence at Preston Castle. I will give the most striking part of this evidence as it was handed down to me. Some of its details have been lost in the lapse of years, but I have added nothing to the facts retained by my memory.

Pilgrim, in his youth, had an uncle who was butler at The Hoo, some five miles from Preston. This uncle well remembered the famous Mr. Sterne as one of Lord Dacre’s visitors, and once heard him conversing with his noble host about “*Tristram Shandy*.”

“And how could you imagine such a character as my Uncle Toby?” asked Lord Dacre.

“It was drawn from life,” said Mr. Sterne. “It is the portrait of your lordship’s neighbour, Captain Hinde.”

And the odd book, which amazed, amused, and delighted the great world so long ago, and the name of which is still so familiar, was vividly called to

remembrance by much that Pilgrim told of the sayings and doings of his old master. Eccentric—full of military habits and recollections—simple-hearted, benevolent, and tenderly kind to the dumb creatures of the earth and air, Captain Hinde was a veritable Uncle Toby. He gave the embattled front to his house—the labourers on his land were called from the harvest-field by notes of the bugle, and a battery was placed at the end of his garden. The animated old soldier, who delighted to talk of battles and sieges, was full of the most extraordinary love for all living things. Finding that a bullfinch had built her nest in the garden-hedge, close to his battery, he specially ordered his men not to fire the guns until the little birds had flown. To fire these guns was his frequent amusement, but he would not allow a sound to disturb the feathered family. This and other anecdotes greatly pleased my father. They reminded him of the generous heart which gave even the poor house-fly life from its boundless wealth of feeling. In short, Uncle Toby stood before him—clearly and forcibly drawn by a poor old villager. No reasonable mind could throw any doubt on the curious tale so strangely saved from oblivion.

Preston Castle is now numbered with the things that have been and are not. It was pulled down many years ago, and its picturesque gardens and luxuriant shrubberies were turned into common meadow ground. All the sons and daughters of Captain Hinde have passed away, and a rural memorial points out their last resting-place in the parish church of Hitchin. A few old cottagers still talk of their benevolence and eccentricity. An Irish tramp, who died in Hitchin workhouse, spoke of them with lively respect and gratitude. I have never forgotten that woman’s look, as she mentioned their name. “Something of blessing and of prayer” might be seen in her dark violet eyes, as, glancing upwards, she said—

“They was the rale, ould gintry, dear, was the Hindes! They was a Government family. . . . There’s the world’s

differ between them and the new people about. . . . And don't I remember poor Mrs. W——, almost the last of them—the blessed lady—the rale gintlewoman? SURE she's opened the gates of heaven for herself by all she did for us poor craythurs. . . . RIST HER SOWL IN GLORY!"—This was the last honour paid to the Hindes. They certainly inherited the kind, generous virtues of Uncle Toby—good gifts which can make the most whimsical peculiarities dear to us.

I will now venture to glance at the conjectures of those who have sought to find originals for the Tristram gallery. Let Thackeray speak first: "The most picturesque and delightful parts of Sterne's writings we owe to his recollections of the military life. Trim's montero cap, and Le Fèvre's sword, and dear Uncle Toby's roquelaure, are doubtless reminiscences of the boy who had lived with the followers of William and Marlborough, and had beat time with his little feet to the fifes of Ramillies in Dublin barrack-yard, or played with the torn flags and halberds of Malplaquet on the parade-ground at Clonmel." Twice Thackeray gave us his "Lectures on the English Humorists," from which this passage is taken. Mr. Percy Fitzgerald has published a biography of Sterne, containing much information never before collected. This biography has done good service to the memory of the Shandean hero who was at once the admiration and the scandal of his day. In vain does Thackeray pass sentence in immortal words of brilliant satire and severity. We read Mr. Fitzgerald's two volumes, and feel a kindness for the strange, wayward genius whose worst faults were encouraged by his age. We follow Yorick through his years of provincial obscurity to his London carnival of flattery and feasting. We see the gay, wicked world doing its best to spoil the little good in that sentimental heart—to stimulate that erratic humour to wilder and wilder flights of folly and irreverence. And then we think with painful pity of the death-bed in the Bond Street lodging-

house. There the prince of jesters and sentimentalists died slowly, without the sympathy of wife, daughter, or friend—with only a hired nurse and a footman beside—personifications of indifference and curiosity. Perhaps in that last scene the poor player would willingly have exchanged lives and deaths with some faithful, simple, boorish Yorkshire Curate! In the fourth chapter of Mr. Fitzgerald's first volume, Ensign Roger Sterne, father of Laurence Sterne, is introduced to us as the prototype of Uncle Toby. The chapter opens with an abstract from the memorandum of family history given by the great humorist to his daughter Lydia:—"My father was a smart little man—active to the last degree in all exercises—most patient of fatigue and disappointments, of which it had pleased God to give him full measure. He was in his temper somewhat rapid and hasty, but of a kindly, sweet disposition; void of all designs, and so innocent in his own intentions that he suspected no one; so that you might have cheated him ten times a day if nine had not been sufficient for your purpose."

Mr. Fitzgerald asks: "Can anyone doubt but that this genial and spirited little sketch, which seems to overflow with a tender yearning and affection, is the original design for that larger canvas from which stands out the richly-coloured, firmly-painted, and exquisitely-finished figure of Uncle Toby? . . . It requires no great penetration to guess that the same gentle images must have been rising before him while he sat at his desk in his Sutton vicarage, suffusing his eyes and softening his heart, as he thus filled in the portrait of the brave officer who had also served in the Flanders wars:—"My Uncle Toby was a man patient of injuries, not from want of courage. I know no man under whose arm I would sooner have taken shelter. Nor did this arise from any obtuseness or insensibility of his intellectual parts. But he was of a peaceful, placid nature, no jarring elements in it; all was mixed up so kindly within him; my Uncle Toby had scarce heart to retaliate

on a fly.' Then follows the famous incident of the fly, and its subsequent happy discharge into that world which was wide enough both for itself and its captor. Contrasting the two brothers, he says that Mr. Shandy was quite the opposite of his brother 'in this *patient endurance* of wrongs.' . . . He was *ten years old*, Tristram writes, when the fly adventure happened, which might indeed have been a little incident in Ensign Sterne's life; for it is very consistent with his 'kindly, sweet disposition, void of all design.' But my Uncle Toby, with all this gentleness, could yet rouse himself when the occasion called for a necessary display of temper; and thus he was always in the habit of calling the Corporal 'Trim,' excepting when he happened to be *very angry* with him."

"Putting this picture beside the original," continues the biographer, "we see that Ensign Roger Sterne, with 'that kindly, sweet disposition, void of all design' (words which in themselves come sweetly and melodiously off the lips), could nevertheless be in his 'temper somewhat rapid and hasty.' . . . It breaks out, does this likeness, in innumerable little touches—hints, rather, and delicate shadowings. . . . Like the famous Sir Roger, of Addison's make, this figure of my Uncle Toby, starting somewhat mistily, fills in as it goes, with a wonderful clearness and brilliancy. He scarcely knew at the outset how it would grow under his hands."

I feel sure that these conjectures convey a measure of truth. But they do not in the least set aside the Dacre tradition. "The scenery and costume of Queen Anne's wars"—"the Ramillie wig," "the blue and gold suit laid by in the great campaign trunk, and which was magnificently laced down the sides in the mode of *King William's* reign"—"the wonderful scarlet roquelaure in which Captain Shandy mounted guard in the trenches before the gates of St. Nicholas"—all these things had most likely been long treasured in Sterne's memory before he sat down to write the first page of his "Tristram." A clever *littérateur* would know how to

make good use of the recollections of his childhood, vague as they might be, and to blend them with studies of character made at a later time of life.

The reader will now stand with me at the old gates of Preston Castle. At the southern side of those broad meadows we can rebuild, in fancy, the quaint, embattled residence. And we may see a tall, thin, strange figure passing out into the narrow lane, hedged with hawthorn and holly. It is Yorick going back to The Hoo. Those sly, comic features which Lavater speaks of—the expressive features of "the arch, satirical Sterne"—wear a look of triumphant humour. He has just made a sketch of Captain Hinde, and feels that it will be his masterpiece. The work will be true to nature, but he will finish it with the thousand graceful touches of his unique pencil, and give it the rich costume and colour of the bygone days of Marlborough. The bright eyes of Yorick's pale face grow brighter with the inspiration of genius, and he rides away in his gayest mood, certain to be more brilliant than ever at Lord Dacre's.

We who thus dreamily stared at the Preston gates, and call up the shadows of Laurence Sterne and Captain Hinde, may, in a moment, cast behind us another hundred years. We shall then see close to us a marvellous man, whose face and figure, homely though they be, are yet touched by the rays from the Celestial City. Within a few hundred yards of those gates, and in the midst of a thick wood which borders the Castle meadows, is a green space called "Bunyan's Dell." In this hollow in the wilderness a thousand people would once assemble to listen to their Baptist—the inspired Tinker of Bedford. A Protestant may admire Ignatius Loyola, or the gentle St. Francis, and the most severe Churchman must give due honour to the memory of John Bunyan—the saint-errant of Dissent. Anyone who reads his life may see that he lived through his own spiritual romance. Surrounded by the wild passions and blind bigotry of the seventeenth century,

"his pure and powerful mind" fought a good fight with Apollyon, passed with trembling anguish through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and escaped serene and blameless from Vanity Fair. No doubt the "Meeters" who came to the Preston wood to hear Bunyan's rousing and searching sermons understood very well that he was the Christian hero of his "Pilgrim's Progress." Living in Hertfordshire, from sixteen to twenty miles from Bedford, they would probably know much of his history. A prisoner for Nonconformity and illegal preaching, Bunyan had spent twelve weary years in Bedford gaol. Though not shut up in the Venetian *pozzi*, he must have suffered severely in his dull, dark, damp chamber, built over the river. There, with only two books—the Bible and "Foxe's Book of Martyrs"—he gave himself up to studies more absorbing than those which endeared the "Martin Tower" to the "Wizard Earl of Northumberland." And there he resolved to remain "until the moss grew on his eyebrows" rather than promise not to preach. At length Dr. Barlowe, afterwards Bishop of Lincoln, is said to have obtained his unconditional release. All honour to the wise, kind Churchman! Wise and kind people, having read the "Pilgrim's Progress," felt that the writer had heart and intellect for a broad Catholic faith, and that nothing would narrow him into a mischievous sectarian. So he left the dismal old gaol on Bedford Bridge, and went out into the world as a preacher. It was probably some time after this release in 1671 that Bishop Bunyan, as he was popularly called, made Hertfordshire part of his diocese. Justices and constables paid tribute to his character by allowing him to preach in several counties. But as the times were full of danger, he was often obliged to travel in disguise, and the people of his pastorate met during the night, and in places from which they might easily escape. One such place was found in Preston Wood, three miles from Hitchin. When we look at "Bunyan's Dell" we can see the midnight "Meeters," and their preacher.

The dense thicket of trees around—the starry sky—the multitude of enthusiasts half buried in shadow—this is a scene to inspire John Bunyan with the best of "his powerful and piercing words." Such words, though drawn from the common language of tinker and peasant, can work wonders. We feel that they would probably make a more lasting impression than any one of the Reverend Mr. Yorick's "dramatic sermons," preached before judge, ambassador, or king. Like Dante, Bunyan is able to produce a sublime effect and a strong sense of reality by a few bold, abrupt touches. He has come, like the great Florentine, from *la valle d'abisso doloroso*, and he tells of its horrors with the vivid brevity of intense feeling. Let me read a passage from his "Sermons on the Greatness of the Soul :"—

"Once I dreamed that I saw two persons whom I knew in hell; and methought I saw a continual dropping, as of great drops of fire, lighting upon them in their sore distress. Oh, words are wanting—thoughts are wanting—imagination and fancy are poor things here! Hell is another place than any alive can think."

This is truly Dantesque. But Bunyan devoted his Dantesque genius to the loving purpose of an Evangelist.

Shall we contrast the "glorious dreamer" with the historian of the Shandys?—the grave, devout pilgrim, with the gay trifler who made the Sentimental Journey? Let us not contrast—nor judge—nor moralize. Many of us have a library in which we receive a large company of illustrious men and women. If we have known them from childhood, as dear, familiar friends, we shall think of them in their best moments, and regard them with unfailing charity. If we possess the least trifle which belongs to the life or literary history of any one of them, we shall value it as a priceless treasure. In this spirit, I delight to find the tradition of Bunyan's Dell, and to rescue from the darkness and dust of years, the curious old portrait of Captain Hinde—Sterne's Uncle Toby.

A RUN TO VIENNA AND PESTH.

It was on the 30th of April, the day before the World's Exhibition opened, that I reached Vienna. When I left Scotland sixty-six hours before, the sun was bright and warm, and everything promised spring. Vienna is eight degrees of latitude, or 550 miles south of my northern home, not to speak of the twenty degrees of east longitude—and it was a bitter disappointment to find that I had left all the brightness and warmth behind me. It was raw in London; it was gusty and uncomfortable about Dover and Ostend; it was raining as the train crawled, an hour and a half late, into the capital of the Eastern Empire. Their own familiar May, laden with influenza, was in readiness, a truly delightful surprise for the English visitors. It neither surprised nor shocked the Viennese. Vienna is very cold when it is cold, and very hot when it is hot. It rains a great deal there, it snows a little, it blows bitterly at times. To-day the sun makes the place as hot as an Italian market-place in a blazing summer. To-morrow the winds that sweep down the long trough of the Danube, or through the gaps of the encircling hills, chill one to the bone. People say that a fall of 30° Fahrenheit in the course of a day is not uncommon, and chest complaints are dangerous and abundant. Everybody who goes to see the World's Exhibition should prepare for heat and cold, and dust and rain, and mud, and, above all, sudden and violent changes of temperature.

The 1st of May, the morning big with the fate of Baron von Schwartz Senborn and the Austrian Empire, was as depressing as it well could be. From low thick clouds a sleety drizzle dripped on the innumerable strangers who were supposed to have been gathered from all ends of the earth to witness the opening at the low charge of fifty shillings

a-piece. From the Stephan's Platz, which is an apology for a square in the centre of the city, and as like a square as St. Paul's Churchyard, an interminable line of omnibuses and carriages streamed outwards over the three miles which lay between it and the Exhibition gates. Early people started at eight; those who were not to be hurried, at nine; those who are always too late for everything thought ten time enough to enable them to get to the gates at eleven. At eleven the programme said that every entrance was to be closed; the interval till noon, when the Emperor and his Imperial and Royal guests were to open the Exhibition, being sacred to the admission of officials and the great people who were not to be jostled among the meaner crowd. The programme broke down, as it was no doubt meant it should; for when eleven came, a mile or two of carriages in continuous lines still stretched on the wrong side of the gates. The envious weather deprived the Viennese of more than half the pleasures of this great People's-Exhibition on the road to the real show. The open carriages were very few, and the toilettes in them were very much subdued. Broughams are disappointing to the most contented crowd, and even the hundreds of thousands who lined the road two, three, and four deep, on both sides of it, as we got into the Prater and neared the gates, would have found time hang heavy on their hands on that raw, drizzly morning but for the uniforms of all nations which went flashing past incessantly. There was the most wonderful variety and richness of costume. The Hungarian noble on a State occasion is a sight to which the imagination of untravelled Western Europe is scarcely equal, and the crowd supped full of ambassadors, and archdukes, and Hospodars, and Hungarians, and Pashas,

and full-dress generals and admirals of all the armies and navies of Europe. At the end of all this there was the Emperor and Empress, and half Princes Royal and Princes Imperial, and it was content to wait.

Everybody now knows the plan of the Exhibition. There is a cupola bigger than the dome of St. Paul's, under which is the great central space called the Rotunda. In the middle of this the framework of the magnificent fountain, which is to diffuse fragrance and refreshing coolness through the sultry summer, was covered, on the opening day, with evergreens. A great central space, like the saw-dust of a circus, separated it from the crowds of spectators, whose seats were in rows slanting to the inner line of pillars. Between them and the outer wall was a huge belt of floor space, meant for the crowds who could not find sitting-room. Unfortunately there were no crowds, for miles of carriages contain, after all, but a limited number of human beings, and the first fifty-shilling day appealed but feebly to the masses. It promised nothing but the presence of Emperors and Princes, and the undeniable fact that it was the first. Of course there was a little music, and the great rotunda—the work, by the bye, of our able countryman, Mr. John Scott Russell—showed for the first time how admirably it is adapted for musical purposes when filled with people. But, after all, music, and emperors, and the fine dresses of fashionable people, are not irresistible attractions, and I should guess that the spectators who occupied the rotunda were somewhere between ten and twenty thousand.

Of course there was a little excitement when the great people entered. Before us were a dozen of the most exalted ladies and gentlemen of Europe advancing to take their seats on the raised dais in front of what looked like an organ. The music led, and the great company joined in the "*Gott erhalt den Kaiser Franz*," and twenty minutes of mutual speeches, broken by intervals of music, followed. Not a word could

be heard, and there was nothing to occupy us but admiration of the vast proportions of the huge rotunda, from the top of which workmen and the special correspondents, watching us from the gallery at the base of the dome, looked like distant crows. Half-a-dozen objects in the rotunda were forecasts of the great collection of the more striking and showy "exhibits" of all nations which is now gathered there. There was a huge hexagonal tent bedstead, by Bossi. There were two gigantic and noble female figures from Switzerland, to represent the federal friendship of the united cantons. There were a couple of monstrous lions, which from the opposite side of the hall, where I stood, looked little larger than young Newfoundlands; and there was an enormous stearine bust of Milly, the great introducer of stearine soaps and candles into Germany. Milly was alone and pre-eminent, as Goethe, or Dante, or Shakespeare might have stood to claim the reverence of the assembled nations. The exhibition, as I found out afterwards, is full of stearine statues and wax-candle trophies and soap *virtù*; and, except for the shining sort of glaze upon them, they look as white and nearly as pure as marble. But Milly on the great opening day, in the centre of everything, under the admiring eyes of an Emperor and Empress and nearly a dozen Crown Princes and Crown Princesses, had reached a place quite too pre-eminent even for his saponaceous merits.

When the speeches were over, the great people began their "Rundreise." They were received everywhere by the Commissioners of the different countries, and for an hour or more the crowd in the rotunda sat still or gossiped, or sought for new places from which they could have a better chance of seeing their Majesties on their return. When they came back, the Exhibition was open, and we might go everywhere. A little went a long way. There were many curious things, but the most curious of all, as I found out in the next day or two, was the skill with

which the chaos of packing-cases and the innumerable sheds full of mere confusion that were everywhere, had been hid away. Nearly every nation was unready. Switzerland and Belgium were farthest forward. Next came England, then Germany, then Austria, then France. America had literally nothing but a curious charcoal wall-painting, some 40 feet long by 10 feet high, representing the eventful history of the unsuspecting Pig of Cincinnati, who is seduced into an establishment from which in a few brief hours he emerges as sausage and flitch of bacon. Perhaps an eighth part of the things meant to be shown were visible on the opening day. Everything is no doubt ready now, and before I left I was willing to allow that nothing yet seen in Exhibitions was to be compared with the Great World's Show in the capital which offers itself as the natural meeting of East and West.

A simple illustration may give some idea of the size of the building. Take a penny to represent the rotunda, and run out four quarter-inch spokes from it, through the ends of which, enclosing the penny, draw a square. The spokes and the sides of the square are galleries, given up half to Austria and half to Germany, and the side of the square is some 600 feet. The western spoke, the western side of the square and half of the two transverse ones, belong to Germany, and those opposite to Austria. Continue the western and eastern spoke across the square for 1,000 feet each way—as far as three pennies would go—and we have the long galleries which form the backbone of the Exhibition building for western and eastern countries. Across each of these backbones run fourteen ribs, seven on each side—the line across being some 600 feet: make these ribs also exhibiting galleries, and you have the chief building. The intercostal spaces are fitted with supplementary sheds when these are needed. If they were all so fitted, the centre building of the Exhibition would be half a mile long by half a quarter mile broad—with Germany

and Austria in the centre, the United States at one end, and Japan and China at the other. The advantages and disadvantages are alike obvious. All the products of each country pass under review, but each is by itself, and you forget the details of the one before you get to the other. Anybody who wants, for instance, to compare the cottons of Switzerland and France and Austria and America must walk huge distances from country to country.

But there are three or four devices to mitigate this hardship. To begin with, much of the machinery can only be seen and judged when it is running, and the machinery of all nations has been sent off accordingly into one great supplemental shed behind the main building, and parallel to it, where "power" can be turned on. The engineer and machinist may find a good deal belonging to him in the Industry Palace, but he will give days or weeks to the Machinery hall. Between it and the main Exhibition there is a show of what one may perhaps call dead machinery—steam ploughs, and threshing machines, and all the infinite contrivances which have made agriculture a scientific profession. The agricultural sheds are two in number—an eastern for Austria, Russia, and Hungary; and a western for France, Belgium, Germany, Great Britain, and America. The space between them, and that between them and the Exhibition, is filled up with smaller collections. There are heaps of peasants' and farmers' houses of all countries. There are gatherings of all the products of their estates by noblemen with thousands of square miles of territory. There is the show of the Austrian University of Agriculture, which presents us with the ploughs of all nations for the last 100 years, and illustrates all the agricultural products of Austria and Hungary. These are but samples taken at random of the curiosities outside in the grounds.

Besides the engineers and the farmers, there is one other competition of all nations which a visitor may witness without travelling round the Exhibition

world. The pictures and statuary are grouped in a separate building, near the Japanese and Turkish portions of the Industry Palace. Each country exhibits by itself, but it is possible to run rapidly through them all, as there is nothing but art to distract the attention. It is wonderfully well worth while. I have no desire to offer you my flying impressions of the artistic qualities of the great national schools. I had only three days to see them in, for the Emperor only opened the Art Exhibition on the 15th, and even then France had but one of five rooms ready, and Germany had none. Great Britain, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, Austria, were fairly ready, and Italy as yet showed only half of what she intended to display.

It is this universal Internationalism, so to speak, that gives its individual character to the Vienna Exhibition. In London and Paris all the world was nominally represented, but Eastern Europe was too far removed from either to make its presence felt. Vienna is the geographical capital of the whole of the Old World that is civilized. Of the 56,000 square metres in the main building, 18,000 are given to Austria and Hungary, and 19,000, or nearly the same, to Germany, France, Great Britain and Ireland, the great commercial countries of the Old World and those chiefly represented at London and in Paris. Russia is a little disappointing, for it occupies only 3,300 square metres, which is scarcely more than Hungary or Turkey. Taking the floor space, Austria has two and a half times as much as Great Britain; Germany and France have each the same as we have; Russia, Hungary, and Turkey, each half as much; Italy and Belgium, one-third as much each; China, Siam, and Japan, one-fifth as much, which is nearly the space assigned to the United States, to South America, to Switzerland and to Egypt and Mid-Africa. Holland, Greece, and the Scandinavian Peninsula have each about an eighth of what we have; Roumania, Spain, and Portugal, each about a tenth; Persia and

Mid-Asia, and Tunis and Morocco, each a twentieth. In the Vienna Exhibition, in fact, one realizes the East as it is almost impossible to realize it elsewhere. Even in the city of Vienna there is a certain Eastern odour faintly perceptible, but it is very faint. There are very few Hungarian or Slavonic names in the streets, and hardly any Hungarian or Slavonic faces. Of course one meets a Turk or two, and "Magyar spoken here" is as common as "Ici on parle Français" in London, but Vienna is a thoroughly German city. It is brisker and sprightlier than Berlin, but a German is as much at home in it as anywhere in Germany, and everybody else is as much abroad. Pass the gates of the Exhibition, and all this is altered. The great palace of the Viceroy of Egypt, with the towers prepared for the 300 white figures that are to be brought over to remind him of Cairo, during his stay here, is one of the most prominent objects. The Japanese Tea Garden and the colony of Turkish houses cluster in the immediate neighbourhood. Swedish hunting lodges, and Portuguese schools, and Hungarian and Styrian wine-houses, and Indian wigwams, where genuine negro waiters compound Catawba cobbler and mint juleps; and Swiss conditoreis, where coffee and fruit-sweetmeats are dispensed by girls gorgeous in gold and linen and bright colours from all the countries,—enable one to survey mankind from China to Peru. Persians and Turks and Japanese are frequent in the grounds, and all nations are abundant in the long sheds and galleries. Oddly enough, everybody seems to find the most interesting things to be those from home. It is in the British Exhibition that Englishmen most abound, and Russians haunt the region of iron and coal and malachite tables and furs and bear-skins.

One of the most striking things about Vienna is the enormous number of new and magnificent buildings that are being run up everywhere. The old Kaiserstadt had some 70,000 inhabitants shut up close within the iron circle of the famous fortifications. But Sadowa proved

that now-a-days capitals are lost and won upon the battle-field ; and the Emperor decided upon sweeping them away and replacing them by a broad ring of open boulevards connecting city and suburb, as the old walls had divided them. A huge street, four or five miles long, worthy of the capital of Eastern Europe, sprang up as if by magic. Long lines of stately palaces, five and six storeys high, unrolled themselves when fashion and luxury trooped to the new Rings. New building societies sprang up like mushrooms, as the earliest realized fortunes, and the banks vied with each other in giving them facilities. The circle of the Rings is not yet completed ; and the great crisis which shook the fabric of Austrian credit to its foundations, and in a single month lowered the value of the Austrian securities dealt in on the Vienna Stock Exchange by fifty millions sterling, must have ruined crowds of the building speculators who had calculated on the unlimited expansion of the city and its luxury. In the beginning of May the whole place seemed undergoing a gigantic transformation. Huge half-finished buildings everywhere swarmed, with armies of labourers, and carpenters and bricklayers buzzed about them like so many uneasy-going ants. *Mutatis mutandis*—Vienna for Drury Lane, and Bohemian for Irish—it was the scene in the “Rejected Addresses” over again :—

“Ropes rose and sank, and rose again,
And nimble workmen trod ;
To realize bold Wyatt’s plan
Rush’d many a howling Irishman,
Loud clatter’d many a porter can,
And many a ragamuffin clan,
With trowel and with hod.”

Three quarters of the boulevards were filled up with bran-new palaces, and the other quarter with palaces still in the hands of the builder. It was very much the same in most of the suburbs. The sense of transformation under one’s very eyes—the visible growth from an old-fashioned fortress town to a great capital open alike to friends and foes—explained the fever of the streets, the breakneck pace of the drivers, and the

sense of activity everywhere around you. But you need not go far a-field to see the countries of the years before Sadowa. Enter the town from some village in the outskirts—say Hetzendorf, for instance, and you will find roads so uneven that you could bury a sheep in their deep holes, bearing the traffic of a wide and fertile country district to the very gates of one of the greatest capitals of Europe. Nowhere are the old and the new in sharper contrast than in Austria. Vienna is the incarnation of the feverish energy and vivacity of the new. The villages about her, and for that matter the outdoor labourers in the city itself, enable one to understand the old.

After a few days the Exhibition tired me, for mountains of packing-cases were arriving every day from the railway stations, where they had been blocked for months. After the exhibition there is little to fall back upon but the Opera, the concerts, and the theatre. The picture galleries seemed to me comparatively uninteresting ; and after spending a few evenings in admiring the perfect training of orchestra and chorus, the beauty of the scenic effects, and the general level excellence of the acting at the Opera, I made the excursion which most visitors to Vienna will be tempted to make this season, and ran down the Danube to Pesth. Shakespeare, by the way, is in great favour in Vienna. I saw “Romeo and Juliet” admirably performed by a better general company, and one which showed a truer appreciation of this author, than I remembered to have seen at home ; and Nikolai’s version of the “Merry Wives of Windsor” was performed one evening at the Opera. Frau Fluth and Frau Reich—Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Page—were admirable ; and Sir John was, out of sight, the best Sir John I have happened to come across. No doubt he is the difficulty of the opera, and the farcicalness of the part needs to be exaggerated a little to adapt it to the altered conditions. But the brisk and sparkling dialogue of the “Merry Wives,” and the love passages of Master Fenton, suit opera admirably ; and the ballet of the fairies who pinch

the fat knight in the wood, makes a magnificent spectacular close.

The way to Pesth and back recommended by the guide-books and sanctioned by common sense, is to go down the Danube in the steamer, which takes thirteen hours, and come back by train, which takes seven. The current, which runs nearly five miles an hour at Vienna, and three miles an hour at Pesth, makes up-stream sailing slow and weary work, and the voyage takes twice as long as the voyage down. It is something even to have seen the great river of Central Europe. I had stood before on the naked tableland in the Black Forest, between Furtwangen and Donauschwingen, from which the waters divide, flowing westward to the Rhine and the German Ocean, and eastward to the Black Sea. Years ago I had seen the Danube rush, fierce, deep, and narrow, past the quaint old towers and the quainter old cathedral of Ulm. On the road to Vienna I had caught casual glimpses of it in the distance, and the city itself is on a branch of the river. But it is only the Regulirte Donau, a bit of the Danube turned into a Vienna canal. We embarked on the Regulated Danube at half-past six, and half-an-hour later were transferred to the bigger boat that was to take us all the way. It was a miserable morning of low grey clouds and sullen streaming rain, without promise or hope. For hours and hours there was nothing to interest us but the swift-rushing river beneath, tearing onward like a mill-race to the sea. The "*schöne blaue Donau*" between Vienna and Pesth is a turbid, clay-coloured torrent, that bends and swirls away through interminable flat plains, fringed by osier beds, and apparently empty of population. Every now and then it breaks up into two or three channels, and encloses some long flat island like Lobau, where Napoleon and 180,000 of the best soldiers in Europe were imprisoned for six weeks, after the checks of Aspern and Essling, only to burst out on their Austrian keepers the night before the decisive victory of Wagram. A few wretched villages—

one that was "taken by Attila"—a stray farm or two in the far distance, a cart drawn by four oxen, a colony of water-mills, alone interrupt the monotony. These Danube water-mills are odd-looking institutions. In those great plains wind is an unreliable "power," which lies idle for weeks or months, and when it comes often comes in hurricanes. Except the Danube and its tributaries there is little water, and the farmers drive their grain from long distances across the roadless plains to these primitive grinding shops. Two broad flat-bottomed boats are moored together, and on the one nearest the stream a house is constructed for the miller. As the current is strongest near the middle of the river, he anchors his house, and his mill, which is built on the second boat, as near the centre as he can, to be out of the highway of the steamers and other craft. His mill is simple. A trunk of a tree seems to be the axle, and transverse boards, containing the spokes of the water-wheel, splash round and receive in succession the blows of the current. Half-a-dozen, or sometimes a dozen of these curiosities may be moored one behind the other, a little village of amphibious animals.

The river sweeps through a gap of something like highlands, past the morass or marsh, and into Hungary. But for long it is the same monotonous story—the great river rushing seaward through osier beds and wide fields of cattle country—the water-mills, with their appended millers' houses, dropping lazily in the stream—the grey clouds slowly rising and the rain gradually softening into a dismal drizzle, and hardly anything but the boat in which we were visible in the dead-alive landscape. Our boat itself is only half-interesting. Its steerage is filled with a motley crew of country people, of unknown nationalities, talking languages equally unknown. Apparently there are a few Turks, and a considerable number of Danubian principality people, but the bulk of the passengers, to guess from the frogged and braided coats and jack boots, was Hungarian. The

cabin has sleeping-berths for some forty people below, and a deck-house is built above them, on the top of which is our fine-weather promenade, while inside it some kind of meal, some coffee, or a little bottle of wine, or a second breakfast, is always going on. In the corner three black and dirty-looking Danubian commercial travellers are playing "beggar my neighbour" with ferocious rapidity and under great excitement. They were at it without moving for three hours at least, and one could not help admiring the resources of the human mind which has discovered and can enjoy such a refuge from *ennui*.

About 1 o'clock we reached Komorn, the great fortress of Hungary, from which it defied the Austrians in 1848, and which is now, it is supposed, one of the strongest in the world. It lies where the Waag, one of her largest tributaries, joins the Danube. There is a little, flat, dreary town, with a desolate steeple or two. The inhabitants are, it seems, chiefly Calvinists. There are few signs of life, but the plain on both sides of both rivers is broken here and there by innumerable low mounds, with ditches before them, which give the low, sullen, wicked look of a modern fortress. For the most part a great *Festung* is as ugly as a huge iron-clad. It is not the old rugged hill crowned with a grey castle frowning on the country below it, that strikes terror into the heart of an invader—it is the bit of open country sown with forts, within the lines of which an army may shelter, and which is all but indistinguishable from the monotonous landscape. It is thus that the fortifications of Verona keep watch on the Adige, where it bends away from the Alpine valley into the broad plains of Lombardy; and Komorn sits silent and almost unnoticed at the confluence of the Danube and the Waag. One might have scarcely observed the fortifications, but for the trumpeter who came out of the last of them as we swept past it, as suddenly as the little man who emerges from a Black Forest clock, and who blew a gay little blast, most likely to gather the scattered warriors to their mid-day

meal. We took it kindly. Perhaps he was inviting us, as the fortress is supposed to do, with a "kommen Morgen"—come here to-morrow—for there is no use trying to get in to-day. As the day wore on the clouds drew back and the sun began to show. Our imprisoned fellow-passengers came crawling out to the upper deck, like so many flies awakened from their winter slumbers by the genial warmth. The river grew more interesting. Hills began to appear far to the right, and farms and villages could occasionally be seen. The hills crept closer and closer to the river, till at a turning the cathedral and ruined fortress of Gran burst upon us. The curtain of the hills of the Bakonyer Wald sweeps down to the river, and our passage seems barred by the cathedral, which stands on a lofty mound jutting into the river. The Hungarians think it the fac-simile of St. Peter's at Rome. It has a cupola like St. Peter's, and pillars with a frieze and statues above it, as in that famous model. But what the Hungarian St. Peter's lacks in size and perhaps in dignity, it makes up in the picturesqueness of its situation, for it would be difficult anywhere to find a nobler site. Certainly, the cathedral of the old ecclesiastical city which was made a bishopric by King Stephen in 1001, is as much superior to the mites of squalid little village churches which blinked at us from time to time from the banks of the Danube, as St. Peter's is to the great churches of the Italian towns. There is something indeed Italian about the whole scene. A splendid sweep of vine and wood-clad hills to right and left lies under the sullen and threatening light of a thunder-laden afternoon; side valleys cut down through it to the plain which fringes the river brink in torrents of foliage; when the eye catches the naked rock between the vine-rows, it looks blood-red as everything in Italy looks to one fresh from the sober colour of the Alps. As we sweep past the sacred city of Hungary, the river narrows—the hills gather upon either side, and the Danube runs for an hour or two in a gorge like that which holds the Rhine

between Andernach and Bingen. From Gran to Wissegraud, the "high fortress" where the kings of Hungary lived in the eleventh century, and on to Wartzen, where the river, which has been struggling eastward, suddenly gives it up and tumbles away from the hills straight to the south,—the Danube is finer, to my thinking, than the Rhine. The vines do not look so much like potato rows; the enclosing hills are higher, and the great river itself fills you with the sense of its majesty and power. There are fewer noble castles to solicit one's jaded attention; but the thought how far and how fast we are running through unfamiliar countries and peoples to the very gates of the mysterious East, haunts one with a quickening charm. The evening was closing in as the steamer carried us to Buda-Pesth, or Pesth-Ofen—to discover, to one's astonishment, that the lines of palaces on the boulevards at Vienna were repeating themselves along the river front of the capital of Hungary. But it is late, and the long day's sail has surely earned a night's repose.

The city of Pesth is singularly well situated. Those who know Edinburgh can easily realize it. The Princes Street valley, through which the railway runs, must be doubled in breadth and filled up with the Danube, and the Calton Hill must be taken bodily across it and placed on the same side as the Castle. When that has been done, and the whole Princes Street side smoothed down into a great flat plain of houses running out to miniature fields and open country, we have a model of Pesth-Ofen. Ofen is the double-hilled town across the Danube, with the Emperor's palace where the Castle stands—the rock sweeping down less steeply to the river, and falling in terrace gardens, bright with laurels and laburnums and flowering currants. In place of the Calton Hill stands the fortress of the Blocksberg, which could at any moment lay the open city of Pesth in ruins. The town of Ofen is a mass of tortuous and half-paved lanes struggling upwards from the river between and towards these two summits. It is

picturesque enough from the other side, but close at hand it is poor and mean, a sort of Irish village multiplied fifty-fold in population. On the river there are some handsome houses, above there are but peasants' cottages and little beer-shops, and a church or two. The glory of Buda Pesth is modern. Eighty years since the University was brought in from Tyrnau, and many of the public buildings still remind one of the old days when the town was insignificant. The fine buildings are all new, and away from the river esplanade they are not numerous. There is a huge cathedral begun,¹ and left quarter finished. There is a great Jewish synagogue in a sort of Moorish architecture, which is the largest and most remarkable ecclesiastical building of the place. It is with a strange sensation that one reads signboards in three languages—German, Magyar, and Hebrew—to inform the passer-by that he may have beer and wine. There are many Jews here, and there must be many who know nothing but Hebrew, or these Hebrew signboards could hardly be so common. The theatres, the post-office, the municipal buildings, are poor and mean. There is a little oddity of a Greek church, with a huge painted screen, stretching from floor to ceiling, completely separating choir from nave. There are Protestant and Roman Catholic churches, and a cloister and a monastery. I should have thought there was little poverty in the place, had I not chanced to see one mid-day distribution of alms at the Franciscan cloister. A troop of old men and women were swarming in and out at the side gateway of the Franciscan church. They went through a long cloister till they came to a room beside the kitchen of the monastery, in which a comfortable-looking monk, of about forty, was smoking a long pipe and superintending the distribution of meat soup. It was dreadful to see how greedily some half-dozen of the poor old creatures, who were nuzzling together inside the door of the cloister, were devouring the soup and meat they had just received, plunging their fingers into the smoking mess,

and worrying the solid bits as eagerly as a starving dog worries a bone. Outside there was little sign of poverty. Everybody seemed busy and industrious. There is far less of outward charity than in Vienna; indeed, there is a certain king-of-my-castle air, but there seems much more work about the shopkeepers, and everybody one meets with is at first hardly agreeable. There are innumerable book-shops. The literature is cosmopolitan—French, English, German, and Magyar, but it is plain that German is a foreign language, like French or English. The official proclamations and the street bills are mostly in both languages, but one never finds them in German only, and often only in Hungarian. To my surprise, the people are anything but handsome. Most of the grown men are short and square-built and strong-looking, but there is a greater mass of stunted and unhealthy-looking lads with blotchy faces and bad blood, than I have seen, I think, in any other capital in Europe. It is out in the country perhaps that one sees the true Hungarian; and when we did go out, we seemed to lose the unlovely-looking clerks and *commis-voyageurs* who crowded us in Pesth itself. But even about them there was an unmistakable look of the East; and it is clear that with Vienna we have left behind us many habits of Western Europe.

Pesth is still full of memories of 1849. In the open square beside the palace there is a monument to General Hentzl, who, "with Colonel Allmoth and 418 braves, died here a death of sacrifice for Emperor and Fatherland." The Hungarians swarmed across the river up the hill from Pesth, and poor Hentzl did what he could to keep them from the heights on which the citadel was then planted. But the ruin of that time, and the resolution since Sadowa to treat Pesth as almost an equal capital of the Austro-Hungarian Empires and Kingdom, have given it the material impulse of which it shows so many signs.

We went out one day to the races, when they were honoured by the presence of the Prince of Wales and Prince Arthur. The Rakos course lies some

five miles or so from the centre of the city, on a broad oasis-bordered flat. Horses, riders, and trainers were many of them English. There was the grand stand, the saddling place, and the ring, but they were different from the English institutions of the same names. There is no betting in one sense, but there is a sort of public sweepstakes in which everybody puts down so much on the horse he thinks likely to win. If he chooses an outsider, the chances are that there will be few with whom he will have to divide his winnings; if he chooses a "hot" favourite, he cannot expect much more than his stake to be returned. The races were much like other races, except one for farmers' horses. It was ridden by Hungarian farmers without saddles, and in their natural costume. A huge nightshirt flows down to the feet, and is sewed up to make a loose pair of trousers. A sleeveless waistcoat is stuck on, and the long white arms of the shirt fly loose, a foot or so broad, at the wrist. The head is covered with something like a tea-cosy, or a smoking-cap, with a feather stuck in it, and the dress is complete. The horses were light-looking, but active and business-like, and the riders rode as keenly as if the race was for life. Two of them could not get their restive animals off till the others had run nearly half the course, but they insisted on running it out as faithfully as if they had a ghost of a chance of winning. Over every incident of the race the excitement of the crowd was as great as it could have been at home, and the "road out" was as dusty and as full of perilous chances to carriage or rider. But there was no such carnival of "*gaminess*," either here or at Vienna, as on an English racecourse. There were no Aunt Sallys or Cheap Jacks, or men with nimble peas or shows, or Chinese jugglers. Everything was decorous and business-like, till the common eagerness over the race made the whole world kin. I was called home hurriedly, and the vivid contrast between Pesth and London was the most startling of my experiences of Eastern travel.

W. J.

MY TIME, AND WHAT I'VE DONE WITH IT.

BY F. C. BURNAND.

CHAPTER XIII.

MR. COMBERWOOD ENTERS—SUNDAY AT RINGHURST.

HE was an enormous man, every way. Over six feet, and stout out of all proportion. The dog-cart horse, specially purchased for this work, could do nothing more in a day than take his master to and from the station. In London all omnibuses were closed against him at the price, and cabmen suddenly became singularly short-sighted when hailed by Mr. Comberwood on the pavement. Once he was in the same situation as the famous Irishman who, being taken in a sedan-chair whereof the bottom was out, remarked that "but for the look of the thing he'd as lief have walked"—that is, Mr. Comberwood's legs appeared as auxiliaries to the wheels: fortunately without accident, and without either a summons or an action. You can't expect an ordinary vehicle, intended for ordinary persons, to carry an elephant; and an ordinary driver, obliged to take up a fare whatever his size, can't bring an action against his customer for exceeding a certain weight.

Mr. Comberwood's practice was therefore chiefly in chambers, where Mahomet came to the mountain, the mountain being a necessity to Mahomet as a client.

He had a bald head, bordered from temple to temple with hair, as evenly and exactly as if he had been measured for it by a village barber, with an inverted wooden basin, and this hair was as curly and neutral-tinted as the Astrachan trimming on a lady's jacket. He spoke quickly, and repeated his sentences, in part, or wholly, as might be necessary. His countenance was capable of three expressions, and three only.

The first was humorous, the second irritable, and the third blank incapacity. He appeared at his largest when wearing the last expression; it was the one that came naturally to him after dinner, when he spread himself out over a stalwart arm-chair and stared at the fire, which must have seemed to him like the glow of the setting sun illuminating the outline of his waistcoat's horizon. The first and second expressions merged into one another. When humorous he became suddenly irritable, and when irritable he became suddenly humorous. Also if his wife were inclined to be irritable, he became immediately humorous. She herself had no humour, nor appreciation of it.

He kissed Mrs. Comberwood and Alice (which I did not like), and told the boys to help him off with his great coat. It *was* a great coat with a vengeance. Judiciously parcelled out, it would have clothed a deserving family of eight.

He was very glad to see me.

"Hullo!" he said; "Master Colvin, hey? What's your name? what's your name?—hey?"

This was said so fast as to be almost unintelligible to me. I paused, and smiled. I did not like to ask what he had said. He did not, however, give me time to think over it, as he went on hurriedly, wearing his humorous expression,—

"Not got a name—hey? No godfathers and godmothers—hey? What did your godfathers and godmothers do for you—hey?"

"Papa!" said Alice, reproachfully.

"They gave him a name—hey?"

"Cecil, sir."

"Cecil—hey? Cecil. Here, Dick,

take that fish to the cook ; don't tumble down with it now—hey? Do you hear?"

"Yes, Papa."

"Now then," he went on, "hands washing—'what no soap, so he died'—hey?" To me: "Did you ever hear that story, Master Cecil. 'No soap—she bear—and the Great Panjandrum with the little round button at the top'—hey?"

I had not, and hoped he would tell me.

Mrs. Comberwood now thought it time to interfere.

"Dinner is already very late," she said, with the precise certainty of a person who knows what o'clock it is to a minute, "so I do beg you will get ready at once, Stephen."

We passed that evening, a very short one, with the weight of the coming Sunday morning on us. This was to be the first Sunday I had ever spent away from home in the holidays. Miss Alice was generally for straying into theological discussion, while Austin read, and Dick taught me the game of Fox and Geese with draughts. Mr. and Mrs. Comberwood talked about the people who were coming, and who were not, to their party. Alice joined them in this, and my attention was drawn towards them twice by the mention of Herbert Pritchard and Mr. Cavander.

"How's Uncle Herbert—hey?" asked Mr. Comberwood ; "you didn't know he'd be here. Yes: come to look after you and give a good report to your father—hey? What a good boy am I—Horner in the corner—hey?"

Then he resumed his part in the conversation.

On Sunday morning he read family prayers. Kneeling was out of the question with him. He did it vicariously, through Alice, who was devotional enough for the whole party, enjoying it so evidently, that, not being accustomed to outward piety, and knowing nothing at all of inward, I wondered mightily.

During the morning, all mention of the coming theatricals and party was banished. Mr. Comberwood did ample

justice to the breakfast in the true spirit of a holiday-maker who has the entire day before him. On week days he scarcely knew what breakfast meant: it was a hindrance, which very often had nearly caused the loss of his train. But on Sundays, this, and luncheon, were novelties to be thoroughly enjoyed.

We did everything to the sound of the bell, so much so, that I soon began to derive the name of the place from this practice. A bell got the servants out of bed, and us out of our sleep. Bell number two ordered them to breakfast. The third bell was to inform us that they could not go on any longer alone, and "their betters" must get up and help them. The fourth bell invited us to breakfast. This was an economical bell, and did duty for prayers too. Then came the church bells, running after one another merrily ever so many times, then taking breath, then coming out at intervals in pairs, then the laggard by himself was peremptorily stopped by the church clock striking the hour. Then on our return, there was bell number five for us to prepare, so that the announcement which would have to be presently made should not take us by surprise; then number six, which let out the secret of luncheon, and number seven to summon the servants to dinner in the servants' hall. Tea had another bell, being the eighth. The ceremony of dressing for dinner was celebrated with a good rattling fantasia, number nine, on the bell. Dinner itself was the occasion for the tenth, the servants' supper for the eleventh, and evening family prayers the twelfth.

We walked to church slowly and comfortably. Alice had plenty of questions to ask poor old women, tottering old men in slate-coloured smocks, and shy children.

The church at Whiteboys was the first village church I had seen, that is I mean with a purely village congregation. It had its Christmas decorations, chiefly done by Alice Comberwood. It was an old Norman church, and one of the few objects of interest in the neighbourhood. It had been patched up and re-

stored, and its massive pillars were half hidden by the high pews. The pews indeed were so high that had a stranger suddenly entered during the lessons, or the sermon, he would have thought he had come upon a clergyman rehearsing his part in an empty church. Looked at in perspective and on a level, the tops of the pews seemed like a sea of fixed waves, between each of which, when the heads popped up, you suddenly beheld the bathers.

This description could not of course apply to Mr. Comberwood, and *à-propos* it now occurs to me what a magnificent *Swisse* he would have made in a French church. I could not help remarking Mr. Comberwood during service. He was short-sighted, and took a long time to find and fix his eye-glasses. He generally got hold of the wrong psalm, when he made the responses, in a rather husky, but very audible voice, and so quickly, that he had finished his verse before the rest of the congregation had got half-way through theirs, when, having done his part, he would look round from under his glasses (he always viewed everything from a point either above or below his eye-glasses, never straight through them), as though inquiring irritably, "Why the deuce don't you get on—hey?" When his wife, or Miss Alice, would point out his mistake to him in a whisper, he replied aloud, "Hey—what?"

Having ascertained the nature of their communication, his legal training rendered it compulsory on him to verify their assertions by reference to the calendar, when having arrived at a right and proper conclusion, and found the correct psalm, he had to wait some seconds in order to adjust, as it were, his ears to the new sounds, and test the accuracy of the congregation's responses by the text of the Prayer-book. When the hymn time came, he put his whole voice into it, and shot ahead of organ, choir, and everybody, until the antagonism got so fierce as to threaten the peace of the worshippers. He led them whether they would or not, that is to say he was first, the organ a good second, and the

people last, following sulkily. When on coming out of church he observed, "That was a beautiful hymn to-day—hey? very fine hymn—hey?" you might be certain that he had had quite a field-day of it, all to himself. Occasionally the choir skipped, by arrangement, verse number three, an omission of which Mr. Comberwood took no notice, singing it right through without faltering, and commencing verse number four just as the clergyman was commencing his short pre-preaching prayer, and the congregation were settling into various praying attitudes, of which the one considered most reverential at Whiteboys was a compromise between kneeling and sitting, which was neither one nor the other, and very little of either.

Alice knelt. She had a beautiful book in Gothic binding, the printing being in red and black. She was enthusiastic at lunch-time about her pupils for the choir of boys which she had begun to train, and spoke with deep regret of the sentiments and opinions of the parish clergyman, who, she said, was fast asleep and wanted waking.

In the evening we had sacred music, when Alice sang sweetly, and I was enraptured. Bedtime was at an early hour, and when I had tucked myself carefully up for the night, Mrs. Comberwood entered, and bending over me, said, "Good night, Master Cecil. You have no mother, poor boy. You shall be one of my boys. Good night. God bless you." Wherewith she pressed her lips on my forehead with another loving motherly kiss; and I have seldom fallen asleep as happily, and in such sweet peacefulness, as on that first Sunday night at Ringhurst Whiteboys.

CHAPTER XIV.

MONDAY AT RINGHURST—THE SISTERS—
LIKES AND DISLIKES—AN UNWELCOME
GUEST WELCOMED.

MR. COMBERWOOD went up to town on Monday morning early. He breakfasted hurriedly, keeping his eye on the clock and his watch, as though suspicious of

some collusion between these two to prevent his catching the train. The dining-room clock was two minutes in advance of his watch, corroborating the latter's evidence, and volunteering additional statements. Then, everything necessary for his departure, although displayed in perfect order under his very eye, on the hall table, had to be requisitioned hastily.

"Where's my coat—hey—my coat? Now then, Dick."

"Yes, Papa."

"Ah!"—here the butler assisted him on with his overcoat. "Now, let me see—where's my umbrella? Can't go without my umbrella." Umbrella produced. "Ah! gloves—hey—no gloves? Alice—where—" Gloves shown to be waiting for him. "Ah! now then—there—there hey?"—this to me, with a humorous expression. "Nothing you want me to do in town? No"—this to his wife—"Very well—I shall hear about the professional person you know—all right." Then with a vast amount of puffing, he hoisted himself on to the driving-box of the dog-cart, adjusted the reins, called out to the groom "Rough shod? no stumbling? Hey?" to which the man replied that it was a thaw, the snow lying only in long stripes about the country, as if rows of white linen had been left out to dry on the ground; then on Mr. Comberwood crying out, "Let her go! ky up!" the groom released the horse's head, dashed after the trap, clambered up and took his seat behind in all the stern composure of folded arms, the evident representative of ignorant Prejudice turning its back on Progress, with which it is compelled to be carried along in spite of itself, and looking only to the traditions of the past.

The performances at Ringhurst had been long ago projected by Alice Comberwood for the stirring up of the neighbours generally.

"No one ever does anything here," she said, in the course of the morning, complainingly to Mrs. McCracken, her elder sister, who had come to stay over the festivities.

"You're better off for amusement than we are, though, Ally," replied her sister, who was providently knitting worsted stockings.

Miss Comberwood had married a Norfolk clergyman with, it was said, "prospects." In a certain sense this was decidedly true. There was already a family of three. "Prospects," unqualified by any sort of adjective, command a wide range. To make up for the omission of an adjective, old ladies talked of Mr. McCracken's prospects with pursed-up lips and graduated nods, whose movement, beginning briskly, died away imperceptibly, like those of the China mandarin's head in a grocer's, which are becoming as rare as politeness.

Mr. McCracken's prospects consisted in reality of little more than what he surveyed from his kitchen window, in the rear, and from his drawing-room in front. How poor country clergymen manage, not only to exist respectably on two hundred and fifty per annum, but to send sons to the university, was, at one time, as great a problem to me, as ever it must have been to them. But when I met the sons, when I knew what they had learnt at home, what they could turn their heads and hands to, and how—what with scholarships and odd prizes, such as, hidden away from sight in dusty old collegiate corners, do exist for the benefit of honest lads like these—they contrived to lighten their father's burden, while improving their own position, then I understood it all; and if ever I require a couple of heroes for an epic, I know where to find my models. Much to the disappointment of my friends, I take this opportunity of stating that I have no intention whatever of writing an epic.

And the only use of the above disquisition is to present you with a fair estimate of Mr. McCracken's prospects, which had not improved since his marriage, and were not regarded in a hopeful light, privately, by Mrs. McCracken, who, however, was as blithe, cheerful, and contented as, I believe, she

would have been with half the sum, or double.

"Ah," said Alice, "you don't care about amusement. You've got your own at home."

Mrs. McCracken smiled, paused, looked at the fire-place with the air of having forgotten something, and resumed her knitting. Then she observed—

"I don't care for theatricals, if that's what you mean, Ally. You know I never did."

"I know you were always Little Mother, weren't you, Nellie? Always staid and quiet, and ever so many years older than you really are."

"Nellie has a good deal to occupy her time," said Mrs. Comberwood, who was rather reserved in evincing her own admiration for her second daughter. She was afraid of her.

"Yes, of course she has. She was cut out for a clergyman's wife." Then she added, as if fearful of having said something unkind, "Dear Andrew! I'm sure there's not a better brother-in-law in the world."

"Nor husband," said Nellie, sedately.

"Yet I *do* think," cried Alice impulsively, "that clergymen ought not to marry."

"My dear Alice!" exclaimed Mrs. Comberwood, who had caught a whisper of this before among the "newfangled notions."

"Then all the young curates would be licensed to flirt on the premises. Very dangerous!" laughed the elder sister, speaking as one who, from her experience, could afford to ridicule such a notion. In her old-fashioned and well-regulated ideas, a clergyman was, necessarily, a marrying man. If it was not good for man, of the laity, to be alone, much less was it for man, of the clergy.

Alice saw matters in a very different light, and was in a heat directly.

"I don't see why they should flirt."

"It is their nature to," said Mrs. McCracken, still laughing.

"Nature, dear! There is something more than nature required for a clergy-

man," replied Alice, warming with her subject.

"Something more than nature? Well good-nature, I suppose."

Alice did not approve of this levity on so serious a subject; or rather on a subject which she had chosen to make so sacred. Yet she had given herself a mission, which was to convert her family—from their own views to hers. The service, at Andrew McCracken's church, was as unpalatable to Alice as the informalities of a meeting-house; and she thought that could she influence Andrew in the direction of ornate devotions, and just a trifle more surplice and stole to begin with, what a great thing it would be for—for what? Well, she would not hesitate to reply—"For the future of Anglicanism." This I heard her say to Austin, who seemed to ponder her words, as he caressed his favourite sister.

They dearly loved each other. Austin was two years her junior, yet his grave countenance and generally delicate appearance, gave him an air of seniority which was much increased by his calm demeanours and thoughtful way of speaking. He was a born student. Alice sipped books; Austin drank them to the dregs. Alice was easily daunted by uncut leaves; Austin faced them knife in hand, and conquered. Alice peeped at the last page of a novel to see how it ended; then she skipped all the descriptions, and alighted only on points of dialogue, or action. Her bent was dramatic. Austin trudged through the book-country bravely, taking it as it came—heavy plough, marsh, shady lane, or hard, open road. He paused to admire, or to reckon up matters between reader and author. He missed nothing, and, having once read any passage of more than ordinary merit, he remembered it, sometimes literally, but always its proper sense. I have already said how he told me most of the Waverley novels. It is a great tribute to the skill he brought to this kindly, self-imposed task, to record, that when I came to read "*Ivanhoe*," "*Guy Mannering*," and the "*Talisman*,"

I was, in a manner, disappointed. Austin's voice was wanting, and he had made reading a trouble to me. It had been so delightful to lie in bed, gradually sinking to rest, to the delicious music of romance and chivalry.

Austin had now joined them, having entered the dining-room in search of me, and the conversation took a new turn.

"Alice."

"Well, Austy."

"The carpenter is here about the arrangements for the stage in the drawing-room. You understand these matters better than I; will you see him?"

"Yes, at once."

"Does Mr. Cavander come home to-day?" asked Austin of his mother, as Alice was leaving the room.

She stopped at the door. I was naturally interested in the reply, and looked from Alice to Mrs. Comberwood, and then back again.

"Yes. He will come down with your father this afternoon."

"I know some one who'll be delighted to see him," observed Mrs. McCracken, slyly.

Alice blushed. At that minute I knew some one who would *not* be delighted to see him. That some one was myself.

Alice, mind, was just on eighteen; I was thirteen and a half. Mr. Cavander's youth, or age, was of no consequence to me: I was jealous of him. I disliked him already: now, I could have challenged him with the greatest possible pleasure, and should have disposed of him with rapture.

I think I must have blushed deeply on this occasion, as Mrs. Comberwood and Mrs. McCracken both laughed.

"Well," said Alice, still at the door, as if the subject had so great an attraction for her that she must speak on it, "I do like him. He's very clever; isn't he, Austy?"

Austin smiled. He only asked if Mr. Cavander was going to take a part.

"No," said Alice, "that's the worst of it. He's coming to be among the

audience. I know," she added, in despairing accents, "I shall never be able to do anything before him."

Oh, I could have demolished him there and then. Afraid of *him*! Whatever his cleverness, I despised him. I rather fancy I expressed myself so strongly to this effect, as to cause them all, including Alice, considerable amusement.

I wished at that moment that the drama could have been "Blue Beard," with Cavander as the celebrated polygamist, Alice for Fatima, and myself as Selim, to rush in just as his scimitar was coming down, and—whish—run him through the body. The theatricals with which I would have amused the company, should have been the kind of entertainment that upset the Danish court, and made the wicked King go supperless to bed.

The preparations occupied Alice and her brother Dick the greater part of the morning, and at luncheon Cavander was again mentioned.

"He's rather like a Jew," said young Dick, boldly.

"Have you ever seen a Jew?" asked Alice, colouring.

"Yes, at school. A chap very like Cavander——"

"*Mister* Cavander," interposed his mother, correcting him.

"They do not learn manners at school," said Alice.

"And they don't teach 'em at home," retorted Dick, who had a hot temper.

"Hush, Dick," said Austin, gravely.

"Oh, humbug!" cried Dick, who had somehow got thoroughly out of temper with everybody. "Cavander's a fool, and Alice makes such a fuss about him."

I could have embraced him.

He went on:

"Yes, you do, Alice; and you look at him when you're talking, as if you wanted to know whether you're saying your lesson right—and—when he's here you never come with us—and——"

He couldn't fire off his revolver quick enough. But before he was stopped—as he was with spirit by Alice, who was

immediately backed by her mother's authority—I think one bullet had certainly gone straight home. In a half-apologetic, half-sulky tone, Dick continued, giving a last shot as he retired,—

"Well, you know you do. You're always talking with him about churches, and that sort of thing."

Alice brightened up, and the two other ladies smiled. The absurdity of Alice's attempting such a conversion as Mr. Cavander's had often, ere now, been a subject for their quiet merriment.

"It's a fancy she has at present," was Mrs. Comberwood's opinion; "she'll give it up as she gets older."

In the afternoon Alice and Dick went out riding. I was offered a pony, but did not feel quite certain of my capabilities, although I should have liked to have accompanied Alice.

Later on Mr. Comberwood arrived, bringing down a heap of packages from town, and appearing, as Mr. Verney might have described him, "in his character of Izaak Walton, on the threshold of the honest alehouse, where he was welcomed by the buxom hostess"—that is, with the usual basket of fish. Having seen his parcels all deposited, and kissed his wife, he said, briefly, "Here's Cavander," rather as if he had counted him among the packages, and after the turbot.

"Anyone else?" inquired Mrs. Comberwood, after welcoming her visitor.

"Let me see—let me see," said Mr. Comberwood, fumbling about in all his pockets, one after the other, as though he had mislaid a friend or two in an odd corner. "No, not to-day—not to-day."

He chorused his last words in his fussy way, walking about, and sniffing suspiciously, in a fee-fo-fum and ogreish fashion, and then stopped to stare at me, with an expression of comic surprise at seeing me before him on that particular occasion.

"I've seen your Uncle Van, to-day—hey? Yes——"

"Any message for me, sir?" I asked, with an air of importance.

"Yes—of course—he said bad boy—

whip him—hey?" Then he followed his wife into the library.

While we were all here, Alice returned.

She came in from her ride the very picture of full bloom. The sweet scent of the fresh country air was upon her: its fragrance about her. As she walked into the study amongst the old musty books, it was like letting the bright light of a May morning in upon a closely curtained chamber.

"Miss Alice! how well you are looking!" said Cavander, advancing to take her hand, in evident admiration.

Ah! she had not seen him at first: "it was so dark," she said, "coming out of the open air."

"Shall we return to it, if you are not fatigued with your ride?" he asked, and his voice was so sweetly modulated, and yet so strangely to *my* ears, that it was like the effect of a commonplace tune, set by a skilled musician to the most perfect harmonies.

"Yes, I am a little tired," returned Alice. "Come and see Bess before they put her into her stall. She was a favourite of yours, you remember. She's so much improved, you wouldn't know her again."

"That's unkind, Miss Alice. I'm not a George the Fourth. I never forget a favourite."

So chatting, they left the room. He had taken no notice of me, beyond saying, "Ah, you again," when he first entered.

Cavander classed boys with toy dogs—expensive, useless, stupid, dirty, and always in the way.

Master Dick's behaviour towards him was consistently sulky, and to my mind Cavander was less of a Doctor Fell than heretofore, as now I had positive and clear reasons for disliking him.

Had I been asked what harm could possibly come from Alice's partiality for Mr. Cavander and his liking for her, of course I should have been utterly at a loss for an answer. I was in a minority, without even the shadow of a right to an objection. Dick was with me to a certain extent. Austin tolerated him on his sister's account,

and committed himself to no opinion on Cavander, except as to his cleverness, which he admitted. Indeed, with Alice, he was fond of listening to him talking on most subjects. The family generally appeared to be proud of their visitor. I was ignorant of evil, but I was jealous. Being jealous, I was suspicious of there being a great deal more than met the eye; but as to the nature and extent of what I feared, I was totally in the dark.

Ignorance is the best soil for suspicion, and, therefore, mine flourished prodigiously.

CHAPTER XV.

RINGHURST — PROSPECTIVE ARRANGEMENTS—FIRESIDE FANCIES—ARRIVALS—A FULL HOUSE—I AM STARTLED—THE RESULT OF UNCLE VAN'S DILEMMA.

THE piece to be played by our elders in the Ringhurst Whiteboys back-drawing-room was a French *proverbe*, with which a grateful English public had already been made acquainted by the help of a kindly version rendered into language understood of the people. Alice had read this aloud one evening to her parents, and had suggested "getting it up." So it was got up, and to avert hostile criticism, and to keep the evening's entertainment to its original domestic character, Alice arranged a little after-piece, as already described, wherein, however, her brothers would not play unless she joined them, as authoress and actress. So she consented, and stooped to the pigmies in order to disarm the giants. Her appearance, in *Naughty Little Blue Beard*, seemed to introduce the reality of children's make-believes, and the freshness of innocence among such otherwise overpowering vanities as were those of costuming, painting, and directing and ordering at rehearsals.

And what to all well-regulated minds, let me ask, is the attraction to us seniors (we do *not* go to the back of the box always, or if we do, we push ourselves forward into priority when we think there's something we haven't seen,

though we know we shall pooh-pooh it afterwards)—what, I ask, is the attraction to us, at Christmas-time, in the heated, noisy theatre, if it is not the sunny smiles of the children making the gas-light garish? To see them all in a row, gloves, oranges, and play-bills—a ripple of laughing waters—it does your heart good, and warms you towards the oldest jokes, clumsiest tricks, and stalest stage devices. But, understand me, even in this retrospect I say distinctly to *see* them, *not to bring them*. I once unbosomed myself sweetly on this subject at a table where, it being Christmas-tide, the hospitality was profuse, and there were olives to the wine, and olive-branches round about; and the good hostess exclaimed, "You love children! Ah!"—here she turned up her eyes, and thanked heaven for a man, and not a brute—"I will give you a treat. *Will you come to the pantomime with us to-morrow week?*" I was ravished, I was enchanted, I would look forward to it with rapture. The day came—so did the evening. Dinner was provided at five, that we might be in time. In time for what? For the first piece before the pantomime, which is, I am aware, played by the most patient and energetic artists, amid howls and execrations from the upper and uppermost galleries. It was a tea-dinner, too, such as I have already described as having fallen to the lot of Uncle Van. In fact, it was not a dinner at all, considering what I *had* had at that house. Papa was obliged, he artfully said, to leave us on business, but would join us at the theatre. The sneak! He deserved his amiable wife's cutting sarcasm, wherein she drew the happy comparison between the bachelor who doated on children (me), and the husband who avoided them (him). But oh, the miseries! I had to sit on the box of the fly. I had to hold everything; argue with everybody; pay anybody who preferred a claim. Finally, I was put right at the back of the private box, where I leaned my head against the side, like a disjointed punch-doll, in the vain attempt to catch even a glimpse of a

dragon's tail. The next day I had a cold and a stiff neck. But, even on this purgatorial occasion, their infantine hilarity came to me like a message from heaven; for assuredly it told me of good things going on in an unseen world (I have said the stage was invisible to me on account of my position), concerning which I could only guess, or take their statements.

The announcement, then, that the lesser Comberwoods were going to play a little piece written by their elder sister, drew (so to speak) a house, and many wrote for permission to bring friends—a free-and-easy way of increasing a party to any extent, much practised both in town and country, and often taken as the discharge of an obligation. In this sense, as asking costs nothing, except perhaps the trouble of polishing up a certain amount of brass, the practice is valuable, on economical grounds.

The party had grown into something like the proportions of a county ball, and had begun to frighten Mrs. Comberwood. At this time Mrs. McCracken was most serviceable to her, and undertook the general direction. As for Comberwood, he, for his part, would have had all England invited, and would have "taxed the costs," severely, afterwards.

The county people liked the owner of Ringhurst, and were inclined to be gathered together round his board, as often as he liked to invite them. There was a jovial geniality and warmth about him, which was as attractive as sealing-wax after friction. When they entered Ringhurst, they felt, instinctively, that there was a round of beef, and a chine, and a pasty, and a Tudoric flagon, in the refectory—that, in short, they had not been asked merely to heat the house with their breath, and save the fuel.

No, Mr. Comberwood blazed out on his guests, and welcomed all without distinction. He had secret corners, though, for choice spirits who cared for oysters and stout (from London) in preference to all the champagne and chicken you could give them; and he knew, too, having concocted them himself, which

were the cups to make you wink, and gasp, but clutch the handle all the more firmly for such expressions of emotion: and these cups he would recommend to his gossip.

However, much had to be done before we arrived at the supper, which to some of us boys was not by any means the least portion of the evening's amusement.

I had to work for my meal for days before—that is, I had to study Baron Abomelique, be perpetually called into the housekeeper's room to try something on (for our dresses were home-made), and to be ready at any moment to hear Austin, Dick, or Alice, if required by them to lend them my ears, in return for theirs, occasionally.

Mr. Cavander lounged about, and when the important business of the morning was over—which was, of course, our theatrical preparations—Dick would be called upon to ride with his sister Alice, who was invariably accompanied by Mr. Cavander. Dick sulked and wouldn't, but Alice told him it was unkind, and then he obliged her. He often anticipated their return, riding back alone.

When evening darkened the house, Alice, who loved the fire-light, as being "thinking-time," would sit in a low chair, and hold silent communion with the glowing logs and coals.

Mr. Cavander was never far from her at this hour; and, sometimes, Mamma and Mrs. McCracken would consent to take their refreshing cup of tea in the dark. This predilection for comparative obscurity was unintelligible to the practical elder sister.

"You can't read, you can't sew, and really there's something, to my mind, so oppressive in it, you can hardly talk," said Mrs. McCracken, who did not approve of everyone giving way to Alice.

"I do not always want to read, I do not always want to sew, and I think we all talk a great deal too much," said Alice, whose face was thrown into a Rembrandt-like shade, by the red light on her dress, from her knee downwards.

"It is nice to be quiet sometimes," observed Mamma, trying to find a safe place for her tea-cup, "only why not be quiet with light. I really cannot see at all."

"We should see much better were we to rest our eyes oftener," said Alice, sententiously.

"Close them, then," said Dick, at full length on a settee.

"Dick's right," observed sister Nellie, quickly, in order to save him from consequences. "We go to bed too late as a rule."

"For my part, I love this time of the day at this season. Indeed, I am not sure if I do not prefer it far above all other times and seasons throughout the year." Alice thought over her own proposition, and then continued: "The fire is such a companion, and such a superior being, too."

"Miss Alice is verging on the doctrines of the Parsees," said a voice, whose owner was now part and parcel of the sofa.

"Better than the Parsons," exclaimed Dick.

"Dick!" said Mrs. McCracken, reprovingly.

"Beg pardon, Nellie, only fun," Dick apologized; "but Parsee is like Parson."

"Not in sense," said his brother Austin, gravely. "The Parsees are disciples of Zoroaster, and worship fire."

"It is very natural, since they begin with the sun, of which fire is the offspring, and the living image. I worship the fire—in winter. I agree with Miss Alice. The fire *does* seem to have a sympathising heart; a warm, glowing heart; a living heart, with a placid pulsation."

"We can hear it beat, can we not?" inquired Alice, approving the simile.

"Yes!—Listen! Calmly: now excitedly, as though it had great things to say. Now there is a change in its constitution. No, it recovers, is brilliant for a second, so that all around catch the ray at different angles, but are helpless to return it, only showing up our own dull-headedness against the fire's wit."

"There certainly is nothing so cheery, or cosy, in a bedroom," said Mamma.

"Or so roaring, noisy, and eager in a kitchen," added Mrs. McCracken, who had been thinking it out.

"Look at it in a blacksmith's," cried Dick.

"In a study," said Austin.

"In a drawing-room," I suggested, vaguely, but with some remembrance, too, of one cold, steel, and highly-polished fender at my father's. I would rather have quoted Mrs. Davis's nursery fire, or that of the Verneys' at dinner-time. I felt that we were playing a sort of game of How do you like it, When do you like, and Where do you like it, of which I had not as yet filled up the blanks in my formula.

"No," said Alice, planting her elbows on her knees, and stretching both hands out towards the fire, as though imploring its inspiration for her on its own behalf. "See it in a sick-room. How quiet, soft, and purring! How comforting to the invalid is the mere sight of it, telling, as it does, at once of human sympathy, of unremitting care! As long as there is a fire, there must be hope. Fire is necessary to life; it can be of no use to the dead."

"Alice!" said her mother, shivering. There was a pause. We seemed to have drawn ghosts about us, as the shadows grew upon the walls, higher and higher, like spectral creepers.

Mrs. McCracken was for coals, or a log, at once. Alice prayed her to stay her hand.

"Don't bring the servant in," said Alice; "all the ghosts will run away if Bale comes in with the candle. Don't!"

"We prefer," said Cavander, identifying himself with Alice, "we prefer darkness rather than light."

"But *not* for the same reason, I hope," returned Mrs. McCracken, who did not feel quite sure whether Andrew would have countenanced this sort of conversation. The Rev. Andrew had once preached strongly about "idle words," and *she* had not forgotten that sermon. In fact, she had occasionally turned the

weapons. of that homily against the worthy Andrew himself, when he had been stupidly irritating, as husbands will be sometimes. However, he wasn't there to explain himself; and had he been, his explanations, out of the pulpit, did not carry conviction to her mind on all subjects. Besides, Mr. Cavander was, everyone said—and she could testify to it, too—a very superior man, who (everyone said this also) wrote in some philosophical magazines, and even in *The Times*, and was shrewd, too, in business. Who was she, Mrs. McCracken, out of her parish, to sling at this champion? No; if it pleased Alice to essay his conversion, why it was a fine employment for Alice, and she might hear some plain truths from a man who was not only clever, but commonly sensible. So she reseated herself, and joined in letting Alice have her way.

"Certainly not," said Cavander, answering the last speaker, "although we do wish to propitiate the shades."

"I wish there were fairies," observed Austin, quietly, preferring these to ghosts. "I mean Pucks, Titianias, and Oberons. I have a book of stories, with pictures of goblin faces in the fire, and elves twisting about in the smoke. If they are in the sick-room, they must be very good spirits, unless they take to making the kettle boil over, or pulling off the lid."

"Mediæval writers," said Mr. Cavander's voice, for he had by this vanished altogether, "spoke of a spirit behind all forms of life. The spirit of fire was to them as real as to a Parsee; perhaps more real in proportion as their credulity was stronger."

"Their faith," Alice suggested, with some show of nervousness in her voice.

"A synonym in this case," replied Cavander, quietly.

"No," she answered quickly, "faith cannot be credulity. I am not credulous because I believe."

"Credulous is derived from *credo*," said Austin, to whom a new line of thought had occurred.

When in after-years we have arrived at a sure and calm haven, how almost

hopeless is the search back again over the trackless waters to find what breeze first caused our shifting sails to swell in its direction.

"I think," said Alice, speaking cautiously, "one is bound, or almost bound, to believe in the existence of disembodied spirits."

"But the popular notion of a ghost," replied Cavander, "is an embodied spirit. If I hear a human voice uttering words, I know that certain organs must be in exercise. I know that I am near nothing dead, but something living and human. I am bound to believe this by common sense: there is no other compulsion."

This was not at all what Alice wanted, and both Mrs. Comberwood and Mrs. McCracken were secretly delighted at this very reasonable answer as to ghosts.

Alice felt that she was called upon to assert her belief in the supernatural, and on the strongest and plainest grounds.

"There is the Witch of Endor mentioned in the Bible."

Here, at least, it occurred to her that she should have the Rev. Andrew McCracken's better half and her mamma with her. She was doomed to disappointment.

"I trust," said Mrs. Comberwood, "that you don't rank the Scriptures with ghost stories, Alice."

She had a mind to say something severe on new-fangled notions, but, for her, she had gone far enough.

"No, Mamma, of course not," replied Alice, somewhat pettishly.

"Miss Alice meant that she was willing to accept as fact an improbability, if it came to her on such undeniable authority as that of the Bible."

From which it will be seen that Mr. Cavander could adapt his conversation to his company. Alice felt grateful to him for the rescue. It is dangerous to the well-being of a weak state that it should be obliged to accept the voluntary services of a powerful ally, who may, at no distant date, imperiously dictate, where once it deferentially advised.

"I should think it is nearly time to dress," said Mrs. McCracken, rising.

The dignified Bale entered with candles, and finding us all thus sprawling about as if we had fallen on to the sofas and chairs through the ceiling, expressed facially no astonishment, but, guarding himself carefully, and in the best-bred style possible, against treading on any other people who might be strewn about at haphazard on the carpet, he placed his lights, while his attendant drew the curtains with a sharp, decided click, as though there were spectators outside who hadn't paid their money for the show; and having, officially and distantly, answered some questions as to "time," and "his master," withdrew.

"Are the thingummies to come to-night?" cried Dick, suddenly, jumping up into an erect position, and shaking himself into his clothes.

"Thingummies?" repeated his mother, who preferred to hear spades called spades, if there were reasons for so doing.

"Yes: you know what I mean,"—which, by the way, is peculiar to boyhood, which generalizes and trusts to chance—"I mean the fellows who are going to play. Mr. Longlegs——"

"Mr. Langlands, Dick," said his mother, fearful of her son calling her guest this to his face. "Why, he will think that we have been speaking of him as Longlegs behind his back."

"Their rooms are ready," said Mrs. McCracken, "Mr. and Mrs. Jakeman, Mr. Langlands, and Mr. Dothie."

"And we shall have a rehearsal this evening," said Alice.

"May I be prompter, or call-boy, or something?" pleaded Mr. Cavander; "if you have nothing to employ my talents, what shall I do?"

"Talk to Mrs. Jakeman," said Alice; "she's very nice." And she swooped down before the fire.

"Thank you. She will be watching her husband's rehearsal the whole time, and expatiating on its beauties. No; do let me be prompter."

"Austin's going to prompt on the evening itself," I remarked.

Cavander took not the slightest notice of me.

"In the first piece," said Austin, "that's all. The person whom Papa brings from London is to prompt and do everything in that way while we're getting it up."

"Then," said Mr. Cavander, "I shall constitute myself a *claqueur*, and shall rehearse when I am to laugh, cry, applaud, and throw a bouquet. Come, Miss Alice! I may be of use to you, may I not?"

She turned round, smiling on him; and their eyes met. In a second hers were lowered before his, as the vanquished ship salutes the victor on the high seas. It was a lesson in silent eloquence; but it was the master in the art instructing his pupil.

The bustle and the bells all over again. To-night we sat down a large party to dinner, for Mr. Comberwood's two carriages had arrived with the *corps dramatique*, consisting of the guests above mentioned.

Then came the Rector of Whiteboys, the Rev. Mr. Tabberer, and his daughter, who was to take a part in the first piece. The whole talk was of the stage; and the gentlemen-amateurs spoke like Olympian demi-gods on a visit to men, telling good and racy anecdotes of a life higher than ours, and freely and honestly expressing themselves refreshed, and revived, by the incense of praise offered at their shrines, by the devotees to whom the Olympians knew they could be uncommonly useful. What is the use of being on friendly terms with a demi-god if he can't get you into Olympus? A fief for your outsiders—these lovers of the drama for its own sake (which soon came to mean for their own sakes; but once in their early days it was not so, but then they were not demi-gods) accepted sacrifices of houses turned topsy-turvy at their word, and libations of champagne at the hands of those who yearned for even the acquaintance of a cloud in Olympus. These demi-gods of the sock and buskin, invited right and left, introduced left and right, ordained where civility should end, and

where begin, and graciously put Christopheros Sly at my lord's supper table, asking my lord in turn to the theatricals *chez* Christopheros, which honest Christopheros, once a cobbler in a stall, now a millionaire in a mansion, was only too pleased to give.

Mr. Comberwood was in no need of these demi-gods; but if your theatricals were to be the thing, and as good (at least) as your neighbours', then it was as necessary to succeed to reckon on Messrs. Jakeman, Dothie, and Langlands in the night's programme, as to secure the name of Serjeant Blyster on the brief for the defendant in an action for libel. Percival Floyd, late of old Carter's, and now a big hulking fellow, reading for the army at a private tutor's in the neighbourhood, had been invited to fill some minor character. His legs were still his difficulty, but were gradually assuming a military character, a result, probably, of the direction of his studies.

I remember liking them all very much. They were very kind to me, and Mr. Langlands condescended to call me "an infant Roscius." They were vastly polite to Miss Alice and attentive to Miss Tabberer, and appeared to appreciate Cavander highly, having been, it seemed, all of them, well acquainted with him in London. They confirmed his mysterious literary reputation, and put such questions to him as were intended to show the bystanders how much they themselves knew, and to draw some corroborative information out of Cavander. Directly after breakfast "the young uns," under Miss Alice's direction, were to rehearse for an hour, which we did, with as much regularity and precision as if we had been at lessons.

At the end of that time the stage was to be occupied by the "professional person" from town, to whom Uncle Van had been introduced by Pipkison at the "Burlington Baa-Lambs," and who, having already arrived and taken up his quarters at the "Old Whiteboys Inn," was to have the stage to himself to arrange for our elders, with whom

he would then spend the greater part of the day rehearsing.

Having finished my task, I was crossing the hall, when I stumbled upon a gentleman in a grey countrified suit, removing a comforter from his throat, and by his side a young lady most elegantly dressed. Her back was towards me, but at that instant she turned, and the sunlight fell full upon her. Had she come suddenly through the wall on that golden ray, I could not have been much more astonished.

"Julie! Mr. Verney!" I exclaimed, and pulled up suddenly with my hand out—the group looking uncommonly as if we were playing at some eccentric game of Partridge and Pointers, in which they were the birds and I was the dog, marking them down.

CHAPTER XVI.

A CHANGE COMES O'ER THE SPIRIT OF MY DREAM—A COLD FAREWELL.

IN some old Irish tale, the peasant who has been spirited away into a sorceress's castle, suddenly takes up a pipe that he finds lying near him, and commences to play a lilt. At the first note, Devildom had vanished, and he was at his own peat fireside, clasping his dear Norah round the waist. One note of home had done it.

Frampton's Court had been a home to me. Julie represented its good fairy, Mr. Verney the—the—well, I don't know what he represented except himself, unless at Frampton's Court he might be considered as a sort of Don Wiggeroso Pomposo, the comic Chamberlain, who gives up his grandeur to dance with the King. As a man has indelibly impressed upon him the stamp of his public school, or university, like a hall mark, so I had the impression of Frampton's Court on me strongly, and no desire to be rid of it. It was, to me, to belong to a secret lodge, a confraternity. I fancy I could pick out a Frampton's Court man now, could I see one. If a queen has died with "Calais"

written on her heart, can I not live with "Frampton's Court" engraved on mine? Whether I can, or not, or whether the material fact be true (which in any case I doubt), is not to the purpose here, seeing that Frampton's has been in my heart for years, worn by time, but not erased. In an instant Ringhurst Whiteboys had vanished, and I was once more in my old home.

Mr. Verney himself was the first to break the spell. While Julie stood by his side, smiling so prettily, he welcomed me to Ringhurst Whiteboys. Having, in imagination, previously taken possession of this baronial residence, it might, from his manner, have been the property of his ancestors for generations.

"My dear Master Cecil Colvin," he said, waving his hand gracefully, as if pointing out the beauties of the place to me, swaying his body gently meanwhile,—*"My dear Master Cecil Colvin, how lovely is this scene! This is indeed rural and yet baronial, from cottage to court! and without, what more lovely spectacle to a mind capable of appreciating the physical beauties which a Watteau might people, and a Claude depict,"*—here he took breath, recovered his theme, and continued—"Yes, sir, what can be more thrillingly entrancing than the ancient face of ever-bounteous Dame Nature, smiling upon us through her tears, and with the pearl-powder of last night's masque not yet brushed from her dumpling—I should say dimpling—cheek?"

He meant that the snow was still on the ground in places. But his *lapsus lingue* had recalled to my mind Pomona the Goddess of Apples, in Frampton's Court.

"In patches, yes," he returned, for I had asked him if this were his meaning. "Powder and patches. Dame Nature in powder and patches, with the trimming of the flow'et crocus on her mantilla, and a faint sniff of the last rose of the previous summer wafted to us from the somnolescent Flora."

"Have you come to stay here?" I asked.

"No," he replied in an off-hand way. "I was asked to superintend the rehearsals of the drawing-room comedy, in which I have myself taken a part, and know all Madame Vestris's business in it, from flirting her coquettish little fan, down to the pointing of her delicate, pinky-tipped, satin slipper. Your relative, Mr. Van Clym—I am correct in his nomenclature, I believe—for though I think I may safely trust myself not to err in any word of purely Saxon character,—and it is astonishing how the best educated people mispronounce their own mother tongue,—yet I am not so certain when I cannot, so to speak, feel my feet—I mean, for example, on the soil of Holland, to which country your worthy uncle—uncle is he not?"

"Yes."

"Your worthy uncle no doubt belongs. Ahem! I was about to say"—recalling his own attention to his original theme on noticing a desire on Julie's part and mine to start a conversation—"I was about to inform you that I had the pleasure of making Mr. Van Clym's acquaintance at one of those convivial meetings to which your youth yet renders you a stranger—where the voice of jocund melody delights the ear—where the pathetic song gives you *hysterica passio* all down the back, like a flash of lightning on a finger-post—where the feast of reason is enlivened by the play of wit and fancy, with Mr. Pipkison, our mutual friend, in the chair, who introduced me to your Dutch uncle—I mean no offence—and instructed me to the effect, that, if I would not mind running down—metaphysically, for I came by train—to Ringhurst Whiteboys, I should confer an obligation, increase the circle of friends, and add another five years to my life, by sharing with the feathered warblers the pure breezes toying with the thatches of our English homesteads. Apart from this, they have made it sufficiently worth my while to enable me to bring Julie with me, after a consultation with her mother, who is of opinion that this brief change will vastly benefit our child.

The others, thank you, are doing well, and——"

Here he was stopped by a sneeze, so sudden and so powerful, as to have all the effect of a violent shock from a galvanic battery. There was a tremendous report, and then his whole frame vibrated, after which he stood for some seconds, clutching at the wrong pocket for his handkerchief, and struggling as it were with a fiend of sneezing, which had been exorcised, and was now doing his worst, and last, on quitting Mr. Verney's human form.

The noise brought out nearly everyone to inquire into the cause, Mr. Langlands among the rest, who, proud of recognizing Mr. Verney as an old theatrical acquaintance whom he had known "behind the scenes," and who would assist his own reputation by corroborating his theatrical experiences, seized upon him at once, and insisted upon his recovering his equanimity by means of a glass of sherry, or other refreshment. Floyd lounging in at this moment was introduced to Mr. Verney, and then stood staring heavily at little Julie. Floyd was, at this time, something between a raw recruit and a middy.

I was still in wonderment at little Julie—little no longer, and yet she was not so tall as I—she looked so much older than she ought to have looked; and the secret of this I have since discovered, though, when at this time she told me the reason herself, I was not sufficiently experienced to understand her.

"Do you still play in pantomimes," I asked, "and come out of flower-beds?"

She was quite indignant with me.

"Oh dear, no!" she answered, "I haven't done that for ever so long. Why, last two seasons I've been in the opera."

"The opera?" I exclaimed.

Floyd stroked the down on his upper lip, and regarded her attentively.

The notion I had of the opera at this time was not in any way founded upon what I knew of a theatre. The opera (I remember this fancy so well) was, to my mind, some enormous building like

the Colosseum at Rome, of which I had seen pictures, with singers and music and dancers, somehow, all about, with the irregular regularity and inconsistent consistency of a dream.

That little Julie, who had played with me, who had looked over my picture-books, and received some instruction at my hands, who had, moreover, only, it seemed to me, quite lately been small enough to go into a theatrical cauliflower or a parsley-bed; that this little creature should be, in a long dress of the fashionable style of the day, with bonnet, and the neatest wristbands, and gloves to match, telling me of her prowess at the opera, was a greater puzzle, far greater, than if Mr. Verney had announced his appointment to the see of Canterbury, and had walked in dressed in a shovel-hat, knee-breeches, apron, and gaiters.

"The Italian opera," said Julie. "I was one of the pages in the 'Huguenots' and in 'Favorita.'"

"What!" exclaimed Alice's voice. She had advanced with Austin unperceived, and had overheard the conversation. Floyd was still caressing the fluff meditatively. No one seemed to take any notice of him. And, after all, he was only a supernumerary in the theatricals.

Stranger still. Comparing Alice with Julie, there seemed to be but little difference. Both were, in my eyes, young women, only that I knew Julie's age.

Little Julie's life, hard work at home, and the necessity of working for her livelihood, had nearly made up the interval of years between them. As I looked from one to the other (for I was confused, and did not know exactly what to do), Julie became less and less; dwindling away, in spite of her dress and bearing, to the little Julie with whom I had gone marketing to the *à la mode* beef-shop—my Julie, in fact, of Frampton's Court.

"You accompanied Mr. Verney?" Alice inquired, with some *hauteur* in her tone, while Austin appeared interested in the new-comers.

"Yes," answered Julie, pleasantly.

She was not a whit discomposed, but as much at home, and as unembarrassed, as though she had lived in palaces all her lifetime.

"This is Miss Alice Comberwood, Julie," I explained, blushing.

I loved Julie, but Alice was older and grander. Had the choice been then given me between the two, I should have taken Alice, but should have requested Julie to wait until she was eighteen. In my own estimation I was two years ahead of anyone of whom I had become enamoured. My love gave me the superiority, and, somehow or other, the notion that, in carrying off Alice, I should be a successful rival of Cavander, was at the bottom of it, I believe.

Poor Cavander! had it remained with me to banish him to the mines of Siberia when I was just on fourteen, or to let him stay in the city, Cornhill would not have seen much of him for some years to come.

"You act?" Alice asked little Julie, rather abruptly.

"Yes, every night."

"What in?"

"The first piece."

"Where? I mean at which theatre?"

"The Portico," answered Julie, naming one of the largest metropolitan theatres.

"Do you like it?" asked Austin.

"Very much. I have never done anything else."

"I wish I were an actor," he said regretfully.

Julie smiled. She knew Frampton's Court as well as the Portico theatre.

Alice was annoyed with Austin.

"An actor, Austy! how can you say so, when you've set yourself on being a clergyman."

It was Alice's pet idea of his future. Austin said that he did not really mean it, which pacified her; but I could see by her manner that there was something deeper than mere annoyance at her brother's thoughtless wish, when, on being summoned to attend the rehearsal, she left us, and called her brother to accompany her.

"You remember going to the opera

last year, Mamma?" she asked her mother, in the front dining-room, a while later on, when I was then watching the performance, and Julie was sitting by what were to be "the wings," talking to Mr. Jakeman.

"Yes," returned Mrs. Comberwood, "we heard—dear me—something new, wasn't it?—yes: my memory is so bad for names."

"Les Huguenots," said Alice.

"Ah! of course."

"Do you remember where the queen comes on?"

"No—yes—let me see—in a sort of barge . . ."

"I mean where there are steps, and some women dressed as pages?"

"Oh, quite well. There were four or five very handsome young women, and Mr. Langlands pointed out what beautiful diamonds one had on, and told us that there was quite a story about it." Mrs. Comberwood went twice to the opera during the season, and forgot nothing.

"Yes. Well, that's one of them sitting there."

"Where, Alice, dear?"

"There," answered Alice, inclining her head towards the spot where Julie was seated.

Mrs. Comberwood was vexed. I could not then understand why she should have been; but I remember the fact, as, having overheard the conversation, I felt it incumbent upon me to assist with such information as I could bring to the subject.

"Does your father allow you to associate with—with—these people?" Mrs. Comberwood asked me, raising her eyebrows.

I was bound to reply that my parent knew nothing at all about it. Whereupon Mrs. Comberwood was of opinion that she ought to let Sir John know. This distressed me. I saw there was something wrong with the Verneys, at least in the eyes of Alice and her mother, and I determined to ask Austin what it was.

Mr. Verney was very great at rehearsal, especially with the ladies, Miss Alice

and Miss Tabberer, whom he had to direct. With the gentlemen he was affable, but firm; with the ladies equally firm, but overpoweringly courteous. When he wanted to show the practical bearing of any stage-direction, he would request Julie to assist him in giving the lesson.

"Stage-management," he said, stopping to lecture, "is an art—an art, I regret to say, almost entirely lost. Thalia and Melpomene may do their best, Apollo may give us his most sparkling tunes, and, to come to modern days, a Garrick or a Kemble may conquer by the force of a genius which would sweep all before it, like Niagara over a dust-bin, and absorb every moving creature in its own exhaustive vortex with the irresistible succulency—I should say, the tremendous suctional power—of the Northern Mælstrom." Here he paused, expanded his chest, which was swelling out, as it were, with the great notion of the last simile, and beamed on us all round. "But," he continued, "without the stage-manager, what is the use? *Cui bono*? I repeat, *cui bono*? Hamlet may be perfect, but if he be lost in the crowd, or if Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are brought too prominently forward, where is the opportunity for the gifted Roscius? No, sir—pardon me"—this to Jakeman, who was beginning to be a little impatient—"whether it be low-comedy, which I take to be your line, sir," to Jakeman, who was standing as if waiting his turn to advance in a quadrille—"or light touch and go, Charles Matthews' line, as I take to be yours, Mr. Langlands"—whereat that gentleman gave a mock bow, but was really highly flattered—"no matter whatever it be, stage-management is as much the necessity to our art as the light of heaven to a Michael Angelo at work on his immortal frescoes. Stage-management is the generalship of our art, ladies, and we make our successes as the noble Roman warrior made them, by strategies, which are to the ignorant, like a truffle to a bumpkin. The finest picture and the merest daub of a signboard are of equal value in the dark; and Hamlet put out

of sight in the Play scene behind Ophelia, instead of in front of her, might as well be in the sixpenny gallery sucking oranges over the brass rail as in such a position as would ruin the chance of the greatest dramatic genius in the world. I beg your pardon, sir. Now let us proceed."

From this specimen it may be imagined what time the piece, which was to last an hour in performance, occupied in rehearsal.

Mr. Verney and his daughter were obliged to leave early, in order to catch the train for town, their engagement at the Portico necessitating their presence there soon after six.

Julie asked me—

"Don't you think me much grown?"

"Yes, Julie, ever so much."

"I'm not," she answered; "only Papa makes me wear heels, and he will have me dress like a grown-up girl."

"Why?"

"Because then they give me small parts, and when you've once played those you don't go back again, and you get more."

"Get more?"

"Yes; higher salary, I mean."

She stopped suddenly. At that moment a vague sense of the line of demarcation between us occurred to her. She changed the subject abruptly, and asked me whether I would not like to see her Aunt Jane again.

"Nurse?" I asked. The word returned to me most familiarly.

"Yes," said Mr. Verney, who was now wrapped for his journey. "She is still a nurse. Head-nurse, too, in a very large family. She is superintendent at St. Winifred's Central Hospital, near the General Post Office, where she cheers the pallid invalids like a blooming Aurora smiling on a sickly swede in a kitchen garden." Mr. Verney's similes smacked of the country atmosphere. He asked, "Shall I tell her that you will do yourself the pleasure of paying her a visit?"

"Yes, please."

"I will. We must make haste, Julie." At this moment Langlands and

Floyd entered, and Mr. Verney emerged from the upper fold of his comforter to bid them farewell, and do something in the way of an advertisement.

"We shall see you at the Portico, Mr. Langlands, one night after the Convivial Lambs, where Mr. Floyd will give us the honour of his company." Floyd bowed, and said he should be very happy to renew the acquaintance of Mr. Verney and his daughter.

"Julie, Mr. Langlands, now plays Dolly, in *The Wish*," continued Mr. Verney; "a soubrette's part of considerable responsibility; something between the Humby and the Vestris in, of course, quite the early days. You will go and see her play one night, I trust. She grips the part, sir"—here he extended his right hand and suited the action to the word—"she grips the part, sir, with the nip of an irritated panther. You'll be astonished, I assure ye. There's an intellectual grasp about her, sir, that makes you sit tight in your stall, and yet turns you over like a crocus in a whirlwind. Come, Julie. Good-bye for the present, gentlemen. Good-bye, Master Cecil."

"Good-bye; and good-bye, Julie."

When we had last parted, we embraced. But now, I was a guest at Ringhurst Whiteboys, and she was playing a chambermaid in a farce, a page in an opera, and wearing heels to her boots in order to obtain some addition to her week's salary.

It was not a parting as of old.

The next day Mr. Verney's visit was repeated, but he was out of spirits. His conversation was pitched in a minor key, his similes were dull, his instruction tame, and he did little more than merely his stage duty. He spoke to me occasionally, and disappeared earlier than on the previous day of rehearsal. I asked for Julie, but she had not accompanied him, and "would not," he added, "be again required on this scene." Her absence threw a gloom over my day, as I somehow felt that I had, indirectly, been the cause of her banishment. I was for putting this question to Alice, who, I fancied, knew more about the matter than anyone else, but, just then, her attention was fully taken up by the theatricals, and Mr. Cavander.

To be continued.

MANZONI.

"Ei vu." Such are the opening words of that great effort of Manzoni's genius, the Ode on the Death of Napoleon, and they are now applicable to the Poet himself. He *was*, he no longer *is*, the author of the greatest work of fiction in the Italian language, the poet whose best energies were employed in the praises of religion, the champion of truth and justice, the defender of the Christian faith against the attacks of infidelity; for on Thursday, May 22, 1873, at the great age of eighty-nine, Manzoni went to his rest.

"The city wears mourning" ("La città è in lutto"), was proclaimed in word and deed at Milan, and so it should be. Nevertheless the lamentations, which the loss of one at the same time so virtuous and so eminent would naturally occasion, are checked by the consideration that a life of singular honour and distinction, prolonged far beyond the usual term of existence, with full possession of all the faculties, has been brought to a peaceful close at his native place, and surrounded, if ever man was, by all "that should accompany old age," "as honour, love, obedience, troops of friends."

The slight sketch which follows is intended to induce the general reader to pursue the study of Manzoni's life and character in his works, and, in however humble a degree, to contribute to their estimation.

Alessandro Manzoni was born at Milan in 1784. His father, whom he had the misfortune to lose in early youth, was Count Manzoni, his mother the daughter of Beccaria, the author of a treatise on "Crimes and Punishments," once much, and not undeservedly esteemed. She inherited, and further transmitted to her son, a portion of the sound wisdom and generous principles

which animate that work. It was not unbecoming the grandson of Beccaria to record, as it will be seen he did later, his horror of torture, and to expose the wickedness and uselessness of it as a judicial mode of discovering the truth. Manzoni's ambition was early fired by the example of the three great contemporaries who immediately preceded him in the difficult path of letters—Vittorio Alfieri, Vincenzo Monti, and Ugo Foscolo. He was barely twenty-one when, by an epistle in blank verse, he proved himself not unworthy of being admitted into that fellowship. In these verses he imagines that the spirit of his friend appears to him after death, and, in reply to the question as to whether he was not reluctant to tear himself from this world, he puts into Imbonati's mouth a fearless and spirited condemnation of those vices which had already filled with disgust the youthful mind of Manzoni. In them we see the first germ of those feelings by which his life was influenced—the love of truth and justice, and the abhorrence of oppression and wrong—which appear in all his works, and which, first professed at twenty-one, he maintained unchanged through a life prolonged to its ninetieth year. These verses, while by no means destitute of individual merit, are so remarkable on this account that a translation of some of them is here given:—

"Hadst thou my death
Foreknown—for that foreknowledge and for thee
Alone I should have wept—for otherwise,
Why should I grieve? Forsooth, for leaving
This earth of ours, where goodness is a portent,
And highest praise to have abstained from sin.
This earth, where word and thought are ever
At variance, where, aloud by every lip,
Virtue is lauded and in heart contemned,
Where shame is not. Where crafty usury
Is made a merit, and gross luxury
Worshipped—where he alone is impious

Whose crime is unsuccessful—where the crime
 Loses all baseness in success : and where
 The sinner is exalted, and the good
 Depressed : and where the conflict is too hard
 Waged by the just and solitary man
 'Gainst the confederate and corrupted many."
 B. P.

In 1805 he accompanied his mother to Paris, where, by his relationship to Beccaria, whose book had been commented on by Voltaire and Diderot, he attracted the notice of Volney, Cabanis, De Tracy, and Fauriel. His intercourse with these men, who represented the Atheist school of thought of the eighteenth century, was attended by an exactly opposite result to that which might have been expected. It produced a strong reaction upon his generous mind, and first incited him to become the champion of the truths which they attacked. It reflects no small credit upon the natural rectitude of his principles that he should have found safety in what might have proved a dangerous snare. He met with an immediate reward, for the light of the Christian faith, which he had been able to decry amid the dark mists spread over it by her enemies, dawned full upon his mind, revealing to him the truth of those mysteries which the philosophers, in their pride of intellect, could not discern, and enabled him to utter them anew in hymns far superior in originality of thought and beauty of expression to any others which had hitherto been written. The chief of these are upon the vital truths of Christianity: The Nativity (*Il Natale*), the Passion (*La Passione*), the Resurrection (*La Risurrezione*) of our Lord, and the Descent of the Holy Ghost (*La Pentecoste*), which last is considered by his countrymen to surpass them all. More especially the invocation of the Holy Spirit in the four concluding stanzas, the Giver of that Peace "which no terrors can disturb, no infidelity shake, which the world may deride but can neither give nor take away,"¹ words

almost of inspiration, which drew from Goethe the admission "that an argument often repeated, and a language almost exhausted by the use of many centuries, may regain their first youth and freshness when a young and vigorous mind enters upon the subject and adopts the worn-out language." In 1809 Manzoni published a poem entitled "Urania;" but it was not till 1821 that he became a poet of European fame, when he wrote upon a subject of European interest—the death of Napoleon Buonaparte. The opening words of the "Cinque Maggio" have already been alluded to, in which Manzoni announces to the world the death of this extraordinary man; and, after dwelling for an instant upon the appalling effect which such an announcement must produce, unrolls in the brief space of a few stanzas the whole panorama of that marvellous life before our eyes; the passage of the Alps, the Pyramids of Egypt, the plains of Madrid, the rushing Rhine, the snowy steppes of Moscow, the Empire which stretched from the one to the other sea ("dall uno all altro mar"); the alternations of success and failure which attended his career, the glory the greater because dearly bought, the laurel of the victor, the flight of the vanquished, an Emperor's throne, or an exile's banishment, twice at the summit of all human greatness, twice levelled with the dust ("Due volte nella polvere," "due volte sugli altar"). Nor are the feelings of his own breast, as varied, as agitated as the actions of his life, less eloquently described—the fluttering hopes and fears which wait on a great enterprise; the burnings of his ambitious heart lest he should fail to grasp the prize which it was madness to hope for; the blank despair when, in lonely exile, the whole flood of memory swept in upon his soul. Once again he sees the breezy battlefield, the fluttering canvas of the tents, the lightning-flash of the infantry, the rapid rush of the cavalry, and above the distant roar of the cannon the short stern word of command, obeyed as soon as heard.

1

"ai terrori immobile
 E alle lusinghe infide,
 Pace che il mondo irride
 Ma che rapir non può."—*La Pentecoste*.

No wonder if the poet should have thought the religious consolation which he himself so dearly prized, the only balm for the bitter disappointment attendant on the train of such recollections as these, and that he should conclude his ode with the assertion that Napoleon's indomitable will bowed in submission to the behests of that branch of the Catholic Church to which nominally at least he belonged. Such is the imperfect sketch of one of the finest pieces of Italian lyric poetry, the greatest tribute which could be paid to a great genius, while it invested him with a halo of romance so brilliant as to dazzle the eye which would search for his faults. The fame which this ode acquired more than justified Manzoni's modest hope that "perhaps his lay would not die." It was translated into German by Goethe, and with care and spirit into English both by the late Lord Derby and Mr. Gladstone.

The fertility of Manzoni's genius was next displayed in two tragedies, "*Il Conte di Carmagnola*" (the story of the celebrated Venetian "*condottiero*" of the fourteenth century), and the "*Adelchi*," the subject being the expedition of Charlemagne against Adelchi, the last of the Longobardian Chiefs (772—774). These tragedies attracted great notice in the literary world. Both were carefully commented upon by Goethe,¹ and received from him the highest praise. The "*Conte di Carmagnola*" he makes the subject of a careful analysis, and in conclusion he compliments Manzoni upon having shaken off the old trammels and struck out for himself a new path in which he walks so securely as to make it safe for others to follow his footsteps. He praises him for his polished, careful details, the simplicity, the vigour, and the clearness of his style, and adds that, after a most careful examination, he could not wish a word altered. Nor

was this all. Goethe wrote again upon the same subject to defend a young author, in whom he felt a deep interest, from the attacks of English critics in the *Quarterly Review*.¹ The "*Carmagnola*" was also commented on in the *Journal des Savants*, the *Revue Encyclopédique*, and the *Lycée Français*. Manzoni replied to his French critics in an elaborate letter on "*l'Unité de Temps et de Lieu*," written in French to Monsieur Chauvet, and pronounced by Fauriel himself to be "just, profound, and conclusive." The "*Adelchi*" shortly followed upon the "*Conte di Carmagnola*," and justified the expectations which had been raised by his first tragedy. Goethe, whose interest in Manzoni had been further stimulated by a personal acquaintance, and who also commented on the "*Adelchi*," now pronounced that "Manzoni has won for himself a most honourable place among the modern poets; his beautiful and really poetical talent is founded upon genuine human sympathy and feeling."² Neither the "*Adelchi*" nor the "*Carmagnola*" is adapted for actual representation in the present time, or in the present theatrical circumstances, but the "*Cori*" which they contain, and which, formed on the model of the Greek tragedies, Manzoni first introduced into the Italian drama, are really noble specimens of lyrical poetry. Speaking of the two in the "*Adelchi*," Goethe observes that they reveal to the mind in one moment a chain of ideas, which stretches back into the past, fills the present, and reaches forward into the future. The first of these relates to the surprise of the Longobardian army by Charlemagne's troops, and concludes with the author's condemnation of the theory that the deliverance of Italy from bondage would be secured by the intervention of a foreign power. The second, upon the death of Ermengarda, the wife of Charlemagne, who, when unjustly repudiated by her husband, took refuge in a convent, is almost

¹ Goethe's Werke, vol. xxxviii. pp. 252—305. "*Neueste Italienische Literatur*." These criticisms were first published in the "*Kunst und Alterthum*," an Art Journal, edited by Goethe from 1818 to 1828.

¹ No. XLVII., Dec. 1820. P. 86.

² Goethe's Werke, vol. xxxviii. p. 296.

unrivalled in deep and tender pathos. The following translation will perhaps suggest some of its beauty to the reader, or at least induce him to consult the original :—

" Loose dishevelled tresses, thrown
Wildly o'er her panting breast,
Drooping hands and marble brow,
The dews of coming death confessed ;
Rapt in holy thought, her eye
Sought, as she lay, with trembling glance,
the sky.

" The wailing ceased ; the solemn prayer
Rises from the choral band,
Upon the death-cold countenance
Descends a gentle hand ;
And o'er the azure eye-balls' light,
Spreads the last veil of never-ending night.

" Lady, from thy troubled mind,
Chase each earth-born hope and joy ;
Prayer, the broken-heart's oblation,
Yield to God, and die !
Far from realms of time and space,
Is thy long suffering's resting-place.

" Ah ! such thy unrelenting fate,
Sad mourner here below,
Thy prayer for forgetfulness
Ungranted still to know ;
At length affliction's sacrifice,
Unto the Lord of Saints, in sainted grief, to
rise.

" When those sleepless shades among, !
That cloister's holy aisle,
Those altars ever worshipped
By the virgin's holy toil ;
E'en there, amid the vesper strain,
Rushed on her thought the days that may
not be again,

" While yet, beloved, and careless
Of the morrow's treacherous chance,
In pleasure's maddening ecstasy,
She breathed the gales of France ;
And mid the Salian daughters there,
Went forth the most admired, the fairest of
the fair ;

" When, her bright hair decked with jewels,
From some watch-tower's lofty place,
She beheld each object, instinct
With the tumult of the chase ;
While, bending o'er his slackened rein,
The Monarch, with his flowing hair, came
thundering o'er the plain.

" Behind him came the fury
Of the fiery snorting steed,
The rapid flight, the quick return,
Of hounds in breathless speed ;
And, from his penetrated lair,
The savage boar rushed forth, with fiercely
bristling hair.

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" Pierced by the Royal archer's shaft,
His heart's-blood dyes the trampled plain ;
See, from the ghastly sight she turns
To her attendant maiden train ;
Her shrinking face, which sudden dread,
All lovely in its agony, with paleness over-
spread.

" Oh ! Aquigrano's¹ tepid stream !
Oh ! Mosa's wandering flood !
Where, the rough chase's tumult o'er,
His mail unclashed, the warrior stood ;
Beneath whose ever-freshening wave,
His limbs, with noble toil-drops stained, the
Monarch loved to lave.

" As the dew-drop softly falling
On the burnt and withered plain,
To the scorched and faded herbage,
Gives the vital juice again ;
Till in its former glory smile,
With renovated verdure, the once-parched
and sickly soil :

" So o'er the harassed spirit,
Which an earthly love has broken,
Descends the gracious influence
Of a word, in kindness spoken ;
Until its gently healing art,
To another and a calmer love, diverts the
aching heart :

" Alas ! but as the morrow's sun
Climbs the heaven's fiery way,
The still and heated atmosphere
Consuming with its ray :
Bewithering all around
The slender grass, just lifted from the freshly
moistened ground.

" Thus, though lost in brief oblivion,
Will immortal love return,
And the spirit, unresisting,
With its wonted fervour burn ;
Recalling to their well-known grief,
The thoughts, that vainly wandering, sought
a permanent relief.

" Lady, from thy troubled mind
Chase each earth-born hope and joy ;
Prayer, the broken-heart's oblation,
Yield to God and die ;
Die, and let the sacred earth
Thy tender reliques hide, the witness of
their birth.

" Rest, Lady, rest ; in still repose
Grief's other victims lie ;
Wives, whom the sword left desolate,
Virgins betrothed in mockery,
Mothers (oh agony !) compelled to hear
The shrieks of dying sons yet writhing on
the spear.

" Thee from Royal lineage sprung,
From th' oppressor's guilty race,
Who found in coward numbers strength,
In reason insult, and in right disgrace ;
In blood their privilege, their pride,
Remorseless to have lived, remorseless to
have died :—

¹ Aix-la-Chapelle.

"Thee kind misfortune lower placed
Amid the suffering crowd;
Have then thy rest—their pitying tears
Shall deck thy early shroud;
No word of insult shall be said,
No act defile the ashes of the cold and
blameless dead.

"Die, and to thy lifeless face
That peaceful calm restore,
Which, the future unexpressing,
Rapt in present bliss it wore;
While with thyself alone,
Sweet converse held the happy thoughts
beneath the virgin's gown.

"Thus, from the riven thunder-clouds
The setting sun unrolled,
And the shadowy mountains, mantled
In a flood of trembling gold,
Unto the pious swain betray
An omen, as he gazes, of the morrow's
brighter day."

R. P.

There is only one chorus in the "Conte di Carmagnola," which describes in vigorous language the din and fray of the battle, in the midst of which there is no confusion; and the poet contrives to carry his own conviction of the wickedness of civil war home to the mind of the reader. The rather obscure passages of history which serve as a basis to each of these two tragedies are carefully illustrated by the author in historical notes.

The work of Manzoni which is best known is probably "I Promessi Sposi." It has been translated into all European languages, and has been as popular—can more be said?—as an historical romance by Sir Walter Scott. It was founded on the model which he furnished; it had, like his works of this kind, for its object to amuse, interest, teach, and improve the reader, to make a particular portion of history stand, as it were, alive before him. History supplied certain facts and dates, imagination peopled the place and the times with living persons dressed in the manners and costumes of the epoch, whose actions and fortunes were so interwoven with the true facts of history as to make the reader interested in the former necessarily acquainted with the latter. The object of Sir Walter Scott and Manzoni did not end here, but both strove to show that "Virtue alone is happiness below." Both re-

fused to make vice attractive; both thought that to do so in the course of the romance, even though in the end it were punished, was high treason against morality and religion. Perhaps of Manzoni it may be more truly said than of any other successful writer of romance, that his work contained "no line which dying he could wish to blot." The scene of "I Promessi Sposi" is Milan and the neighbourhood of Como and the Italian lakes; the time is the early part of the seventeenth century. The love-story of simple good persons, Renzo and Lucia, affords the opportunity for exposing the vices and virtues, the customs and manners, lay and clerical, of the epoch, and of introducing an account of that most terrible of Divine chastisements recorded in history—the plague, which ravaged Milan and its "contorni" in 1630. To attempt to describe what Thucydides, Lucretius, Boccaccio, and Defoe had described was a bold undertaking, but it was successful, as any reader of the thirty-first chapter of the third volume may see, and mainly because Manzoni imbued his narrative with the spirit of contemporaneous and original memoirs which he carefully consulted. He speaks wisely, and with full experience of the living incommunicable "power" which such records possess.¹ The never-failing tendency of such a visitation to disclose the worst and the best features of corrupt humanity appears in these pages, as in the everlasting record of the plague at Athens. Among the many philosophical passages in this romance, the effect of famine upon the minds as well as the bodies of the sufferers, and the increase of its inherent evil by a legislation which vainly attempts to alter the laws of nature, are forcibly described. The romance would be well worth reading were it only for the study of the characters, which are in truth so well known that it is only necessary to touch slightly upon them. The author does not fall into the mistake of making either his

¹ "Forza viva, propria e per dir così incommunicabile vi sia nelle opere di quel genera comunque concepite e condotte."

hero or his heroine too perfect. Renzo, bold, enterprising, and impetuous, is weak-minded and easily led into snares, —witness the scene in the "Osteria" at Milan,—but misfortune tends to strengthen and develop his character; and when at the last he shows himself capable of a great and noble effort in the forgiveness of his enemy, Don Rodrigo, the reader feels he has earned the happiness in store for him. Lucia's character is gentle and retiring, and her instincts, always good, are strongly opposed to the kind of irregular marriage which her mother compels her to attempt as a mode of extrication from their difficulties. The account of the failure of this attempt makes one of the most spirited chapters in the book. This is the only instance of her principles failing her. Afterwards they guide her straight through the terrible dangers which beset her path, such as the scene in the Innominato's castle, where by her firm faith and simple eloquence she becomes the first instrument of his conversion and change of life, while her gentle, loving nature easily leads her to forgive those who had caused her so much misery. The really fine characters which claim, if it may be so said, the personal affection of the reader, are Fra Cristoforo and Federigo Borromeo, Archbishop of Milan. The character of the first, to which the clue is given in the history of his youth (chap. iv.), speaks in his actions, the fruit of a life of self-denial and humiliation imposed in order to atone for the crime of his youth committed in a moment of fierce passion. From that time, from the moment of his asking forgiveness of those whom he had wronged, and accepting the "bread of pardon," a portion of which he preserves in his wallet as a perpetual reminder of his fault, wherever there is a good deed to be done we find him, comforting his poor friends Renzo and Lucia in their hour of need, confronting the villain in his castle, and for their sakes patiently swallowing his insolent words, nursing for three months the plague-stricken people in the Lazzaretto at Milan, and

dying from the exhaustion consequent upon these labours, but not before he has forced Renzo to forgive his enemy, and absolved Lucia from her rash vow. The character of Federigo Borromeo claims at once admiration for the holiness, harmony, and repose which are its chief features, made more striking by contrast with the violent scene in the Innominato's castle, which immediately precedes the introduction of the Archbishop into the story. We feel, indeed, that "his life is like a stream of pure water issuing from the rock clear and limpid, pursuing its long course through various countries, without once stagnating or suffering its waters to be troubled, and throwing itself still pure and sparkling into the river. . . . He had the firm conviction that life is not intended to be a burden for many and a feast for only a few, but to all alike a serious business, for which each will have to give an account: and from his childhood he sought how he could best render his existence at once useful and holy" (chap. xxi.). And this beautiful description of his character forms a fit introduction for the affecting scene between the Archbishop and the Innominato. Don Abbondio, the weak priest, plays a middle part between the virtuous and the vicious in the story. Excluded from the first category by his selfishness and cowardice, his vices are not of a sufficiently positive nature to place him distinctly in the latter class. Still Manzoni is careful to point the moral, showing how great mischief may be caused by such mere negative qualities, as all the calamities in the story date from his refusal to perform his duties from motives of personal fear. The vicious characters are drawn with much vigour, and probably only too much truth. Two of the most remarkable passages in the work represent the agony of mind they undergo: Don Rodrigo, when cut down by the plague in the midst of his career of crime (chap. xxxiii.); and the Innominato ("the Nameless One"), that other strange character, whose stony heart is melted by the prayers of Lucia, and who in the

bitterness of his remorse is twice on the point of committing suicide, were it not for his half belief in "something after death" ("se c'è quest' altravita"). The changes which take place in his mind before he seeks the Archbishop are admirably portrayed. The minor characters—"Agnese," "Perpetua"—who often make the comic element of the story, are so described as to give that light and shade which makes the particular charm of the work.

The "Colonna Infame" is an historical treatise, written as a kind of supplement to the "Promessi Sposi,"¹ and intended to illustrate that portion (chap. xxxi.) which describes the plague at Milan in 1630. In the panic caused by the pestilence there grew up a strange popular belief that the disease was purposely spread by persons who were supposed to anoint (*ungere*) the walls of the streets and houses of Milan with a fatal poison. Were it not for the careful explanation contained in this chapter of the "Promessi Sposi," it would be incredible that so preposterous an accusation should have obtained any credit. Manzoni traces it back to the very beginning of the plague, which spread with such fearful rapidity because the magistrates, who formed a Sanitary Commission, persisted in denying the reality of the dreaded and horrible disease, and refused to take the necessary precautions against it. The belief that a class of persons existed capable of deliberately spreading the infection by poison once established, the accusation was soon fastened upon some unfortunate victims. Their innocence of a crime which had never been committed, was of no avail in the eyes of judges predetermined to find them guilty. After the horrible custom of those times, they were put to the torture and forced to denounce themselves. Nor did the falsehood thus wrung from them avail them. They were put to death with circumstances of horrible cruelty: the house of Il Barbiere Mora,

the supposed preparer of the poison, was pulled down, and the "Colonna Infame" raised upon the site to record his infamy. Till the year 1778, when it was pulled down, it might have been said of this, as of our City Monument, that it,

"Pointing at the skies,
Like a tall bully, lifts the head and lies."

Manzoni proves in his treatise, where the contemporary evidence of this disgraceful trial is carefully sifted, that the Column of Infamy recorded the guilt of the judges and not of their victims. Perhaps the preface to this work is the most striking part of it. Pietro Verri, in his "Observations upon Torture," which were suggested by the same horrible occurrence just alluded to, draws an inference as to the uselessness as well as the cruelty of that method of procedure for the discovery of crime. But Manzoni, Beccaria's grandson, goes deeper into the subject. It is not so much the cruelty, though that fills him with horror, as the flagrant injustice of the proceeding, which is so revolting to his just mind: "The horrible victory of falsehood over truth, of armed fury over defenceless innocence." The labour which he has spent upon this work will not, he adds, "be wasted if the indignation and loathing which must result from the study of such horrors are turned against those sinful and revengeful passions, which cannot be discarded like false systems, or laid aside like bad institutions, but which, by the contemplation of the hateful end to which they lead, may on other occasions be rendered less ungovernable in their fury and less fatal in their results."¹ Manzoni's energies were next employed in refuting an attack upon the Catholic Faith contained in Sismondi's "Histoire des Républiques Italiennes" (tome xvi. p. 410). He entitled the book "Osservazioni sulla Morale Cattolica," and it refutes the position that attacks upon the dogma, rites, and sacraments of the Church deserve to be called Philosophy.

The life of Manzoni is best related in his works, for he took no part in the

¹ "I Promessi Sposi," chap. xxxii. Vol. III. p. 236. "Riserbandò però ad un altro scritto la narrazione di quelli (unzioni di Milano)."

¹ "Colonna Infame," Introduzione, p. 15.

political affairs of his country, and, for the last forty years, has lived chiefly in retirement. We only hear of his being made a Senator of the kingdom of Italy in 1860; and in 1868, in spite of his advanced age, he assisted in preparing a report on producing unity of speech throughout Italy, taking for a basis the Florentine language. There are but few details of his private life either to be collected. He married, in 1807, Enrichetta Luigi Blondel, to whom he dedicated his tragedy of the "Adelchi." She died in 1833, and he afterwards married again. He appears to have left no son worthy of the name, his son Pietro having pre-deceased him, to whose children, Renzo, Vittoria, Giulia, and Alessandra, he has bequeathed his manuscripts ("Autografi"). His will contained no disposition with regard to his funeral. It has been well said of Manzoni that he himself, like his hero of the "Cinque Maggio," took up his position between two ages ("s'assise tra due secoli"), and that the undying wreath which his genius prepared for the head of Napoleon really rests upon his own brow, and, speaking for ourselves only, we prefer the renown derived from the empire of the Poet over the hearts and minds of his countrymen to the bloody victories of the Conqueror, however great the military genius by which they were won. Manzoni questioned posterity as to the reality of Napoleon's glory—

"Fu vera gloria? . . . ai posteri
L'ardua sentenza."

Posterity is answering, if it has not already answered, in the negative. Manzoni's laurels were never tarnished by envy, hatred, malice, uncharitableness, or wickedness. There is¹ something in-

expressibly beautiful and elevating in his old age. Retired from the tumult of the world, feeding himself on literature, cheered and animated by religion, modest in the extreme, receiving visits from every distinguished person who passed through Milan, accepting with courtesy, but without emotion, the homage of princes, with the one exception, it is said, of Victor Emmanuel, who had fulfilled the Poet's dream—the Unity of his much-loved Italy. He returned, and it is narrated as an exception, the visit of the King of Italy. For, says an eloquent writer, probably his friend Signor Bonghi, in the *Perseveranza* of the 29th of May, "He had two faiths—one in the truth of Catholicism, another in the future of Italy—and the one, whatever was said, whatever happened, never disturbed the other. In anxious moments, when the harmony between the two was least visible, he expected it the most, and never allowed his faith in the one or the other to be shaken. Rome he wished to be the abode of the King; Rome he wished also to be the abode of the Pope. Obedient to the Divine authority of the Pontificate, no one passed a more correct judgment upon its civil character, speaking upon the subject, "the right of the State." It is really not an exaggeration to say that Italy wept over his bier, while it has been calculated that a hundred thousand persons were actually present at his funeral. It is to be hoped that this intense appreciation of piety, patriotism, genius, and mental culture may supply a happy omen for the future of Italy, to use her lost poet's expression—

"Augurio di più sereno dì."

¹ See some details of his domestic life in *La Perseveranza* of May 26.

MEDICAL REFORM.

A new Medical Act (1858) Amendment Bill has been brought into the House of Commons this Session, in which the defects of previous Bills are repeated, and some new ones appear for the first time. The number of the nineteen bodies which in this country possess the power of licensing medical practitioners, the inequality of their examinations, and the difference in value of the degree or diploma they grant,—these are absurdities of which everyone is conscious. But they are absurdities legalized by Act of Parliament; they existed before the Medical Act of 1858 was passed, and the situation is in no way so altered as to justify the vehemence with which the small reform now in contemplation is urged on the profession. That scheme is a trifling modification of the arrangements determined in 1858; and unless it can be shown that the last fourteen years have witnessed the development of serious evils, it is too soon to disturb the country with any *partial* legislation.

The reluctance of the public to interest themselves in medical politics is intelligible; the profession is not eminently practical, and is far too apt to overburden its plans with details. Especially was this the case last year; for our ruling body, the General Medical Council, seemed to think the millennium has arrived, and the licensing bodies were determined to dispel the illusion by agreeing, each on its own scheme of details, without allowing any question of general principle to disturb its thoughts.

But the time has come for the consideration of this question, Is the government of the medical profession to be left to itself as heretofore? Is this self-governing body to have the sole right of certifying those men who are to

practise among the people? Nay, more, is this power to be exercised by nineteen practically independent, self-governing, bodies, even under the restraint of voluntary combination in three groups? The Bill of the present Session proposes to add to the General Medical Council six representatives elected by the profession at large; but this simply continues medical self-government, and adds sundry chances of error. The present agitation has been promoted on the ground that the public require better security for the fitness of medical licentiates to practise, and it is proposed to give this security by combining the self-governing bodies into three boards, each member of which has thereby less responsibility, while there is no imperial control over the conjoint boards.

What I wish to appeal to the public is this, that if it is necessary to guarantee the public safety, it is the business of the State to undertake the task. State intervention has been agitated before now: but, 1st, it involves interference with use and wont, and, 2nd, with vested interests; 3rd, it is centralization; 4th and lastly, it is German. I do not despair, even with these four formidable war-cries certain to be raised on every side, of seeing State intervention yet adopted in this country. But it is first necessary that the public should realize the fact that it is neither statesmanlike nor prudent to rest its safety on the mutual supervision exercised by antagonistic bodies.

The nineteen licensing bodies are :—

I. In England :—

University of Oxford.	
" Cambridge.	
" Durham.	
" London.	
Royal College of Physicians.	
" Surgeons.	
Apothecaries' Company.	

II. In Scotland :—

University of St. Andrews.
 " Aberdeen.
 " Glasgow.
 " Edinburgh.
 Faculty of Physicians.
 " Surgeons.
 " Physicians and Surgeons.

III. In Ireland :—

Dublin University.
 Queen's University.
 King and Queen's College of
 Physicians.
 King and Queen's College of
 Surgeons.
 Apothecaries' Company.

All the Universities have the right of *licensing practitioners* as well as of conferring an academic degree. Their degree, moreover, is a "complete" qualification, that is, it certifies knowledge both of surgery and physic. The other nine bodies, commonly called for convenience the Corporations, grant incomplete qualifications, that is, their licentiates are either physicians or surgeons; but any two of them may combine so as to give on a single examination the two diplomas which constitute their recipient equal to him who holds a University degree (equal, I mean, legally, for the inequality in professional knowledge is one of the contentions at present urged).

The Universities, except that of London, are teaching bodies; the nine corporations are associations of practitioners united under charters; they are self-elective, self-managing bodies.

The teaching bodies differ in the amount and kind of instruction they give, Oxford and Cambridge not affording teaching in all the required subjects, but they send out with the degree of M.D. highly qualified men of science. The Scottish Universities on the other hand are the medical schools of the people, and they furnish complete curricula. They supply the country with doctors as with clergymen and schoolmasters. Their graduates are not necessarily scholars, in the Oxford sense; the degree of M.A. is, however, becoming more frequent among them. The cost of living puts it in the power of a very humble class to take a degree, and it is only right to add that some of the great

names in medicine came from the poorest class. These differences between English and Scottish Universities exist among the Scottish Universities themselves, though to a less degree. They are in both cases based on differences of University management or of social arrangements; but of these more anon. The University graduate must have studied for a certain time in his University: the rest of his studies may have been accomplished at other Universities, or at such schools (teaching bodies which possess no licensing rights) as may from time to time have been "recognized" by the University in which he desires to graduate. No residence is required by the non-teaching corporations, nor is apprenticeship at a large fee to a member of the corporation now necessary. The non-teaching bodies therefore nominally represent Free Trade; a somewhat curious transformation when we remember that their charters confirmed and maintained a system of Protection, of strict monopoly, such as no Trades' Union at the present day could suggest. But the chartered bodies do not fulfil the conditions of free trade: on the contrary, limitations have been imposed as regards the number and kind of classes to be attended, and particular places were indicated where study should be conducted. I do not say this is wrong; on the contrary, the demand for absolute freedom as regards study is an utter fallacy. If it were granted to-morrow, the number of those who should succeed in entering the profession would be diminished. In a science essentially one of observation, opportunities of observation must be provided, and Human Anatomy and Medical and Surgical practice can be overtaken only in places where these departments are administered on a scale far beyond the resources of any private teacher. The General Medical Council has done its best to demolish the free-trade absurdity by its insistence on practical examinations in all subjects. The non-teaching bodies cannot in fact act up to the ideal which has been devised for them, and if they did they would do wrong.

The names of the licensing bodies in England and Scotland being the same, their parallelism would at first seem obvious; but the Scottish Universities are, so far as their licensing power goes, on the same footing as the Scottish Corporations, and both are the equivalents of the London Corporations of Physicians, Surgeons, and Apothecaries. This must be kept in mind in comparing the work done in the two countries. One of the subjects which this recent agitation gives opportunity for considering is the possibility of assimilating the Scottish degree of M.D. to that of England.

It has been said that the differences between England and Scotland require distinct schemes for the two countries, yet in Scotland itself there are as great differences met with, which, by parity of reasoning, would require distinct schemes for east and west: in other words, would justify things remaining as they are. Between Edinburgh and Glasgow there are some points of important variation; but it would be absurd to attempt to equalize the two places by making the fees the same.

These being the chief points to be noted regarding the fourteen bodies in Great Britain, it is obvious that antagonism must necessarily exist, and that the cost to the country of medical education and examination is greater than it should be, each school or licensing body making its own charges. The competition lacks some standard; there is no pitch-pipe, the pitch is apt to fall. Competition downwards takes place, and we hear it said that the public services suffer thereby. Whether this is a fact or a fancy (for there are strong counter-statements) it is not my purpose to discuss: that the allegation is made at all is the important point, for it reveals an amount of uncertainty regarding the value of licences which should not be possible. The General Medical Council asked, and the Bill of this Session again asks, the nineteen licensing bodies to frame a scheme by which a conjoint Examining Board should be formed in England, Scotland, and Ireland respectively; and these

voluntary associations would, it was fondly hoped last year, have obviated the necessity for fresh legislation. The natural consequence was that the Corporations took up a position suitable to their interests, but unsuitable to those of the Universities. The discussion is a languid one, for it is felt in Scotland that no voluntary combination can be expected to last; and if there is to be any change at all, some authoritative enactment should be made. The schemes hitherto submitted have had as their leading features,—1st. That all bodies entering into the combination should resign their right of granting licences to practise. 2nd. That there should be a Managing Board, by which the Examiners are to be appointed; no manager to be an examiner. It has been suggested that the General Council or the Branch Council should supersede the managing body; but though the object is justifiable, there are strong reasons, to be hereafter stated, against this office being committed to the Councils. 3rd. As regards the subjects of examination, great diversity of opinion prevails. England and Ireland require little short of a complete examination, while Scotland seems well-nigh agreed that a Clinical Examination will fulfil all the needs of the case. 4th. The fee is fixed in Scotland at 5*l.* as a maximum, in England and Ireland at 30*l.*, the sum thence accruing to be applied to "the remuneration of Examiners among other expenses of examination, to the maintenance of museums, libraries, or lectureships, or to other public purposes of any of the medical authorities;" practically, to be used as a compensation fund for anybody supposed to be injured by the Bill. 5th. The English Colleges are prepared to grant their diploma after the complete examination by the Joint Board. The Scottish Universities would confine the examination by the Board to clinical physic, surgery, and midwifery; and even in these hold their own examinations before granting their degree. 6th. It is obvious that all the schemes leave to the various bodies the right to grant

their own degrees and diplomas, of which the registration is contingent on success at the conjoint examination.

The contrast of the English with the Scottish state of matters turns on the different position of the English Universities. Practically the non-teaching bodies in London absorb the work of admitting to the profession, while in Scotland (and in Ireland, if I rightly understand the position of Queen's University) that duty is more equally divided. The more one considers the emphatic iterations one hears of the very small number who obtain licences in England otherwise than from the Corporations, the less does one understand the urgency with which conjunction is demanded for England. But, letting that pass, we find that the Scottish Universities grant an academic honour which is also a licence, the Corporations a licence only. A single examination by a conjoint Board with a view to license would of necessity be a minimum; if it were more, it has no title to exist by voluntary agreement. It can scarcely be expected that a University should agree to the whole of its examinations being replaced by one conducted by men for whose special knowledge there is no sufficient guarantee. I discuss here the theoretical relations of the licensing bodies; and desire that to be borne in mind, so as to avoid the personality which has been, and may again, be introduced, for aught I know, into the controversy. The Corporations, on the other hand,—I again speak of their theory of existence,—are the guardians of the profession; they claim to say who may not be admitted, but as non-teaching bodies they can only say with how little knowledge a man may be admitted. To the Corporations, therefore, any body is satisfactory which, consisting to some extent of practitioners, represents the general or average demands of practitioners.

It is obvious, then, that in Scotland two incompatible views exist, not explicitly avowed, but underlying the discussion in sufficiently obvious fashion. The one is that the Corporations are the

proper gatekeepers of the profession; the other is that the Universities have an equal or a superior, some think even an exclusive, right to the office. No satisfactory scheme of joint action was devised last year: and the failure makes it plain that any change must now come from Parliament. The question is, will the addition of representatives of the profession at large make the details of this year's Bill more comprehensive or satisfactory than they were before?

There are two distinct plans which would have the merit at least of simplicity in so far as uniform action in each division of the kingdom is concerned:—

1st. That the State should assume the right of control at the hand of a board appointed by itself.

2nd. That the non-teaching bodies throughout the kingdom should form the sole Examining Board, the regulation of education being entrusted to such a body as the General Medical Council.

I. The State examination has been ere now brought before the profession, but its claims on public attention have never been sufficiently enforced. At present a State Board superintends all parochial administration in the interests of the ratepayers; the pollution of streams is checked, and the sanitary improvement of the country is promoted by other State powers; the Board of Trade guarantees the fitness for use of our railways, and another Board secures the efficiency of our asylums and the safety from improper detention of their inmates. It seems a more important matter than some of these that the public should know for certain what they do not at present know, whether a man is really fit for the practice of his profession as a medical man. To those who think this beyond the province of the Legislature, it may be replied that though such interference is wrong in law, or engineering, or the like, where, that is to say, individual incapacity soon manifests itself and checks its own power of mischief, yet when the life of citizens and the health of this and future generations are concerned, it is as important to secure these objects as to protect our

coast against invasion. Besides, whatever theoretical objection there may be to State interference, it is too late to give effect to it after Bills have been brought in by Government, and Government has promised its support to private members who introduced measures.

Now the theory of a State Examination is, in general terms, that a body nominated by the State examines candidates for licences in all subjects which are strictly professional. Such a Board must of course be paid by the State with fixed stipends, in no way affected by the number of candidates passed or rejected. The members of the Board would be selected in each division of the kingdom, but would not in effect constitute three Boards, since the interchange of Examiners is an advantage from which we are at present debarred, but which the State Board would give opportunity for. Objection has been taken that this Board could not be put in operation in a way satisfactory to the profession, since it would be difficult to procure the proper class of Examiners. Before considering this, which is a matter of detail, there is a very important point of principle to be considered. The State Board, as giving a complete examination, would supersede the non-teaching bodies, who do not confer title, only the licence. But the Universities could not accept the examination of an external body as sufficient for their academic honours, were it for no other reason, for this—that the examination in question is a test of minimum knowledge. The Corporations then would cease to have any reason of existence as licensing bodies, and would have their functions restricted to what is now their more legitimate one, that of influencing the tone of the profession by the character of the members, by the high standard required before admission to their body, by the encouragement they give to the study of Medical Science out of the funds which they possess. The Universities continuing to grant their degrees would have no motive for lowering them, every reason to raise the standard. Their teaching at the

same time would be protected from injurious influences; nay, if the number of teaching bodies was increased, would be benefited by competition. For such a scheme as is here advocated demands that greater freedom should be given to the Medical Schools, and that greater responsibility should be thrown on them. It would not be fair for anyone to go up from a school, whom his teachers knew to be unfit. It should therefore be remitted to them to determine who might go before the State Board. Now at present the Universities alone possess such power. The Universities have, moreover, the power of “recognizing” teachers, as it is called: they have therefore an instrument of monopoly in their hands. But with the radical change I propose it would be necessary to raise the schools to a better position, to put their recognition in the hands of a modified General Council for Education. The residence required for one year at any University from which a student seeks a degree should be abolished, and the utmost freedom given in the selection of classes, so that teachers might be on the freest competition with each other. The individuality of schools is much talked of as a valuable thing which would be sacrificed by this procedure. I cannot understand what it means save the tendency to support particular views. Antiseptic and septic treatment have been individualities: even particular operations have been a kind of confession to be administered to strangers. But, so far as I can make out, the only kind of special character worth acquiring is one of liberality in teaching. That the lecturers should differ is desirable; that they should be eager in support of their views is also desirable; that there should be ample opportunity for all varieties of opinion, therein lies the honour of a school, and this would never be perilled by the free selection of teachers which the student ought to possess.

In Germany, which is happily free from corporations, the State Examination is only open to those who have a University degree, and, so far as Uni-

versity students are concerned, this requirement would continue to exist here. But it is not so easy to deal with the non-University students, with those who are pupils of Medical Schools. It would, of course, be easy to make a University monopoly of the inferior examination by constituting it the passport to the State Board. And in so far as a heavy responsibility in the matter of teaching would be imposed on these bodies, there would be security against monopoly engendering indifference. Moreover, at present University Examiners do not act alone: they have non-professorial aid, and that aid should be more largely than at present drawn from teachers. Indeed, it seems the worst defect in the Irish scheme recently propounded, that private teachers were specially referred to as ineligible for the Conjoint Board. A full representation of teachers on the University Boards would secure justice to the schools, and effect a consolidation of interest not at present realized. This seems preferable to the fusion of schools into a kind of unchartered university or college, and would permit of the multiplication of teachers, a power which (though for far other reasons) Mr. Lowe desiderates. For this the General Medical Council would require to be continued. Consisting as it does of representatives of the different licensing bodies with that necessary element where judicial functions may be exercised, Crown nominees, the Council is the safest body to control education and hold the balance between endowed and unendowed teachers. The grave objection to the proposal that the General Council should act as the State Board is that it contains representatives of Universities, who therefore are not untrammelled. As regulators of education, especially as an ultimate authority as regards preliminary education, and as inspectors of the examinations conducted in Universities and Schools, an independent Board would act with the most beneficial effect.

It may be said that if the State Examination be security simply of fitness to practise, a test therefore of minimum knowledge, it would be a questionable

step to raise the standard of the Universities and Schools above a simple pass. Now, in the first place, men with very different ambitions seek licences, some desiring only to practise in poor districts of towns or in the provinces, men who desire only to practise a trade and care little for the science. Such men must exist, such practitioners must be sanctioned. It is simply nonsense to exclude them either by making the cost too great, or the examinations too difficult. To do so is only to drive the people into the hands of prescribing chemists and irregular practitioners of all kinds. Some of the licensing boards pass such men, but the State Board would be security that the standard in no case was allowed to sink too far. And it is infinitely better to send all through the same course than to establish the complicated red-tapeism which in Germany stamps three grades of men, the lowest having far too little training, and labouring under the further disability that they represent surgery alone, as if Medicine were not a unity of which both physic and surgery are the complete realization.

In the second place, the teacher should not have the function of deciding on more than the knowledge of his pupil. To many the responsibility of licensing is a grievous disturbance; but if that responsibility were removed, instruction would be given without regard to what follows. There would be every reason to instil sound scientific views, no temptation to teach them to pass. The process should be like that of the War Office in the case of a new weapon. The maker shows all that it can do: but a committee responsible to the State judges whether that best is enough.

II. The second plan amounts to this, that the self-elected, self-regulative Corporations should be constituted the representatives of the State, should form the Examining Board. The claim for this arrangement rests upon the assumption that the profession at large has a right of control over the profession, and that the Corporations represent the profession in this respect. The truth is that the Corporations are

agreeable clubs, into which men enter after they have reached a certain rank, or earlier if they have money; but the admission is no test whatever of that which ought to be the possession of every man upon whom it may fall to be an Examiner, viz. profound knowledge of medicine. I know Fellows of English and Scottish Corporations to whom I would not entrust the examination of a student in systematic surgery or physic, though I would entrust myself to them for a fracture or a pleurisy: they are good practitioners, but no more. Some of the worst rubbish that has been written in the periodical press on antiseptics, infection, vaccination, and spontaneous generation, has been the production of men who were at the date actually Examiners, who aspired to the office of teachers, but who were grossly ignorant of physiology, chemistry, and all that pathology which is not within the range of a knife at a post-mortem. I make the statement under a strong feeling of responsibility, and with the more confidence that my opinion is in accordance with that of some, at least, of the many genuine men of science who are the associates of these ignorant men. The cause is not far to seek. Upon its membership depend the funds of every club, and it is not always possible to be as strict in a poor year as years of greater wealth permit. Moreover, these bodies do not represent the medical profession: the body of practitioners has not created them—has no voice even in the disposal of the money which they pay for licence. The Corporations were local trades unions, established to protect "regular" practitioners (*i.e.* Fellows and their pupils) against the intrusion of irregular practitioners, *i.e.* unskilled men, or skilled men who had not submitted to the local union. Historically therefore these bodies have long ceased to have any right to exist; but they have to some degree adapted themselves to the present state of matters, though clinging to the traditions of power which they no longer possess. It would be a different matter if the Corporations altered their constitution so as to include a larger proportion of

the rank and file of the profession, not merely taking their money, but giving them a voice in the management of affairs. Thus many younger men might be added to the bodies, who, partly because possessed of more leisure, partly because possessed of more recent knowledge, might oppose a little of the dogmatism, if you will, of the Schools, to the dogmatism and intolerance of the practitioner, confirmed in his habits and deprived for years of opportunity to follow the progress of science. Even then some representation of the teachers (Universities and Schools) would be necessary on the Examining Board, as at present practitioners assist the Professors. In this, as in the former plan, the General Medical Council, as a security for the kind of education, would continue: its numbers might, however, be diminished, nor should the fees of its members be as they are. It is absurd at present that men whose eminence in the profession is a strong point with some reformers, should meet at a fee of five guineas daily, a sum which bears a very small proportion to the incomes of its recipients, many of whom moreover receive their pay though meeting in the vicinity of their work. No one is disposed to dispute the statement that they have exercised a beneficial influence, but the cost of speech which has secured that benefit it is sad to contemplate. A smaller Board would be no less efficient, consisting, say, of a member for the Universities and one for the Corporations in each division of the kingdom, the Crown appointing a practitioner for each division. If the Corporations were more popular in their constitution, the profession would, it is obvious, be more largely represented than at present.—Mr. Headlam's Bill proposes to increase the General Council to thirty by adding six members elected by the profession at large, and to defray the cost of their election out of the registration fees. The profession as a rule knows nothing of what is going on in education, would only hear about such matters before an election. Politics, nationality, professional crotchets, would be powerful influences, and in the long

run we should have the elections determined by a few wire-pullers, the self-elected Central Committee. The exercise of the University franchise in Scotland has shown how unreliable is the medical suffrage, and a ballot would prove that the British Medical Association does not represent the profession. Medical practitioners are in truth an incoherent mass, and the proposal for their representation at the expense of licentiates is one of the crudities of this, the latest Bill.

The chief argument in favour of the Corporations as the sole Examining Board is, that it leaves teachers entirely free; they have no longer interest in the pass lists, and only concern themselves with teaching. Even those men who have been referred to as not seeking honours which they will never need, the practitioners in poor districts, disappear from their consideration, and their only care is to secure thorough study and teaching. It is of course necessary that while all teachers should be put on an equal footing under this scheme as under the last, some limit should be assigned to the number of schools. And this for two reasons: one, that adventure teachers would certainly arise having no object but to pass men, just as we see at present advertisements of those professing to prepare for some of the boasted severe Examinations. The men are passed, but the cram they have gone through defeats the object in view, which is to secure well-taught men, not brilliant examinees. In the Civil Service competitions cramming may do small harm, since the candidates may forget all in which they were tested without missing it in their future career; but the case is different when the whole career of the candidate consists in the application of that very special knowledge in which he was tested. The other reason is, that the State is bound to do nothing that will undermine the University. A University is a school in which the higher teaching is fostered, in which original investigation ought to be carried on. While, therefore, the unlimited increase of schools means competition in teach-

ing, it means also, unless endowments are greatly increased, the lowering of the University standard. The day is past when permission to many to do a thing badly means Free Trade. There is much reason in the attempt to organize the Civil Engineers as a Corporation with powers similar to those of the medical and legal professions. But the State has no concern with law or engineering, beyond granting power to a sufficiently strong combination to certify voluntary applicants as qualified in their profession, provided no monopoly is thereby conferred such as exists in the Russian Stock Exchange. The State granted such power in Scotland to the Educational Institute, though they nullified it in the same year by offering premiums to those who should accept the State certificate. In medicine it is different; for even if the interests of individual citizens be disregarded (and the Public Health Acts show that this is not the case), the Army and Navy medical services need some protection. It is possible that the State may yet institute for medicine a College like that at Cooper's Hill for engineers; but till that is done, and it cannot be done without making a formidable charge against the arrangements of the General Medical Council, it is the duty of the State to guard the highest teaching against impairment. The duty is all the more imperative, that the strictly scientific studies do not "pay;" they therefore require some fostering, and this is most easily effected by some restriction on the number of teachers,—say, that no school should be authorized unless it consists of three or more teachers, each of them undertaking a single subject.

It must be mentioned that a difficulty exists as regards the pecuniary interests of the Universities and Corporations. If the State Examination superseded wholly that of the existing licensing bodies, the incomes of these latter would suffer in a way requiring compensation. In 1858 a period might have been fixed at which the rights of these bodies should cease; but, instead, they were fixed and confirmed by Act of Parlia-

ment, and must now be treated accordingly. If the Universities and Schools are allowed to grant certificates as passports to the State Board, the Corporations alone would suffer. If the Corporations were the representatives of the State, as suggested in the second plan discussed above, University revenues would require supplement; but what of the Corporations? It is a sound objection to the conjoint schemes and the new Bill that the fee imposed is a tax laid on for the benefit of the public, who obtain a benefit at the expense of a profession. But if only one door is open for the licentiate, if a single fee covers his licence and registration, the University degree which he may thereafter obtain carrying no stamp, then it might be fair that a part of the fee should go to the revenues of the Corporations. The Lord Advocate has disposed of legal vested interests this Session in a summary way. The Faculty of Procurators is not compensated for the deprivation of its privilege to grant licences to practise in the Lanarkshire district; it is allowed to exist as a benefit society which possesses a fine library. Yet the Procurators have founded a Law Chair in the University. After this legislation, the Medical Corporations have not so good a plea.

This brings out an important question not yet adverted to, namely, Should the State Board licence in any case be sufficient? If it were, the State would not merely supersede the licensing bodies, it would compete with the Universities as teaching bodies which grant degrees. For this reason it seems desirable that, notwithstanding what has been said, the teaching bodies should have a secured position. Either no candidate should be admitted to the Licensing Board without a University degree, or the registration of the licence should be contingent on his afterwards obtaining such a degree. The former is probably the better plan, as

giving less scope for unfair antagonism. It is only the poorer class of practitioners, to whom reference has more than once been made, which raises a difficulty. And it must again be repeated that, while the granting of an inferior qualification is not only bad in itself, but, without details of an enactment as difficult to apply as the clauses of a Fishery or Factory Act, opens up a wide door for imposture of all kinds, —something must be done to secure for the poor attendants who have received a good education. A University minimum granted under the control of an imperial State Board is a good measure of expediency. The State, however, already does on a considerable scale what tends to the mitigation of the evil. It subsidizes the medical profession in Scotland to the extent of 30,000*l.* per annum, a third part of the whole sum expended in parochial medical relief, the remaining 60,000*l.* being derived from local rates. If these Poor Rates were converted into an Imperial tax, the subsidy would be more easily raised and economically administered. It is not suggested that parochial officers should be made wealthy, but as we are trying year by year to raise the professional status of our practitioners, young men should have an inducement to take charge of a remote district either for a time or in permanence; in the former case bent on earning a reputation and experience sufficient to warrant removal to a better locality, in the latter case not oppressed with that sense of poverty and precarious income which weakens a man's energy and too often lays him open to the temptation of dissipation.

It has been urged that the difficulty of obtaining examiners would be a serious obstacle in the way of a complete examination in all departments of a medical education. Let us see how the figures stand. The registered medical students were in—

	1866.	1867.	1868.	1869.	1870.
In England .	477 (= 50·96 per cent.)	457	483	530	551 (= 47·5 per cent.)
In Scotland .	302 (= 32·09 per cent.)	258	266	317	341 (= 29·4 per cent.)
In Ireland .	157 (= 16·9 per cent.)	212	175	317	268 (= 73·1 per cent.)
	<hr/> 936	<hr/> 927	<hr/> 924	<hr/> 1,164	<hr/> 1,160

England thus has diminished 3·46 per cent., Scotland 2·6 per cent., while Ireland has increased by 6·1 per cent. To provide for the examination of the English students the conjoint scheme of the London Corporations proposes 42 examiners; so that if in England 760, in Scotland 555, in Ireland 485, go up for their final examination, we have one examiner for 18 men, or about 100 for the three divisions.

To put it in another way. There are in Scotland say 552 candidates; each to be examined in 9 subjects. Nine examiners sitting for 6 hours daily could, giving each man half-an-hour, overtake 12 daily, a process which would require 46 days, more than 7 weeks. If there were two examiners for each subject, there would be 18 men kept from practice for a long time. At present there are about 40 examiners in the Universities, without counting those in the Colleges. But counting these, and allowing for the men who might be selected to co-operate, we should reduce the term of each to a week. Nor is it necessary that, even if an Edinburgh man were sent to Aberdeen, he should absent himself for a whole week in the year; a Glasgow man, or one from the Corporations, would relieve him, so that the process of mutual inspection need not have the damaging effect dreaded. Besides, there is a necessity for some self-sacrifice; and if practitioners raise the cry of reform, they must help in carrying it out.

It may be objected, too, that the cost of reform would be excessive; it would be great, and one, moreover, which should not fall on the candidate but on the State, as acting in the interest of the community. The purchase of the vested interests either of the Universities or of the Corporations would represent a large sum, but the examinations would not cost more than 9,000*l*. Some economy would be effected by reduction of the General Council, and the balance would form a proper charge against the Consolidated Fund. If we take the year 1869, attendance at the General Council meetings cost, in round numbers, 1,800*l*;

the smaller Board would cost 675*l*. But these are details on which it is not necessary to enter till some agreement is arrived at regarding the general principles which have been set forth.

The foregoing remarks have been directed chiefly to the peculiarities of Scotland. It is right to state that much modification would be required in adapting the proposed plans to England.

There the State Board would resolve itself practically into the Board of the Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons and the London University. The Apothecaries' Company seems doomed, in the wishes at least of its neighbours. The surrender of licensing power by the other Universities is a slight matter in fact, whatever it may be in theory.

However any new scheme may be adapted to the condition of things in each country, the unity of the new Board for the whole kingdom is an essential point in any statesmanlike legislation. The interchange of examiners, and the free admission of candidates from any division of the kingdom to the Board of any other division, are likewise essential as carrying out the intentions of the Act of 1858.

It is now certain that the suggestions of the General Medical Council cannot be carried out without some legislation. An Act is needed to ratify the surrender of licensing powers by some at least of the contracting parties. The present Bill, which is badly constructed and in some clauses unintelligible, besides proposing to plunder candidates for the benefit of ambitious practitioners and the public, puts the fate of the Universities in the power of a Board at which they are imperfectly represented, and does not even give an appeal to the Privy Council. An irresponsible body of professional men is the worst possible substitute for Parliament. Those distinctions between the three kingdoms which have rather antiquarian interest than present utility,—which, it is not too much to say, have operated in the way of retarding the improvement of medical education,—if allowed to continue, will provide a fresh crop of those jea-

lousies to which we owe the present agitation.

It appears, then, that there are nineteen examinations of unequal value in the United Kingdom; and that these are conducted by bodies which are directly represented in the General Medical Council, which is the only approach to a governing body exercising control over the medical profession.

To remedy the evils incident to a multiplicity of competing boards, the General Medical Council has invited the examining bodies in each division of the kingdom to unite voluntarily into one Board, and to establish one examination which must be a minimum; it further would allow any one or all of these bodies to accept this minimum examination in lieu of their own—thus depreciating the quality of the licence granted in respect of the examination.

But the General Council, having no power to compel the various licensing bodies into the surrender of their right to grant licences—a right conferred by charter—cannot get the English Conjoint Board itself established without an Act or Acts of Parliament empowering the Apothecaries' Company and the Universities to abandon their rights. Legislative interference is therefore necessary; and if the State interferes at all, it ought not to be content with a trifling change on the Act of 1858.

The State is in duty bound to protect its citizens against incompetent practitioners, and is therefore at liberty to institute a test examination, since the profession has asserted the insufficiency of the examinations already in force. But to add a twentieth to the nineteen already existing, would be unwise as well as unfair to the student, who even at present has more to do in preparing for examinations than studying medicine.

Now the nineteen bodies mentioned on pp. 278, 279 form two classes—teaching and non-teaching.

The latter are old guilds which gave licences to men whose only training was in apprenticeship to guildbrothers; the

former are Universities, which give an academic honour that carries with it a legal right to practise. But there are other teaching bodies which have no powers nor privileges, though equally deserving with the Universities, as the London Schools, the Andersonian in Glasgow, &c.

The conflict of interests, therefore, forbids any satisfactory voluntary reform being arrived at.

The non-teaching bodies might be constituted the electoral bodies of a Court of Examiners, before which none should appear who has not obtained some degree or certificate from a University or other teaching body; the function of such a Court being to see that none of these men came below a certain minimum of knowledge.

The State might set aside the nineteen bodies altogether, and establish a new one; but in the interests of science and good education, the certificate of University or School should be the sole admission to examination before this board, which should in no case do more than sanction the registration of the previously acquired title, registration being the sign of licence.

The absurdity of two sets of titles, granted by teaching and non-teaching bodies, can only be rectified by suppressing one set and restricting the other. The Corporation titles might go without loss, and the titles given by Universities and Schools should be purely scholastic honours. For it is now indispensable that the teaching bodies should all be placed on equal footing, and that the monopoly now existing should be put an end to.

The rival claims of Corporations *versus* Universities can only be settled by Parliament, and the only settlement that will be satisfactory is by the establishment of a State Board; but before that is done public opinion must be formed on the matters in dispute.

To this end I hope that the above remarks may be found sufficiently fair to form a trustworthy contribution.

JOHN YOUNG.



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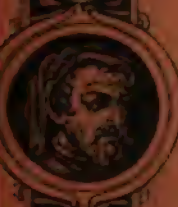
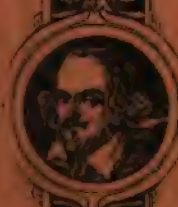

No. 166.]

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MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1873.

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MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1873.

WORDSWORTH.¹

BY SIR JOHN DUKE COLERIDGE, M.P. FOR EXETER, H.M. S ATTORNEY-GENERAL.

I owe it, no doubt, to the fact of having had the honour to represent Exeter in Parliament for some years, that I have been requested to appear before you to-night in the capacity of lecturer. It has in consequence cost me no small trouble to consider and determine what subject I should choose for my discourse. I wished to choose some subject which, at any rate, could do no harm, and of which I am not wholly ignorant; but I have found the task of selection by no means easy. Innocent subjects indeed abound; but the knowledge of them possessed by a man immersed in business and wholly occupied with the labours of public life, is not equally abundant. Men, no doubt, habitually lecture upon subjects of which they know nothing and understand nothing, and as to which I should think, if they have common modesty, they must be very conscious of their ignorance. These examples are certainly at once amusing and amazing; but I do not desire that astonishment should tempt me into imitation. What I am about to lay before you, if not new, shall, I hope, be true; if familiar, it is, I think, important; and it does not always follow, that what is true and familiar is so practically accepted and acted on, as to make insistence on it needless.

I suppose that the majority of you whom I address are engaged in some business or profession; that you have to work in some way or another; that you

cannot treat life as a mere enjoyment, nor do always what you please or what you fancy; that you have toil and struggle and labour, and dull duty, perhaps repulsive, at least uninteresting, out of which your life is for the most part made, and on which in large measure your days, perhaps your nights, are spent. If this be so, in this at least you and I are at one; I wish therefore to suggest to you the true practical value, to such as we are, of great imaginative and poetical compositions; and as an example of such compositions I will take the works of the poet I know best next to Shakspeare, the works of William Wordsworth, and urge upon you their reverent study. I am speaking only as a man of business to men of business. The really great and profound men of letters I pass by with true respect. They have their own noble work to do, and many of them do it nobly. The smart critics who settle a reputation with a sneer and dismiss a great author in a parenthesis, they too do their work which is not noble, and to their work I leave them. Let us see whether for you and for me there be not sound and sensible reasons in support of the opinion I have advanced.

I am not sure but that in selecting such a subject for my address to you to-night I have been influenced in some degree by a certain perversity. For I have seen the love of Wordsworth imputed almost as a discredit and a disqualification for the holding of high legal office; and the fact that the Lord

¹ A Lecture delivered before the Literary Society of Exeter, in April 1873.

Chancellor quoted him at a legal dinner, suggested by the conversation which he had had upon the subject during dinner with the Chancellor of the Exchequer and myself, seems to have struck some public writers as incongruous, not to say as indicating a certain weakness and effeminacy of mind. Well, I admit to having a perverse satisfaction in taking a natural opportunity of proclaiming my utter and peremptory dissent from any such notions. But I have a better and weightier motive for addressing you, which is this. The study of Wordsworth has been to me from my childhood so great a comfort and delight; it has, so far as I can judge, been of such real and abiding use to me; that it is a plain duty of gratitude to say so openly on all fitting occasions, and to endeavour if I can to lead others to enjoy what I have found so delightful, and to benefit by that which I have found so profitable.

Wordsworth, it is true, is probably now, by most cultivated and intellectual men, admitted to be a great and original writer; a writer whose compositions it is right to be acquainted with as a part of literary history and literary education. Few men would now venture to deny him genius or to treat his poetry with contempt. No one probably would dare to echo or even to defend the ribald abuse of the *Edinburgh Review*. But he is not generally appreciated: even now he is far too little read; and, as I think, for the idlest and weakest of all reasons. He suffers still from the impression produced by attacks made upon him by men who, I should suppose, if they had tried, were incapable of feeling his beauty and his grandeur, but who seem to me never to have had the common honesty to try. Fastening upon a few obvious defects, seizing upon a few poems (poems admitting of complete defence, and, viewed rightly, full of beauty, yet capable no doubt of being presented in a ridiculous aspect), the critics of the *Edinburgh Review* poured out on Wordsworth abuse, invective, malignant personality, which deterred the unreflecting mass of men from reading for themselves and finding out, as they must have found out,

the worthlessness of the criticism. They destroyed his popularity and blighted his reputation, though they have had no power whatever over his fame. Lord Jeffrey was the chief offender in this matter. I do not pretend to judge of his merits as a lawyer or a politician. As Lord Advocate and Lord of Session, he may, for what I know, have been more than respectable. As a man he had warm friends; and I do not doubt that he deserved to have them. But his collected essays show him to have been as poor, as shallow, as mistaken a critic as ever succeeded in obtaining a temporary and factitious reputation. If you look through his essays you will find scarcely an original judgement of his which has stood the test of time. Even in the instances of Lord Byron and Sir Walter Scott, the universal favourites, whom Lord Jeffrey in common with everybody else praised and honoured, it is very seldom right praise or for right reasons which you will find bestowed on them by him.

That such a man could not measure the greatness of Wordsworth, and was incapable of feeling the perfection of his art; that he should have found him dull, and trifling, and prosaic, and a poor artist, is not at all astonishing. To him originality in poetry was as colour to a blind man. That he should have pursued with bitter personal vituperation so pure and noble and high-minded a man as Wordsworth is unpleasant to remember. But that such criticism as his (except that he was always clear, intelligible, and decided) should have been able to produce the effect which followed it, is wonderful indeed. "Yarrow Unvisited" he calls "a tedious, affected performance;" of "Resolution and Independence" he says, "We defy the bitterest enemy of Mr. Wordsworth to produce anything at all parallel to this from any collection of English poetry, or even from the specimens of his friend Mr. Southey"—(a sentence which, in a very different sense from that which Lord Jeffrey gave it, I should desire to adopt;) of the "Ode on Immortality," that "it is the most illegible and unintelligible part of the

publication." There stood the beauty and tenderness of "Yarrow Unvisited," the grandeur and dignity of "Resolution and Independence," the intense and profound imagination of the "Ode on Immortality," to confute the critic. Nay, Lord Jeffrey quoted noble passages at length as subjects for sneer and for derision. But the sentence of the critic either suspended men's judgments or overbore them, and the poems were unread. The power of the *Edinburgh Review* of those days, written as it was by a set of men of splendid and popular abilities, was indeed prodigious. It stopped for years the sale of Wordsworth's poems; and though he outlived its calumnies, and found at length a general and reverent acceptance, yet prejudices were created which impeded his popularity; and even now the echoes of Lord Jeffrey's mocking laughter fill the ears of many men, and deafen them to the lovely and majestic melody of Wordsworth's song.

It is against prejudices such as these, unworthy and unfounded prejudices, that I protest. It is not only, it is not chiefly, that they prevent the formation of a sound literary judgment, though this is something. It is that they stand between working men, using that expression in the sense I have explained, and a writer who might be of such great use to them and such an abiding comfort. I think Wordsworth, with the doubtful exception of Chaucer, of whom I am ashamed to say I do not know enough to form a judgement, a name in our literature to which Shakespeare and Milton are alone superior. But, right or wrong, this is not the point on which I wish to insist. What I do wish to insist on is, that for busy men, men hard at work, men plunged up to the throat in the labours of life, the study of Wordsworth is as healthy, as refreshing, as invigorating as study as literature can supply. He is the poet to whom you and I may turn with great and constant advantage. And I will tell you why I say so.

First, the man himself, his life, his character, whether as a man or as an artist, are subjects for the study and imitation of every hard-working man.

His life was pure and simple; I might almost say austere. With very narrow means he sat himself down to pursue his calling with a single eye to do what he thought his duty, and according to his convictions and to the best of his abilities to benefit mankind. No money difficulties, not even the pressure of almost poverty, diverted him for an instant from his high purpose, or bowed him at any time to an unworthy condescension. No mockery disturbed his equanimity, no unpopularity shook his confidence. He believed he had a work to do, and he did it with all his might. "Make yourself, my dear friend," he said to Lady Beaumont, "as easy-hearted as myself with respect to these poems. Trouble not yourself with their present reception; of what moment is that compared with what, I trust, is their destiny? To console the afflicted; to add sunshine to daylight by making the happy happier; to teach the young and the gracious of every age to see, to think, and feel, and therefore to become more actively and seriously virtuous—this is their office, which I trust they will faithfully perform long after we (that is, all that is mortal of us) are mouldered in our graves." Again he says: "Be assured that the decision of these persons (i.e., 'the London wits and wittings') has nothing to do with the question; they are altogether incompetent judges. . . . My ears are stone deaf to this idle buzz, and my flesh as insensible as iron to these petty stings; and after what I have said I am sure yours will be the same. I doubt not that you will share with me an invincible confidence that my writings (and among them these little poems) will co-operate with the benign tendencies in human nature and society, wherever found; and that they will in their degree be efficacious in making men wiser, better, and happier." Once more, he says to Sir George Beaumont: "Let the poet first consult his own heart as I have done, and leave the rest to posterity,—to, I hope, an improving posterity. I have not written down to the level of superficial observers and unthinking minds. Every great poet is

a teacher ; I wish either to be considered as a teacher or nothing." And in a very fine passage in his famous Preface, speaking of the imagination, he says : " And if bearing in mind the many poets distinguished by this prime quality, whose names I omit to mention, yet justified by the recollection of the insults which the ignorant, the incapable, and the presumptuous have heaped upon these and my other writings, I may be permitted to anticipate the judgment of posterity upon myself, I shall declare (censurable, I grant, if the notoriety of the fact above stated does not justify me) that I have given in these unfavourable times evidence of exertions of this faculty upon its worthiest objects ; the external universe, the moral and religious sentiments of man, his natural affections, and his acquired passions, which have the same ennobling tendency as the productions of men in this kind worthy to be holden in undying remembrance." In this spirit of noble self-confidence he turned away from London, from offers of lucrative employment, from the fascinations of society, to which he was by no means insensible, and spent his life amongst the mountains of Westmoreland in the steady undeviating pursuit of what he knew he could do best. Competence, if not wealth, came to him in after years, but came unsought ; a great and genuine popularity at length followed him, though he had never followed it ; but these things did not change in the smallest measure the simplicity of his life, or disturb the repose of his character. *Virgilium videntum*. It was my privilege, when I was yet a boy and he an old man, to spend a month in constant intercourse with him ; and I have retained undying recollections of the dignity and power which he bore about him, and which were singularly impressive. But his poems are the man, and what I saw, and I hope profited by, you may see and profit by in the books which he has left behind.

No man more than he, moreover, carried conscience into his work. His style, his language, were always the best he could produce, and his works were laboured at and corrected with uncom-

promising severity. Sometimes, it is true, he in later years corrected into tameness the grand conceptions of his youth ; but his principle was high and right. " I yield to none," says he, " in love for my art. I therefore labour at it with reverence, affection, and industry. My main endeavour as to style has been that my poems should be written in pure intelligible English." " Make what you do produce as good as you can," is his comment on an answer of Crabbe, that it was " not worth while " to take the trouble to make his poems more correct in point of English.

Farthermore as far as literature is concerned, he set himself to a great task, and he completely accomplished it. He had Cowper certainly for a forerunner, but from many causes the influence of Cowper was limited ; and though he preceded Wordsworth, yet Wordsworth has done more to make Cowper appreciated than Cowper did for him. Poetry he found, in spite of Cowper and in spite of Gray, overlaid with unreality and affectation, severed for a time from the truth of nature, and become useless and ineffective for purposes of refreshment and improvement. He set himself to bring Poetry back to simplicity and truth ; he sent her once more to Nature for her images, and to the heart of man for her thoughts ; and created—as he has said himself, every great poet must create—the taste by which he was himself to be relished. In the best sense he revolutionized the style of English literature. Say what men will, very few of his contemporaries were not—there is not a great living writer who has not been—deeply and permanently impressed by him. In Browning, in Tennyson, in Sir Henry Taylor, in Matthew Arnold, you not only catch echoes of Wordsworth from time to time ; but in that which at their best all have in common in their simple, direct, energetic English, you feel the influence in style which he left behind him. To have done this, and to have set a great example and given forth a teaching for which everyone must be the better, constitutes no common claim on a people's gratitude.

But he has done this besides in noble

works ; in works which will never die, which are as delightful and refreshing as they are wise and good. I do not pretend, in a few hasty and desultory remarks, to exhaust the subjects which even my knowledge of him could supply. I will take but a few of the lessons which he teaches, and point out to you how he teaches them. I hope that the beauty and the wisdom will speak for themselves, and, if the great man is new to you, will kindle in you a desire for a more extended knowledge of him. I do not pretend to be your teacher, but I may not improperly, I hope, tell you who has been mine.

First, he shows us, as no other man has done, the glory, the beauty, the holiness of Nature ; he spiritualizes for us the outward world ; and that with no weak and sentimental, but with a thoroughly manly feeling. He always insists, it has been well said, that Nature gives gladness to the glad and comfort to the sorrowful. It is not only that his descriptions of nature are so true and so fresh, that reading him after a hard day's work is like walking out amongst the fields and hills ; but that he steepes them in an ideal light, that he sheds upon them

“ the gleam—

The light that never was on sea or land ;
The consecration and the poet's dream ; ”

and that he makes us feel that wonderful connection between nature and the soul of man, which is indeed mysterious, but which those who have felt it cannot deny ; and those who believe that the same Almighty God created both, will not be inclined to doubt.

If I were to read to you all the passages, or even many of them which make good this point, I should keep you here till midnight. You need not be afraid. I will trouble you but with two or three. In “Hart Leap Well,” for instance, the story is that a knight had chased a stag a whole day long, and the stag at last, with three great leaps down a steep hill, fell down and died on the brink of a spring of water. The knight built a pleasure house there, but at the date of the poem it had fallen into ruin ; and

the poet sees the ruins and hears the story from an old shepherd whom he finds upon the spot. And thus the poem ends :—

“The shepherd stopped, and that same story told

Which in my former rhyme I have rehearsed.

‘A jolly place,’ said he, ‘in times of old !
But something ails it now ; the spot is curst.

“ ‘You see there lifeless stumps of aspen wood—

Some say that they are beeches, others elms—

These were the bower ; and here a mansion stood,

The finest palace of a hundred realms !

“ ‘The harbour does its own condition tell ;
You see the stones, the fountain, and the stream :

But as to the great Lodge ! you might as well
Hunt half a day for a forgotten dream.

“ ‘There's neither dog nor heifer, horse nor sheep,

Will wet his lips within that cup of stone ;
And oftentimes, when all are fast asleep,
This water doth send forth a dolorous groan.

“ ‘Some say that here a murder has been done,

And blood cries out for blood ; but, for my part,

I've guessed, when I've been sitting in the sun,

That it was all for that unhappy Hart.

* * * * *

“ ‘Now, here is neither grass nor pleasant shade ;

The sun on drearier hollow never shone ;
So will it be, as I have often said,
Till trees, and stones, and fountain, all are gone.’

“ ‘Grey-headed shepherd, thou hast spoken well ;

Small difference lies between thy creed and mine :

This Beast, not unobserved, by Nature fell ;
His death was mourned by sympathy divine.

“ ‘The Being, that is in the clouds and air,
That is in the green leaves among the groves,

Maintains a deep and reverential care
For the unoffending creatures whom He loves.

“ ‘The pleasure house is dust :—behind, before,
This is no common waste, no common gloom ;

But Nature, in due course of time, once more,
Shall here put on her beauty and her bloom.

"She leaves these objects to a slow decay,
That what we are, and have been, may
be known ;
But at the coming of the milder day,
These monuments shall all be overgrown.

"One lesson, shepherd, let us two divide,
Taught both by what she shows, and what
conceals ;
Never to blend our pleasure or our pride
With sorrow of the meanest thing that
feels."

Again, let me take the end of one of
his very finest lyrics, the "Song at the
Feast of Brougham Castle." The Harper
of the Cliffords is represented as singing
an exulting song on the restoration of
good Lord Clifford, the Shepherd Lord,
as he was called, to the halls of his
ancestors, in the time of Henry VII.
The whole poem is very noble, and it
ends thus :—

"Now another day is come,
Fitter hope, and nobler doom ;
He hath thrown aside his crook,
And hath buried deep his book ;
Armour rusting in his halls
On the blood of Clifford calls :
'Quell the Scot,' exclaims the Lance ;
Bear me to the heart of France,
Is the longing of the shield—
Tell thy name, thou trembling Field ;
Field of death, where'er thou be,
Groan thou with our victory !
Happy day, and mighty hour,
When our Shepherd, in his power,
Mailed and horsed, with lance and sword,
To his ancestors restored
Like a reappearing Star,
Like a glory from afar,
First shall head the flock of war !"

Then the great poet, like Timotheus in
Dryden's justly famous ode, "changed
his hand and checked his pride," and
ends his poem in these slow, tender
elegiac stanzas—

"Alas! the fervent harper did not know,
That for a tranquil soul the lay was
framed,
Who, long compelled in humble walks to go,
Was softened into feeling, soothed, and
tamed.

"Love had he found in huts where poor men
lie,
His daily teachers had been woods and
rills,
The silence that is in the starry sky,
The sleep that is among the lonely hills."

Some of you may know the lines I
next give you from the poem on the

Wye ; but if you do, you will forgive me
for reminding you of them, and for re-
minding others that they were published
in 1795, twenty-three years before the
publication of the later cantos of "Childe
Harold," which are so much indebted to
this and to other poems of that writer
whom in his baser moods Lord Byron
used to affect to despise :—

"I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth ; but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts ; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man :
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things. Therefore am
I still

A lover of the meadows and the woods,
And mountains ; and of all that we behold
From this green earth ; of all the mighty world
Of eye, and ear,—both what they half create,
And what perceive ; well pleased to recognize,
In nature and the language of the sense,
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
Of all my moral being."

One more passage I give you from one
of his less-known, though, I think, one
of his greatest poems, the "Prelude." It
is a description of a pass in the Alps :—

"The immeasurable height
Of woods decaying, never to be decayed,
The stationary blasts of waterfalls,
And in the narrow rent at every turn
Winds thwarting winds, bewildered and forlorn,
The torrents shooting from the clear blue sky,
The rocks that muttered close upon our ears,
Black drizzling crags that spake by the way-
side,

As if a voice were in them, the sick sight
And giddy prospect of the raving stream,
The unfettered clouds and region of the
heavens,
Tumult and peace, the darkness and the
light—

Were all like workings of one mind, the
features
Of the same face, blossoms upon one tree ;
Characters of the great Apocalypse,
The types and symbols of Eternity,
Of first, and last, and midst, and without end."

In these passages the natural images
are grand and large, but it is his cha-
racteristic that he can draw the noblest

lessons from the humblest objects. "To me," he says, "the meanest flower that blows can give

"Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

Two passages I will give you to exhibit these characteristics. The first I take on purpose from the much-laughed-at Peter Bell :—

"He roved among the vales and streams,
In the greenwood and hollow dell;
They were his dwellings night and day,—
But nature ne'er could find the way
Into the heart of Peter Bell.

"In vain, through every changeful year,
Did Nature lead him as before;
A primrose by a river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more.

"Small change it made in Peter's heart
To see his gentle panniered train
With more than vernal pleasure feeding
Where'er the tender grass was leading
Its earliest green along the lane.

"In vain, through water, earth, and air,
The soul of happy sound was spread,
When Peter on some April morn,
Beneath the broom or budding thorn,
Made the warm earth his lazy bed.

"At noon, when, by the forest's edge
He lay beneath the branches high,
The soft blue sky did never melt
Into his heart; he never felt
The witchery of the soft blue sky!

"On a fair prospect some have looked
And felt, as I have heard them say,
As if the moving time had been
A thing as steadfast as the scene
On which they gazed themselves away."

The last passages on this subject I give you are from the "Prelude." Nothing can be simpler, yet, unless I altogether deceive myself, few things in literature nobler or greater, than these lines. The first passage describes his coming home with his brother from school to find his father dying; and in a few days his father died :—

"There rose a crag,
That, from the meeting point of two high ways
Ascending, overlooked them both, far-stretched;
Thither, uncertain on which road to fix
My expectation, thither I repaired,
Scout-like, and gained the summit; 'twas a day
Tempestuous, dark, and wild, and on the grass
I sat, half sheltered by a naked wall;
Upon my right hand crouched a single sheep,
Upon my left a blasted hawthorn stood;
With those companions at my side, I watched,
Straining my eyes intensely, as the mist

Gave intermitting prospect of the copse
And plain beneath. Ere we to school returned,
That dreary time—ere we had been ten days
Sojourners in my father's house—he died,
And I and my three brothers, orphans then,
Followed his body to the grave. The event,
With all the sorrow that it brought, appeared
A chastisement; and when I called to mind
That day so lately past, when from the crag
I looked in such anxiety of hope;
With trite reflections of morality,
Yet, in the deepest passion, I bowed low
To God, Who thus corrected my desires;
And afterwards the wind and sleety rain,
And all the business of the elements,
The single sheep, and the one blasted tree,
And the bleak music from that old stone wall,
The noise of wood and water, and the mist
That on the line of each of those two roads,
Advanced in such indisputable shapes;
All these were kindred spectacles and sounds
To which I oft repaired, and thence would
drink,

As at a fountain: and on winter nights,
Down to this very time, when storm and rain
Beat on my roof, or, haply, at noon-day,
While in a grove I walk, whose lofty trees,
Laden with summer's thickest foliage, rock,
In a strong wind, some working of the spirit,
Some inward agitations thence are brought,
Whate'er their office, whether to beguile
Thoughts over-busy in the course they took,
Or animate an hour of vacant ease."

The last which I will add is in every way a most characteristic passage. The incident is the simplest possible, yet it is told with an imaginative power and with a splendour of language which invest it with a noble interest, and the effect of the incident upon the heart and mind of the boy is described as no one but Wordsworth could describe it :—

"One summer evening (led by her) I found
A little boat tied to a willow tree
Within a rocky cove, its usual home.
Straight I unloosed her chain, and stepping in
Pushed from the shore. It was an act of
stealth

And troubled pleasure, nor without the voice
Of mountain echoes did my boat move on:
Leaving behind her still, on either side,
Small circles glittering idly in the moon,
Until they melted all into one track
Of sparkling light. But now, like one who
rows,

Proud of his skill, to reach a chosen point
With an unswerving line, I fixed my view
Upon the summit of a craggy ridge,
The horizon's utmost boundary; far above
Was nothing but the stars and the gray sky.
She was an elfin pinnace; lustily
I dipped my oars into the silent lake,
And, as I rose upon the stroke, my boat
Went heaving through the water like a swan;
When, from behind that craggy steep till then

The horizon's bound, a huge peak, black and huge,

As if with voluntary power instinct
Upreared its head. I struck and struck
again,

And growing still in stature the grim shape
Towered up between me and the stars, and still,

For so it seemed, with purpose of its own
And measured motion like a living thing,
Strode after me. With trembling oars I
turned,

And through the silent water stole my way
Back to the covert of the willow tree ;
There in her mooring-place I left my bark,
And through the meadows homeward went,
in grave

And serious mood ; but after I had seen
That spectacle, for many days, my brain
Worked with a dim and undetermined sense
Of unknown modes of being ; o'er my
thoughts

There hung a darkness, call it solitude
Or blank desertion. No familiar shapes
Remained, no pleasant images of trees,
Of sea or sky, no colours of green fields ;
But huge and mighty forms, that do not live
Like living men, moved slowly through the
mind

By day, and were a trouble to my dreams."

I could multiply passages endlessly with delight to myself, but most likely with weariness to you ; but I must pass on to other great characteristics of Wordsworth's teaching. No man has so steadily asserted the dignity of virtue, of simplicity, of independence, wherever found, and quite apart from all external ornaments. He has chosen a pedlar for the chief character of his largest poem, and invested him quite naturally with a greatness of mind and character—fitting him to play the lofty part assigned him in the "Excursion." In the poem called "Resolution and Independence," the interest turns upon the simple, steady resolution of an old leech-gatherer, who pursues his trade in extreme old age about the lonely moors, and the strength and consolation which came to the poet in a wayward melancholy mood from the sight of this brave old man, and the thought of his firmness and perseverance. The poem is full of famous lines which most of us are familiar with :—

"Motionless as a cloud the old man stood,
That heareth not the loud winds when they
call :
And moveth all together, if it move at all."

Again :—

"The fear that kills ;
And hope that is unwilling to be fed ;
Cold, pain, and labour, and all fleshly ills ;
And mighty Poets in their misery dead."

"Chatterton, the marvellous boy,
The sleepless soul that perished in his pride ;"
and many more. And it ends with the fine moral :—

"And when he ended,
I could have laughed myself to scorn to find
In that decrepit man so firm a mind.
'God,' said I, 'be my help and stay secure ;
I'll think of the leech-gatherer on the lonely
moor !'"

"Well," said a friend of mine, a disbeliever in Wordsworth, "there are very fine lines, no doubt, in that poem ; but think of any man writing all that about a poor old leech-gatherer." Yes, it is all about a poor old leech-gatherer ! Because Wordsworth goes to the heart of things, and not to their outside, to the soul of man, and not his body ; and because a pauper, if resolute and high-minded, is far more interesting and admirable to him than a duke of twenty descents who is nothing but a duke. Two of his most beautiful and lofty poems are "Michael" and "The Brothers ;" indeed, if I were to select a single poem which conveys in my judgement the greatest feeling of Wordsworth's power, I should select "Michael." But in these, and in the story of "Margaret," and in the series of narratives in the books in the "Excursion," entitled "The Churchyard among the Mountains," the characters are all of humble life ; the stories are the simplest ; and yet the moral dignity—I might even, without extravagance, say the moral majesty—with which he invests his characters, is as much without a parallel as the absorbing interest and deep pathos which his imagination clothing itself in the language of moderation and reserve throws around his quiet themes. Now and then, not often, he bursts into an open condemnation of worldly conventions ; and when he does, not Milton himself is grander or more severe. I cannot deny myself the pleasure of quoting the passage in which (I should suppose very justly) he speaks of the University life of his day as he saw it at Cambridge :—

"All degrees
And shapes of spurious fame and short-lived
praise,
Here sate in state, and fed with daily alms
Retainers won away from solid good ;
And here was Labour his own bond slave ;
Hope,
That never set the pains against the prize ;
Idleness halting with his weary clog ;
And poor misguided Shame, and witless Fear,
And simple Pleasure foraging for Death ;
Honour misplaced, and Dignity astray ;
Feuds, Factions, Flatteries, Enmity, and Guile,
Murmuring Submission, and bald Government,
(The idol weak as the idolator,)
And Decency and Custom starving Truth,
And blind Authority beating with his staff
The child who might have led him ; Emptiness
Followed as of good omen, and meek Worth
Left to herself unheard of and unknown."

It is a natural accompaniment of such feeling as this passage portrays, that he should have had a keen sense of the littleness of our mere personal life. Personal talk of all sorts, gossip, personality, party politics, the strife of law-courts, the ceaseless toil of money-making ; all these things seemed to him unutterably small :—

"Among your tribe,
Our daily world's true worldlings, rank not me !
Children are blest, and powerful ; their world
lies
More justly balanced ; partly at their feet,
And part far from them : sweetest melodies
Are those that are by distance made more
sweet ;
Whose mind is but the mind of his own eyes,
He is a slave ; the meanest we can meet !"

Elsewhere he breaks out in that magnificent strain :—

"The world is too much with us : late and
soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our
powers :
Little we see in Nature that is ours ;
We have given our hearts away—a sordid
boon !
The sea that bares her bosom to the moon ;
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are upgathered now like sleeping
flowers ;
For this, for everything, we are out of tune ;
It moves us not.—Great God ! I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn ;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less
forlorn ;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea ;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed
horn."

But though he thought so little of

individual life, he is never weary of insisting on the greatness and majesty of the free life of a nation. He was an Englishman to the heart's core, if ever there lived one ; his heart glowed his whole life long with the undying fire of a devoted patriotism. He lived, too, at a time when the liberties of England ; nay, when her very existence as a nation was in real danger from the enormous power wielded against her by Napoleon Bonaparte, directed by his genius, the greatest military genius of modern time. For a while England was left without a single European ally to fight single-handed against his gigantic military despotism. Those were days in which invasion seemed possible, and in which at least it was seriously threatened. The whole series of his sonnets on Liberty and Independence, and several of his odes and other poems, are examples of the high spirit in which he met those times, and the temper he desired to inspire into his countrymen :—

"It is not to be thought of that the flood
Of British freedom, which, to the open sea
Of the world's praise, from dark antiquity
Hath flowed, 'with pomp of waters, unwith-
stood :'
Roused though it be full often to a mood
Which spurns the cheek of salutary bands,
That this most famous Stream in bogs and
sands
Should perish, and to evil and to good
Be lost for ever. In our halls is hung
Armour of the invincible knights of old ;
We must be free or die, who speak the
tongue
That Shakspeare spake the faith and morals
hold
Which Milton held.—In everything we are
sprung
Of earth's first blood, have titles manifold."

In reading you his poem to the Men of Kent, I should remind you that the "Men of Kent" is a technical expression for the inhabitants of that part of Kent whose ancestors were never conquered by the Norman Conqueror, and who obtained from him at the time of the Conquest the confirmation of their charters and liberties. To them he addressed this noble music :—

"Vanguard of liberty, ye men of Kent !
Ye children of a soil that doth advance
Her haughty brow against the coast of
France,

Now is the time to prove your hardiment !
To France be words of invitation sent !
They from their fields can see the countenance

Of your fierce war, may ken the glittering lance,
And hear you shouting forth your brave intent.

Left single, in bold parley, ye, of yore,
Did from the Norman win a gallant wreath ;
Confirmed the charters that were yours before—

No parleying now ! In Britain is one breath ;

We all are with you now from shore to shore :—

Ye men of Kent, 'tis Victory or Death !”

Two more of these trumpet-calls of the old patriot-poet, and I pass on. The first is addressed to Milton :—

“ Milton ! thou should'st be living at this hour :
England hath need of thee : She is a fen
Of stagnant waters ; altar, sword, and pen,
 Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,

Have forfeited their ancient English dower
Of inward happiness. We are selfish men ;
Oh ! raise us up, return to us again ;
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.

Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart :
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea :

Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
So didst thou travel on life's common way,
In cheerful godliness ; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay.”

The last I will trouble you with is called “ A Briton's Thought on the Subjugation of Switzerland,” when the armies of Bonaparte overran that country and crushed the Republics, and England alone was left unconquered :—

“ Two Voices are there ; one is of the sea,
One of the mountains ; each a mighty Voice ;

In both from age to age thou didst rejoice,
They were thy chosen music, Liberty !
There came a tyrant, and with holy glee
Thou fought'st against him ; but hast vainly striven :

Thou from thy Alpine holds at length art driven,

Where not a torrent murmurs heard by thee.
Of one deep bliss thine ear hath been bereft :
Then cleave, oh cleave to that which still is left ;

For, high-souled maid, what sorrow would it be

That mountain floods should thunder as before,

And Ocean bellow from his rocky shore,
And neither awful Voice be heard by thee !”

Such was the stern and lofty teaching of this great man in the days of the first Napoleon. If he had lived in the days of the Third Napoleon, and had seen the *coup d'état*, the massacres of Paris, the deportations to Cayenne, the seizure of Savoy, the proposed spoliation of Belgium, by the man whom it is the fashion to call the faithful ally of England, he would have rebuked the English worshippers of the nephew as he did those of the far greater uncle :—

“ Never may from our souls one truth depart,
That an accursed thing it is to gaze
On prosperous tyrants with a dazzled eye.”

You would expect to find, and it is the fact, that a writer who rings so true on public matters would be full of a sound and healthy spirit on all moral or social subjects. No paltering with morality, no apology for profligacy and crime, no exalting of selfish passion into heroic virtue, is to be found in Wordsworth. It was said of Virgil (and it was said, with perhaps one doubtful exception, with perfect truth) that he was a sacred poet. It was said of Wordsworth with undoubted truth, by Mr. Keble, whose authority on such a question no man will challenge. I need not cite the “ Ode to Duty” nor any special poem in proof of its truth. A pure life, an habitual self-control, a deep reverence for God and for His Son, a memory unburdened with remorse—these are the elements of happiness as Wordsworth viewed it, and as all his poems describe it :—

“ O that our lives, which flee so fast,
In purity were such,

That not an image of the past,
Should fear that pencil's touch !

Retirement, then, might hourly look

Upon a soothing scene,

Age steal to his allotted nook,

Contented and serene ;

With heart as calm as lakes that sleep

In frosty moonlight glistening ;

Or mountain rivers, where they creep,

Along a channel smooth and deep,

To their own far-off murmurs listening.”

I have left myself no time to speak of the beauties of Wordsworth, of his grace, of his melody, of the perfection of his style, of the splendour of his lyrics, of his grand imagination, of that

sublimity which he displays when, in the fine language of Mr. Landor (who personally disliked him), "he shakes the earth aside, and soars steadily into the empyrean." The book of the "Excursion" entitled "Despondency Corrected," the "Ode on Immortality," "Laodamia," "Dion," "Lycoris," "The Triad," "The River Duddon," besides a whole catalogue of smaller poems; these seem to me each in its way, and their ways are very different, as perfect as any poems in the English language. I must leave these things to you. If you will only read them, you may think that I exaggerate perhaps; but I am perfectly certain that you will thank me for the introduction, that you will wonder such poems should have been unknown to you, and that the more you read them, the more admirable and consummate they will appear to you merely as poems.

In selecting the passages which I have read to you, I have been, of set purpose, guided rather by the lessons which they teach, than by the mere beauty of the language in which the lessons are conveyed. Poems such as you would find in a book of Wordsworth's "Beauties," I have purposely left unquoted. But imperfect and inadequate as this paper is, it would be even still less adequate if I did not quote one passage in illustration of Wordsworth's exquisite felicity of diction and absolute perfection of metre, when the occasion is one for the display of these qualities. I will read you the description from the "White Doe of Rylstone," of the first coming in of the Doe and her lying down by Francis Norton's grave. I put it before you as a piece of English metre worthy of the very greatest of English metrists, of Ben Jonson, of Gray, of Shelley, (why should I hesitate to say?) of Coleridge:—

"A moment ends the fervent din,
And all is hushed, without and within;
For though the priest, more tranquilly,
Recites the holy liturgy,
The only voice which you can hear
Is the river murmuring near.
When soft!—the dusky trees between,
And down the path through the open green,
Where is no living thing to be seen;
And through yon gateway, where is found,
Beneath the arch with ivy bound,
Free entrance to the churchyard ground;

And right across the verdant sod
Towards the very House of God;
Comes gliding in with lovely gleam,
Comes gliding in serene and slow,
Soft and silent as a dream,
A solitary Doe!
White she is as lily of June,
And beauteous as the silver moon
When out of sight the clouds are driven
And she is left alone in heaven;
Or like a ship some gentle day
In sunshine sailing far away,
A glittering ship, that hath the plain
Of ocean for her own domain.

"Lie silent in your graves, ye dead!
Lie quiet in your churchyard bed!
Ye living, tend your holy cares;
Ye multitude, pursue your prayers;
And blame not me if my heart and sight
Are occupied with one delight!
'Tis a work for Sabbath hours
If I with this bright creature go:
Whether she be of forest bowers,
From the bowers of earth below;
Or a spirit, for one day given,
A pledge of grace from purest heaven.

"What harmonious pensive changes
Wait upon her as she ranges
Round and through this pile of state
Overthrown and desolate!
Now a step or two her way
Leads through space of open day,
Where the enamoured sunny light
Brightens her that was so bright;
Now doth a delicate shadow fall,
Falls upon her like a breath,
From some lofty arch or wall,
As she passes underneath:
Now some gloomy nook partakes
Of the glory that she makes,—
High-ribbed vault of stone, or cell,
With perfect cunning framed as well
Of stone, and ivy, and the spread
Of the elder's bushy head;
Some jealous and forbidding cell,
That doth the living stars repel,
And where no flower hath leave to dwell.

"The presence of this wandering Doe
Fills many a damp obscure recess
With lustre of a saintly show;
And, re-appearing, she no less
Sheds on the flowers that round her grow
A more than sunny liveliness.
But say, among these holy places,
Which thus assiduously she paces,
Comes she with a votary's task,
Rite to perform, or boon to ask?
Fair Pilgrim! harbours she a sense
Of sorrow, or of reverence?
Can she be grieved for quire or shrine,
Crushed as if by wrath divine?
For what survives of House where God
Was worshipped, or where man abode;
For old magnificence undone;
Or for the gentler work begun
By Nature, softening and concealing,

And busy with a hand of healing ?
 Mourns she for lordly chamber's hearth
 That to the sapling ash gives birth ;
 For dormitory's length laid bare,
 Where the wild rose blossoms fair ;
 Or altar, whence the Cross was rent,
 Now rich with mossy ornament !—
 She sees a warrior carved in stone,
 Among the thick weeds, stretched alone ;
 A warrior, with his shield of pride
 Cleaving humbly to his side,
 And hands in resignation prest
 Palm to palm, on his tranquil breast ;—
 As little she regards the sight
 As a common creature might ;
 If she be doomed to inward care,
 Or service, it must lie elsewhere.
 —But hers are eyes serenely bright,
 And on she moves—with pace how light !
 Nor spares to stoop her head, and taste
 The dewy turf with flowers bestrown ;
 And thus she fares, until at last
 Beside the ridge of a grassy grave
 In quietness she lays her down ;
 Gentle as a weary wave
 Sinks, when the summer breeze hath died,
 Against an anchored vessel's side ;
 Even so, without distress, doth she
 Lie down in peace, and lovingly.”

You will observe, I hope, that I have tried to keep steadily in view the object with which I began ; to show the use of Wordsworth, his practical value to us, the practical advantage we may derive from him, the gratitude we owe him. I have kept therefore, almost entirely, to some points only in his literary and moral character such as were most germane to the subject, and most relevant to my purpose. One only I will farther deal with here. It has been said (I must think by those who have not read him, and who do not know what they are talking about) that he is a cold and heartless writer. I do not know, on the contrary, a writer more full of love—not passion—or more exquisitely tender. If a man can read “Michael,” and “The Brothers,” and “Margaret,” and “Ellen,” and many others, with unfaltering voice and unmoistened eyes, he must either have great self-command or little feeling. And to me the pathos of Wordsworth is like the sweetness of Michael Angelo. As the sweetness of Michael Angelo is sweeter than that of other men, because of his strength, so the pathos of Wordsworth is the more moving because of the calmness and

reserve and self-restraint with which it is always clothed. Of his tenderness, all the poems to “Lucy” are surely unanswerable examples : but on personal subjects he is always tender ; and I do not know more tender poems than those addressed to a friend whose manner had changed to him, and those to his wife's picture, written, too, when he was a very old man. They are short, and they are the last which I will read :—

“There is a change—and I am poor ;
 Your love hath been, not long ago,
 A fountain at my fond heart's door,
 Whose only business was to flow ;
 And flow it did ; not taking heed
 Of its own bounty, or my need.

“What happy moments did I count !
 Blest was I then all bliss above !
 Now, for that consecrated fount
 Of murmuring, sparkling, living love
 What have I ? shall I dare to tell ?
 A comfortless and hidden well.

“A well of love—it may be deep—
 I trust it is,—and never dry—
 What matter ? if the waters sleep
 In silence and obscurity.
 Such change, and at the very door
 Of my fond heart, hath made me poor.”

Let me end my extracts with the poems upon his wife's picture, the poems of a man old in years indeed, for he was seventy-three when he wrote them, but young in heart and genius. They are entitled “To a Painter” :—

“All praise the likeness by thy skill portrayed ;
 But 'tis a fruitless task to paint for me,
 Who, yielding not to changes Time has made,
 By the habitual light of memory see
 Eyes unbedimmed, see bloom that cannot fade,
 And smiles that from their birthplace ne'er shall flee
 Into the land where ghosts and phantoms be ;
 And, seeing this, own nothing in its stead.
 Couldst thou go back into far distant years,
 Or share with me, fond thought ! that inward eye,
 Then, and then only, Painter ! could thy art
 The visual powers of nature satisfy,
 Which hold, whate'er to common sight appears,
 Their sovereign empire in a faithful heart.

“Though I beheld at first with blank surprise
 This work, I now have gazed on it so long
 I see its truth with reluctant eyes ;
 O, my beloved ! I have done thee wrong !
 Conscious of blessedness, but, whence it sprung
 Ever too heedless, as I now perceive :

Morn into noon did pass, noon into eve,
 And the old day was welcome as the young,
 As welcome, and as beautiful—in sooth
 More beautiful, as being a thing more holy.
 Thanks to thy virtues, to the eternal youth
 Of all thy goodness, never melancholy;
 To thy large heart and humble mind, that

cast

Into one vision, future, present, past."

Now I will assume that you think I have made out some case for the power, the beauty, the genius of Wordsworth's poems. What is the value of them? They seem to me, at the least and at the lowest, to give an intellectual pleasure which is at once innocent and ennobling. They will create in those who master them a sympathy with loftiness of character and purity of soul; and they will teach high and independent principles of judgement to be applied in life to all things and all people. Is this kind of thing worth study? Is fine art, is great literature, is intellectual cultivation of the value, have they each and all the merit which their advocates maintain they have? We have lived to hear this disputed, and it is worth while for a moment to see, if we can, what in this matter the truth really is. A great statesman, the other day, said that the violin and all that proceeded from it was as great an effort of the mere intellect as the steam-engine. "What," it was immediately replied by a man of very high rank, "what have all the men who have scraped for 300 years on squeaking strings done for mankind compared to one steam-engine?" That depends on what is meant by the words "done for mankind." I can hardly suppose that it was meant to be implied that there is no good in music, that mankind would have been just as well off if Mozart and Beethoven had never lived, that Handel is nonsense, and Haydn stuff:—

"Since nought so stockish hard and full of
 rage,

But music for the time doth change his
 nature;

The man that hath no music in himself,
 Nor is not moved with concord of sweet
 sounds,

Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
 The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
 And his affections dark as Erebus—
 Let no such man be trusted."

So says Shakspeare; but, to be sure, he was a mere poet. "To many men," says another great man, "the very names which the science of music employs are utterly incomprehensible. To speak of an idea or a subject seems to be fanciful or trifling, and of the views which it opens upon us to be childish extravagance; yet is it possible that that inexhaustible evolution and disposition of notes, so rich yet so simple, so intricate yet so regulated, so various yet so majestic, should be a mere sound which is gone and perishes? Can it be that those mysterious strivings of the heart and keen emotions and strange yearnings after we know not what, and awful impressions from we know not whence, should be wrought in us by what is unsubstantial, and comes and goes and begins and ends in itself? It is not so. It cannot be. No. They have escaped from some higher sphere; they are the outpourings of eternal harmony in the medium of created sound; they are echoes from our home; they are the voices of Angels, or the Magnificat of Saints, or the living laws of Divine governance or the Divine attributes. Something are they besides themselves which we cannot compass, which we cannot utter, though mortal man—and he, perhaps, not otherwise distinguished above his fellows—has the power of eliciting them."

This eloquent passage of Dr. Newman may appear to some men extravagant, but not a whit more so than the passage about the squeaking strings appears to others. The truth is, that there is no use in these attempts to compare as to results things which in their nature do not admit of comparison. It is no doubt quite true that you can learn a great deal of a certain kind, from studying a collection of well-drawn engineering specifications, which you would never learn from reading Wordsworth; but it is also true that you can learn a great deal of a certain other kind from reading Wordsworth which you could never learn from all the specifications in the world. Rhetorical antitheses of this kind are really very misleading, and sometimes very mischievous.

We have heard, for example, a distinguished man say that he would rather see England free than sober. Well, but where is the natural oppugnancy between freedom and sobriety? Is it impossible to be at once temperate and free? Is drunkenness necessary to avoid slavery? If not, such phrases as suggest the contrary do infinite mischief. So, again, it is often said, it is better to be religious than orthodox. Well, but is it impossible to be both? Is acquiescence in authority in matters of opinion consistent only with coldness of devotion or laxity of life? So, again, you may hear it said, that an acquaintance with natural science is of far more value than a knowledge of history, or than the cultivation of the imagination; and that a great many things are much better than a great many other things. What then? All this is surely very narrow. There is room enough in the world, and in the infinite variety of mankind, for all pursuits, and all kinds of study and education. When I or anyone else of common sense insist on the importance of any particular subject, of course it is not meant that there is nothing else important in the world. All things have their place; and it is the narrow and weak mind only which denies its place to a subject because the particular mind happens not to care for it or understand it. Those, for example, if any such there really be, who can see nothing, and who deny that there is anything at all in music, are to be sincerely pitied, either as men of narrow and half-educated minds, or because it has pleased God to deny them a sense which has been granted to their more richly-gifted fellows. Those, too, who can see nothing at all, and who therefore deny that there is anything at all, in poetry and other works of imagination, and who can derive therefrom no profit and no instruction whatever, are no doubt entitled to their opinions; but they must bear to be told that they are no judges of what they have been denied the faculties for under-

standing, and that to us they seem very poor and imperfect creatures, and objects not certainly of scorn, but of wonder and of compassion.

It is said that Wolfe, when just about to scale the Heights of Abraham and win the battle which has immortalized his name, quoted, with deep feeling and glowing eulogy, some of the stanzas of Gray's *Elegy*. Stories implying the same sort of mind are told of that noble soldier, Sir John Moore. In such minds as theirs the practical and the imaginative could both find room, and they were none the worse, perhaps they were the better soldiers, because they were men of cultivated intellects. And this is really what I maintain; that in sense and reason each study has its place and its function. I do not underrate science, nor decry invention, because I advocate the study of a great and high-minded writer, any more than because I insist upon the study of Wordsworth I forget that Homer and Virgil, and Dante and Shakspeare, and Milton, are yet greater than he, and yet more worthy study.

All I say is, that I have found Wordsworth do me good; and I have tried to explain why, and to suggest that other men might find him do them good also. A book is a friend, and ought to be so regarded. Those are to be pitied who have bad friends, and who pass their lives in bad company. Those are to be envied who have good friends, and who can value them according to the measure of their desert, and use them as they ought. And what is true of living friends is true in yet higher measure of those dead and silent friends, our books. I am very sure that you will find Wordsworth a good friend, if you try him; that the more you know him, the better you will love him; the longer you live, the stronger will be the ties which bind you to his side. He is like one of his own mountains, in whose shadow you may sit, and whose heights you may scale, sure that you will always return therefrom strengthened in mind and purified in heart.

A. PRINCESS OF THULE.

BY WILLIAM BLACK, AUTHOR OF "THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON," ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.

BY THE WATERS OF BABYLON.

IF Frank Lavender had been told that his love for his wife was in danger of waning, he would have laughed the suggestion to scorn. He was as fond of her and as proud of her as ever. Who knew as well as himself the tenderness of her heart, the proud sensitiveness of her conscience, the generosity of self-sacrifice she was always ready to bestow; and was he likely to become blind, so that he should fail to see how fair, and fearless, and handsome she was? Nothing was too good for her. He was recklessly extravagant in buying her jewellery, dresses, and what not; and she was abundantly grateful. Nor had he relinquished those wild dreams of future renown which was to be consecrated all to her. He would make the name and the fame of Sheila known to all the world, not for his own sake, but that she might be pleased. He had been disappointed, it is true, in his fancies about the impression she would produce on his friends; but what a trifle was that! The folly of those fancies was his own. For the rest, he was glad that Sheila was not so different from the other women whom he knew. He hit upon the profound reflection, as he sat alone in his studio, that a man's wife, like his costume, should not be so remarkable as to attract attention. The perfection of dress was that you should be unconscious of its presence: might that not be so with marriage? After all, it was better that he had not bound himself to lug about a lion whenever he visited people's houses.

Still, there was something. He found himself a good deal alone. Sheila did

not seem to care much for going into society; and although he did not greatly like the notion of going by himself, nevertheless one had certain duties towards one's friends to perform. She did not even care to go down to the Park of a forenoon. She always professed her readiness to go; but he fancied it was a trifle tiresome for her; and so, when there was nothing particular going on in the studio, he would walk down through Kensington Gardens himself, and have a chat with some friends, followed generally by luncheon with this or the other party of them. Sheila had been taught that she ought not to come so frequently to that studio. Bras would not lie quiet. Moreover, if dealers or other strangers should come in, would they not take her for a model? So Sheila stayed at home; and Mr. Lavender, after having dressed with care in the morning—with very singular care, indeed, considering that he was going to his work—used to go down to his studio to smoke a cigarette. The chances were that he was not in a humour for working. Those dreams of a great renown which he was to win for Sheila's sake were too vast, remote, and impalpable to be fastened down to any square bit of canvas. He would sit down in an easy-chair, and kick his heels on the floor for a time, watching perhaps the sunlight come in through the upper part of the windows and paint yellow squares on the opposite wall. Then he would go out and lock the door behind him; leaving no message whatever for those crowds of importunate dealers who, as Sheila fancied, were besieging him with offers in one hand and purses of gold in the other.

One morning, after she had been in-

doors for two or three days, and had grown hopelessly tired of the monotony of watching that sunlit square, she was filled with an unconquerable longing to go away, for however brief a space, from the sight of houses. The morning was sweet, and clear, and bright; white clouds were slowly crossing a fair blue sky; and a fresh and cool breeze was blowing in at the open French windows.

"Bras," she said, going downstairs, and out into the small garden, "we are going into the country."

The great deer-hound seemed to know; and rose and came to her with great gravity, while she clasped on the leash. He was no frisky animal to show his delight by yelping and gambolling; but he laid his long nose in her hand, and slowly wagged the down-drooping curve of his shaggy tail; and then he placidly walked by her side up into the hall, where he stood awaiting her.

She would go along and beg of her husband to leave his work for a day, and go with her for a walk down to Richmond Park. She had often heard Mr. Ingram speak of walking down; and she remembered that much of the road was pretty. Why should not her husband have one holiday?

"It is such a shame," she had said to him that morning, as he left, "that you will be going into that gloomy place, with its bare walls and chairs, and the windows so that you cannot see out of them."

"I must get some work done somehow, Sheila," he said; although he did not tell her that he had not finished a picture since his marriage.

"I wish I could do some of it for you," she said.

"You! All the work you're good for is catching fish, and feeding ducks, and hauling up sails. Why don't you come down and feed the ducks in the Serpentine?"

"I should like to do that," she answered. "I will go any day with you."

"Well," he said, "you see, I don't know until I get along to the studio whether I can get away for the forenoon;

and then, if I were to come back here, you would have little or no time to dress. Good-bye, Sheila."

"Good-bye," she had said to him, giving up the Serpentine without much regret.

But the forenoon had turned out so delightful that she thought she would go along to the studio, and hale him out of that gaunt and dingy apartment. She should take him away from town; therefore she might put on that rough blue dress in which she used to go boating in Loch Roag. She had lately smartened it up a bit with some white braid; and she hoped he would approve.

Did the big hound know the dress? He rubbed his head against her arm and hand when she came down; and looked up, and whined almost inaudibly.

"You are going out, Bras; and you must be a good dog, and not try to go after the deer. Then I will send a very good story of you to Mairi; and when she comes to London, after the harvest is over, she will bring you a present from the Lewis, and you will be very proud."

She went out into the square, and was perhaps a little glad to get away from it, as she was not sure of the blue dress and the small hat with its seagull's feather being precisely the costume she ought to wear. When she got into the Uxbridge Road, she breathed more freely; and in the lightness of her heart she continued her conversation with Bras, giving that attentive animal a vast amount of information, partly in English, partly in Gaelic, which he answered only by a low whine or a shake of his shaggy head.

But these confidences were suddenly interrupted. She had got down to Addison Terrace, and was contentedly looking at the trees and chatting to the dog, when by accident her eye happened to light on a brougham that was driving past. In it—she beheld them both clearly for a brief second—were her husband and Mrs. Lorraine, engaged in conversation, so that neither of them saw her. Sheila stood on the pavement for a couple of minutes, absolutely

bewildered. All sorts of wild fancies and recollections came crowding in upon her—reasons why her husband was unwilling that she should visit his studio—why Mrs. Lorraine never called on her—and so forth, and so forth. She did not know what to think for a time; but presently all this tumult was stilled, and she had bravely resolved her doubts and made up her mind as to what she should do. She could not suspect her husband—that was the one sweet security to which she clung. He had made use of no duplicity; if there was anything wrong—and perhaps she committed a great injustice in even imagining such a possibility—he, at least, was certainly not in fault. And if this Mrs. Lorraine should amuse him, and interest him, who could grudge him this break in the monotony of his work? Sheila knew that she herself disliked going to those fashionable gatherings to which Mrs. Lorraine went, and to which Lavender had been accustomed to go before he was married. How could she expect him to give up all his old habits and pleasures for her sake? She would be more reasonable and more generous. It was her own fault that she was not a better companion for him; and was it for her, then, to think hardly of him because he went to the Park with a friend instead of going alone?

Yet there was a great bitterness and grief in her heart as she turned and walked on. She spoke no more to the deer-hound by her side. There seemed to be less sunlight in the air; and the people and carriages passing were hardly so busy, and cheerful, and interesting as they had been. But all the same, she would go to Richmond Park, and by herself: for what was the use of calling in at the studio; and how could she go back home and sit in the house, knowing that her husband was away at some flower-show, or morning-concert, or some such thing, with that young American lady?

She knew no other road to Richmond than that by which they had driven shortly after her arrival in London; and so it was that she went down and

over Hammersmith Bridge, and round by Mortlake, and so on by East Sheen. The road seemed terribly long. She was an excellent walker, and, in ordinary circumstances, would have done the distance without fatigue; but when at length she saw the gates of the park before her, she was at once exceedingly tired, and almost faint from hunger. Here was the hotel in which they had dined; should she enter? The place seemed very grand and forbidding: she had scarcely even looked at it as she went up the steps with her husband by her side. However, she would venture; and accordingly she went up and into the vestibule, looking rather timidly about. A young gentleman, apparently not a waiter, approached her, and seemed to wait for her to speak. It was a terrible moment. What was she to ask for, and could she ask it of this young man? Fortunately he spoke first, and asked her if she wished to go into the coffee-room, and if she expected anyone.

"No, I do not expect anyone," she said, and she knew that he would perceive the peculiarity of her accent, "but if you will be kind enough to tell me where I may have a biscuit——"

It occurred to her that to go into the Star and Garter for a biscuit was absurd; and she added, wildly—

"——or anything to eat."

The young man obviously regarded her with some surprise: but he was very courteous, and showed her into the coffee-room, and called a waiter to her. Moreover, he gave permission for Bras to be admitted into the room, Sheila promising that he would lie under the table and not budge an inch. Then she looked round. There were only three persons in the room; one an old lady seated by herself in a far corner, the other two being a couple of young folks too much engrossed with each other to mind anyone else. She began to feel more at home. The waiter suggested various things for lunch; and she made her choice of something cold. Then she mustered up courage to ask for a glass of sherry. How she would have enjoyed all this as a story to tell to her

husband but for that incident of the morning! She would have gloried in her outward bravery; and made him smile with a description of her inward terror. She would have written about it to the old King of Borva, and bid him consider how she had been transformed, and what strange scenes Bras was now witnessing. But all that was over. She felt as if she could no longer ask her husband to be amused by her childish experiences; and as for writing to her father, she dared not write to him in her present mood. Perhaps some happier time would come. Sheila paid her bill. She had heard her husband and Mr. Ingram talk about tipping waiters, and knew that she ought to give something to the man who had attended on her. But how much? He was a very august-looking person, with formally-cut whiskers, and a severe expression of face. When he had brought back the change to her she timidly selected a half-crown, and offered it to him. There was a little glance of surprise; she feared she had not given him enough. Then he said "Thank you!" in a vague and distant fashion, and she was sure she had not given him enough. But it was too late. Bras was summoned from beneath the table; and again she went out into the fresh air.

"Oh, my good dog!" she said to him, as they together walked up to the gates and into the park, "this is a very extravagant country. You have to pay half-a-crown to a servant for bringing you a piece of cold pie, and then he looks as if he was not paid enough. And Duncan, who will do everything about the house, and will give us all our dinners, it is only a pound a week he will get, and Scarlett has to be kept out of that. And wouldn't you like to see poor old Scarlett again?"

Bras whined as if he understood every word.

"I suppose now she is hanging out the washing on the gooseberry bushes, and you know the song she always used to sing then? Don't you know that Scarlett carried me about, long before you were born, for you are a mere

infant compared with me, and she used to sing to me—

*'Ged' dheirte mi' bho'n bras so,
Mho Sheila bheag dg!'*

And that is what she is singing just now; and Mairi she is bringing the things out of the washing-house. Papa he is over in Stornoway this morning, arranging his accounts with the people there, and perhaps he is down at the quay, looking at the *Glanaman*, and wondering when she is to bring me into the harbour. Ah—h! You bad dog!"

Bras had forgotten to listen to his mistress in the excitement of seeing in the distance a large herd of deer under certain trees. She felt by the leash that he was trembling in every limb with expectation, and straining hard on the collar. Again and again she admonished him—in vain; until she had at last to drag him away down the hill, putting a small plantation between him and the herd. Here she found a large, umbrageous chestnut-tree, with a wooden seat round its trunk, and so she sat down in the green twilight of the leaves, while Bras came and put his head in her lap. Out beyond the shadow of the tree all the world lay bathed in sunlight; and a great silence brooded over the long undulations of the park, where not a human being was within sight. How strange it was, she fell to thinking, that within a short distance there were millions of men and women, while here she was absolutely alone. Did they not care, then, for the sunlight, and the trees, and the sweet air? Were they so wrapped up in those social observances that seemed to her so barren of interest?

"They have a beautiful country here," she said, talking in a rambling and wistful way to Bras, and scarcely noticing the eager light in his eyes, as if he were trying to understand. "They have no rain, and no fog; almost always blue skies, and the clouds high up and far away. And the beautiful trees they have too—you never saw anything like that in the Lewis—not even at Stornoway. And the people are so rich, and beautiful in their dress, and all the day

they have only to think how to enjoy themselves, and what new amusement is for the morrow. But I think they are tired of having nothing to do—or perhaps, you know, they are tired because they have nothing to fight against—no hard weather, and hunger, and poverty. They do not care for each other as they would if they were working on the same farm, and trying to save up for the winter; or if they were going out to the fishing, and very glad to come home again from Caithness to find all the old people very well, and the young ones ready for a dance, and a dram, and much joking and laughing and telling of stories. It is a very great difference there will be in the people—very great.”

She rose, and looked wistfully around her, and then turned with a sigh to make her way to the gates. It was with no especial sort of gladness that she thought of returning home. Here, in the great stillness, she had been able to dream of the far island which she knew, and to fancy herself for a few minutes there; now she was going back to the dreary monotony of her life in that square, and to the doubts and anxieties which had been suggested to her in the morning. The world she was about to enter once more seemed so much less homely, so much less full of interest and purpose, than that other and distant world she had been wistfully regarding for a time. The people around her had neither the joys nor the sorrows with which she had been taught to sympathise. Their cares seemed to her to be exaggerations of trifles; she could feel no pity for them, their satisfaction was derived from sources unintelligible to her. And the social atmosphere around her seemed still, and close, and suffocating; so that she was like to cry out at times for one breath of God's clear wind—for a shaft of lightning even—to cut through the sultry and drowsy sameness of her life.

She had almost forgotten the dog by her side. While sitting under the chestnut she had carelessly and loosely wound the leash round his neck, in the sem-

blance of a collar; and when she rose and came away, she let the dog walk by her side without undoing the leash and taking proper charge of him. She was thinking of far other things, indeed, when she was startled by some one calling to her—

“Look out, Miss, or you'll have your dog shot!”

She turned, and caught a glimpse of that which sent a thrill of terror to her heart. Bras had sneaked off from her side—had trotted lightly over the breckans, and was now in full chase of a herd of deer which were flying down the slope on the other side of the plantation. He rushed now at one, now at another; the very number of chances presented to him proving the safety of the whole herd. But as Sheila, with a swift flight that would have astonished most town-bred girls, followed the wild chase and came to the crest of the slope, she could see that the hound had at length singled out a particular deer—a fine buck with handsome horns, that was making straight for the foot of the valley. The herd, that had been much scattered, were now drawing together again, though checking nothing of their speed; but this single buck had been driven from his companions, and was doing his utmost to escape from the fangs of the powerful animal behind him.

What could she do but run wildly and breathlessly on? The dog was now far beyond the reach of her voice. She had no whistle. All sorts of fearful anticipations rushed in on her mind—the most prominent of all being the anger of her father if Bras were shot. How could she go back to Borva with such a tale; and how could she live in London without this companion who had come with her from the far north? Then what terrible things were connected with the killing of deer in a Royal Park? She remembered vaguely what Mr. Ingram and her husband had been saying; and while these things were crowding in upon her, she felt her strength beginning to fail, while both the dog and the deer had disappeared altogether from sight.

Strange, too, that in the midst of her

fatigue and fright, while she still managed to struggle on, with a sharp pain at her heart and a sort of mist before her eyes, she had a vague consciousness that her husband would be vexed, not by the conduct or the fate of Bras, but by her being the heroine of so mad an adventure. She knew that he wished her to be serious, and subdued, and proper, like the ladies whom she met; while an evil destiny seemed to dog her footsteps and precipitate her into all sorts of erratic mishaps and "scenes." However, this adventure was likely soon to have an end.

She could go no further. Whatever had become of Bras, it was in vain for her to think of pursuing him. When she at length reached a broad and smooth road leading through the pasture, she could only stand still and press her two hands over her heart, while her head seemed giddy, and she did not see two men who had been standing on the road close by until they came up and addressed her.

Then she started, and looked round; finding before her two men who were apparently labourers of some sort, one of them having a shovel over his shoulder.

"Beg your pardon, Miss, but wur that your dawg?"

"Yes," she said, eagerly. "Could you get it? Did you see him go by? Do you know where he is?"

"Me and my mate saw him go by, sure enough; but as for getting him—why, the keepers 'll have shot him by this time."

"Oh no!" cried Sheila, almost in tears, "they must not shoot him. It was my fault. I will pay them for all the harm he has done. Can't you tell me which way he will go past?"

"I don't think, Miss," said the spokesman, quite respectfully, "as you can go much further. If you would sit down, and rest yourself, and keep an eye on this 'ere shovel, me and my mate will have a hunt arter the dawg."

Sheila not only accepted the offer gratefully, but promised to give them all the money she had if only they

would bring back the dog unharmed. Then the men went their way.

It was a hard thing to wait here, in the greatest doubt and uncertainty, while the afternoon was visibly waning. She began to grow afraid. Perhaps the men had stolen the dog, and left her with this shovel as a blind. Her husband must have come home; and would be astonished and perplexed by her absence. Surely he would have the sense to dine by himself, instead of waiting for her; and she reflected with some glimpse of satisfaction, that she had left everything connected with dinner properly arranged, so that he should have nothing to grumble at.

Her reverie was interrupted by the sound of footsteps on the grass behind; and she turned quickly to find the two men approaching her, one of them leading the captive Bras by the leash. Sheila sprang to her feet with a great gladness. She did not care even to accuse the culprit, whose consciousness of guilt was evident in his look and in the droop of his tail. Bras did not once turn his eyes to his mistress. He hung down his head, while he panted rapidly, and she fancied she saw some smearing of blood on his tongue and on the side of his jaw. Her fears on this head were speedily confirmed.

"I think, Miss, as you'd better take him out o' the park as soon as maybee; for he's got a deer killed close by the Robin Hood Gate, in the trees there; and if the keepers happen on it afore you leave the park, you'll get into trouble."

"Oh, thank you," said Sheila, retaining her composure bravely, but with a terrible sinking of the heart, "and how can I get to the nearest railway station?"

"You're going to London, Miss?"

"Yes."

"Well, I suppose the nearest is Richmond; but it would be quieter for you, don't you see, Miss, if you was to go along to the Roehampton Gate and go to Barnes?"

"Will you show me the gate?" said Sheila, choosing the quieter route at once.

But the men themselves did not at all like the look of accompanying her and this dog through the park. Had they not already condoned a felony, or done something equally dreadful, in handing to her a dog that had been found keeping watch and ward over a slain buck? They showed her the road to the Roehampton Gate; and then they paused before continuing on their journey.

The pause meant money. Sheila took out her purse. There were three sovereigns and some silver in it; and the entire sum, in fulfilment of her promise, she held out to him who had so far conducted the negotiations.

Both men looked frightened. It was quite clear that either good feeling or some indefinite fear of being implicated in the killing of the deer caused them to regard this big bribe as something they could not meddle with; and at length, after a pause of a second or two, the spokesman said, with great hesitation—

“Well, Miss, you’ve kep’ your word; but me and my mate—well, if so be as it’s the same to you, I’d rather have summut to drink your health——”

“Do you think it is too much?”

The man looked at his neighbour, who nodded.

“It was only for ketchin’ of a dawg, Miss, don’t you see?” he remarked, slowly, as if to impress upon her that they had had nothing whatever to do with the deer.

“Will you take this, then?” and she offered them half-a-crown each.

Their faces lightened considerably; they took the money; and, with a formal expression of thanks, moved off—but not before they had taken a glance round to see that no one had been a witness of this interview.

And so Sheila had to walk away by herself, knowing that she had been guilty of a dreadful offence, and that at any moment she might be arrested by the officers of the law. What would the old King of Borva say if he saw his only daughter in the hands of two policemen; and would not all Mr. Lavender’s fasti-

dious, and talkative, and wondering friends pass about the newspaper report of her trial and conviction! A man was approaching her. As he drew near, her heart failed her; for might not this be the mysterious George Ranger himself, about whom her husband and Mr. Ingram had been talking? Should she drop on her knees at once, and confess her sins, and beg him to let her off? If Duncan were with her, or Mairi; or even old Scarlett Macdonald, she would not have cared so much; but it seemed so terrible to meet this man alone.

However, as he drew near he did not seem a fierce person. He was an old gentleman, with voluminous white hair, who was dressed all in black, and carried an umbrella on this warm and bright afternoon. He regarded her and the dog in a distant and contemplative fashion, as though he would probably try to remember them some time after he had really seen them; and then he passed on. Sheila began to breathe more freely. Moreover, here was the gate; and, once she was in the high road, who could say anything to her? Tired as she was, she still walked rapidly on; and in due time, having had to ask the way once or twice, she found herself at Barnes station.

By and by the train came in; Bras was committed to the care of the guard; and she found herself alone in a railway-carriage, for the first time in her life. Her husband had told her that whenever she felt uncertain of her whereabouts, if in the country, she was to ask for the nearest station and get a train to London; if in town, she was to get into a cab and give the driver her address. And, indeed, Sheila had been so much agitated and perplexed during this afternoon, that she acted in a sort of mechanical fashion, and really escaped the nervousness which otherwise would have attended the novel experience of purchasing a ticket and of arranging about the carriage of a dog in the break-van. Even now, when she found herself travelling alone, and shortly to arrive at a part of London she had never seen, her crowding thoughts and fancies

were not about her own situation, but about the reception she should receive from her husband. Would he be vexed with her? Or pity her? Had he called, with Mrs. Lorraine, to take her somewhere, and found her gone? Had he brought home some bachelor friends to dinner, and been chagrined to find her not in the house?

It was getting dusk when the slow four-wheeler approached Sheila's home. The hour for dinner had long gone by. Perhaps her husband had gone away somewhere looking for her, and she would find the house empty.

But Frank Lavender came to meet his wife in the hall, and said—

"Where have you been?"

She could not tell whether there was anger or kindness in his voice; and she could not well see his face. She took his hand, and went into the dining-room, which was also in dusk, and, standing there, told him all her story.

"By Jove!" he said, impatiently, "I'll go and thrash that dog within an inch of its life."

"No," she said, drawing herself up; and for one brief second—could he but have seen her face—there was a touch of old Mackenzie's pride and firmness about the ordinarily gentle lips. It was but for a second. She cast down her eyes, and said, meekly, "I hope you won't do that, Frank. The dog is not to blame. It was my fault."

"Well, really, Sheila," he said, "don't you think you are a little thoughtless? I wish you would try to act as other women act, instead of constantly putting yourself and me into the most awkward positions. Suppose I had brought anyone home to dinner, now? And what am I to say to Ingram?—for of course I went direct to his lodgings when I discovered you were nowhere to be found. I fancied some mad freak had taken you there; and I should not have been surprised. Do you know who was in the hall when I came in this afternoon?"

"No," said Sheila.

"Why, that wretched old hag who keeps the fruit-stall. And it seems you

gave her and all her family tea and cake in the kitchen last night."

It was certainly not the expense of these charities that he objected to. He was himself recklessly generous in such things. He would have given a sovereign where Sheila gave a shilling; but that was a different matter from having his wife almost associate with such people.

"She is a poor old woman," said Sheila, humbly.

"A poor old woman!" he said. "I have no doubt she is a lying old thief, who would take an umbrella or a coat if only she could get the chance. It is really too bad, Sheila, your having all those persons about you, and demeaning yourself by attending on them. What must the servants think of you!"

"I do not heed what any servants think of me," she said.

She was now standing erect, with her face quite calm.

"Apparently not!" he said, "or you would not go and make yourself ridiculous before them."

Sheila hesitated for a moment, as if she did not understand; and then she said, as calmly as before, but with a touch of indignation about the proud and beautiful lips—

"And if I make myself ridiculous by attending to poor people, it is not my husband who should tell me so."

She turned and walked out, and he was too surprised to follow her. She went upstairs to her own room, locked herself in, and threw herself on the bed. And then all the bitterness of her heart rose up as if in a flood—not against him, but against the country in which he lived, and the society which had contaminated him, and the ways and habits that seemed to create a barrier between herself and him, so that she was almost a stranger to him, and incapable of becoming anything else. It was a fault that she should interest herself in the unfortunate creatures round about her; that she should talk to them as if they were human beings like herself, and have a great sympathy with their small hopes and aims: but she would not have been led into such a fault if she had culti-

vated from her infancy upwards a consistent self-indulgence, making herself the centre of a world of mean desires and petty gratifications. And then she thought of the old and beautiful days up in the Lewis, where the young English stranger seemed to approve of her simple ways and her charitable work; and where she was taught to believe that, in order to please him, she had only to continue to be what she was then. There was no great gulf of time between that period and this; but what had not happened in the interval! She had not changed—at least she hoped she had not changed. She loved her husband with her whole heart and soul; her devotion was as true and constant as she herself could have wished it to be when she dreamed of the duties of a wife in the days of her maidenhood. But all around her was changed. She had no longer the old freedom—the old delight in living from day to day—the active work, and the enjoyment of seeing where she could help, and how she could help, the people around her. When, as if by the same sort of instinct that makes a wild animal retain in captivity the habits which were necessary to its existence when it lived in freedom, she began to find out the circumstances of such unfortunate people as were in her neighbourhood, some little solace was given to her; but these people were not friends to her, as the poor folk of Borvabost had been. She knew, too, that her husband would be displeased if he found her talking with a washerwoman over the poor creature's family matters, or even advising one of her own servants about the disposal of her wages; so that, while she concealed nothing from him, these things nevertheless had to be done exclusively in his absence. And was she, in so doing, really making herself ridiculous? Did he consider her ridiculous? Or was it not merely the fatal influences of the indolent society in which he lived that had poisoned his mind, and drawn him away from her as though into another world?

Alas! if he were in that other world, was not she quite alone? What com-

panionship was there possible between her and the people in this new and strangeland into which she had ventured? As she lay on the bed, with her head hidden down in the darkness, the pathetic wail of the captive Jews seemed to come and go through the bitterness of her thoughts, like some mournful refrain, "*By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept, when we remembered Zion.*" She almost heard the words; and the reply that rose up in her heart was a great yearning to go back to her own land, so that her eyes were filled with tears in thinking of it, and she lay and sobbed there, in the dusk. Would not the old man, living all by himself in that lonely island, be glad to see his little girl back again in the old house? and she would sing to him as she used to sing, not as she had been singing to those people whom her husband knew. "*For there they that carried us away captive required of us a song; and they that wasted us required of us mirth, saying, Sing us one of the songs of Zion.*" And she had sung in the strange land, among the strange people, with her heart breaking with thoughts of the sea, and the hills, and the rude, and sweet, and simple ways of the old bygone life she had left behind her.

"Sheila!"

She thought it was her father calling to her; and she rose with a cry of joy. For one wild moment she fancied that outside were all the people she knew—Duncan, and Scarlett, and Mairi—and that she was once more at home, with the sea all around her, and the salt, cold air.

"Sheila, I want to speak to you."

It was her husband. She went to the door, opened it, and stood there, penitent and with downcast face.

"Come, you must not be silly," he said, with some kindness in his voice. "You have had no dinner. You must be hungry."

"I do not care for any—there is no use troubling the servants when I would rather lie down," she said.

"The servants! You surely don't take so seriously what I said about

them, Sheila? Of course, you don't need to care what the servants think. And in any case they have to bring up dinner for me, so you may as well come and try."

"Have you not had dinner?" she said, timidly.

"Do you think I could sit down and eat with a notion that you might have tumbled into the Thames, or been kidnapped, or something?"

"I am very sorry," she said, in a low voice; and in the gloom he felt his hand taken and carried to her lips. Then they went down-stairs into the dining-room, which was now lit up by a blaze of gas and candles.

During dinner, of course, no very confidential talking was possible; and, indeed, Sheila had plenty to tell of her adventures at Richmond. Lavender was now in a more amiable mood; and was disposed to look on the killing of the roebuck as rather a good joke. He complimented Sheila on her good sense in having gone in to the Star and Garter for lunch; and altogether something like better relations was established between them.

But when dinner was finally over, and the servants dismissed, Lavender placed Sheila's easy chair for her as usual, drew his own near hers, and lit a cigarette.

"Now, tell me, Sheila," he said, "were you really vexed with me when you went up-stairs and locked yourself in your room? Did you think I meant to displease you, or say anything harsh to you?"

"No, not any of those things," she said, calmly; "I wished to be alone—to think over what had happened. And I was grieved by what you said; for I think you cannot help looking at many things not as I will look at them—that is all. It is my bringing up in the Highlands, perhaps."

"Do you know, Sheila, it sometimes occurs to me that you are not quite comfortable here; and I can't make out what is the matter? I think you have a perverse fancy that you are different from the people you meet, and that you cannot be like them, and all that

sort of thing. Now, dear, that is only a fancy. There need be no difference, if only you will take a little trouble."

"Oh, Frank!" she said, going over and putting her hand on his shoulder, "I cannot take that trouble! I cannot try to be like those people. And I see a great difference in you since you have come back to London, and you are getting to be like them, and say the things they say. If I could only see you, my own darling, up in the Lewis again, with rough clothes on, and a gun in your hand, I should be happy. You were yourself up there, when you were helping us in the boat, or when you were bringing home the salmon, or when we were all together at night in the little parlour, you know——"

"My dear, don't get so excited. Now sit down, and I will tell you all about it. You seem to have the notion that people lose all their finer sentiments simply because they don't, in society, burst into raptures over them. You mustn't imagine all those people are selfish and callous merely because they preserve a decent reticence. To tell you the truth, that constant profession of noble feelings you would like to see would have something of ostentation about it."

Sheila only sighed.

"I do not wish them to be altered," she said, by and by, with her eyes grown pensive; "all I know is that I could not live the same life. And you—you seemed to be happier up in the Highlands than you have ever been since."

"Well, you see, a man ought to be happy when he is enjoying a holiday in the country, along with the girl he is engaged to. But if I had lived all my life killing salmon and shooting wild-duck, I should have grown up an ignorant boor, with no more sense of——"

He stopped; for he saw that the girl was thinking of her father.

"Well, look here, Sheila. You see how you are placed—how we are placed, rather. Wouldn't it be more sensible to get to understand those people you look askance at, and establish better relations with them, since you have got to live

among them? I can't help thinking you are too much alone; and you can't expect me to stay in the house always with you. A husband and wife cannot be continually in each other's company, unless they want to grow heartily tired of each other. Now if you would only lay aside those suspicions of yours, you would find the people just as honest, and generous, and friendly as any other sort of people you ever met, although they don't happen to be fond of expressing their goodness in their talk."

"I have tried, dear—I will try again," said Sheila.

She resolved that she would go down and visit Mrs. Kavanagh next day, and try to be interested in the talk of such people as might be there. She would bring away some story about this or the other fashionable woman or noble lord, just to show her husband that she was doing her best to learn. She would drive patiently round the park in that close little brougham, and listen attentively to the moralities of Marcus Aurelius. She would make an appointment to go with Mrs. Lorraine to a morning-concert; and she would endeavour to muster up courage to ask any ladies who might be there to lunch with her on that day, and go afterwards to this same entertainment. All these things, and many more, Sheila silently vowed to herself she would do, while her husband sat and expounded to her his theories of the obligations which society demanded of its members.

But her plans were suddenly broken asunder.

"I met Mrs. Lorraine accidentally today," he said.

It was his first mention of the young American lady. Sheila sat in mute expectation.

"She always asks very kindly after you."

"She is very good."

He did not say, however, that Mrs. Lorraine had more than once made distinct propositions, when in his company, that they should call in for Sheila, and take her out for a drive, or to a flower-show, or some such place, while

Lavender had always some excuse ready.

"She is going to Brighton to-morrow, and she was wondering whether you would care to run down for a day or two."

"With her?" said Sheila, recoiling from such a proposal instinctively.

"Of course not. I should go. And then at last, you know, you would see the sea, about which you have been dreaming for ever so long."

The sea! There was a magic in the very word that could, almost at any moment, summon tears into her eyes. Of course, she accepted right gladly. If her husband's duties were so pressing that the long-talked-of journey to Lewis and Borva had to be repeatedly and indefinitely postponed, here at least would be a chance of looking again at the sea—of drinking in the freshness and light and colour of it—of renewing her old and intimate friendship with it, that had been broken off for so long by her stay in this city of perpetual houses and still sunshine.

"You can tell her you will go when you see her to-night at Lady Mary's. By the way, isn't it time for you to begin to dress?"

"Oh, Lady Mary's," repeated Sheila, mechanically, who had forgotten all about her engagements for that evening.

"Perhaps you are too tired to go," said her husband.

She was a little tired, in truth. But surely, just after her promises, spoken and unspoken, some little effort was demanded of her; so she bravely went to dress, and in about three-quarters of an hour was ready to drive down to Curzon Street. Her husband had never seen her look so pleased before in going out to any party. He flattered himself that his lecture had done her good. There was fair common-sense in what he had said; and although, doubtless, a girl's romanticism was a pretty thing, it would have to yield to the actual requirements of life. In time he should educate Sheila.

But he did not know what brightened the girl's face all that night, and put a

new life into the beautiful eyes, so that even those who knew her best were struck by her singular beauty. It was the sea that was colouring Sheila's eyes. The people around her, the glare of the candles, the hum of talking, and the motion of certain groups dancing over there in the middle of the throng—all were faint and visionary; for she was busily wondering what the sea would be like the next morning, and what strange fancies would strike her when once more she walked on sand, and heard the roar of waves. That, indeed, was the sound that was present in her ears, while the music played, and the people murmured around her. Mrs. Lorraine talked to her, and was surprised and amused to notice the eager fashion in which the girl spoke of their journey of the next day. The gentleman who took her in to supper found himself catechised about Brighton in a manner which afforded him more occupation than enjoyment. And when Sheila drove away from the house, at two in the morning, she declared to her husband that she had enjoyed herself extremely, and he was glad to hear it; and she was particularly kind to himself in getting him his slippers, and fetching him that final cigarette which he always had on reaching home; and then she went off to bed to dream of ships, and flying clouds, and cold winds, and a great and beautiful blue plain of waves.

CHAPTER XIV.

DEEPER AND DEEPER.

NEXT morning Sheila was busy with her preparations for departure when she heard a hansom drive up. She looked from the window, and saw Mr. Ingram step out; and, before he had time to cross the pavement, she had run round and opened the door, and stood at the top of the steps to receive him. How often had her husband cautioned her not to forget herself in this monstrous fashion!

"Did you think I had run away? Have you come to see me?" she said,

with a bright, roscate gladness on her face which reminded him of many a pleasant morning in Borva.

"I did not think you had run away, for you see I have brought you some flowers," he said; but there was a sort of blush in the sallow face, and perhaps the girl had some quick fancy or suspicion that he had brought this bouquet to prove that he knew everything was right, and that he expected to see her. It was only a part of his universal kindness and thoughtfulness, she considered.

"Frank is upstairs," she said, "getting ready some things to go to Brighton. Will you come into the breakfast-room? Have you had breakfast?"

"Oh, you were going to Brighton."

"Yes," she said; and somehow something moved her to add, quickly, "but not for long, you know. Only a few days. It is many a time you will have told me of Brighton, long ago, in the Lewis; but I cannot understand a large town being beside the sea, and it will be a great surprise to me, I am sure of that."

"Ay, Sheila," he said, falling into the old habit quite naturally, "you will find it different from Borvabost. You will have no scampering about the rocks, with your head bare, and your hair flying about. You will have to dress more correctly there than here even; and, by the way, you must be busy getting ready, so I will go."

"Oh no," she said, with a quick look of disappointment, "you will not go yet. If I had known you were coming—but it was very late when we will get home this morning—two o'clock it was."

"Another ball?"

"Yes," said the girl, but not very joyfully.

"Why, Sheila," he said, with a grave smile on his face, "you are becoming quite a woman of fashion now. And you know I can't keep up an acquaintance with a fine lady who goes to all these grand places, and knows all sorts of swell people; so you'll have to cut me, Sheila——"

"I hope I shall be dead before that time ever comes," said the girl, with a

sudden flash of indignation in her eyes. Then she softened. "But it is not kind of you to laugh at me."

"Of course, I did not laugh at you," he said, taking both her hands in his, "although I used to sometimes when you were a little girl, and talked very wild English. Don't you remember how vexed you used to be; and how pleased you were when your papa turned the laugh against me by getting me to say that awful Gaelic sentence about '*A young calf ate a raw egg*'?"

"Can you say it now?" said Sheila, with her face getting bright and pleased again. "Try it after me. Now listen."

She uttered some half-dozen of the most extraordinary sounds that any language ever contained; but Ingram would not attempt to follow her. She reproached him with having forgotten all that he had learnt in Lewis; and said she should no longer look on him as a possible Highlander.

"But what are you now?" he asked. "You are no longer that wild girl who used to run out to sea in the *Maighdean-mhara*, whenever there was the excitement of a storm coming on."

"Many times," she said, slowly and wistfully, "I will wish that I could be that again, for a little while."

"Don't you enjoy, then, all those fine gatherings you go to?"

"I try to like them."

"And you don't succeed."

He was looking at her gravely and earnestly; and she turned away her head, and did not answer. At this moment Lavender came downstairs, and entered the room.

"Hillo, Ingram, my boy; glad to see you! What pretty flowers—it's a pity we can't take them to Brighton with us."

"But I intend to take them," said Sheila, firmly.

"Oh, very well, if you don't mind the bother," said her husband; "I should have thought your hands would have been full—you know, you'll have to take everything with you you would want in London. You will find that Brighton isn't a dirty little fishing-

village in which you've only to tuck up your dress and run about anyhow."

"I never saw a dirty little fishing-village," said Sheila, quietly.

Her husband laughed.

"I meant no offence. I was not thinking of Borvabost at all. Well, Ingram, can't you run down and see us while we are at Brighton?"

"Oh do, Mr. Ingram!" said Sheila, with quite a new interest in her face, and she came forward as though she would have gone down on her knees, and begged this great favour of him. "Do, Mr. Ingram! We should try to amuse you some way; and the weather is sure to be fine. Shall we keep a room for you? Can you come on Friday and stay till the Monday? It is a great difference there will be in the place if you come down."

Ingram looked at Sheila, and was on the point of promising, when Lavender added—

"And we shall introduce you to that young American lady whom you are so anxious to meet."

"Oh, is she to be there?" he said, looking rather curiously at Lavender.

"Yes, she and her mother. We are going down together."

"Then I'll see whether I can, in a day or two," he said, but in a tone which pretty nearly convinced Sheila that she should not have her stay at Brighton made pleasant by the company of her old friend and associate.

However, the mere anticipation of seeing the sea was much; and when they had got into a cab and were going down to Victoria Station, Sheila's eyes were filled with a joyful anticipation. She had discarded altogether the descriptions of Brighton that had been given her. It is one thing to receive information, and another to reproduce it in an imaginative picture; and, in fact, her imagination was busy with its own work while she sat and listened to this person or the other speaking of the sea-side town she was going to. When they spoke of promenades, and drives, and miles of hotels and lodging-houses, she was thinking of the sea-beach, and

of the boats, and of the sky-line with its distant ships. When they told her of private theatricals, and concerts, and fancy-dress balls, she was thinking of being out on the open sea, with a light breeze filling the sails, and a curl of white foam rising at the bow and sweeping and hissing down the sides of the boat. She would go down among the fishermen, when her husband and his friends were not by, and talk to them, and get to know what they sold their fish for down here in the south. She would find out what their nets cost; and if there was anybody in authority to whom they could apply for an advance of a few pounds in case of hard times. Had they their cuttings of peat free from the nearest moss-land; and did they dress their fields with the thatch that had got saturated with the smoke? Perhaps some of them could tell her where the crews hailed from that had repeatedly shot the sheep of the Flannen isles. All these, and a hundred other things, she would get to know; and she might procure and send to her father some rare bird, or curiosity of the sea, that might be added to the little museum in which she used to sing, in days gone by, when he was busy with his pipe and his whisky.

"You are not much tired, then, by your dissipation of last night," said Mrs. Kavanagh to her, at the station, as the slender, fair-haired, grave lady looked admiringly at the girl's fresh colour and bright grey-blue eyes. "It makes one envy you to see you looking so strong and in such good spirits."

"How happy you must be always," said Mrs. Lorraine, and the younger lady had the same sweet, low, and kindly voice as her mother.

"I am very well, thank you," said Sheila, blushing somewhat, and not lifting her eyes; while Lavender was impatient that she had not answered with a laugh and some light retort such as would have occurred to almost any woman in the circumstances.

On the journey down, Lavender and Mrs. Lorraine, seated opposite each other in two corner-seats, kept up a

continual cross-fire of small pleasantries, in which the young American lady had distinctly the best of it, chiefly by reason of her perfect manner. The keenest thing she said was said with a look of great innocence and candour in the large grey eyes; and then, directly afterwards, she would say something very nice and pleasant, in precisely the same voice, as if she could not understand that there was any effort on the part of either to assume an advantage. The mother sometimes turned and listened to this aimless talk with an amused gravity, as of a cat watching the gambols of a kitten; but generally she devoted herself to Sheila, who sat opposite her. She did not talk much, and Sheila was glad of that; but the girl felt that she was being observed with some little curiosity. She wished that Mrs. Kavanagh would turn those observant grey eyes of hers away in some other direction. Now and again, Sheila would point out what she considered strange or striking in the country outside; and for a moment the elderly lady would look out. But directly afterwards, the grey eyes would come back to Sheila; and the girl knew they were upon her. At last, she so persistently stared out of the window, that she fell to dreaming; and all the trees, and the meadows, and the farm-houses, and the distant heights and hollows, went past her as though they were in a sort of mist; while she replied to Mrs. Kavanagh's chance remarks in a mechanical fashion, and could only hear as a monotonous murmur the talk of the two people at the other side of the carriage. How much of the journey did the girl remember? She was greatly struck by the amount of open land in the neighbourhood of London—the commons between Wandsworth and Streatham, and so forth—and she was pleased with the appearance of the country about Red-hill. For the rest, a succession of fair green pictures passed by her, all bathed in a calm, half-misty, summer sunlight; then they pierced the chalk hills (which Sheila, at first sight, fancied

were of granite) and rumbled through the tunnels. Finally, with just a glimpse of a great mass of grey houses filling a vast hollow and stretching up the bare green downs beyond—they found themselves in Brighton.

"Well, Sheila, what do you think of the place?" her husband said to her, in a kindly way, as they were driving down the Queen's Road.

She did not answer.

"It is not like Borvabost, is it?"

She was too bewildered to speak. She could only look about her with a vague wonder and disappointment. But surely this great grey city was not the place they had come to live in? Would it not disappear somehow, and they would get away to the sea, and the rocks, and the boats?

They passed into the upper part of West Street, and here was another thoroughfare, down which Sheila glanced with no great interest. But the next moment, there was a quick catching of her breath, which almost resembled a sob; and a strange, glad light sprang into her eyes. Here, at last, was the sea! Away beyond the narrow thoroughfare she could catch a glimpse of a great green plain—yellow-green it was in the sunlight—that the wind was whitening here and there with tumbling waves. She had not noticed that there was any wind inland; there everything seemed asleep; but here there was a fresh breeze from the south, and the sea had been rough the day before, and now it was of this strange olive colour, streaked with the white curls of foam that shone in the sunlight. Was there not a cold scent of seaweed, too, blown up this narrow passage between the houses? And now the carriage cut round the corner, and whirled out into the glare of the Parade; and before her the great sea stretched out its leagues of tumbling and shining waves, and she heard the water roaring along the beach, and far away at the horizon she saw a phantom ship. She did not even look at the row of splendid hotels and houses, at the gaily-dressed folks on the pavement, at the brilliant flags that were flapping

and fluttering on the New Pier, and about the beach. It was the great world of shining water beyond that fascinated her, and awoke in her a strange yearning and longing, so that she did not know whether it was grief or joy that burned in her heart, and blinded her eyes with tears. Mrs. Kavanagh took her arm as they were going up the steps of the hotel, and said, in a friendly way, "I suppose you have some sad memories of the sea."

"No," said Sheila, bravely, "it is always pleasant to me to think of the sea; but it is a long time since—since—"

"Sheila," said her husband, abruptly, "do tell me if all your things are here;" and then the girl turned, calm and self-collected, to look after rugs and boxes.

When they were finally established in the hotel, Lavender went off to negotiate for the hire of a carriage for Mrs. Kavanagh during her stay; and Sheila was left with the two ladies. They had tea in their sitting-room; and they had it at one of the windows, so that they could look out on the stream of people and carriages now beginning to flow by in the clear yellow light of the afternoon. But neither the people nor the carriages had much interest for Sheila, who, indeed, sat for the most part silent, intently watching the various boats that were putting out or coming in, and busy with conjectures which she knew there was no use placing before her two companions.

"Brighton seems to surprise you very much," said Mrs. Lorraine.

"Yes," said Sheila, "I have been told all about it; but you will forget all that—and this is very different from the sea at home—at my home."

"Your home is in London now," said the elder lady, with a smile.

"Oh no!" said Sheila, most anxiously and earnestly. "London, that is not our home at all. We live there for a time; that will be quite necessary; but we shall go back to the Lewis some day soon—not to stay altogether, but enough to make it as much our home as London."

"How do you think Mr. Lavender

will enjoy living in the Hebrides!" said Mrs. Lorraine, with a look of innocent and friendly inquiry in her eyes.

"It was many a time that he has said he never liked any place so much," said Sheila, with something of a blush; and then she added, with growing courage, "for you must not think he is always like what he is here. Oh no; when he is in the Highlands, there is no day that is nearly long enough for what has to be done in it; and he is up very early, and away to the loch or the hills with a gun or a salmon-rod. He can catch the salmon very well—oh, very well for one that is not accustomed; and he will shoot as well as anyone that is in the island, except my papa. It is a great deal to do there will be in the island, and plenty of amusement; and there is not much chance—not any whatever—of his being lonely or tired when we go to live in the Lewis."

Mrs. Kavanagh and her daughter were both amused and pleased by the earnest and rapid fashion in which Sheila talked. They had generally considered her to be a trifle shy and silent—not knowing how afraid she was of using wrong idioms or pronunciations; but here was one subject on which her heart was set, and she had no more thought as to whether she said "like-ah-ness" or likeness, or whether she said "gyarden" or garden. Indeed, she forgot more than that. She was somewhat excited by the presence of the sea, and the well-remembered sound of the waves; and she was pleased to talk about her life in the north, and about her husband's stay there, and how they should pass the time when she returned to Borva. She neglected altogether Lavender's injunctions that she should not talk about fishing, or cooking, or farming to his friends. She incidentally revealed to Mrs. Kavanagh and her daughter a great deal more about the household at Borva than he would have wished to be known. For how could they understand about his wife having her own cousin to serve at table; and what would they think of a young lady who was proud of making her father's

shirts? Whatever these two ladies may have thought, they were very obviously interested; and, if they were amused, it was in a far from unfriendly fashion. Mrs. Lorraine professed herself quite charmed with Sheila's descriptions of her island life; and wished she could go up to Lewis to see all these strange things. But when she spoke of visiting the island, when Sheila and her husband were staying there, Sheila was not nearly so ready to offer her a welcome as the daughter of a hospitable old Highlandman ought to have been.

"And will you go out in a boat now?" said Sheila, looking down to the beach.

"In a boat? What sort of boat?" said Mrs. Kavanagh.

"Any one of those little sailing boats—it is very good boats they are, as far as I can see."

"No, thank you," said the elder lady, with a smile. "I am not fond of small boats; and the company of the men who go with you might be a little objectionable, I should fancy."

"But you need not take any men," said Sheila; "the sailing of one of those little boats, it is very simple."

"Do you mean to say you could manage the boat by yourself?"

"Oh yes. It is very simple. And my husband, he will help me."

"And what would you do, if you went out?"

"We might try the fishing. I do not see where the rocks are; but we would go off the rocks, and put down the anchor, and try the lines. You would have some ferry good fish for breakfast, in the morning."

"My dear child," said Mrs. Kavanagh, "you don't know what you propose to us. To go and roll about in an open boat, in these waves—we should be ill in five minutes. But I suppose you don't know what sea-sickness is?"

"No," said Sheila, "but I will hear my husband speak of it often. And it is only in crossing the Channel that people will get sick."

"Why, this is the Channel!"

Sheila stared. Then she endeavoured to recall her geography. Of course, this

must be a part of the Channel ; but if the people in the south became ill in this weather, they must be rather feeble creatures. Her speculations on this point were cut short by the entrance of her husband, who came to announce that he had not only secured a carriage for a month, but that it would be round at the hotel-door in half-an-hour ; whereupon the two American ladies said they would be ready, and left the room.

"Now go off and get dressed, Sheila," said Lavender.

She stood for a moment irresolute.

"If you wouldn't mind," she said, after a moment's hesitation, "if you would allow me to go by myself—if you would go to the driving—and let me go down to the shore——"

"Oh, nonsense!" he said. "You will have people fancying you are only a schoolgirl. How can you go down to the beach by yourself, among all those loafing vagabonds, who would pick your pocket or throw stones at you? You must behave like an ordinary Christian : now do, like a good girl, get dressed, and submit to the restraints of civilized life. It won't hurt you much."

So she left, to lay aside with some regret her rough blue dress ; and he went downstairs to see about ordering dinner.

Had she come down to the sea, then, only to live the life that had nearly broken her heart in London? It seemed so. They drove up and down the Parade for about an hour and a half ; and the roar of carriages drowned the rush of the waves. Then they dined in the quiet of this still summer evening ; and she could only see the sea as a distant and silent picture through the windows, while the talk of her companions was either about the people whom they had seen while driving, or about matters of which she knew nothing. Then the blinds were drawn, and candles lit ; and still their conversation murmured around her unheeding ears. After dinner, her husband went down to the smoking-room of the hotel to have a cigar ; and she was left with Mrs. Kavanagh and

her daughter. She went to the window, and looked through a chink in the Venetian blinds. There was a beautiful clear twilight abroad, the darkness was still of a soft grey, and up in the pale yellow-green of the sky a large planet burned and throbbed. Soon the sea and the sky would darken ; the stars would come forth in thousands and tens of thousands ; and the moving water would be struck with a million trembling spots of silver, as the waves came onward to the beach.

"Mayn't we go out for a walk till Frank has finished his cigar?" said Sheila.

"You couldn't go out walking at this time of night," said Mrs. Kavanagh, in a kindly way ; "you would meet the most unpleasant persons. Besides, going out into the night air would be most dangerous."

"It is a beautiful night," said Sheila, with a sigh. She was still standing at the window.

"Come," said Mrs. Kavanagh, going over to her, and putting her hand in her arm. "We cannot have any moping, you know. You must be content to be dull with us for one night ; and after to-night, we shall see what we can do to amuse you."

"Oh, but I don't want to be amused!" cried Sheila, almost in terror, for some vision flashed on her mind of a series of parties. "I would much rather be left alone, and allowed to go about by myself. But it is very kind of you," she hastily added, fancying that her speech had been somewhat ungracious, "it is very kind of you indeed."

"Come, I promised to teach you cribbage, didn't I?"

"Yes," said Sheila, with much resignation ; and she walked to the table, and sat down.

Perhaps, after all, she could have spent the rest of the evening with some little equanimity, in patiently trying to learn this game, in which she had no interest whatever ; but her thoughts and fancies were soon drawn away from cribbage. Her husband returned. Mrs. Lorraine had been for some little time

at the big piano at the other side of the room, amusing herself by playing snatches of anything she happened to remember; but when Mr. Lavender returned, she seemed to wake up. He went over to her and sat down by the piano.

"Here," she said, "I have all the duets and songs you spoke of; and I am quite delighted with those I have tried. I wish Mamma would sing a second to me—how can one learn without practising? And there are some of those duets I really should like to learn after what you said of them."

"Shall I become a substitute for your mamma?" he said.

"And sing the second, so that I may practise? Your cigar must have left you in a very amiable mood."

"Well, suppose we try," he said, and he proceeded to open out the roll of music which she had brought down.

"Which shall we take first?" he asked.

"It does not much matter," she answered indifferently, and, indeed, she took up one of the duets by haphazard.

What was it made Mrs. Kavanagh's companion suddenly lift her eyes from the cribbage-board, and look with surprise to the other end of the room? She had recognized the little prelude to one of her own duets, and it was being played by Mrs. Lorraine. And it was Mrs. Lorraine who began to sing—in a sweet, expressive, and well-trained voice of no great power—

"Love in thine eyes for ever plays,"

and it was she to whom the answer was given—

"He in thy snowy bosom strays;"

and then, Sheila, sitting stupefied, and pained and confused, heard them sing together—

*"He makes thy rosy lips his care,
And walks the mazes of thy hair."*

She had not heard the short conversation which had introduced this music; and she could not tell but that her husband had been practising these duets—

her duets—with some one else. For presently they sang, "When the rosy morn appearing," and "I would that my love could silently," and others, all of them, in Sheila's eyes, sacred to the time when she and Frank Lavender used to sit in the little room at Borva. It was no consolation to her that Mrs. Lorraine had but an imperfect acquaintance with them; that oftentimes she stumbled and went back over a bit of the accompaniment; that her voice was far from being striking. Lavender, at all events, seemed to heed none of these things. It was not as a music-master that he sang with her. He put as much expression of love into his voice as ever he had done in the old days when he sang with his future bride. And it seemed so cruel that this woman should have taken Sheila's own duets from her, to sing before her, with her own husband.

Sheila learnt little more cribbage that evening. Mrs. Kavanagh could not understand how her pupil had become embarrassed, inattentive, and even sad; and asked her if she was tired. Sheila said she was very tired, and would go. And, when she got her candle, Mrs. Lorraine and Lavender had just discovered another duet which they felt bound to try together, as the last.

This was not the first time she had been more or less vaguely pained by her husband's attentions to this young American lady; and yet she would not admit to herself that he was any way in the wrong. She would entertain no suspicion of him. She would have no jealousy in her heart; for how could jealousy exist with a perfect faith? And so she had repeatedly reasoned herself out of these tentative feelings, and resolved that she would do neither her husband nor Mrs. Lorraine the injustice of being vexed with them. So it was now. What more natural than that Frank should recommend to any friend the duets of which he was particularly fond? What more natural than that this young lady should wish to show her appreciation of those songs by singing them; and who was to sing with her but he? Sheila would have no sus-

picion of either ; and so she came down next morning determined to be very friendly with Mrs. Lorraine.

But that forenoon another thing occurred which nearly broke down all her resolves.

"Sheila," said her husband, "I don't think I ever asked you whether you rode."

"I used to ride many times at home," she said.

"But I suppose you'd rather not ride here," he said. "Mrs. Lorraine and I propose to go out presently : you'll be able to amuse yourself somehow till we come back."

Mrs. Lorraine had, indeed, gone to put on her habit ; and her mother was with her.

"I suppose I may go out," said Sheila. "It is so very dull indoors, and Mrs. Kavanagh is afraid of the east wind, and she is not going out."

"Well, there's no harm in your going out ; but I should have thought you'd have liked the comfort of watching the people pass from the window."

Sheila said nothing ; but went off to her own room, and dressed to go out. Why, she knew not, but she felt she would rather not see her husband and Mrs. Lorraine start from the hotel-door. She stole downstairs, without going into the sitting-room ; and then, going through the great hall and down the steps, found herself free and alone in Brighton.

It was a beautiful, bright, clear day, though the wind was a trifle chilly ; and all around her there was a sense of space, and light, and motion in the shining skies, the far clouds, and the heaving and noisy sea. Yet she had none of the gladness of heart with which she used to rush out of the house at Borva, to drink in the fresh, salt air, and feel the sunlight on her cheeks. She walked away, with her face wistful and pensive, along the King's Road, scarcely seeing any of the people who passed her ; and the noise of the crowd and of the waves hummed in her ears in a distant fashion, even as she walked along the wooden railing over the beach. She stopped

and watched some men putting off a heavy fishing-boat ; and she still stood and looked long after the boat was launched. She would not confess to herself that she felt lonely and miserable : it was the sight of the sea that was melancholy. It seemed so different from the sea off Borva, that had always to her a familiar and friendly look, even when it was raging and rushing before a south-west wind. Here this sea looked vast, and calm, and sad ; and the sound of it was not pleasant to her ears as was the sound of the waves on the rocks at Borva. She walked on, in a blind and unthinking fashion, until she had got far up the Parade, and could see the long line of monotonous white cliff meeting the dull blue plain of the waves until both disappeared in the horizon.

She returned to the King's Road, a trifle tired, and sat down on one of the benches there. The passing of the people would amuse her ; and now the pavement was thronged with a crowd of gaily-dressed folks, and the centre of the thoroughfare was brist with the constant going and coming of riders. She saw strange old women, painted, powdered, and bewigged, in hideous imitation of youth, pounding up and down the level street, and she wondered what wild hallucinations possessed the brains of these poor creatures. She saw troops of beautiful young girls, with flowing hair, clear eyes, and bright complexions, riding by—a goodly company—under charge of a riding-mistress ; and the world seemed to grow sweeter when they came into view. But while she was vaguely gazing, and wondering, and speculating, her eyes were suddenly caught by two riders whose appearance sent a throb to her heart. Frank Lavender rode well ; so did Mrs. Lorraine ; and, though they were paying no particular attention to the crowd of passers-by, they doubtless knew that they could challenge criticism with an easy confidence. They were laughing and talking to each other as they went rapidly by ; neither of them saw Sheila. The girl did not look after them. She rose and walked in the other direction,

with a greater pain at her heart than had been there for many a day.

What was this crowd? Some dozen or so of people were standing round a small girl, who, accompanied by a man, was playing a violin, and playing it very well, too. But it was not the music that attracted Sheila to the child; but partly that there was a look about the timid, pretty face, and the modest and honest eyes, that reminded her of little Ailasa, and partly because, just at this moment, her heart seemed to be strangely sensitive and sympathetic. She took no thought of the people looking on. She went forward to the edge of the pavement, and found that the small girl and her companions were about to go away. Sheila stopped the man.

"Will you let your little girl come with me into this shop?"

It was a confectioner's shop.

"We were going home to dinner," said the man, while the small girl looked up with wondering eyes.

"Will you let her have dinner with me, and you will come back in half-an-hour?"

The man looked at the little girl; he seemed to be really fond of her, and saw that she was very willing to go. Sheila took her hand, and led her into the confectioner's shop, putting her violin on one of the small marble tables, while they sat down at another. She was probably not aware that two or three idlers had followed them, and were staring with might and main in at the door of the shop.

What could this child have thought of the beautiful and yet sad-eyed lady who was so kind to her, who got her all sorts of things with her own hands, and asked her all manner of questions in a low, gentle, and sweet voice? There was not much in Sheila's appearance to provoke fear or awe. The little girl, shy at first, got to be a little more frank; and told her hostess when she rose in the morning, how she practised, the number of hours they were out during the day, and many of the small incidents of her daily life. She had been photo-

graphed too, and her photograph was sold in one of the shops. She was very well content; she liked playing; the people were kind to her, and she did not often get tired.

"Then I shall see you often if I stay in Brighton?" said Sheila.

"We go out every day when it does not rain very hard."

"Perhaps some wet day you will come and see me, and you will have some tea with me; would you like that?"

"Yes, very much," said the small musician, looking up frankly.

Just at this moment—the half-hour having fully expired—the man appeared at the door.

"Don't hurry," said Sheila to the little girl; "sit still and drink up the lemonade; then I will give you some little parcels you must put in your pocket."

She was about to rise to go to the counter, when she suddenly met the eyes of her husband, who was calmly staring at her. He had come out, after their ride, with Mrs. Lorraine to have a stroll up and down the pavements; and had, in looking in at the various shops, caught sight of Sheila quietly having luncheon with this girl whom she had picked up in the streets.

"Did you ever see the like of that?" he said to Mrs. Lorraine. "In open day—with people staring in—and she has not even taken the trouble to put the violin out of sight."

"The poor child means no harm," said his companion.

"Well, we must get her out of this somehow," he said, and so they entered the shop.

Sheila knew she was guilty the moment she met her husband's look, though she had never dreamed of it before. She had, indeed, acted quite thoughtlessly—perhaps chiefly moved by a desire to speak to some one, and to befriend some one in her own loneliness.

"Hadn't you better let this little girl go?" said Lavender to Sheila, with an embarrassed laugh, as soon as he had ordered an ice for his companion.

"When she has finished her lemonade she will go," said Sheila, meekly. "But I have to buy some things for her first."

"You have got a whole lot of people round the door," he said.

"It is very kind of the people to wait for her," answered Sheila, with the same composure. "We have been here half-an-hour. I suppose they will like her music very much."

The little violinist was now taken to the counter, and her pockets stuffed with packages of sugared fruits and other dainty delicacies; then she was permitted to go with half-a-crown in her hand. Mrs. Lorraine patted her shoulder in passing, and said she was a pretty little thing.

They went home to luncheon. Nothing was said about the incident of the forenoon, except that Lavender complained to Mrs. Kavanagh, in a humorous way, that his wife had a most extraordinary fondness for beggars; and that he never went home of an evening without expecting to find her dining with the nearest scavenger and his family. Lavender, indeed, was in an amiable frame of mind at this meal (during the progress of which Sheila sat by the window, of course, for she had already lunched in company with the tiny violinist), and was bent on making himself as agreeable as possible to his two companions. Their talk had drifted towards the wanderings of the two ladies on the Continent; from that to the Nibelungen frescoes in Munich; from that to the Nibelungen itself, and then, by easy transition, to the ballads of Uhland and Heine. Lavender was in one of his most impulsive and brilliant moods—gay and jocular, tender and sympathetic by turns, and so obviously sincere in all that his listeners were delighted with his speeches, and assertions, and stories, and believed them as implicitly as he did himself. Sheila, sitting at a distance, saw and heard, and could not help recalling many an evening in the far north, when Lavender used to fascinate everyone around him by the in-

fection of his warm and poetic enthusiasm. How he talked, too—telling the stories of these quaint and pathetic ballads in his own rough-and-ready translations—while there was no self-consciousness in his face, but a thorough warmth of earnestness; and sometimes, too, she would notice a quiver of the under lip that she knew of old, when some pathetic point or phrase had to be indicated rather than described. He was drawing pictures for them as well as telling stories—of the three students entering the room in which the landlady's daughter lay dead—of Barbarossa in his cave of the child who used to look up at Heine as he passed her in the street, awe-stricken by his pale and strange face—of the last of the band of companions who sat in the solitary room in which they had sat, and drank to their memory—of the King of Thule, and the deserter from Strasburg, and a thousand others.

"But is there any of them—is there anything in the world more pitiable than that pilgrimage to Kevlaar?" he said. "You know it, of course. No! Oh, you must, surely. Don't you remember the mother who stood by the bedside of her sick son, and asked him whether he would not rise to see the great procession go by the window; and he tells her that he cannot—he is so ill—his heart is breaking for thinking of his dead Gretchen? You know the story, Sheila. The mother begs him to rise and come with her, and they will join the band of pilgrims going to Kevlaar, to be healed there of their wounds by the Mother of God. Then you find them at Kevlaar, and all the maimed, and the lame people have come to the shrine; and whichever limb is diseased, they make a waxen image of that, and lay it on the altar, and then they are healed. Well, the mother of this poor lad takes wax and forms a heart out of it, and says to her son, 'Take that to the Mother of God, and she will heal your pain.' Sighing, he takes the wax heart in his hand, and, sighing, he goes to the shrine; and there, with tears running down his

face, he says, 'O beautiful Queen of Heaven, I am come to tell you my grief. I lived with my mother in Cologne—near us lived Gretchen—who is dead now. Blessed Mary, I bring you this wax heart; heal the wound in my heart.' And then—and then——"

Sheila saw his lip tremble. But he frowned, and said, impatiently,—

"What a shame it is to destroy such a beautiful story! You can have no idea of it—of its simplicity and tenderness——"

"But pray let us hear the rest of it," said Mrs. Lorraine, gently.

"Well, the last scene, you know, is a small chamber, and the mother and her sick son are asleep. The Blessed Mary glides into the chamber, and bends over the young man, and puts her hand lightly on his heart. Then she smiles and disappears. The mother has seen all this in a dream, and now she awakes, for the dogs are barking loudly. The mother goes over to the bed of her son, and he is dead, and the morning light touches his pale face. And then the mother meekly folds her hands, —and says——"

He rose hastily, with a gesture of fretfulness, and walked over to the window at which Sheila sat, and looked out. She put her hand up to his; he took it.

"The next time I try to translate Heine," he said, making it appear that he had broken off through vexation, "something strange will happen."

"It is a beautiful story," said Mrs. Lorraine, who had herself been crying a little bit, in a covert way; "I wonder I have not seen a translation of it. Come, Mamma, Lady Leveret said we were not to be after four."

So they rose and left; and Sheila was alone with her husband, and still holding his hand. She looked up at him timidly, wondering, perhaps, in her simple way, as to whether she should not now pour out her heart to him, and tell him all her griefs, and fears, and yearnings. He had obviously been deeply moved by the story he had told so roughly; surely now was a good oppor-

tunity of appealing to him, and begging for sympathy and compassion.

"Frank," she said, and she rose, and came close, and bent down her head to hide the colour in her face.

"Well?" he answered.

"You won't be vexed with me," she said, in a low voice, and with her heart beginning to beat rapidly.

"Vexed with you about what, Sheila?" he said.

Alas! all her hopes had fled. She shrank from the wondering look with which she knew he was regarding her. She felt it to be impossible that she should place before him those confidences with which she had approached him; and so, with a great effort; she merely said—

"Are we to go to Lady Leveret's?"

"I suppose so," he said, "unless you would rather go and see some blind fiddler or beggar. Sheila, you should really not be so forgetful; what if Lady Leveret, for example, had come into that shop? You should remember you are a woman, and not a child. Do you ever see Mrs. Kavanagh or her daughter do any of these things?"

Sheila had let go his hand; her eyes were still turned towards the ground. She had fancied that a little of that emotion that had been awakened in him by the story of the German mother and her son might warm his heart towards herself, and render it possible for her to talk to him frankly about all that she had been dimly thinking, and more definitely suffering. She was mistaken; that was all.

"I will try to do better, and please you," she said; and then she went away.

CHAPTER XV.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

Was it a delusion that had grown up in the girl's mind, and now held full possession of it—that she was in a world with which she had no sympathy, that she should never be able to find a home there, that the influences of it were gradually and surely stealing from her

her husband's love and confidence? Or was this longing to get away from the people and the circumstances that surrounded her but the unconscious promptings of an incipient jealousy? She did not question her own mind closely on these points. She only vaguely knew that she was miserable, and that she could not tell her husband of the weight that pressed on her heart.

Here, too, as they drove along to have tea with a certain Lady Leveret, who was one of Lavender's especial patrons, and to whom he had introduced Mrs. Kavanagh and her daughter, Sheila felt that she was a stranger, an interloper, a "third wheel to the cart." She scarcely spoke a word! She looked at the sea; but she had almost grown to regard that great plain of smooth water as a melancholy and monotonous thing—not the bright and boisterous sea of her youth, with its winding channels, its secret bays and rocks, its salt winds, and rushing waves. She was disappointed with the perpetual wall of white cliff, where she had expected to see something of the black and rugged shore of the north. She had as yet made no acquaintance with the sea-life of the place; she did not know where the curers lived, whether they gave the fishermen credit and cheated them, whether the people about here made any use of the back of the dog-fish, or could, in hard seasons, cook any of the wild fowl; what the ling, and the cod, and the skate fetched; where the wives and daughters sat and span and carded their wool; whether they knew how to make a good dish of cockles boiled in milk. She smiled to herself when she thought of asking Mrs. Lorraine about any such things; but she still cherished some vague hope that, before she left Brighton, she would have some little chance of getting near to the sea and learning a little of the sea-life down in the south.

And as they drove along the King's Road on this afternoon, she suddenly called out—

"Look, Frank!"

On the steps of the Old Ship hotel stood a small man with a brown face, a brown beard, and a beaver hat, who was calmly smoking a wooden pipe, and looking at an old woman selling oranges in front of him.

"It is Mr. Ingram!" said Sheila.

"Which is Mr. Ingram?" asked Mrs. Lorraine, with considerable interest, for she had often heard Lavender speak of his friend. "Not that little man?"

"Yes," said Lavender, coldly: he could have wished that Ingram had had some little more regard for appearances in so public a place as the main thoroughfare of Brighton.

"Won't you stop and speak to him?" said Sheila, with great surprise.

"We are late already," said her husband. "But if you would rather go back and speak to him than go on with us, you may."

Sheila said nothing more; and so they drove on to the end of the Parade, where Lady Leveret held possession of a big white house with pillars, overlooking the broad street and the sea.

But next morning she said to him—

"I suppose you will be riding with Mrs. Lorraine this morning?"

"I suppose so."

"I should like to go and see Mr. Ingram, if he is still there," she said.

"Ladies don't generally call at hotels and ask to see gentlemen," he said, with a laugh and a shrug; "but of course you don't care for that."

"I shall not go if you do not wish me."

"Oh, nonsense, Sheila. You may as well go. It will be some amusement for you; for I daresay both of you will immediately go and ask some old cab-driver to have luncheon with you, or buy a nosegay of flowers for his horse."

The permission was not very gracious; but Sheila accepted it, and very shortly after breakfast she changed her dress and went out. How pleasant it was to feel that she was going to see her old friend, to whom she could talk freely! The morning seemed to know of her gladness, and to share in it; for there was a brisk southerly breeze blowing

fresh in from the sea, and the waves were leaping white in the sunlight. There was no more sluggishness in the air, or the grey sky, or the leaden plain of the sea. Sheila knew that the blood was mantling in her cheeks; that her heart was full of joy; that her whole frame so tingled with life and spirit that, had she been in Borva, she would have challenged her deer-hound to a race, and fled down the side of the hill with him to the small bay of white sand below the house. She did not pause for a minute when she reached the hotel. She went up the steps, opened the door, and entered the square hall. There was an odour of tobacco in the place; and several gentlemen standing about rather confused her, for she had to glance at them in looking for a waiter. Another minute would probably have found her a trifle embarrassed; but just at this crisis she saw Ingram himself come out of a room, with a cigarette in his hand. He threw away the cigarette, and came forward to her with amazement in his eyes.

"Where is Mr. Lavender? Has he gone into the smoking-room for me?" he asked.

"He is not here," said Sheila. "I have come for you by myself."

For a moment, too, Ingram felt the eyes of the men on him; but directly he said, with a fine air of carelessness, "Well, that is very good of you. Shall we go out for a stroll until your husband comes?"

So he opened the door, and followed her outside, into the fresh air and the roar of the waves.

"Well, Sheila," he said, "this is very good of you, really: where is Mr. Lavender?"

"He generally rides with Mrs. Lorraine in the morning."

"And what do you do?"

"I sit at the window."

"Don't you go boating?"

"No, I have not been in a boat. They do not care for it. And yesterday, it was a letter to Papa I was writing, and I could tell him nothing about the people here or the fishing."

"But you could not in any case, Sheila. I suppose you would like to know what they pay for their lines, and how they dye their wool, and so on; but you would find the fishermen here don't live in that way at all. They are all civilized, you know. They buy their cloth in the shops. They never eat any sort of seaweed, or dye with it either. However, I will tell you all about it by and by. At present, I suppose you are returning to your hotel."

A quick look of pain and disappointment passed over her face, as she turned to him for a moment, with something of entreaty in her eyes.

"I came to see you," she said. "But perhaps you have an engagement—I do not wish to take up any of your time—if you please, I will go back alone to——"

"Now, Sheila," he said, with a smile, and with the old friendly look she knew so well, "you must not talk like that to me. I won't have it. You know I came down to Brighton because you asked me to come; and my time is altogether at your service."

"And you have no engagement just now?" said Sheila, with her face brightening.

"No."

"And you will take me down to the shore, to see the boats, and the nets? Or could we go out and run along the coast for a few miles? It is a very good wind."

"Oh, I should be very glad," said Ingram, slowly. "I should be delighted. But, you see, wouldn't your husband think it—wouldn't he, you know—wouldn't it seem just a little odd to him if you were to go away like that?"

"He is to go riding with Mrs. Lorraine," said Sheila, quite simply. "He does not want me."

"Of course you told him you were coming to see—you were going to call at the Old Ship?"

"Yes. And I am sure he would not be surprised if I did not return for a long time."

"Are you quite sure, Sheila?"

"Yes, I am quite sure."

"Very well. Now I shall tell you what I am going to do with you. I shall first go and bribe some mercenary boatman to let us have one of those small sailing boats committed to our own exclusive charge. I shall constitute you skipper and pilot of the craft, and hold you responsible for my safety. I shall smoke a pipe to prepare me for whatever may befall——"

"Oh, no," said Sheila. "You must work very hard; and I will see if you remember all that I taught you in the Lewis. And if we can have some long lines, we might get some fish. Will they pay more than thirty shillings for their long lines in this country?"

"I don't know," said Ingram. "I believe most of the fishermen here live upon the shillings they get from passers-by, after a little conversation about the weather, and their hard lot in life; so that one doesn't talk to them more than one can help."

"But why do they need the money? Is there no fish?"

"I don't know that, either. I suppose there is some good fishing in the winter, and sometimes in the summer they get some big shoals of mackerel."

"It was a letter I had last week from the sister of one of the men of the *Nighean-dubh*, and she told me that they have been very lucky all through the last season, and it was near six thousand ling they got."

"But I suppose they are hopelessly in debt to some curer or other up about Habost?"

"Oh no, not at all. It is their own boat—it is not hired to them. And it is a very good boat whatever."

That unlucky 'whatever' had slipped out inadvertently; the moment she had uttered it, she blushed, and looked timidly towards her companion, fearing that he had noticed it. He had not. How could she have made such a blunder? she asked herself. She had been most particular about the avoidance of this word, even in the Lewis. The girl did not know that, from the moment she had left the steps of the Old Ship, in company with this good friend of hers, she had unconsciously fallen into much

of her old pronunciation and her old habit of speech; while Ingram, much more familiar with the Sheila of Borvabost and Loch Roag than with the Sheila of Notting Hill and Kensington Gardens, did not perceive the difference, but was mightily pleased to hear her talk in any fashion whatsoever.

By fair means or foul, Ingram managed to secure a pretty little sailing vessel which lay at anchor out near the New Pier; and when the pecuniary negotiations were over, Sheila was invited to walk down over the loose stones of the beach, and take command of the craft. The boatman was still very doubtful. When he had pulled them out to the boat, however, and put them on board, he speedily perceived that this handsome young lady not only knew everything that had to be done in the way of getting the small vessel ready, but had a very smart and business-like way of doing it. It was very obvious that her companion did not know half as much about the matter as she did; but he was obedient and watchful, and presently they were ready to start. The man put off in his boat to shore again much relieved in mind; but not a little puzzled to understand where the young lady had picked up, not merely her knowledge of boats, but the ready way in which she put her delicate hands to hard work, and the prompt and effectual fashion in which she accomplished it.

"Shall I belay away the jib, or reef the upper hatchways?" Ingram called out to Sheila, when they had fairly got under way.

She did not answer for a moment; she was still watching, with a critical eye, the manner in which the boat answered to her wishes; and then, when everything promised well, and she was quite satisfied, she said—

"If you will take my place for a moment, and keep a good look-out, I will put on my gloves."

She surrendered the tiller and the mainsail sheets into his care, and, with another glance ahead, pulled out her gloves.

"You did not use to fear the salt

water or the sun on your hands, Sheila," said her companion.

"I do not now," she said, "but Frank would be displeased to see my hands brown. He has himself such pretty hands."

What Ingram thought about Frank Lavender's delicate hands he was not going to say to his wife; and, indeed, he was called upon at this moment to let Sheila resume her post, which she did with an air of great satisfaction and content.

And so they ran lightly through the curling and dashing water on this brilliant day, caring little indeed for the great town that lay away to leeward, with its shining terraces surmounted by a faint cloud of smoke. Here all the roar of carriages and people was unheard; the only sound that accompanied their talk was the splashing of the waves at the prow and the hissing and gurgling of the water along the boat. The south wind blew fresh and sweet around them, filling the broad, white sails, and fluttering the small pennon up there in the blue. It seemed strange to Sheila that she should be so much alone with so great a town close by; that under the boom she could catch a glimpse of the noisy Parade without hearing any of its noise. And there, away to windward, there was no more trace of city life—only the great blue sea, with its waves flowing on towards them from out of the far horizon, and with here and there a pale ship just appearing on the line where the sky and ocean met.

"Well, Sheila, how do you like to be on the sea again?" said Ingram, getting out his pipe.

"Oh, very well. But you must not smoke, Mr. Ingram; you must attend to the boat."

"Don't you feel at home in her yet?" he asked.

"I am not afraid of her," said Sheila, regarding the lines of the small craft with the eye of a shipbuilder, "but she is very narrow in the beam, and she carries too much sail for so small a thing. I suppose they have not any squalls on this coast, where you have no hills, and no Narrows to go through."

"It doesn't remind you of Lewis, does it?" he said, filling his pipe all the same.

"A little—out there it does," she said, turning to the broad plain of the sea; "but it is not much that is in this country that is like the Lewis—sometimes I think I shall be a stranger when I go back to the Lewis, and the people will scarcely know me, and everything will be changed."

He looked at her for a second or two. Then he laid down his pipe, which had not been lit, and said to her, gravely—

"I want you to tell me, Sheila, why you have got into a habit lately of talking about many things, and especially about your home in the north, in that sad way. You did not do that when you came to London first; and yet it was then that you might have been struck and shocked by the difference. You had no home-sickness for a long time—but is it home-sickness, Sheila?"

How was she to tell him? For an instant she was on the point of giving him all her confidence; and then, somehow or other, it occurred to her that she would be wronging her husband in seeking such sympathy from a friend as she had been expecting—and expecting in vain—from him.

"Perhaps it is home-sickness," she said, in a low voice, while she pretended to be busy tightening up the mainsail sheet. "I should like to see Borva again."

"But you don't want to live there all your life?" he said. "You know that would be unreasonable, Sheila, even if your husband could manage it, and I don't suppose he can. Surely your papa does not expect you to go and live in Lewis always?"

"Oh no," she said, eagerly. "You must not think my papa wishes anything like that. It will be much less than that he was thinking of when he used to speak to Mr. Lavender about it. And I do not wish to live in the Lewis always—I have no dislike to London—none at all—only that—that—"

And here she paused.

"Come, Sheila," he said, in the old paternal way to which she had been

accustomed to yield up all her own wishes in the old days of their friendship, "I want you to be frank with me, and tell me what is the matter. I know there is something wrong; I have seen it for some time back. Now you know I took the responsibility of your marriage on my shoulders; and I am responsible to you, and to your papa and to myself, for your comfort and happiness. Do you understand?"

She still hesitated—grateful in her inmost heart; but still doubtful as to what she should do.

"You look on me as an intermeddler," he said, with a smile.

"No, no!" she said, "you have always been our best friend."

"But I have intermeddled none the less—don't you remember when I told you I was prepared to accept the consequences?"

It seemed so long a time since then!

"And once having begun to intermeddle, I can't stop, don't you see? Now, Sheila, you'll be a good little girl, and do what I tell you. You'll take the boat a long way out, we'll put her head round, take down the sails, and let her tumble about and drift for a time, till you tell me all about your troubles, and then we'll see what can be done."

She obeyed in silence; with her face grown grave enough in anticipation of the coming disclosures. She knew that the first plunge into them would be keenly painful to her; but there was a feeling at her heart that, this penance over, a great relief would be at hand. She trusted this man as she would have trusted her own father. She knew that there was nothing on earth he would not attempt, if he fancied it would help her. And she knew, too, that having experienced so much of his great unselfishness and kindness and thoughtfulness, she was ready to obey him implicitly, in anything that he could assure her was right for her to do.

How far away seemed the white cliffs now, and the faint green downs above them! Brighton, lying further to the west, had become dim and yellow, and over it a cloud of smoke lay thick and brown in the sunlight. A mere

streak showed the line of the King's Road and all its carriages and people; the beach beneath could just be made out by the white dots of the bathing-machines. The brown fishing-boats seemed to be close in shore; the two piers were foreshortened into small dusky masses marking the beginning of the sea. And then, from these distant and faintly-defined objects, out here to the side of the small white-and-pink boat, that lay lightly in the lapping water, stretched that great and moving network of waves, with here and there a sharp gleam of white foam curling over amid the dark blue-green.

Ingram took his seat by Sheila's side, so that he should not have to look in her downcast face; and then, with some little preliminary nervousness and hesitation, the girl told her story. She told it to sympathetic ears; and yet Ingram—having partly guessed how matters stood, and anxious, perhaps, to know whether much of her trouble might not be merely the result of fancies which could be reasoned and explained away—was careful to avoid anything like corroboration. He let her talk in her own simple and artless way; and the girl spoke to him, after a little while, with an earnestness which showed how deeply she felt her position. At the very outset she told him that her love for her husband had never altered for a moment—that all the prayer and desire of her heart was that they two might be to each other as she had at one time hoped they would be, when he got to know her better. She went over all the story of her coming to London, of her first experiences there, of the conviction that grew upon her that her husband was somehow disappointed with her and only anxious now that she should conform to the ways and habits of the people with whom he associated. She spoke of her efforts to obey his wishes, and how heart-sick she was with her failures, and of the dissatisfaction which he showed. She spoke of the people to whom he devoted his life; of the way in which he passed his time; and of the impossibility of her showing him, so long as he thus remained apart from

her, the love she had in her heart for him, and the longing for sympathy which that love involved. And then she came to the question of Mrs. Lorraine; and here it seemed to Ingram she was trying at once to put her husband's conduct in the most favourable light, and to blame herself for her unreasonableness. Mrs. Lorraine was a pleasant companion to him; she could talk cleverly and brightly; she was pretty, and she knew a large number of his friends. Sheila was anxious to show that it was the most natural thing in the world that her husband, finding her so out of communion with his ordinary surroundings, should make an especial friend of this graceful and fascinating woman. And if, at times, it hurt her to be left alone—but here the girl broke down somewhat, and Ingram pretended not to know that she was crying.

These were strange things to be told to a man; and they were difficult to answer. But out of these revelations—which rather took the form of a cry than of any distinct statement—he formed a notion of Sheila's position sufficiently exact; and the more he looked at it, the more alarmed and pained he grew, for he knew more of her than her husband did. He knew the latent force of character that underlay all her submissive gentleness. He knew the keen sense of pride her Highland birth had given her; and he feared what might happen if this sensitive and proud heart of hers were driven into rebellion by some—possibly unintentional—wrong. And this high-spirited, fearless, honour-loving girl—who was gentle and obedient, not through any timidity or limpness of character, but because she considered it her duty to be gentle and obedient—was to be cast aside, and have her tenderest feelings outraged and wounded, for the sake of an unscrupulous, shallow-brained woman of fashion who was not fit to be Sheila's waiting-maid. Ingram had never seen Mrs. Lorraine; but he had formed his own opinion of her. The opinion, based upon nothing, was wholly wrong; but it served to increase, if that were possible, his sympathy with Sheila, and his

resolve to interfere on her behalf at whatever cost.

"Sheila," he said, gravely putting his hand on her shoulder, as if she were still the little girl who used to run wild with him about the Borva rocks, "you are a good woman."

He added to himself that Lavender knew little of the value of the wife he had got; but he dared not say that to Sheila, who would suffer no imputation against her husband to be uttered in her presence, however true it might be, or however much she had cause to know it to be true.

"And after all," he said, in a lighter voice, "I think I can do something to mend all this. I will say for Frank Lavender that he is a thoroughly good fellow at heart; and that when you appeal to him, and put things fairly before him, and show him what he ought to do, there is not a more honourable and straightforward man in the world. I believe, if I wanted money this moment, and it could only be got that way, he would live for a month on bread and water to give it me. He is not selfish, Sheila, but he is thoughtless. He has been led away by these people, you know, and has not been aware of what you were suffering. When I put the matter before him, you will see it will be all right; and I hope to persuade him to give up this constant idling, and take to his work, and have something to live for. I wish you and I together could get him to go away from London altogether—get him to take to serious landscape painting on some wild coast—the Galway coast, for example——"

"Why not the Lewis?" said Sheila, her heart turning to the north as naturally as the needle.

"Or the Lewis. And I should like you and him to live away from hotels, and luxuries, and all such things; and he would work all day, and you would do the cooking, in some small cottage you could rent, you know——"

"You make me so happy in thinking of that," she said, with her eyes growing wet again.

"And why should he not do so? There is nothing romantic or idyllic

about it; but a good, wholesome, plain sort of life, that is likely to make an honest painter of him, and bring both of you some well-earned money. And you might have a boat like this——"

"We are drifting too far in," said Sheila, suddenly rising. "Shall we go back now?"

"By all means," he said; and so the small boat was put under canvas again, and was soon making way through the breezy water.

"Well, all this seems simple enough, doesn't it?" said Ingram.

"Yes," said the girl, with her face full of hope.

"And then of course, when you are quite comfortable together, and making heaps of money, you can turn round and abuse me, and say I made all the mischief to begin with."

"Did we do so before, when you were very kind to us?" she said, in a low voice.

"Oh, but that was different. To interfere on behalf of two young folks who are in love with each other is dangerous; but to interfere between two people who are married—that is a certain quarrel. I wonder what you will say when you are scolding me, Sheila, and bidding me get out of the house. I have never heard you scold. Is it Gaelic or English you prefer?"

"I prefer whichever can say the nicest things to my very good friends, and tell them how grateful I am for their kindness to me."

"Ah, well, we'll see."

When they got back to shore, it was half-past one.

"You will come and have some luncheon with us," said Sheila, when they had gone up the steps and into the King's Road.

"Will that lady be there?"

"Mrs. Lorraine? Yes."

"Then I'll come some other time."

"But why not now?" said Sheila. "It is not necessary that you will see us only to speak about those things we have been talking over?"

"Oh no, not at all. If you and Mr. Lavender were by yourselves, I should come at once."

"And are you afraid of Mrs. Lor-

raine?" said Sheila, with a smile. "She is a very nice lady indeed—you have no cause to dislike her."

"But I don't want to meet her, Sheila, that is all," he said; and she knew well, by the precision of his manner, that there was no use trying to persuade him further.

He walked along to the hotel with her, meeting a considerable stream of fashionably-dressed folks on the way; and neither he nor she seemed to remember that his costume—a blue pilot-jacket, not a little worn and soiled with the salt-water, and a beaver hat that had seen a good deal of rough weather in the Highlands—was much more comfortable than elegant. He said to her, as he left her at the hotel—

"Would you mind telling Lavender I shall drop in at half-past three, and that I expect to see him in the coffee-room? I shan't keep him five minutes."

She looked at him for a moment; and he saw that she knew what this appointment meant, for her eyes were full of gladness and gratitude. He went away pleased at heart that she put so much trust in him. And in this case, he should be able to reward that confidence; for Lavender was really a good sort of fellow, and would at once be sorry for the wrong he had unintentionally done, and be only too anxious to set it right. He ought to leave Brighton at once, and London too. He ought to go away into the country, or by the seaside, and begin working hard, to earn money and self-respect at the same time; and then, in this friendly solitude, he would get to know something about Sheila's character, and begin to perceive how much more valuable were these genuine qualities of heart and mind than any social graces such as might lighten up a dull drawing-room. Had Lavender yet learnt to know the worth of an honest woman's perfect love and unquestioning devotion? Let these things be put before him, and he would go and do the right thing, as he had many a time done before, in obedience to the lecturing of his friend.

Ingram called at half-past three, and went into the coffee-room. There was

no one in the long, large room; and he sat down at one of the small tables by the windows, from which a bit of lawn, the King's Road, and the sea beyond were visible. He had scarcely taken his seat when Lavender came in.

"Hallo, Ingram, how are you?" he said, in his freest and friendliest way. "Won't you come upstairs? Have you had lunch? Why did you go to the Ship?"

"I always go to the Ship," he said. "No, thank you, I won't go upstairs."

"You are a most unsociable sort of brute!" said Lavender, frankly. "I shall paint a portrait of you some day, in the character of Diogenes, or Apemantus, or some one like that. I should like to do a portrait of you for Sheila—how pleased she would be! Will you take a glass of sherry?"

"No, thank you."

"Will you have a game of billiards?"

"No, thank you. You don't mean to say you would play billiards on such a day as this?"

"It is a fine day, isn't it?" said Lavender, turning to look at the sunlit road and the blue sea. "By the way, Sheila tells me you and she were out sailing this morning. It must have been very pleasant—especially for her, for she is mad about such things. What a curious girl she is, to be sure! Don't you think so?"

"I don't know what you mean by curious," said Ingram, coldly.

"Well, you know, strange—odd—unlike other people in her ways and her fancies. Did I tell you about my aunt taking her to see some friends of hers at Norwood? No? Well, Sheila had got out of the house somehow (I suppose their talking did not interest her), and when they went in search of her, they found her in the cemetery, crying like a child."

"What about?"

"Why," said Lavender, with a smile, "merely because so many people had died. She had never seen anything like that before—you know the small churchyards up in Lewis, with their inscriptions in Norwegian, and Danish, and German. I suppose the first sight of all the white

stones at Norwood was too much for her."

"Well, I don't see much of a joke in that," said Ingram.

"Who said there was any joke in it?" cried Lavender, impatiently. "I never knew such a cantankerous fellow as you are. You are always fancying I am finding fault with Sheila. And I never do anything of the kind. She is a very good girl indeed. I have every reason to be satisfied with the way our marriage has turned out."

"Has she?"

The words were not important; but there was something in the tone in which they were spoken that suddenly checked Frank Lavender's careless flow of speech. He looked at Ingram for a moment, with some surprise, and then he said—

"What do you mean?"

"Well, I will tell you what I mean," said Ingram, slowly. "It is an awkward thing for a man to interfere between husband and wife, I am aware. He gets something else than thanks for his pains, ordinarily; but sometimes it has to be done, thanks or kicks. Now, you know, Lavender, I had a good deal to do with helping forward your marriage in the north; and I don't remind you of that to claim anything in the way of consideration, but to explain why I think I am called on to speak to you now."

Lavender was at once a little frightened and a little irritated. He half guessed what might be coming from the slow and precise manner in which Ingram talked. That form of speech had vexed him many a time before; for he would rather have had any amount of wild contention, and bandying about of reproaches, than the calm, unimpassioned, and sententious setting forth of his shortcomings to which this sallow little man was perhaps too much addicted.

"I suppose Sheila has been complaining to you, then?" said Lavender, coldly.

"You may suppose what you like," said Ingram, quietly; "but it would be a good deal better if you would listen

to me patiently, and deal in a common-sense fashion with what I have got to say. It is nothing very desperate. Nothing has happened that is not of easy remedy; while the remedy would leave you and her in a much better position, both as regards your own estimation of yourselves, and the opinion of your friends."

"You are a little roundabout, Ingram," said Lavender, "and ornate. But I suppose all lectures begin so. Go on."

Ingram laughed.

"If I am too formal, it is because I don't want to make mischief by any exaggeration. Look here. A long time before you were married, I warned you that Sheila had very keen and sensitive notions about the duties that people ought to perform—about the dignity of labour—about the proper occupations of a man, and so forth. These notions you may regard as romantic and absurd, if you like; but you might as well try to change the colour of her eyes as attempt to alter any of her beliefs in that direction—"

"And she thinks that I am idle and indolent because I don't care what a washerwoman pays for her candles," said Lavender, with impetuous contempt. "Well, be it so. She is welcome to her opinion. But if she is grieved at heart because I can't make hobnailed boots, it seems to me that she might as well come and complain to myself, instead of going and detailing her wrongs to a third person, and calling for his sympathy in the character of an injured wife."

For an instant the dark eyes of the man opposite him blazed with a quick fire—for a sneer at Sheila was worse than an insult to himself; but he kept quite calm, and said—

"That, unfortunately, is not what is troubling her——"

Lavender rose abruptly, took a turn up and down the empty room, and said—

"If there is anything the matter, I prefer to hear it from herself. It is not respectful to me, that she should call in a third person to humour her whims and fancies——"

"Whims and fancies!" said Ingram, with that dark light returning to his eyes. "Do you know what you are talking about? Do you know that, while you are living on the charity of a woman you despise, and dawdling about the skirts of a woman who laughs at you, you are breaking the heart of a girl who has not her equal in England? Whims and fancies! Good God! I wonder how she ever could have——"

He stopped, but the mischief was done. These were not prudent words to come from a man who wished to step in as a mediator between husband and wife—perhaps they were as unjust as they were imprudent; but Ingram's blaze of wrath—kindled by what he considered the insufferable insolence of Lavender in thus speaking of Sheila—had swept all notions of prudence before it. Lavender, indeed, was much cooler than he was, and said, with an affectation of carelessness—

"I am sorry you should vex yourself so much about Sheila. One would think you had had the ambition yourself, at some time or other, to play the part of husband to her; and doubtless then you would have made sure that all her idle fancies were gratified. As it is, I was about to relieve you from the trouble of further explanation by saying that I was quite competent to manage my own affairs; and that if Sheila has any complaint to make, she must make it to me."

Ingram rose, and was silent for a moment.

"Lavender," he said, "it does not matter much whether you and I quarrel—I was prepared for that, in any case. But I ask you to give Sheila a chance of telling you what I had intended to tell you."

"Indeed, I shall do nothing of the sort. I never invite confidences. When she wishes to tell me anything, she knows I am ready to listen. But I am quite satisfied with the position of affairs as they are at present."

"God help you, then," said his friend, and went away, scarcely daring to confess to himself how dark the future looked.

HOW THE "STABAT MATER" WAS WRITTEN.

AMONGST the mass of mediæval hymns the "Stabat Mater" stands forth prominently. Nothing can surpass the touching simplicity of the Evangelist's words, "Now there stood by the cross of Jesus His Mother," but no paraphrase can excel that of the author of the well-known Sequence. No man has ever interpreted the sorrows of the Mater Dolorosa and sympathised with her in her affliction as the Benedictine monk of the thirteenth century. The most rigid adherent of that most unpoetical form of religion, Protestantism, who has not words enough to denounce the Church of Rome, which he is pleased to call "the Mother of abominations," forgets for a moment that he is listening to a hymn which forms part of the "Officium VII Dolorum," and yields involuntarily to its softening influences. And surely he must be a barbarian if he does not. How beautiful are the verses with which the hymn opens! The painful drama of Calvary is described in sad and solemn words. It seems at first as if the poet cannot find language to express the sorrows of the mourning Mother. Dante describes the unfortunates who for very weeping can weep no more; the Virgin Mother stands at the foot of the Cross in *silent* grief. But the spectacle of her grief overwhelms the poet ere long, and he bursts out, "O quam tristis et afflicta, fuit illa Benedicta, Mater Unigeniti." Once more the poem assumes a dramatic form, but again the poet feels overpowered by his emotions: "Eia Mater fons amoris." He is no longer a mere narrator, he is not satisfied with being an idle spectator, he longs to bear part of the burden that so cruelly oppresses her. Others may shrink from suffering, but he longs for it with unutterable yearnings. His eyes fill with tears, his heart is well-nigh breaking at the thought of it, and his pale lips pour forth a passionate

prayer: "Sancta mater istud agas, Crucifixi fige plagas, Cordi meo valide." This is not a metaphor, or an exaggerated poetical expression; he desires above all things to bear literally in his body the "stigmata of our Lord." And therefore the petition occurs once more at the end of the hymn. The prayer is no more interrupted as it was at first; the agonized soul standing, or rather kneeling, at the foot of the Cross, gives vent to the passion of adoration that consumes it, and as the poem closes we seem to see a bent form refusing to be lifted, and to catch the echo of a voice going forth in endless supplication.

No wonder that this poem became soon after it was written one of the favourite songs of the people. Its author belonged to the world; the hill on which it dwelt was the centre of the moral universe; the emotions which it described were common to humanity. The cry of agony of the pious monk pierced through the walls of his narrow cell, and found a response amongst the masses of Italy and Germany. The unfortunate Albati of Italy and the Flagellantes of Germany—men and women physically ill and mentally diseased—revelled in this most eloquent deification of suffering. As they went on their long pilgrimages, as they knelt at the shrines of the Virgin Mother, or paused on the way before some crucifix once erected by pious hands, they sang with trembling voice the hymn of the Mater Dolorosa. And no doubt the tears streamed down many a face, and many a heart throbbed violently—for there were few in that multitude who had not to mourn over the loss of some one dear and near—as the melancholy chant drew to a close. But if anything could have consoled them it would have been the thought of that "Mater Dolorosa fons amoris" who had suffered more than anyone else, and therefore

knew what suffering was, and whose arms were always open to receive her weary children on her bosom that they might find comfort and rest.

The translations of this hymn are numerous. But a translation is generally a mutilation. It is certain that no translation can give an idea of the original. These *versus leonini* cannot be rendered; one forgets all about the curious Latin in which they were written, or about the peculiar expressions which they contain. There is a certain monotony and melancholy about the rhythm in keeping with the theme. Its very form impresses you as if you were listening to a mournful minor; it is all throughout one great cry of grief.

It needed scarcely to be set to music, but it has found many composers. A melody was soon attached to it by the Church, and has clung to it ever since. And as composers came into existence, they one by one treated it with solemn elaborate richness. Josquin de Près, in the fifteenth century, and Palestrina in the sixteenth—each the Prince of Music of his day—were among the first. The sombre Astorga, who drew the inspiration for his music from the scaffold, followed. Pergolesi, of whose composition it was said that "the angels could not help weeping as the listened to it," conceived the idea of his music when involuntarily witnessing an execution, and the intense grief of the survivor, and wrote it in an isolated spot at the foot of fiery Vesuvius, with the shadow of death hovering over him. Rossini was the last of the series. But on the gay boulevards of Paris one cannot learn to understand the sufferings of the "Mater Dolorosa." The music of Rossini is a parody; one seems to see the picture of Anonyma, grieved about the loss of one of her lovers, and even before the close of her petulant outburst one feels inclined to exclaim, "Calmez-vous, Madame, vous vous consolerez bientôt."

But it is time that we should look at the author of the hymn, and the circumstances under which he wrote it. On a hill on the left bank of the Tiber, in the midst of the charming scenery of Umbria, stands the old Etruscan town

Tudertum. It was known for the strength of its castle, its three walls, the most imposing of which was built by its founders, and for the warlike spirit of its inhabitants. It was here that some time in the first half of the thirteenth century Jacob Bendetti was born. His family was well known, and belonged to the nobility, so that the boy was brought up in the midst of a society accustomed to wealth and luxury. He was educated with care, and at the proper time sent to the famous University of Bologna. His career had been chosen for him; he was to devote himself to the study of jurisprudence. The chief object of the study of law is to learn how to evade it, and the students of Bologna seem to have been adepts in this art. Giacomo refers in one of his poems to his university, without manifesting any of the proverbial love for his "Alma Mater." "If you wish to talk and to chatter, if you care not to do your duty," he says, "you may succeed with the wisdom gathered at Bologna, but even this is doubtful. It will but stimulate your desires, and lead you to search more and more and increase your ambition, and the end of it all will be pain and sorrow."

We know not in what way Giacomo spent his days at college, or what influences were brought to bear upon him. He does not seem to have distinguished himself in any particular way, and after having passed through the usual course he established himself as a lawyer in his native town. Italy was then, what England is now, the paradise of lawyers. It is most likely that Giacomo, owing to the influence of his family and his own talents and energy, would have succeeded in his profession. He might easily have become the chief of Tudertine lawyers, and then after some years of splendid practice he would have retired and, unless connected with some famous quarrel, most likely been forgotten. Everything seemed to point in this direction. He got soon settled, and married a woman whom *The Chronicle* describes as "moglie giovane e bella ma timorosa di Dio." Giacomo seemed destined to become the father of a

family, and to become at the very best the model of a lawyer and of a family man. But Heaven willed it otherwise, for he was one of the elect, and the hour comes sooner or later when they become conscious of the Divine presence within them, and shake off the dust that defiles them, and rise from the ground as regenerate men.

On a certain day a great ball was given in the town, at which the wife of Giacomo was present. Giacomo remained at home. Whilst engaged in his work a message reached him that his wife was dying. He ran through the streets, and arrived before she was dead. But within a few moments she breathed her last in his arms, and as he took off her clothing he discovered that she wore on her body a coarse garment of hair. The sudden death of his young and beautiful wife in the spring of life, with the promise of a brilliant summer slowly deepening into the mellow glories of autumn, gave him a shock from which he never recovered, and destroyed the balance of his nervous system for ever. The difference between one man and another is that one is mad with method in his madness and that the other is mad without any method. A complete change came over Giacomo; he gave up his practice, severed himself from the connections which he had formed, and said farewell to the life which he had hitherto led. In the midst of the dumb sorrow in which he was plunged he seemed ever to hear a voice telling him to go and sell all that he had and to give it to the poor, in order that he might have treasure in heaven. He resolved to obey the command in the most literal sense, and henceforth to live for heaven alone.

Such a resolution created necessarily a great sensation in a town where he was so well known. It is not astonishing that the *gamins*, as they saw the once respectable lawyer go through the streets bareheaded and barefooted, with a coarse garment around him, and a strange unearthly fire in his eyes, all the more visible because of the wan haggard face out of which they shone, should have saluted him with the name

of Jacopone, "silly Jack." As for himself he was proud of the title, and he adopted it joyfully. "My brother," he said, "thinks that he will reflect honour on our name by his cleverness; I shall do so by my madness." "Holy madness," he called it, and satirically he said of it in one of his poems: "Whoever has made himself a madman for the Lord's sake has obtained great wisdom. In Paris they do not like this philosophy, and he that becomes a fool for Christ's sake can expect nothing but vexation and grief. Yet withal he is elected as Doctor of Philosophy and Divinity." In one word, he deemed it his chiefest glory to be beside himself for the sake of his Lord, and to be accounted a fool because of Christ, and it was this desire which made of him a Christian Diogenes. A characteristic story is told, which reveals more of the temper in which he was than the most detailed description. A relation of his requested him to carry a pair of chickens to his house. A few hours later he got home and found to his surprise that the chickens had not arrived. When questioning Jacopone about the affair, the answer was that he had put them in the church before the family vault—"for their sepulchres shall be their homes," said he, quoting a passage from one of the Psalms.

But sorrow did more than unhinge parts of his nature. It knocked at doors hitherto closed, and opened chambers as yet unfrequented. The overwhelming grief stirring him to the very heart's core, opened a fount of emotion which in the past had been sealed. He looked within and thought that he would find a grave, but behold he found a heaven. Sorrow did not, indeed, make him a poet, but it revealed to him that he was one. The Madonna and her Divine Child became the objects of his love, and amongst all his poems there are none more exquisite than those addressed to her. It was most probably in one of his sleepless nights, when the Cross was pressing heavily upon him, that he wrote the "Stabat Mater," every line of which seems dipped in his heart's blood. And verily the Madonna rewarded him, for

he became chief among the spiritual troubadours of Italy.

After some time he applied for admittance to the Convent of the Franciscans. But the monks had no need of an additional madman; there were plenty of them there already. However, they would certainly have refused admittance to the holy Francis himself; and it is therefore not strange that Giacomo's request should have been denied. Two poems which he wrote opened to him at length the gates of the cloister. One of them was called "*Udite Nova Pazzia*," and commences thus: "Listen to a new folly that has come in my mind. I should like to be dead, because I have led a wrong life." The other poem was written in Latin, and its title was "*Cur mundus militat sub vana gloria*." "Say where is Solomon with all his glory, and Samson before whom the enemy fled, and beautiful Absalom clothed in fine garments, and Jonathan whose heart beat warmly for his friend? And where is Cæsar now who was once a great general, and the rich man who delighted in the banqueting hall; where will you find Tullius with the eloquent tongue, and Aristoteles unique in intellect? . . . Call not thine own the things of this world, she soon takes from you what she gave you. Lift up thy heart towards God, in the Ether let it rest. Happy he, who despises the world and hates it." After this the monks welcomed him cordially, and about the year 1278 he became a member of the order of the Franciscans.

He loved his cell. "O my dear cell," he once wrote, "let me ever dwell in thee, thou dost attract me like a magnet; thou art my guardian, and thou lookest at me so fondly that I will never leave thee." It is needless to say that he practised the most terrible austerities. The garment of the order was scarcely coarse enough, or the daily meal frugal enough, for the man of the world, who had once been the favourite child of fortune. A story is told in confirmation of his austerity. One day he wished to have some meat. To punish himself he bought a piece which he hung up in

his cell and left there till it had become quite putrid. In this atmosphere he spent many a day, till at length a member of the order visited his cell, and had the obnoxious object removed.

He did more, however, than continue in secret the eccentricities which had once delighted the little boys of Todi. In the solitude of his cell he wrote those poems which have procured for him, not an ephemeral fame, but an undying glory. For, with the exception of two, he wrote them in the language of the people, and in the dialect of his native Umbria, so that the peasants and the very lowest of the people could read and understand. And thereby he made the cloister a power in the land.

We have seen how he despised learning. Here is another wild exclamation: "I will turn away from Plato, and let him waste his breath; I will despise the tricks of Aristoteles, for they are not productive of gain, and they lead to misery. Simple pure understanding can be obtained without them, and the face of the Lord can be seen without the aid of philosophy." Looking at his sacred poems one will generally find that, unlike the ancient hymns, they are not disfigured by dogmatics. He might have adopted the words of Neander as his motto: "It is the heart which makes the theologian." If it is necessary to assign him a place in one of the schools, he must be ranked among the Mystics. But what is mysticism if it is not the avowal that the human heart is greater than theology or any clog whatever; that religion is a great holy emotion defying chemical analysis, and refusing to be shut up within the stifling atmosphere of creed and dogma; that the heaven-born soul can find its way towards heaven without the aid of earth-made crutches? Jacopone placed himself on his knees and looked in his heart, and wrote down what he saw and felt. It is therefore that the Psalms of the East still find an echo on Western shores, and therefore the burning lyrics of Giacomo will never be forgotten. Are they not full of blemishes? They are indeed. His muse, walking so oft on

the unsullied pavement of heaven amongst the Brides of the Lamb, is frequently seen amidst the *dames de la Halle*, pressing a loud-sounding kiss on their coarse lips. He has placed Billingsgate in the very centre of "Jerusalem the Golden." It is true that allowance must be made for the atmosphere in which he lived: the times were barbarous, and disgusting things were called by disgusting names, and Truth went about naked, for the modest generation had not yet been born that compelled her to wear a garment, and there were no Elises or Louises, or whatever their names may be, to dress her up so that it is well nigh impossible to distinguish her from her younger sister, Falsehood. After all, who remembers the eccentricities of the monk and occasional coarseness of the poet, when he thinks of the manly heart, the undaunted courage, the simplicity of mind, the straightforwardness of character, the exceeding tenderness of feeling, and the passion of love which distinguished the Franciscan from those around him? One day he was found weeping, and when asked the reason of his tears he exclaimed: "I weep because Love goes about unloved." Who can help kissing the pale lips that spoke such words?

Read his description of the struggle between body and soul, concluding with the body asking merely for life and nothing else. Listen to the pathetic words which he puts into the mouth of Christ: "My son, I have reason to complain because thou fleest from me day after day. And I desire thy salvation, therefore avoid me no longer. I have followed thee for a long time; I shall give thee my kingdom, and take away all things that might hurt thee, and pay the debts which in thy blindness thou hast incurred." Sometimes he is greatly troubled: "Woe unto me, my heart is cold and idle. Why do I not sigh for the pangs of love, that they may kill me? I find not the loved one in things created." And then he encourages himself: "Did not God create the soul that it might dwell in a state of high nobility? Shall it

then grovel in the dust? If the royal daughter of France, dressed in kingly garments, and with the prospect of a throne, stooped to a low courtship, what would men say?" And he exhorts himself: "Wilt thou find love, thou must cherish with a pure heart true humility. Lowly contempt of self leads to every virtue." And he prays: "O let me rather die than hurt thee any longer. I see no change in me; pronounce the sentence, for I am long since under condemnation." Or, "Intoxicated with love, let me wind my arms so tightly around thee that nothing can loosen them. Let me impress deeply thy image on my heart, so that I may escape from the path of the wicked." And at last he is at rest, and he triumphs: "I rest and yearn no more, for I have seen the Lamb, and my reason dwells in peace in the bosom of the highest unity." And in his madness of joy he plucks a flower from the border-land of Pantheism: "My soul shall rest in the heart of God. Plunged in the depths of a great lake, it will find no possibility of escape."

His prose writings are few. The following, he says, is an evidence that we have the love of God within us. "If we ask for something and we receive it not, and love God all the more, or if we obtain the very opposite of our request, and yet love God twice as much as before, then we love Him indeed." A parable of his deserves to be mentioned: "A maiden had five brothers; one was a musician, the second was a painter, the third was a merchant, the fourth was a cook, and the fifth a scene-painter. She had a beautiful diamond which all the brothers wanted. The first came to her and said, 'Let me buy it.' 'What will you give me for it?' she asked. 'I will play you a beautiful tune,' he answered. 'But what shall I do,' was the reply, 'when the tune is over?' She therefore refused his request. The other brothers were likewise denied. At last came a prince, and when asked what would be his payment, he answered, 'I will marry you, you shall be mine.' Whereupon she gave him the dia-

mond." The diamond is the soul, and the five brothers are the five senses. The Royal Suitor is the King of kings, who demands the soul for himself, and whose call she obeys with gladness.

Unfortunately for Jacopone, he did not confine himself to writing sacred poetry. Sobered down and softened though he was as years went on, the traditions of his family, and the mental discipline through which he had passed as a lawyer, combined with his fiery temperament, would not allow him to confine himself to spiritual exercises, and to be cramped for ever by the walls of the cloister. With biting satire he assailed the sins and vices of the Church and the world. He tells us how Poverty knocked at the doors of the prelates to see whether she would be admitted, and was mercilessly beaten when she attempted to enter. Jesus Christ weeps and laments when He looks at His fallen Church, where sin and ingratitude have taken up their abode. "Where are the Fathers exalted in faith? Where are the Prophets, messengers of hope? Where are the Apostles full of love? Where are the Martyrs without fear or blame? Where are the Prelates just and pure? Where are the Doctors skilled in doctrine and in wisdom?" Jacopone looks around him and discovers nothing but bastards.

At this time a serious disturbance about the Papal chair and a split in the Franciscan order occupied his mind. Cœlestin V. had died, and it was supposed that his successor, Boniface VIII., had been instrumental in hastening his death. The former had been a saint, and Jacopone, who most probably thought that a saint would never make a good Pope, had warned him not to accept the patrimony of St. Peter. "Pier da Morron, thou art brought to the test. If thou forsakest God for such a morsel, thy short existence will be a curse. . . . Alas, my heart has suffered deeply: when thou saidst 'I will,' thou hast taken a burden which will be an everlasting torment to thee." The unfortunate Pier listened not to the advice and came to an untimely death.

Suspicion, as I have already said, attached to Boniface VIII., and the opposition to his succession was headed by the Colonnas. Jacopone joined them in their fortress of Palestrina, and signed his name as a witness to a document drawn up by them in answer to a Papal invitation to attend a Council. Subsequently Palestrina was laid siege to, and in the month of September of the year 1298 it surrendered. The Pope had every reason to dislike and to fear Jacopone. His sympathies were with the strict order amongst the Franciscans, cordially disliked by the worldly Pope; he wielded a pen more dangerous than the sword of the Colonnas, and he used it pitilessly and unsparingly. As a matter of course the monk who would never consent to any compromise when Justice was on her trial, was imprisoned. He rejoiced in it, and wrote a song of victory. In one of his poems he asks: "Jacopone, how will it fare with thee? thou art put to the test," and then he describes the treatment he had to undergo, from which it is clear that his life was one of great hardship.

He could have borne it all, brave-hearted as he was and used to suffering, had it not been for the excommunication, which weighed heavily on him. "Oh listen to my prayer and speak the absolving word. I shall gladly bear all other punishments till the hour of my death." He felt himself completely isolated from the religious world; he longed to feel the arms of his spiritual Mother around his suffering form, and to hear a word of counsel and encouragement. It seemed to him that he had been left alone to die. And at a moment, too, when the city of Rome could hardly contain the numberless pilgrims that flocked to her temples from all quarters of the globe. It was the year of the jubilee, the dawning of another century, and this John the Baptist lay languishing in prison. And for once the strong man quailed, and almost supplicated the Pope to release him. "Why, O Shepherd, dost thou not pity me, and listen to my loud

weeping? Take from me the curse which separates me from the congregation. Is the punishment not enough which I bear? Inflict other sufferings if it pleases thee." But his complaint died away unheeded. The embittered Jacopone took up his pen and launched forth his satires against the Pope. And one day when Boniface passed the prison and called out through the bars, "Jacopone, when shalt thou leave this prison?" he answered, "When thou shalt have entered it."

The words proved to be prophetic. Three years later Boniface was in prison, and before the end of the year Jacopone was in a cell of the Convent at Cellarino. Sheltered by its walls from the surrounding world, he spent the last days of his stormy life in peace. At the end of the year 1306 he fell seriously ill. As he was on the point of death the brethren wished to give him the sacrament. But he said that he would receive it from no one except from his beloved Janne dell' Aversa. And hardly had he finished singing the hymn "Anima O benedetta," beginning "O soul on whom the Creator has bestowed plenteous salvation, consider thy Lord on the Cross waiting to heal thee," when his friend, who lived at a great distance and who was ignorant of the illness of Jacopone, entered the room. He received the sacrament from his hands, and murmuring, "Jesu nostra fidanza, del cuor somma speranza," he fell asleep in the night specially sacred to those he had loved so well—the Madonna and her Child.

The following epitaph was written on him:—

"Ossa B. Jacoponi de Benedictis,
Tudertini Fr. Ordinis Minorum
Qui stultus propter Christum,
Nova Mundum Arte delusit,
Et Coelum rapuit.

Obdormivit in Domino die XXV Decembris
Anno MCCCVI."

His works were edited by Tresatti, who added a copious commentary to them. To enter into a detailed criticism of his poems would require a large space. Apart from this, it is quite a

secondary duty of the critic to pronounce judgment on a work of past times. His task is to merge his individuality in that of the person to be described; to put himself entirely in his place; to live, if possible, his life, and to breathe the spirit of the times in which his lot was cast. After having done so he stands aloof, and points out how the moral and intellectual phenomena brought to light are in accordance with laws as certain and as fixed as those of the physical world, if we but knew them. As yet we know but in part, and hence there is room for mistakes and surprise; but when we shall know fully, the only source of astonishment left to humanity will be the fact that it ever was astonished.

The one great hymn of Jacopone has sufficed to lift him from the ranks of the dead immortals to those who stand forth in living immortality. And after him came the Atlas of the Middle Ages, Dante Alighieri. The Franciscan monk was his prophet.¹

ALEXANDER SCHWARTZ.

¹ The following is a list of Jacopone's works:—The edition of Tresatti divides his poetical works into seven books, viz., Book I. *Le Satire*; Book II. *I Cantici Morali*; Book III. *Le Odi*; Book IV. *I Cantici penitentiali*; Book V. *Theorica del divino amore*; Book VI. *Cantici spirituali amatorii*; Book VII. *Segreto spirituale*. The titles of his prose works are as follows:—Quando homo potest scire quod sit in charitate; De humilitate; quomodo homo pervenit ad sui contemptum; De triplici animae statu; De quatuor pugnis animae; De reformatione sensuum similitudo; De studio animae ad virtutes; De quaestione inter rationem et conscientiam; De quinque scutis patientiae. It will be observed that Tresatti's edition does not contain the "Stabat Mater." This omission does not, however, favour the supposition that it was not written by Jacopone. Tresatti does not mention "Cur Mundus," which is undoubtedly from the pen of Jacopone. As the latter is the only other Latin poem which he wrote, I transcribe the first and last verses:—

"Cur Mundus militat sub vana gloria
Cujus prosperitas est transitoria,
Tam cito labitur ejus potentia
Quam vasa figuli quae sunt fragilia.

Nil tuum dixeris quod potes perdere
Quod mundus tribuit intendit rapere,
Superna cogita, cor sit in aethere,
Felix qui potuit mundum contemnere."

THE USE AND ABUSE OF HOSPITALS.

II.

IN a former paper upon this subject (April 1872) I showed how large is the number of persons who annually apply for gratuitous medical relief at our hospitals and dispensaries, and at what an alarming rate this number is increasing, and I indicated what appears to me to be one remedy for this unsatisfactory state of things, and recommended the establishment on a large scale of provident medical institutions. I propose now to follow the subject up a little further, to adduce a few more statistics, and to enter somewhat more at length into the other remedies that I would venture to suggest.

The number of free hospitals and dispensaries in the metropolis is just over 100, and the applicants who annually apply to them for relief cannot be estimated at less than 800,000; in all probability they are nearer 1,000,000. I have lately gone carefully through the returns of the expenditure of these numerous institutions, and I find that it amounts to about 440,000*l.* per annum. This is exclusive of the numerous homes and convalescent establishments, some of which approach very closely in their character to the hospitals. Many of these homes are of a private or semi-private character, and publish no report of their disbursements. If we could include all these in our statistics, we should not be far wrong in saying that the amount of money annually expended upon the sick and the suffering in London alone, as the result of private benevolence and voluntary charity, is little short of 500,000*l.*

But these figures do not represent the total number of the sick poor, or the whole amount of the money which is spent upon them within the metropolitan area, for it takes no account of

those who are assisted from the rates. In the form in which the Poor Law Reports are presented to us it is not easy to ascertain the exact number of individuals relieved in the metropolis during the course of the year. But after a careful analysis of the figures given, we arrive at the following conclusions:—In 1870 about 150,000 persons were so assisted. In August of that year over 16,000, or more than one-tenth of the whole number, were receiving medical relief, either as in or out-patients. In the same year we find that over 830,000*l.* was expended on the in-maintenance and out-relief of paupers in the metropolis. This is exclusive of the sum spent on salaries and the support of lunatics. If we take one-tenth of this amount, *i.e.* 83,000*l.*, we shall certainly be under-rating, rather than over-rating the sum expended annually upon the sick paupers.

This represents the rate-supported medical charity of the metropolis, and so much has been done of late years to improve and extend the accommodation made for sick paupers that the most exacting could hardly expect the rate-payers to do more for them.

If now we recapitulate in a single sentence the statistics already given, we obtain a startling view of the number of sick poor within the metropolitan district, and of the money which is annually spent upon them. The population of London, as ascertained by the last Census, being 3,250,000, the number of the sick poor cannot be less than 816,000, and the cost of their medical relief amounts to at least 523,000*l.* per annum. And this, be it remembered, without including lunatic asylums, convalescent homes, and many other minor and private medical charities.

In all these calculations I have been

careful not to overstate my case, and yet the resulting figures present us with a state of things which cannot be deemed satisfactory.

When the country is prosperous, when work is abundant, when wages are high, it is surely very serious, if not alarming, to find so large a proportion of the lower and lower-middle class making no provision for themselves in anticipation of the time of sickness, which sooner or later is almost certain to come; but relying entirely upon the assistance which they hope to obtain from their neighbours when the exigency arrives. In plain words, about one-fourth of the population depends upon the charity of the other three-fourths in a matter which is as much their own care and concern as the education of their children, although the latter may perhaps be allowed to have a prior claim.

This evil might, I believe, be remedied to a very great extent by the establishment of institutions based upon the principle of mutual assurance, whether they are called provident dispensaries, sick clubs, or by any other name. Such institutions would not merely remove a source of danger, but they would create a positive good. They would give to all those who enrolled themselves as members an inducement for regular work and continuous thrift, and they would help to interest the working classes in the permanence of existing social institutions. If the opportunities for the well-to-do poor to insure themselves against sickness were one-tenth part as numerous as the facilities at present afforded them to ruin their health at the gin-shop, the most zealous advocate of medical reform could scarcely ask for more, and my wishes on this point would be fully realized.

But there are difficulties in the way of these alterations. Let us now consider what they are; and this will give me an opportunity of explaining how, as I think, the Poor Law Service, the hospitals, and the provident sick societies might all work together with much mutual benefit, and greatly to the advantage of the commonwealth.

There is an obstacle which meets us at the outset, whenever we propose any change in the existing arrangements of the hospitals, and it is this, that it requires some self-denial on the part of both the managers and the medical officers to sanction an alteration whereby the number of applicants would be diminished to any considerable extent. It is only natural that those benevolent gentlemen who give largely, both of their money and of their time, to support and to manage a hospital, should wish to see the institution prosper; and we have got into the way of thinking that the chief test of prosperity is the number of applicants for admission. Thus it is almost thought necessary to offer some explanation if the number of patients one year is smaller than it was the year before; and an ever-increasing muster-roll is taken as a subject of congratulation. Surely, if this be so, it is allowing a mistaken charity to over-ride our patriotism—it is to congratulate ourselves upon what is in fact a mark of social decay, and of the unsatisfactory relation in which different classes stand towards one another. Strange as it may seem to some, it is clear to all thoughtful men that, if any amelioration is going on in the social condition of the lower orders, the dole-giving charities—whether their doles are bread, or blankets, or medical advice—ought to be diminishing the circle of their gifts, and not enlarging it. Thus the managers of the hospitals, when called upon to initiate a reform, are asked to impose a self-denying ordinance upon themselves. They are asked to allow their numbers to be diminished, and some of their applicants draughted off to other institutions. And a similar self-denial is required of the medical men. At present the great majority of hospitals either give them no salary at all, or else a most inadequate one. The return which they obtain for their services is the experience which they acquire. The more patients that present themselves the larger is their field of observation, and the more likelihood is there that something will turn

up of unusual interest or importance. It might be said of them, as Sydney Smith said of the clergy, that they are paid by lottery tickets. They toil through the drudgery of numberless ordinary cases for the sake of the comparatively small number of interesting and important ones which present themselves; for it is by these latter that their experience is really enlarged, and that they obtain the means of making themselves known through the medium of medical literature. To ask the medical men, therefore, to support any reform which would curtail the number of their patients, is to ask them to forego one of the main advantages which they derive from their connection with those institutions.

These are the initial difficulties to which we have alluded. The first steps towards reform appear to be retrogressive, and to impose some self-denial on all parties connected with the hospital. But I hope to show that under the alterations which I propose all the really critical and difficult cases would find their way to the hospital, and that from a larger area and upon a better organized system than at present. My professional brethren need not fear that I am unmindful of their interests; while to the managers of hospitals, whose aim it is to do the greatest amount of good and the least amount of harm with the money placed at their disposal, I would venture to say that the suggestions I am about to offer would rid the hospitals of many of their present evils and would enhance their real value. There might, no doubt, be a considerable diminution in the numbers attending the out-patient department, but there would be no diminution in the charity exercised. The gifts would be of the same money value as heretofore, but they would be distributed over a smaller area and with a more discriminating hand.

Having thus pointed out the hindrances to hospital reform, I venture now to indicate the direction which, in my opinion, such reforms ought to take.

First of all, the services of the medical men ought to receive proper acknow-

ledgment. They ought to be relieved from anything like a personal interest in the mere number of the patients resorting to the hospital. They should be freed from the excessive recurrence of ordinary and trivial cases that now occupy so much of their time, and yet they should have a guarantee that the more important cases, which are necessary for educational purposes, as well as to extend their own professional knowledge, will find their way into their hands.

The way having thus been cleared by an act of justice to the medical men, we should be able to consider what would be the best mode of dealing with the 800,000 who now apply every year to the hospitals and dispensaries. In the first place, we must look the fact in the face that such splendid charities are quite certain to be abused unless some check is imposed. It is idle to suppose that when half-a-million of money is to be distributed yearly, there will not be many hands held out to receive it who have no claim to the gift. The experience derived from other dole-giving charities corroborates this statement. And, besides those who knowingly impose upon the charity, there are others who apply to the hospital in sheer ignorance, having no idea of the proper scope of such institutions, but with a vague notion that everyone has the right to resort to them for the best advice.

The proper clients for the hospitals may be easily defined in general terms. They are those who are raised above the level of pauperism on the one hand, but who on the other hand are not able to pay even the lowest scale of medical charges, and who cannot reasonably be expected to provide for themselves in time of sickness. But though the section of society whom the hospitals are intended to assist may be thus readily defined, I admit that it is not always easy to say in the case of a particular individual whether he does, or does not, belong to this section. Even now, in theory, every one who is relieved is supposed to do so, but in fact it is far otherwise. How, then, are we to

discriminate between those who are and those who are not proper subjects for gratuitous medical charity? Surely such an important duty ought not to be entrusted to the hall-porters. Nor is it reasonable to expect that the out-patient physicians and surgeons, whose attention is occupied by the medical details of the cases that pass rapidly before them, should have leisure to inquire into the social condition of the applicants. Here and there they may weed out a glaring instance of abuse, but more than this is quite beyond their power. What is needed is that, with the exception of accidents and cases of emergency, all applicants should have to pass before a competent officer specially charged with the duty of ascertaining that their position and circumstances are such as to entitle them to hospital treatment. Such an officer should be altogether raised above the class of the applicants themselves. He should be a man of some education and refinement, of a kind and forbearing disposition, but at the same time possessed of firmness, discernment of character, and tact. He should be thoroughly acquainted with the neighbourhood, and with all the charitable agencies in the surrounding parishes. Perhaps this officer might occupy the position of under-secretary to the hospital, with such assistants under him as might be found necessary: or the duty might be relegated to a special department of the secretary's office. I cannot imagine that there would be any great difficulty in carrying out such a system of inquiry if the managing committee and the medical staff were bent upon it.

Let us picture to ourselves how the scrutiny would be conducted. Given such an officer as I have suggested, we will suppose the applicants to be passing into his office one by one. The first is a carpenter, who has just cut himself severely at his work, hard by the hospital; the case is regarded as urgent, and he is passed at once. The second has been discharged from the hospital, where he has spent some weeks as an in-patient, and he has been directed to attend the out-patient department that his cure may be

perfected. He also is passed as a matter of course. The third is a middle-aged widow. She is asked where she lives, what rent she pays, what family she has, and how she earns her livelihood. Her answers are deemed satisfactory, and she is permitted to enter. The fourth is a gentleman's footman. He is told that the hospital is not intended for such as he is, and that, if he spoke to his master, he would probably send him to his own medical attendant. The fifth is a skilled mechanic in regular work, earning forty shillings a week, and with no one to provide for but himself. He is asked whether he belongs to a Sick Club or Provident dispensary. No—he never heard of such societies. Accordingly a printed paper is given to him, containing information respecting the Provident medical institutions of the neighbourhood, and he is recommended to apply to one of them. The sixth is a retail tradesman. He is asked whether he could not afford to pay a general practitioner. He admits that he could, but says he has come to the hospital because he wishes to get the best advice. He is referred to a competent medical man in his locality, with the assurance that, if he should ultimately require it, a note from the general practitioner will secure him hospital treatment. The seventh is an old man, who is evidently so destitute that he requires the necessaries of life more than medicine, and he is accordingly referred to the relieving officer and to the parochial medical man. The eighth is a well-to-do woman with a glib tongue and a plausible story, who comes from a distant part of the metropolis. She is allowed to pass for this time only, and is told that inquiries will be made respecting her, on the result of which will depend her admission the next time she presents herself. Such inquiries are made through the Charity Organization Society, and it is found that her story is wholly untrue, and that she is well able to pay a general practitioner. The ninth is a lady-like looking girl, neatly dressed, and expressing herself like a person of education and refinement. At first sight she seems above

the level of hospital patients; but on inquiry she describes herself as an orphan whom adverse circumstances have reduced to penury. She gives a reference to a neighbouring clergyman. Her story is found to be true. She is passed and welcomed. The tenth is a boy in a shoeblack's uniform, whose badge is well known to the inquiry officer. He is allowed to enter without hesitation. The eleventh is a potman, the twelfth a labourer, neither of whom earns so much as twenty shillings a week; some inquiry having been made, they are admitted. The thirteenth gives an address in a very poor court, and is passed on the faith of his statements; but subsequent investigation proves that he has given a false address, and that he is unknown in the neighbourhood.

Such examples might easily be multiplied. These may be taken as types, and they are sufficient to indicate what would be the working of the system I venture to propose. In this way the applicants might be sifted with all needful rapidity. Anyone who knows how long patients are now detained in the waiting rooms, in consequence of the vast numbers who apply, will not see any cause to fear that the delay would be greater than it now is.

After the officer had passed the applicants he would have to write notes of inquiry, or to go out and make some investigations in person; or, if the hospital were a large one, he would have to direct his assistants to make these inquiries. His time would thus be fully occupied. Correspondence, personal investigation, and receiving the applicants would fill the working hours of the day.

But it may be objected that such a system would create fresh machinery, and impose additional expenditure upon the hospitals. Unquestionably it would. But I maintain that the abuse of hospitals has reached such a point that some remedy ought to be devised, and I hold that the money thus expended would be well spent—spent in the interests of true charity—in establishing such an organized system of inquiry.

A charge of about 2 per cent upon the income of the hospital would probably be amply sufficient to carry out the system effectually; and if the number of those admitted to out-patient treatment was curtailed, a great part of this sum would be saved in the diminution of the drug-bill. Probably if some such system of organized inquiry became general, and hospitals were willing to co-operate with one another in putting down the evils under which they all more or less suffer, the expense might be considerably diminished. The preliminary steps would be very much facilitated by the existence of such an association as the Charity Organization Society, with its numerous district branches ready to assist in the work; and in process of time experience would show how it could be most efficiently and most economically carried out. And more than this, I believe there are many persons who would support the hospitals with still greater liberality if they felt sure that their money would be distributed with a discerning hand.

If such discrimination as this were exercised, if the circumstances of the applicants were in some degree ascertained, more might perhaps be done for them than is at present possible. Their fitness for hospital treatment being certified, they might sometimes be supplied with what are technically called medical comforts, which are often much more needed than medicine. At Charing Cross Hospital, thanks to the benevolence of a society of gentlemen, who style themselves the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, we have it in our power to order for a limited number of the most destitute of our out-patients a substantial dinner or a diet suited to their case. The advantage of such a resource is often very great, and the boon to the patient incalculable. At the National Hospital for the Paralysed, a committee of ladies distribute clothing, meat, grocery, coal-tickets, &c., among the out-patients, and lend blankets during the winter. When I say that hospitals, after discriminating their cases, might supply some of them with medical com-

forts, it is to such things as these that I refer. In fact, as the Poor-law medical officer has it in his power to order medical comforts when necessary for the cure of his patient, I would have a somewhat similar discretionary power given to out-patient physicians and surgeons; and if the attendance were guarded in some such way as I have indicated, I do not think there need be any fear of abuse, while, on the other hand, the benefit conferred would be immense.

In my former paper I pointed out how I desired to see the hospitals placed in an organized relation with the Poor-law medical service, and with the Provident Dispensaries, so as to constitute them the central points of the medical machinery intended for the relief of the humbler classes of society; and that, not as at present, in a haphazard way, but by an established and recognized arrangement—the pauper being admitted to hospital treatment on the recommendation of the Poor-law medical officer; the member of a Provident Dispensary or Sick Club in virtue of his subscription, whenever additional advice was deemed necessary; while the class between these two, who, as I hold, are the proper clients for the hospitals, would be received in consideration of their necessities. Thus, all the cases which properly demand hospital treatment, would find their way to those institutions. The highest skill would be brought to bear on the needs of the sick poor, while, at the same time, the medical staff would have ample material for enlarging their experience and for clinical instruction, though the total number of their patients would be somewhat curtailed.

No doubt it is the special hospitals which are most abused. The general hospitals do not suffer in proportion to the same extent. Still it is desirable that all should work together, and move *pari passu*. Unless the general hospitals take the initiative, there is but small chance of anything effectual being done in this matter. They are to us what the cathedrals are to the clergy, or the Superior Law Courts to the legal

profession; and any change which they thought proper to inaugurate would be respectfully considered by the smaller and by the special hospitals; and the public would soon learn to ask, before giving their support, whether the plan which had been deemed expedient at the leading hospitals had been adopted by this or that minor one.

Supposing, now, that a hospital, or, better still, a group of hospitals, was willing to give these suggestions a trial, what would be needed? How would they have to approach the experiment?

In the first place it would be necessary to appoint an inquiry officer, to provide him with a suitable office, and to give him a short time to make himself acquainted with the district and with its medical charities. It would be his duty to obtain information about the general practitioners who are to be found rallying round all our larger hospitals. He would acquaint himself with the Provident Sick Societies. He would put himself in communication with the Poor-law medical officers, and besides all this he would make himself familiar with the lanes and courts of the neighbourhood, with the character of the population, with the scale of rents and the rate of wages. He would thus be furnished with the data necessary to enable him to form an opinion upon many cases that would come before him; and week by week, and month by month, his knowledge would be extending, so as to cover a larger area, and to enable him in a shorter time, and with less investigation, to form a correct estimate of the fitness of applicants who sought admission from a distance, and to refer those who were unsuitable to the agency best adapted for their case.

There need be nothing harsh or inquisitorial about such inquiries—only that measure of strictness which is inseparable from true kindness. I would desire to see these plans carried out with the utmost gentleness and consideration; with a leaning always to the side of mercy, but yet with a firmness which bore ever in mind the importance in a national point of view of

fostering habits of self-respect and self-reliance, and of protecting the rights of others; to wit—of the public who give their money to help those who are too poor to help themselves, and of the medical men practising among the lower-middle grades of society, whose patients are now actually drawn away from them by the gratuitous advice which is offered at the hospitals.

Various suggestions have lately been made for remedying the abuses which are now almost universally admitted to exist. It has been proposed that all out-patients should pay some small sum for the relief which they receive. Again, it has been suggested that they should only obtain advice, and be furnished with prescriptions, being left to get the medicines elsewhere. In some quarters the plan has been adopted of admitting a limited number, and then closing the doors upon all other applicants. But with none of these suggestions can I agree, and that for one and the same reason. It is the glory of our hospitals to be purely charitable, to take nothing from those whom they relieve, and to relieve them promptly, efficiently, and with no grudging hand. But while this is granted, I think it may fairly be insisted upon that they should confine their bounty to those for whom it is properly intended. If they were to do this, no one would complain of their liberality. The "necessitous sick," the "really poor," cannot be expected to pay anything. They need not merely prescriptions, but medicines as well, and this is the class whom the hospitals profess to relieve. But unless an organized system of inquiry is set on foot, others will assuredly creep in who have no business there. To shut the doors after a certain number have been admitted, must often cause the rejection of those who most need relief. The mere proposal of such a plan proves how excessive is the crowd which now throngs the doors, and overtaxes the time and energies of the medical staff.

I need hardly repeat that the plan of systematic inquiry would carry with it, as a matter of course, the abolition of Governors' Letters, so far at least as the out-patient department was concerned; and poor sick people would no longer have to go about spending time and strength and heart in seeking for a letter of recommendation, but would betake themselves at once to the Inquiry-officer, knowing full well that their social position and the necessities of their case, and not the signature of a subscriber, would be their passport to the physician's or surgeon's consulting-room.

The present seems a fit time to discuss these questions, for the Hospital Sunday movement, which has been so successfully inaugurated, has called the attention of the public in a special manner to our medical charities. In all probability the amount of money which is annually contributed for their support will be considerably augmented—at any rate it will come in with greater certainty and regularity, and the public who supply these increased funds have a right to demand that they should be distributed with judgment and discrimination. The statistics I have brought forward show how much is already being done for the sick poor of the metropolis. Is it desirable to provide for any larger proportion of the population upon the eleemosynary principle? or to tempt yet greater numbers to depend upon charity? If the augmentation of funds leads to such results as these, it will be a national misfortune; but if, on the other hand, the power of the purse is employed to enforce a greater amount of discrimination in the distribution of relief, and to encourage habits of forethought and thrift, the best wishes of the originators of the Hospital Sunday movement will have been fulfilled, and these noble institutions will be enabled to carry out their mission of mercy free from the serious drawbacks which now attend them.

W. FAIRLIE CLARKE.

JOHN STUART MILL.

My teacher! so indeed thou art,
 Though I was never at thy side :
 My fellow-Christian! though thy heart,
 Perhaps, the name would have denied :

I call thee happy: thou wert strong
 In age with all the power of youth :
 With zeal for freedom, hate of wrong,
 Reverence for man, and love of truth :

And thou couldst read, as in a scroll,
 The laws of nature and of mind :
 But wherefore was it that thy soul
 To higher things than these was blind?

The world thy intellect descried
 Was coloured with no heavenly glow :
 Thy thought, a dwelling fair and wide,
 But lighted only from below.

And yet, if God is light indeed,
 Then surely, whether clear or dim
 Our knowledge, all its rays proceed,—
 Though they be broken rays,—from Him.

And He, I know, will guide thee right.

The pure to Him shall see their way :

The just shall tread a path of light,

Increasing to the perfect day :—

And thou art such as these :—and He

Who healed the blind will touch thine eyes,

To see the God thou didst not see,

The Christ thou didst not recognise :

And that which seemed a Stygian shore

Will prove a land of knowledge, grown

From earthly germs yet more and more,

Till thou shalt know as thou art known.

JOSEPH JOHN MURPHY.

MY TIME, AND WHAT I'VE DONE WITH IT.

BY F. C. BURNAND.

CHAPTER XVII.]

RINGHURST THEATRICALS—THEATRICALS IN GENERAL — MRS. CAVANDER — A HAPPY COUPLE—THE PERFORMANCE FINISHED—ANOTHER YOUNG LADY ON THE SCENE—A FAREWELL TO AUSTIN —I RETURN TO OLD CARTER'S—PREPARATION FOR HOLYSHADE—MY PROGRESS.

THE theatricals at Ringhurst (for which Mr. Verney was unable to stay, being summoned to town professionally) were merely a good specimen of what I have since known private theatricals to be, everywhere, without exception. Bustle and hurry; everyone wanting assistance from everyone else, and wondering at everybody's selfishness. Laces that have been strong up to within a minute of being wanted, suddenly snap. Gum, from which, at any other moment, there would have been no escape, now playing the unfortunate cavalier false in the matter of moustaches. The handsome young gentleman, who has to "make himself up" for a lover, fails signally in an attempt to give himself a beautiful complexion with carmine and bismuth, and comes down looking uncommonly like a clown. The agitation of the hand which is to make a delicate line of black, causes a smudge on the cheek, as if you had commenced a cartoon there with charcoal. The experienced amateur, who has selected the part of a hoary-headed veteran, whose grey hairs are during the piece well-nigh brought down with sorrow to the grave, and who has a vast amount of stirring sentiment and manly pathos to deliver himself of in consequence, suddenly, and at the last moment, appears on the scene with his entire head apparently fresh from a plunge into the flour tub, with just so

much of it wiped away as will enable him to see with occasional blinking, which spasmodic movement of the eyes, however, might be taken for a sign of suppressed emotion. The audience, at first, recognize, in this extraordinary character, neither the experienced amateur, nor the venerable papa of the misguided youth (a young gentleman addicted to card-sharpping), but laugh heartily under the impression that it is the comic man disguised, for some reason or other, as the baker, and salute him accordingly.

Dresses supposed to be "all right," and therefore allowed to pass muster without being tried on, are suddenly discovered to be all wrong. The impossibility of playing the Young Pretender in the costume of Francis the First has, somehow or other, to be got over.

Ingenuity comes to the rescue. Pins are in great request, and oaths plentiful, with apologies. Nobody's drink is secure from anybody who is thirsty. All are thirsty. Everybody wishes everybody else out of the way. Books have been mislaid, and the Prompter, who has craftily secreted his, is now waylaid, and has it wrested from him by some unfortunate amateur, who, in piteous tones, cries: "Do let me have it, I'll give it you back directly, *but I have to go on first.*"

Everyone doubts his own appearance, and is full of congratulations for everyone else, with a view to being congratulated in turn. All excitement.

Then the voices won't pitch themselves properly, everybody being more or less inaudible, with the solitary exception of the Prompter, whose every word can be heard, causing irrepressible titters among those of the audience most remote from

the stage. Mr. Boanerges, whom, ordinarily, you have to request not to speak quite so loud, comes on to say ten lines of dialogue, and for all one can hear of him, from the front, he might as well be performing the part of a dumb slave in a ballet of action, only that he has about as much action as the old-fashioned flat wooden doll, with hardly chiselled features and a black beard, whose arms and legs are moved by one string.

The best memories fail: the over-zealous Prompter gives the word twenty times when the unfortunate actor has only paused for dramatic effect; or he has lost the place in the prompt book, or is giving directions about the lights, just at a critical moment, when the whole *dramatis personæ* have come to a dead lock. These things will happen even in the very best regulated Private Theatricals, and so, I suppose, those at Ringhurst were no exception to the rule. I thought them perfection.

Alice looked lovely as a marquise, and Cavander attended her in the green-room, on the pretence of holding her book, and hearing her her part up to the last minute.

There was a lady looked into this green-room, and, fearing lest she might be on forbidden ground, withdrew, but, as if acting upon a second thought, looked in again to say—

"James—I beg your pardon, Miss Alice—how charming you look—I only want to speak to James a moment."

"Oh, come in, Mrs. Cavander," said Miss Alice, graciously.

Mrs. Cavander had arrived that evening. I did not remember having heard any mention of her before this. At first it occurred to me that it might be Mr. Cavander's mother; but her appearance at once dispelled this notion. Cavander himself seemed to be a little annoyed. I could not recognize, at that time, that Mrs. Cavander resembled the stage-coach, which was very useful in its day, but has been superseded by steam. When James Cavander, years ago, was on the look-out for a lift along the road of life, this heavy vehicle had picked him up, and had helped him on his way.

She was a fluffy woman, with dumpy nails. A bolster tied round tightly with a string, would have had as much pretension to figure as Mrs. Cavander. Her portrait, taken when she was a girl, represents as comely and buxom a lass, as any yeoman's daughter need be.

She worshipped her husband, and the object of her idolatry thought her a fool for her superstition. If she talked of his faults to her confidential friends, it was only to palliate them, and excuse him. If she came to her intimates with a tale of her being hardly treated, or neglected, she would tell the fact as a fable, whereof the moral was, that James was not to blame, and that she was treated according to her deserts. At first her friends pitied her, but before long lost patience with her. She complained, and would hear of no remedy. She had expended all the spirit she had ever possessed, when she had insisted upon marrying in obedience to the dictates of her own heart. So she had her money, and went her way. Her father washed his hands of the affair. She was entitled to a certain sum at her own disposal; but not one penny more would the old man give her. She invested her property in James Cavander, and Mr. Griffiths, a well-to-do country solicitor, did not approve the speculation. Betsy, however, was obstinate. Fluffy people when obstinate are hopeless. You can't break pillows. Glass offers formidable resistance, and retaliates cruelly. A pillow yields with the feeblest opposition. You do not hurt yourself, or it, by offering violence. After a contention in which your pommellings are active and the pillow pommelled is passive, both remain as before—the pommeller having the worst of it.

So Betsy Griffiths insisted placidly on being Mrs. Cavander, and ran away with him: or rather *to* him, for he did not go out of his way to fetch her. What was the use, if she was determined? Evidently none; only a waste of time and money.

Mrs. Cavander was now as obstinate as ever. Not that she was not pliable as fresh putty in her husband's hand,

for whom she would have done anything; but this was the effect of her obstinacy, and her obstinacy was the effect of her infatuation. She persisted in loving him obstinately, with a dumb animal kind of attachment, which is not reasonable affection.

Mrs. Van Clym was a friend of hers. My aunt congratulated herself on having brought Mrs. Cavander over to her own particular way of thinking in religious matters. This Mrs. Clym called "conversion." She was wrong about Mrs. Cavander, who would agree with any friend, on any religious question, as long as she herself could obtain a listener and a temporary confidant for her own sorrows. At Ringhurst she was mildly charmed with Alice's talk about Gothic churches, altars, vestments, and her sort of enthusiastical mysticism. Alice, in her turn, thought her a convert to High Churchism, and began to see an additional reason for her husband becoming a believer.

Mrs. Cavander with a Wesleyan would have been, negatively, a Wesleyan, with a Catholic a Catholic, with an Irvingite an Irvingite; in fact, all things to all women, only let them in turn listen to her tale of woe.

"Bah!" said Mrs. Clym, after some experience of her, "she has as much real religion as a pudding."

The truth was Mrs. Cavander had no vacancy in her little mind for such matters. The object of her worship was James Cavander. The cause of her sorrow was James Cavander. She was devil's advocate against him, and then she refused to admit her own testimony, and, finally, canonized him.

"I do hope, Miss Alice," said Mrs. Cavander in the course of conversation this evening, "that you will keep your promise of coming up and staying with us."

James Cavander smiled.

"Then," he said, "we shall be able to continue our arguments. You must come and stay with my wife, as a missionary."

Alice would be delighted, she replied, only Mrs. Cavander must obtain Mamma's

consent, for which this amiable wife promised to ask at once. Then, on her husband's arm and satisfied with having done her duty, and at all events pleased *him*, Mrs. Cavander returned to the drawing-room, where the audience were impatiently awaiting the rise of the curtain.

The performance of the juniors went off with great satisfaction to themselves, and we were allowed to come to supper in our costumes. Fatima was considerably taller than her Bluebeard; but this difference exhibited, in the strongest colours, the mysterious moral ascendancy which Baron Abomelique had gained over his unhappy spouse, and I waved my wooden scimitar over the kneeling Fatima's devoted head (who begged me to content myself with cutting off her locks) with a bloodthirsty air. There was something soothing to my wounded feelings (for since Cavander had appeared I had had scarcely a word from Alice) in having her at my mercy, even in a play, for a few minutes. If Garrick in a rage was six feet high, I, in this scene, was conscious of at least seven years, and eighteen inches, having been added to my life, and my stature.

As for Alice, she was the centre of attraction. After the performance, everyone crowded about her, and compliments were showered on her from all sides.

Cavander simply congratulated her, and left her to be worshipped.

He knew that the morrow was for *him*. Our party staying in the house had been swelled by our theatrical friends, who were to leave on the day after the performance, and by the Cavanders, who were to stop on for some little time. The Cavanders were Mr. James, his wife, and sister. The last was a brown-haired, mild-faced girl, many years younger than her brother, whom she only faintly resembled in her eyes. She had not been long away from school, so Austin told me, and, but for her brother's success in the City, Miss Cavander would have had to turn her education to some account, perhaps as a governess. Indeed, I have since heard that, for various reasons, which

I should not have understood then, but do now (as also will those who peruse this record of our family), Mrs. Van Clym had, at one time, entertained the idea of engaging James Cavander's sister as governess for my cousins. Cavander himself had heard of the offer, and had not forgotten it. It was, of course, declined, with such expressions of good will and esteem, as ordinary civility, and the relative positions of the parties, required.

Miss Cavander played the piano with great skill, but without much feeling. There was just that difference between her style and Alice's. Alice played partly from ear, partly from notes, never for show, always from liking. Miss Cavander performed as if she were invariably playing something that no one else could attempt, which, faultless in execution, should create about as much sympathy in the hearers, as a schoolboy's Greek declamation on a speech-day. Her finger-tips turned upwards, and her nails always seemed as if they had just come from under the scissors. She dressed neatly, and appeared homely, which, interpreted by society, means more or less stupid; though Miss Cavander was only apathetic, until she thought her own interests involved, and then, somehow or another, she managed to have her own way, without getting off her chair, or allowing her ordinary occupations to be for one instant interrupted. To sum her up once and for all, Miss Cavander was an Influence, all the more powerful because unsuspected. Once admitted into a family she seemed to mingle with the atmosphere, and impalpably to pervade the entire household. And this description will be found to hold good when Miss Cavander shall be encountered once more, later on in this story. As she had nowhere else to go, she lived at her brother's, where she was a check upon Mrs. Cavander, and of considerable assistance, for domestic purposes, to Mr. James.

The time at last came for separation. Austin was not returning to Old Carter's. I was going there for one quarter more.

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Holyshade was then my destination, and Austin, whose health was delicate, was to be accompanied by a private tutor to the south of France.

We cried bitterly at parting, and promised to write frequently.

Carter's had changed. Mr. Venn had gone, some of the elder boys had left, and so had some of the younger ones.

This roll-call after an absence is repeated throughout life; and when the next long vacation is over, whose place at the desk will be vacant? Through whose name shall the black line be passed? What expectant junior shall occupy the position that was so lately ours? There were plenty of empty places now at Old Carter's, and I looked forward with pleasure to the end of my time at this ill-managed school, where I had learnt little, except the stories of most of the Waverley Novels from my dear Austin Comberwood.

My attention was now given to what I was told I should have to do at Holyshade. The two Biffords had preceded me by more than a year, but they were far more advanced than I when they left. Carter's, however, did not profess to prepare for Holyshade especially, so, as it subsequently turned out, what I had managed to pick up was of very little use to me, when I came to take my place in one of the upper forms of the great public school.

My father had made all the necessary arrangements, and I was to board at the Rev. Mr. Keddy's. Thenceforth my father considered me a man. He gave me a watch, and allowed me, as by right, to dine at late dinner with him and his friends.

Now commenced my education in earnest. In my father's idea to be a Holyshadian was to be privileged. It was, to his thinking, who knew as little about Holyshade as he did of Oxford or Cambridge, a sort of degree conferred upon a boy, giving him a certain kind of status in society, which could be generally described as "making a man of him." It was a sort of esquireship leading to knighthood.

The bachelor parties were frequent, but my father spent two nights a week regularly at the Cavanders. Cavander and he were inseparable; but though I saw more of this gentleman, I did not dislike him less, nor, as I have reason to believe, did he me.

CHAPTER XVIII.

IADOPT A FASHION—ASSISTING IN MAKING A MAN—SELF-IMPORTANCE—THE VERNY GIRLS—TO ST. WINIFRID'S—A VISIT OF CEREMONY—MR. SWINGLE AND THE CRUMPETS—THE ACCIDENT WARD—I COME ACROSS SOME OLD ACQUAINTANCES IN A STRANGE WAY—I SEE ONE FOR THE LAST TIME.

I NOW began to disdain jackets. I knew that many years must elapse before my plumage would develop into a tail. Being possessed of liberty to roam London at will, and money to spend at pleasure, I used often to saunter up Oxford Street and admire the garments in a ready-made clothes shop, where I had seen a pea-jacket, on which I had set my heart. It appeared to me to be a compromise. It was not a tail, nor was it a short jacket. So in the process of making a man of myself I bought this garment for seven-and-sixpence, and walked home in triumph with it under my arm. I was a trifle nervous of meeting any member of my family. The next day I waited until my father had gone into the City, to put it on; and in order that I might run no chance of his seeing me in the course of the day, I cunningly inquired of him at what hour he considered his return probable. To this he answered that Mr. Cavander was going to dine with him at home earlier than usual, in fact at half-past five o'clock, as they were going to see some *new* play, to which, if I chose, I might accompany them: only, if so, I must be back, and ready dressed at the same time as the dinner. With this offer I at once closed, and made up my mind to forestall their arrival by half an hour, so as to get out of my new jacket, and into my ordinary one,

before they should come in to dress for dinner. My time for return I therefore fixed for half-past four. I turned up my collars to represent stick-ups, and tied my sailor's knot in a large bow, and feeling that, somehow or other, I was trying to make a man of myself, experiencing at the same time a half-conviction that I was probably making an ass of myself, I determined to brave the world's opinion as far as the top of Oxford Street and back; and so, with no particular object in view, except that of seeing how I liked, and how other people might like, my new clothes, I sallied forth.

I crossed the Park, and came out at the Baywater end of Oxford Street.

At this moment I saw two young ladies most elegantly dressed.

A Colvin is, as I have before hinted, a sort of lightning conductor, where the glances of fair women are concerned. "It was," as the song says, "ever thus from childhood's years." The two young demoiselles who had attracted my attention turned out to be Miss Carlotta Lucille and Julie Lucrezia, who scarcely recognized me in my nondescript costume. I blushed considerably on meeting them, and devoutly wished myself back in my own proper dress; that is, at first, as they seemed to speak to me with some slight coldness and reserve, as though perhaps they considered me in the light of a Boy Detective, in disguise, for the purpose of taking juvenile delinquents. I do not know whether detectives are thus educated from childhood, but I should say not. Yet if the office be an important one to the safety of the community, surely a Training College for Detectives might be capable of valuable development. Julie informed me that they were just returning from a visit to their aunt, my Nurse Davis, at the hospital, which, if I felt inclined to call, I should find not very far off, and thereupon they gave me full and particular directions. They were glad enough to be quit of me; at least Carlotta Lucille, who was magnificent, certainly was, as she did not care to be seen walking about with such an absurd bundle

of clothes as I must have seemed. Carlotta was still with Madame Glissande, and, as a matter of business (for Madame taught all the best people in town), was attired in the height of fashion.

I determined to go and show myself to Nurse Davis, who, I felt sure, would be as proud of me as I was of myself. Besides, I should be able to tell her about my having to go to Holyshade at the end of the holidays. So I said good-bye to Carlotta and Julie. I should have liked Julie to have come with me, but as that could not be, I strutted off alone to St. Winifrid's Central Hospital, which I found without much difficulty.

There were a number of steps up to the front entrance, and it seemed to me like going into a show. I remember experiencing a feeling approaching awe on first visiting the Polytechnic Institution, where, I know, I for a long time considered the lecturers as representing the highest scientific attainments of the English nation. I, perhaps, had my doubts as to the exact chair, in this learned body, which should be occupied by the Professor of Dissolving Views, whose voice sounded awfully from nowhere particular in the surrounding gloom; but from the first moment of my witnessing a startling experiment with a glass jar, some hydrogen, and some oxygen, out of which (I mean the experiment, not the jar) the Professor issued cool, calm, and triumphant, I placed the Chemical Lecturer on the highest pedestal, and mentally elected him to the Mastership of the Polytechnic.

I fancy that what brought the Polytechnic to my mind, at St. Winifrid's Hospital, was a kind of beadle, in a chocolate-coloured overcoat, with a gold band round his hat, who was on duty, behind a glass window at the entrance.

"What do you want?" he asked, opening a small pane and looking out suddenly, probably under the impression that I was an accident of some sort, rashly taking care of myself until I could obtain surgical aid.

"Does Mrs. Davis live here?" I inquired mildly.

"Mrs. Davis," he repeated, dubiously,

either on account of the name being strange to him, or because there were so many Missuses at St. Winifrid's as to make the selection of one particular Missus a considerable effort of memory, or because my pea-jacket and stick-up collars did not inspire a man in his position with much confidence as to my ulterior objects in asking for a respectable matron on that establishment. Whatever might have been the reason of his hesitation, he considered for a few seconds, and then asked cautiously—

"What do you want her for?"

"I want to see her," I replied, innocently, resenting such unwarrantable curiosity on his part.

He touched a bell, and then whispered into what seemed to me to be a thing like an elephant's trunk sticking out of the wall.

The elephant's trunk snorted something by way of reply, whereupon the beadle, turning to me, said—

"What name?"

"My name?" I asked.

"Yes," answered the beadle sternly, frowning as though he had all long suspected me of some attempt at introducing myself into the hospital under an *alias*.

"Master Colvin," I replied.

"Master what?" he asked, still frowning. He was evidently of opinion that, in my next answer, I should manage to contradict myself, and so expose some deeply laid plan for robbing the donation-box, which his sagacity had been in time to prevent.

"Colvin," I repeated, and I am sure he was disappointed.

The beadle told this as a secret to the elephant's trunk, and in return the elephant's trunk conveyed the information that Mrs. Davis would be "with me directly; would I step in and sit down?"

I had scarcely time to avail myself of this polite invitation, and to ingratiate myself with the gradually-thawing official, before Nurse Davis, in a grey dress, with the neatest possible cap, wristbands, and collars, entered by a side door, took both my hands, and gave me a kiss.

The kiss, which made my cheeks tingle for a second, partly because I did not like to be treated as a child before the chocolate-coloured beadle,—who, the moment previous to my nurse's appearance, had been on the point of handing me the paper in order that I might read the political questions of the day,—and partly because I had been, for some time, unaccustomed to this mode of salutation, completed the beadle's thawing, and warmed him so much that he unbuttoned his coat so as to let the human sympathy in his breast have freer play, put his hands into his trousers pockets, and allowed his features to relax into an approving smile, expressive of his approbation of the proceedings, so far, generally.

"He's my boy, Mr. Swingle, he is," said Nurse, proudly stroking my hair. "I've always called Master Cecil my boy; haven't I, dear?"

I nodded, and she continued, just to show my importance in the world, and her own position with regard to the aristocracy, "How is your good father, Sir John?"

The beadle raised his eyebrows, and became deeply interested.

"He is very well," I answered.

"Not married yet?" she asked.

"Married!" I exclaimed, almost indignantly, though I really did not know why; "no, of course not."

"Of course not," she returned. "It would not be fair. If you should ever have a stepmother as was not inclined to be as kind as she ought to be, you'll know where to come to, won't you?"

"Yes, Nurse," I answered, understanding her to mean that I was to seek her for consolation. The beadle seemed to wish to be comprehended in this invitation, but said nothing.

"Now you will come and see my room, and if you're not above taking tea with your old Nurse——"

I stopped her at once by laying hold of her arm. Mr. Swingle ventured to make a suggestion.

"If a crumpet would be any assistance," said Mr. Swingle, "I've a couple

here, and can send Jim out for a cake, Mrs. Davis."

"If you can spare 'em," said Nurse Davis, "and it won't be robbing you."

Mr. Swingle assured her that in his attitude towards muffins, crumpets, and such like articles of tea-cake confectionery he was a perfect Gallio, inasmuch as "he cared for none of these things," and that therefore he was in no way to be credited with the merit of a bounty in presenting them to Mrs. Davis's tea-table, where they would be thoroughly appreciated, and, he sincerely trusted, perfectly digested. Not that he expressed himself in this form; he simply said—

"You're welcome, Mrs. Davis. I don't hold with such things myself, except occasionally, as being a trifle puffy. They agree with some," he added, "but what I say is, wholesome is as wholesome does."

Whereupon we took the crumpets, and Jim, an errand-boy, having answered the summons, Nurse Davis gave him a shilling, for which he was to bring back a pound-cake flavoured with citron, to which Nurse remembered me to have been, in by-gone days, peculiarly partial.

"I'll just see to the tea-things, for I didn't expect a visitor, and come back, Master Cecil. You won't mind staying here with Mr. Swingle, will you?"

"No, I'll stay," I answered, whereat I fancied Swingle quite brightened up. Had I left him to accompany Nurse, I am convinced that man would have become a misanthrope: he would have ceased to believe in gratitude, and would have lost all confidence in the sincerity of youth, and the purity of its motive.

"Plenty of life here," said Mr. Swingle, putting a chair for me, so that I could kneel on it, and, placing my elbows on the window-ledge, could look out on to the busy thoroughfare. "Plenty going on all day: 'busses, cabs, carts, carriages, all sorts. Wonderful few run over, considering."

"Run over by carts?" I asked.

"Yes," he returned, "by carts, or some vehicles. 'Orrid careless most on 'em is. Casuals come in circles, so to speak.

At one time there's a run on broken legs, then on arms, then heads. It's a head's turn now."

He stood behind, looking over me and propounding his theory quite cheerfully. It was the widest part of the street opposite the hospital; and in the middle of the road, like an eyot in a river, was a small paved piece, in the centre of which was a lamp-post surrounded by four ordinary posts at the four corners, bearing altogether some resemblance to the arrangement of skittles, the lamp being the king. It was an island of refuge for old ladies, a breathing space for the adventurous, a place of observation for the cautious, and a sort of Roman camp for a policeman.

Across the road, on the farthest side from my window, stood at the edge of the kerb a flauntingly dressed woman. She had but just arrived, and her extraordinary actions were attracting the attention of the bystanders. She was, evidently, addressing them, and waving her parasol to the crowd already increasing rapidly.

Suddenly running towards her, came a respectably dressed man, who, on approaching, began to remonstrate with her, and tried to induce her to enter a cab which he had hailed. She refused, and, scarcely able to walk steadily, made a dart forward into the road, right in front of the cab, with a view as it seemed to gaining the paved refuge. At that same instant, a horse, whose reins had been dropped by the driver on his jumping down from his cart, suddenly took fright, and dashed towards the very spot for which the unfortunate woman was already making. A shriek of horror arose, audible in our room, as the wretched creature, in her struggle to free herself from the man who had frantically seized her arm in order to drag her away, fell sideways, in a heap, right under the cart, the wheels of which passed rapidly over her head and legs, as the horse, maddened by the yelling and shouting, galloped headlong towards Oxford Street, and the man, who had in vain tried to avert the catastrophe, fell forward, unhurt, on the pavement of refuge.

In another minute the insensible form of the woman, crushed and mangled, was borne into the accident ward of the Winifrid Hospital. A crowd hung about the steps, and were disposed to resent any attempt at excluding them from the building, as an infringement of their rights as citizens, and as unfair to those who had found her, and had helped to carry her in.

Nurse Davis passed anxiously down the plain unfurnished passage, carrying a bottle and glass. I followed nervously, and entered the casualty ward. Two young surgeons were examining the wounds, and I heard the dull, heavy sound as of a person groaning in sleep.

"No hope?" inquired a man's voice that struck me as familiar.

"None," was the surgeon's reply. "She may live half an hour; she may live half a day. It is improbable that consciousness will return. You know her?"

"Yes," the familiar voice replied in a hard tone. "I regret to say, yes." After a pause it said, "I should like to send a message."

Nurse Davis indicated the writing-table.

I was standing by it, unable to obtain more than a glimpse of the dying woman, and feeling very sick and nervous. Towards this table the man with the familiar voice turned quickly.

It was Mr. Venn.

We stared at one another. It all at once occurred to me that I had seen him with this woman twice before. *Now*, in encountering him, I recognized her. It was she who had stopped me at school: it was she who, with Venn, had met Cavander in Kensington Gardens. I was not, therefore, so surprised, as I otherwise should have been, at his first question to me, which was—

"Do you know where Mr. Cavander lives?"

"Yes."

He thought for a second, then he said, "Is he likely to be at your father's?"

All that I had intended as to my return home flashed across me.

"Yes," I answered; "he will be there to dinner at five. He dresses there."

"They may be back before that," observed Mr. Venn, hastily writing a few lines and enclosing them in an envelope. "Take this at once and return."

Mr. Swingle saw me into a cab, and carefully gave the necessary instructions.

Neither my father, nor Mr. Cavander, had as yet arrived. They were expected every minute. In the midst of all this hurry and excitement, I remembered my jacket, and changed it for my ordinary attire. Understanding that Mr. Venn expected me to return, I left the note on the hall table, and was driven back in the cab to the hospital.

On reaching it I found my father's brougham already at the door, and in the casualty room stood my father, with Mr. Venn and Mr. Cavander, besides the surgeon and Nurse Davis, whose arm was supporting the heavily breathing, helpless figure on the mattress.

Once—it was the only time I could look at her—I saw her head roll slowly, from side to side, as if in mute agony; I saw her glassy eyes open on to the hopelessness of life for the last time. Then from her heaving breast came forth a deep sigh, heavily laden with the weariness of sin and misery, a sigh, pray God! of the poor soul's contrition, a sigh of eternal gratitude from the penitent, laid at last to rest in the arms of Divine compassion.

Dead.

I heard Mr. Cavander saying, that, having known the poor woman in better circumstances, he would be answerable for any expenses that might be incurred. This was to Mr. Venn. My father sat apart for a while, pale and motionless, with his eyes fixed on the covered corpse. He did not seem to notice my presence. Nurse Davis placed a glass of wine before him, but he only inclined his head slightly.

An official book was in Mr. Swingle's room on a desk, in which the name of the deceased, and whatever particulars were requisite, had to be entered. The man whose duty it was to make such entries put one of these necessary in-

terrogatories to Mr. Venn, who appeared lost in thought. Mr. Cavander touched his elbow, to recall him to himself. Mr. Venn, as if he had not understood the inquiry as addressed to him, looked up, and the question was repeated.

He answered, with a strange sort of nervous hesitation—

"I beg your pardon. The event has shocked me considerably. She was a connection of mine by marriage. I had not seen her for years. She was, latterly, occupying apartments in the same house with myself." Here he gave his address.

"Her name?"

"Her name?" repeated Mr. Venn, as if putting the question to himself.

The window of the glass screen of the porter's room was open, and before it my father paused for a second, as Mr. Swingle opened one of the front folding doors leading on to the steps.

The man's pen hovered above the page as he looked up, over his shoulder, at Mr. Venn, awaiting his answer.

My father turned his head quickly towards Mr. Venn. Their eyes met, and were withdrawn instantly. Mr. Swingle pulled open the door, and as my father was passing out, Mr. Venn, in a firmer tone than he had hitherto used, answered—

"Her name was Sarah Wingrove."

CHAPTER XIX.

HOLYSHADE AND THE HOLYSHADIANS.

THE incident mentioned in the previous chapter closes, as it were, the first book of this present chronicle of the Colvin Family. To retrace my pathway through *My Time*, and to note carefully what I have done with it, has been a task forced upon me by circumstances, with which, in due course, my readers will be made acquainted.

We are now arrived at the second part of my narrative, which commences at Holyshade College, the most celebrated of our public schools.

To be a Holyshadian is to be impressed with the guinea stamp of currency for life. Enrolment among the glorious

band of Holyshadian youth has in it, not to speak it irreverently, something resembling, what is termed, "the character" of Orders.

Once a Holyshadian, always a Holyshadian. Boy and man, the Holyshadian is supposed to bear the indelible mark of the grace conferred.

For to be a Holyshadian *does* confer some special grace;—the grace in question, as far as I am able to ascertain anything certain on this matter, being that of an easy, gentlemanly deportment. This grace then, if my presumption is correct, is of the exterior, visible to the world. It remains, as a rule, even to the most interiorly graceless Holyshadians. The disreputable Holyshadian is, in comparison with other disreputables, as Milton's Lucifer, Son of the Morning Star, to the other fallen angels. A swindler who has had the advantage of a Holyshadian education, has in his favour far greater chances than all other swindlers. A Montmorenci may cheat you out of five pounds, where a Muggins couldn't do you out of a brass farthing.

The pride of Holyshade, as a public school, is to produce—Gentlemen. Scholars if you will, Christians if you can; but, in any case, Gentlemen. Yet the veritable aboriginal Holyshadian is *ex officio* a scholar. He is on the Foundation, which means that his education is bestowed on him by way of charity; and, in order that the aboriginal may never forget this, he is clothed differently from those who are not on the Foundation, wearing a coarse sort of college gown winter and summer, and being fed and boarded according to certain ancient rules. These birds of like plumage flock together, and do not consort with the noble strutting peacocks, called Oppidans, save occasionally, and then on sufferance.

These veritable Holyshadians have for their nest the grand old rookery called The College. The Oppidans have built without the precincts of its walls, but within the bounds of its domain. The number of the Collegers is limited. The Oppidans are to them as seven to one.

It seems as though the Collegers, like the Indians of South America, had gradually yielded to the advance of the white skins: the white skins representing the aristocracy.

A barbarous and uncivilized set were at one time, and that not so very long ago, the aboriginal "Tugs," as these poor Collegers were called, in allusion to the sheep whereon they were, traditionally, fed, and which they were supposed, being half famished, rather to "tug" at and tear, like hounds worrying, than to eat soberly and quietly, by the aid of those two decorous weapons of well-fed civilization, the knife and fork. The epicure who invented the knife and fork must have been well able to wait for his dinner.

Yet, theoretically, this Tug tribe holds the post of honour. Their chief is *the* Captain of Holyshade: the chief of the Oppidans having but a brevet rank: being, like a volunteer, only Captain by courtesy.

The Collegers are, by right, Royal scholars, just as the actors at Drury Lane are Her, or His, Majesty's servants. In consequence, there were privileges. One of the inestimable privileges enjoyed by the aforesaid comedians, was, I have been informed, the right to a dinner at the Royal Palace daily; and Messrs. Clown and Pantaloon, if only *bond fide* members of the Drury Lane Company, would be only in the due exercise of their prerogative, were they to walk down to St. James's Palace, call for the chief butler, and order chops for two to be ready hot and hot with mashed 'taters and bottled stout at half-past four in the afternoon, so that they might be in good order for performing in the evening's pantomime. Such privileges as these have fallen into desuetude: actors are no longer the monarch's trenchermen; they have suffered loss with many another institution; and Holyshade in its old age, like the faded mistress, once Queen by a royal caprice, can boast only of favours, which, in time past, she was wont, so regally, to confer. There still are some privileges, but of late years they have been sadly,

but tenderly, shorn of their glory, and the gates of even their particular paradise, St. Henry's College, Cambridge, once for the entrance of only the Holyshadian elect, are now thrown open to all the world. True, there are yet some reservations for poor Holyshadians, as there are for a few nobly connected, at the aristocratic College of All Souls, which, by recent enactment, due to a liberal policy, has well-nigh passed into the hands of All Bodies.

Of all such matters of schools, of colleges of All Saints, and universities of All Sinners, my father knew nothing. All he had to do was to send *me* to some place, or places, where they would "make a man of me;" which in his view was, as I have said, a sort of degree.

Had he mixed with his equals in rank, who would have been ready enough to welcome him, I should probably have benefited by his enlarged experience. But he preferred his own pleasure, in his own way, his own sociable gatherings of City friends, and his own circle of family relationship. Left to himself, Sir John Colvin, of an old title, might have played an important part in society. But he was no more his own master than is the vessel obeying the turn of the helm. Whose object it was to sail him round and round this wretched pond, letting him think that he was making progress on the sea of life, will be gradually evident, as it is to me now, in the course of this history. My father worked for my future, and for the best, as *he* viewed that future. He had been brought up, in a money-making school, to consider a good percentage the one thing necessary. From this bondage he had emancipated himself so far as to have started me with very different ideas. From one extreme he went to the other. Business had been everything to *him*; it was to be nothing to *me*. Yet, in his inexperience of all walks of life which were not within the City Labyrinth, he imagined his son taking the highest position to which a commoner could rise, by such mere sharpness and quickness as might serve for answering a conundrum, or for uttering the flippant sort of jest that, at

that time, passed for true wit among the *habitués* of Capel Court. Laborious study, or application to one particular line, never entered into his vague scheme for my preferment. He knew nothing of the existence of scholarships, fellowships, the attainment of high degrees, and other similar incentives to the study of the various branches of learning, and, consequently, he was unable to question with my instructors, or to go over the ground with myself. He showed himself not in the least interested in my schooling, and so I came to look upon school-time only as a pleasant enough interval between the vacations, my one aim and object being to devote these intervals to the cultivation of as much enjoyment as my supply of pocket-money would permit.

The cuckoo places its egg in another bird's nest, being ignorant of the art of hatching. By a cuckoo-like instinct my father placed me in nest after nest, belonging to other birds, in the hope, perhaps, that I should turn out an eagle. Alas! hatched and fledged, he found me still of his own brood.

My new nest was not in the College Rookery at Holyshade, but among the fine Oppidan birds.

Not having been specially trained for Holyshade, as I have before said, I had to begin at the beginning. The beginning was the Fourth Form Lower Remove.

After, what I may call, my Comberwood Christmas holidays, I went to Holyshade. I did not anticipate meeting any friends there, except the Bif-fords, who had been with me at Old Carter's. I was an utter stranger to the boys of the place, and found myself isolated.

It was a raw, dull day, and wretchedly cold, when my father took me to Holyshade, and introduced me to my tutor, in whose house I was to board.

The Rev. Matthias Keddy was a lanky, disjointed-looking person, with a clerical white neckerchief, so untidily twisted as to give its wearer the appearance of having been suddenly cut down in a stupid attempt at hanging himself; an idea which his way of holding his head

very much on one side, and his nervous, confused manner generally, tended strongly to confirm. On seeing me for the first time, he grinned, always with his head askew, as if focussing me in a favourable angle, laughed, and rubbed his right hand through his tousled-looking hair, by way of preparation, before offering it for my acceptance.

"Well," he said, squeakily, "how-de-do! Hope we shall be good friends."

I hoped so too; but neither of us seemed particularly sanguine as to the future. His voice bore the sort of family resemblance to that of Punch, that might be expected to come from Punch's nephew on the Judy side.

My father surveyed us both benignly. He had nothing to say as to classics, or mathematics, as to school hours, training, or, in short, as to any subject connected with my educational course. He had brought me down there himself, and, I imagine, felt himself somehow out of place, beginning, perhaps, to wish he had confided me to a clerk, a butler, or an uncle, or to anyone who would have relieved him of this responsibility. After politely declining Mr. Keddy's proffered hospitality of sherry and biscuits, my father was about to take leave of me, when Mr. Keddy, who had been staring at the tip of his own boot, as he rested his foot on the fender, suddenly squeaked out—

"Would you like to see your boy's room, Sir John?"

"Thank you," said my father, with an air of great satisfaction.

My poor father! he had been troubled about many things just at this time, whereof I was then, of course, profoundly ignorant, and he was too glad to be quit of me, for a time, to be at all critical as to the lodging provided for me. I think, too, he was as much puzzled by this first view of Holyshade as I was, and, on the whole, was confusedly impressed by the atmosphere of the place.

An elderly maid-servant conducted us to a passage on the first floor. On both sides were ranged the boys' rooms, looking like a corridor in a miniature model prison.

The third apartment, on the left, was to be mine.

It was neatly furnished, with a small table, a turn-up bedstead, a cabinet, containing in the upper part two or three bookshelves, in the middle an *escritoire*, while its lower part was divided into three drawers. In a corner stood a common wash-stand. The room looked, with its bright fire lighted in joyful celebration of my arrival, snug and cheerful enough, and I was so highly delighted and taken with the notion of having a room, at school, all to myself, that I was really only half sorry when I saw my father drive off in his fly, in order to catch the express for town. He was going to spend the evening with the Cavanders.

I felt a choking in my throat and a difficulty in bidding him farewell, which I was fearful of his noticing, lest he should set down this ebullition of emotion to cowardice, and should depart hopeless of my ever being made a man of, and despairing even of the efficacy of Holyshadian treatment. Uncle Van has since told me that he talked of me and of Holyshade, for several days after, whenever an opportunity occurred; from which I have inferred that the choking sensation at the moment of bidding adieu was not solely confined to *my* throat. My father loved me in his own peculiar way; and as all the Colvins will insist in doing everything in their own peculiar way, so neither of us at this time at all events was any exception to the rule. By his example I was brought up to understand that any show of affection was childish, and had better be restrained in its very commencement. Such a check is as dangerous to some constitutions as is a sharp frost in May to the promising fruit-trees.

Only some of the lower boys had returned. This information I received from my tutor's butler, a jolly, round, and red-faced man, with a square-looking nose, named Berridge, who, always seemed to me to smell more or less of oil, and was perpetually in his shirt sleeves cleaning glasses. After him came George, a livery servant, a good-

natured lout, who looked as though he had been torn from the plough and shoved into a swallow-tailed dirty-yellow livery coat, with flat metal buttons, in which costume he bore a striking resemblance to a very big bird.

These two carried my boxes upstairs, and assisted to cheer me, not a little. I took possession of my cupboard-like apartment with a new feeling of proprietorship. It was all mine, every inch of it. Here I could do what I liked: just exactly what I liked. As a commencement, I made myself free of the place by the simple, but expressive ceremony, of poking the fire. The fiery coals answered to the poker, like a fiery steed to the spur. The fireplace and I warmed to one another, and Mr. Berridge's face reflected the glow, and beamed on me, encouragingly.

"You'll want," said Mr. Berridge, thoughtfully, while I was laying out my wardrobe, "some candles and a lamp for your room."

Of course I should. I had not brought them. I had overlooked this, as well as various other necessary articles of furniture.

"That's no matter," said Mr. Berridge, kindly; "you can get 'em all here easy enough. You'd better have 'em of me. All the young gentlemen does."

Certainly anything that every other Holyshadian did, must, I concluded, be right.

"A candle-lamp is what you want," continued Mr. Berridge, decisively, "with a nice glass shade."

I thanked him for his consideration. I had seen a candle-lamp in Old Carter's study.

"You won't want it just yet," said Berridge; "I'll bring it you in a hour's time about."

That would do. In fact, at that moment anything that would have suited Berridge, even a cut-glass chandelier, would have suited me.

"I'll put a candle in for you," he said, "and you'd better have a packet o' Palmers besides."

By all means. This was my first

venture in lamps and candles. I felt as if I were about to give a party.

"Then that's all at present," said Berridge, looking round, cheerfully. "You don't want nothing else, I think, just now. Sarah, that's the maid, will bring you your kettle and tea-things, roll and butter. When the other young gentlemen come back, you'll mess with some one."

He gave one look at my small hamper, wherein our cook at home had stowed away a tongue, a cake, and a pot of strawberry jam.

There was such pleasure in anticipation of a meal all by myself, *in my own room*—an idea I could not sufficiently enjoy—that, at first, I really had no wish to go out of doors.

Mr. Berridge returned, in about half an hour, bringing with him the lamp, candles, and a box of matches. It was a very bright affair, of slightly ginger-bready material, I'm afraid, with a ground-glass shade.

To one unaccustomed to its use it was comparatively dangerous, as, in attempting to put a candle in, you didn't screw the top on, which struggled and resisted on its own account with quite remarkable power, the candle flew out, as if discharged from a catapult, and either broke something, or smashed itself against the wall, or ceiling, greasing the carpet in its fall. It was, therefore, some time before I mastered this fire-work. It was a deceptive thing, too, as the candle always appeared the same length, and when you were in the middle of a most exciting story, there was a sudden click, a sharp vicious sputter, and, the next instant, you were in darkness.

However, as a commencement towards housekeeping, it served its purpose, or rather it served my tutor's excellent butler's—Mr. Berridge's—purpose, who, being a chandler by trade, and having a lamp and candle shop "down town," was naturally disinterested in recommending this admirable invention to my notice. I paid Mr. Berridge five shillings and threepence for it, and he, condescendingly, gave me a receipt.

Berridge's only chance of profit was, I subsequently found, with the new boys. When the old ones returned, and we became acquainted, one of the first questions was, "Got one of that old humbug Berridge's lamps?"

Berridge must have taken a secret and peculiar pleasure in these transactions, as, in spite of their having done considerable harm to any future dealings, he never omitted a chance of passing off one of these lamps on a new boy, apparently in preference to doing a steady and regular business with us throughout the year. The masters and townspeople, however, dealt with him largely, I believe, and this, therefore, was only, so to speak, a little "fancy retail trade."

I suppose it was my loneliness at first at Holyshade—and I was the more solitary on account of no longer having such a companion as Austin Comberwood had been to me—that developed in me a taste for diary-keeping. I was then in my fourteenth year, and, until I had friends to talk to among the Holyshadians, my great amusement was to keep accounts of time, doings, and expenditure, to write to Austin, occasionally too receiving and answering a letter from Miss Alice, and making up for Austin's absence by applying myself to the study of the best novels within my reach.

I soon got accustomed to all the miseries of the Lower Fourth Form. The candle-light dressing, the raw mornings, the shivering little wretches in the old oak-panelled school-room, dimly lighted by guttering tallow candles stuck in iron sockets, the master as irritable as he was drowsy; in short, the whole sickly farce of half an hour's duration, at the end of which, the great clock struck its welcome note, and we tumultuously rushed forth to throng the pastrycooks' shops for coffee, hot buttered buns, hot rolls, or rusks and butter.

I have no doubt, now, but that the coffee was gritty, thick, and, with the unwholesome greasy buns, not worth the matutinal outlay of fourpence. But of all refreshments whereof I have partaken at all times and in all places,

I do not remember—with the single exception of the hot soup and the *demi-poulet-rôti*, at Calais, after the sea-voyage—anything so acceptable, or which so thoroughly served its customer's purpose, as those same buns and coffee at Bob's, Poole's, or Stepper's, in the old Holyshade Lower Fourth days.

When, afterwards, I had attained a higher form, we took our coffee later, and patronized, chiefly, Stepper's, which was frequented by the fastest and biggest Holyshadians, on account of such luxuries as hot sausages, grilled chicken, and ham and eggs, being served up in the back parlour by the fair hands of the two sisters, Louey and Dolly Stepper; the latter being what we used to consider a "doosid fine girl," and a great attraction to the more adventurous among those who wore the manly tail and the single white tie.

Apropos of costume, stick-up collars were never worn. I remember one innovator who came out with them. He braved public opinion for a day, attempted to lead the fashion, but, finding tradition and custom too much for him, he gave in, and followed it with the rest.

Our dress was black jacket and black tie in a sailor's knot for small boys; and black coat and white tie, without collars, for the big ones. All wore hats. A Holyshadian Fourth Form boy's hat would have made Christy rejoice: the necessity for a new hat would have been so evident to that eminent tradesman. It was to my hat I owed my sudden leap from the status of a nobody into that of a popular celebrity. How this chanced I will forthwith proceed to relate.

CHAPTER XX.

SHOWING HOW SOME HAVE GREATNESS
THRUST UPON THEM—THE EPISODE OF
MY HAT.

HOLYSHADIAN initiation begins with hat smashing.

When I appeared in the cloisters for the first time, well-nigh friendless among all the boys (for, as yet, I had only made a few acquaintances at my tutor's),

waiting the egress of the masters from their solemn conclave in chambers, I was surrounded by some not much bigger than myself. They gradually swarmed. Never before had I seen so many boys all at once; and of so many sizes too. Such a humming and buzzing about me, as though I had been a drone trespassing at the entrance of a hive. They came upon me one by one, two by two, threes, fours, as birds do from all quarters to a large crumb, and then began pecking.

"What's your name?" asked a boy.

"Colvin," I answered, peaceably.

"Calvin!" shouted a bigger idiot, wilfully mistaking my pronunciation.

"Hallo!" cried a third. "Here's Luther!"

At this witticism, there was a burst of laughter, in which I feebly attempted to join, just to show I was equal to taking a joke, even at my own expense.

"What's your name?" inquired another earnestly, as if really asking for information.

"Colvin."

"Then take that, Colvin," he returned; illogically, smashing my hat over my eyes.

"How are you, Colvin?" shouted twenty different voices at once, and while struggling to set my hat straight, I dropped my book, and was hustled from one to another, being passed on with a kick, a hit, a pinch, or a cuff, as occurred to the particular fancy and humour of the boy to whose lot I happened, for the moment, to fall.

"Where's your hat, Curly?"

I did not know. Scarcely had I placed it on my head, and begun to take breath, than at a blow, from some skilful hand, it disappeared into the school-yard.

"Bully! Bully!" was then the cry.

I perfectly agreed with the sentiment. I considered that I *had* been grossly bullied, but 'I could not understand why those who were shouting so loudly "Bully!" should be the very ones to run viciously at my unfortunate hat, and treat it like a football.

In another second I saw it sky'd up into the air, when, its line of descent being suddenly inclined at an acute angle

by a playful breeze, which could not any longer keep out of the sport, where a hat was concerned, it comfortably fell and settled itself, in rakish fashion, over the crown which adorned the head of the Royal Founder's statue, that stands, with a ball and sceptre (it had better have been a bat) in its hands, on a pedestal in the centre of the College quadrangle.

This incident was greeted with such an uproarious shout, as brought the masters out of chambers sooner than had been expected. Aware of this result, a malicious boy in the crowd, pretending great sympathy for my exposed situation, offered to give me a back over the railings which surrounded the figure. This I accepted, and had scarcely got myself safely landed inside the barrier, when a fresh sort of hubbub arose, and I saw the boys shuffling off in gangs towards different doors in the cloisters, while most of the masters, all in academical costume, an entire novelty to me, were standing in a corner, apparently puzzled to account for the recent extraordinary disturbance, which had not yet completely subsided.

One of these was an old gentleman, something over the middle height, with white hair brushed away behind the ears, and bulging out at the back from under his college cap. His face was of a somewhat monkeyish type, for his forehead receded sharply, and his upper jaw was heavy and protruding, his features being as hardly cut as those of the quaint little figures carved out of wood by a Swiss peasant. He used golden-rimmed eye-glasses suspended round his neck by a broad black ribbon. He wore a frill which feathered out in front, suggesting the idea of his shirt having come home hot from the wash and boiled over. His collar and cuffs were of velvet. He invariably stood, and walked, leaning to one side, out of the perpendicular, as if he had been modelled on the plan of the Tower of Pisa.

This was Dr. Courtley, Head Master of Holyshade.

"Bleth my thoul!" lisped Dr. Courtley, holding up his glasses, and almost closing his eyes in his efforts to see

distinctly. "Bleth my thoul! Whath that?"

He pronounced his "a" very long and very broadly, giving it the sound it has in "hay."

"A boy, I think," said a squat, sleek master, with a mouth like a slit in an orange. I subsequently learnt that this was Mr. Quilter, the most severe of all the tutors, the development of whose smile varied in proportion to the magnitude of the task which he might be setting as a punishment. He was a rigid disciplinarian, but strictly just, and never accused of favouritism.

"It is," chirped a third, a dapper little man in such tightly strapped trousers that walking seemed almost impossible. When he had uttered his opinion he sniffed, put his head on one side like a feloniously-inclined magpie, and having smiled at his neighbour, and been smiled upon in return, he appeared satisfied. His name I found out in time was Mr. Perk; he was familiarly known among the boys as Johnny Perk.

A stout, ruddy-faced, clean-shaven master, with a very low vest, and a college cap right at the back of his head—purposely put there on account of his great display of forehead—stepped from the group, and shouted brusquely—

"Here! hi! you sir! Come here, sir!"

"Please, sir, I can't, sir," I replied from my prison.

I was very unhappy.

"Can't!" exclaimed the brusque master. "You got *in* there. Eh?"

"Please, sir, I came in for my hat."

"Come out with your hat, then," retorted the master impatiently.

"I can't get it, sir," I urged, plaintively. "Please, sir, the statue's got it on his head."

All eyes were now turned upwards. In another second they were all grinning.

"Bleth my thoul!" said Dr. Courtley; "I knew the proper place for a hat wath over a *crown*—but—he! he! he!—hith Maathethty in a lower-boy'th hat—an inthtanth of *thub tegmine fagi*—eh?"—he looked round at his companions, as, in uttering the quotation, he made the penultimate syllable short, and the "g" hard, for the sake of an aca-

demic pun. His assistants were of course immensely tickled. Three or four groups of boys, still hanging about their schoolroom doors, waiting the arrival of their respective masters, passed round the joke about "faggy" and *fagi*, and Dr. Courtley was gratified by youthful appreciation.

In the meantime the Doctor's servant, Phidler, of gouty tendencies, and a scorbutic countenance, was shuffling towards me with a ladder.

"You get up," he said, gruffly, when he had fixed it, firmly resting on the railings, and reaching up to King Henry's head.

I obeyed, and fetched down my hat. I heard a slight cheer, which, as in a court of justice, was immediately suppressed.

"Come here, sir," called out the portly master with the intelligent forehead. As I was approaching, I heard him saying to his dapper companion, "Like Pat Jennings—'regained the felt, and felt what he regained,'"—whereat the Mr. Perk smiled, and moved off, being followed into a distant room by a troop of boys.

I had some idea that I should be expelled, or at least flogged there and then.

"What part of the thchool are you in?" asked Dr. Courtley.

"Lower Fourth, sir."

"Take off your hat," he said; for in my nervousness, and forgetful of the presence in which I stood, I had quietly replaced it on my head.

"Who threw your hat there?" he went on.

"I don't know, sir," I answered, adding by way of satisfactory explanation, "I've only just come here this half, sir."

"Whath your name?"

"Colvin, sir," I answered, almost expecting him to make a jest of it, and perhaps some further rough treatment from the three masters who were still with their superior. To them he turned, saying, in a tone of genuine annoyance—

"It'th iniquitouth! really motht iniquitouth! It'th an old barbarouth cutthom I thould like to thee abolished.

You will if you pleathe ekthpreth my opinion ththrongly, motht ththrongly, on what I contlider to be thith motht ungentlemanly conduct—motht ungentlemanly—and I thall ekthpect whoever had a hand in thith to give themthelvth up, and come to me in Upper Thchool before twelve o'clock."

The masters bowed, and walked away to their several departments. Dr. Courtley then beckoned to a big boy, who, with a slip of paper in his hand, was going from one door to another.

"Præpothtor!"

"Yes, sir," answered the boy so addressed, advancing hat in hand.

"Thow thith boy, Mathter Colvin, where the Lower Divithion Fourth Form ith athembled, and then go round to all the Divithions and thay that I ekthpect every boy who wath contherned in thith motht ungentlemanly, and motht unjuthtifiable, protheeding, to come to me in Upper Thchool by twelve o'clock."

"Yes, sir."

"You can go," said Dr. Courtley, dismissing me; and away I went at the heels of the Præpostor, along the cloister, through a dark archway, and up a broad flight of stairs.

"Do you know who knocked your tile over the rails?" asked the boy, stopping when we were out of Dr. Courtley's sight and hearing.

"No."

"What's your name?"

"Colvin." I began to wish I could vary the answer.

"Where do you board?"

"Keddy's."

"Oh, Punch's. Old Keddy's called Punch," he explained.

"Oh!" I said, pleased to find that such liberties could be taken with a master's name.

"My name's Pinter," he continued, "Pinter major. I'm in Upper Remove. My minor's just come. In your form."

"Your minor?" I repeated, humbly, for I hadn't an idea what he meant, and really thought it was some allusion to the mining districts, or perhaps to some young lady, whose name being "Mihelmina had been abbreviated to

Mina, of which I remembered an instance in the case of the sister of one of Old Carter's boys. It puzzled me, however, to think how Miss Mina Pinter, if there were such a person, could be in my form at Holyshade. I was too frightened to ask him any questions.

"Yes," he replied, not appreciating my difficulty. "You'll be next to him, most likely." "Him" meant his minor, and certainly of the masculine gender.

He now opened a large door and removed his hat. I followed his example. An indistinct hum of voices fell on my ear, with a strong one occasionally predominating. We were in Upper School, in the first division of which, cut off from the next section by heavy red curtains, sat the Lower Fourth Form boys, engaged in construing to a tall master.

The præpostor pointed out a seat to me, but before I took my place the master asked—

"What's your name?"

"Colvin, sir," said I, very hot and uncomfortable. Whereat there was a titter.

Then the Pinter major (Pinter minor was next me, and was his younger brother—I soon discovered that, by boldly asking him *his* name) delivered Dr. Courtley's message, which was frankly announced by the master to the boys.

At this there was no titter. On the contrary. Only a quarter of an hour more schooltime remained (the eleven o'clock school commenced at ten minutes past, and lasted till a quarter to twelve, and sometimes till twelve), and nearly ten minutes of this was occupied by an official inquiry into, what might now be termed, "Colvin's case."

So many had had a hand in, or a foot at, my hat, that, on Holyshadian principles of honour, everyone feeling himself affected by the charge, offered himself on this occasion.

This happened in all the Upper School forms from the Middle Division Fifth downwards, until the story of My Hat began to assume the form of the familiar alphabet which recounts the history of "A was an apple-pie." B had bumped

at it, C had cut it, D had danced on it, E had egged others on, H had helped them, I had injured it, J had jumped on it, K had kicked it, and so on.

Thus, by twelve o'clock, at least sixty or seventy boys were waiting, with me, to hear what the Head Master had to say to them.

They were summoned to the furthest part of the schoolroom, where Dr. Courtley, standing in a sort of reading-desk, received them.

He was very strong on the "barbarity and brutality of thith protheeding, and athtonithed that any English gentlemen could have been guilty of thutth a blaggaird—yeth, he would thay thutth a blaggaird acthun. He withed it to be clearly underthtood that Mathter Colvin had named nobody"—no great merit on my part, by the way, as I was unacquainted with a single name, except Pinter's and the Biffords', whom I had not yet seen—"and therefore," continued Dr. Courtley, with severe emphasis and with considerable dignity, "I trutht there will be no mean or bathe attempt at retaliathun; but I intend to mark my thenthe of thith ungentlemanly conduct, by an impothithun. You will write out, and tranthlate——"

What it was to be I lost, as Pinter major, who was attending, officially, as the præpostor charged with the delivery of the Doctor's message, whispered to me that I should at once ask Old Smugg (Good heavens! even Dr. Courtley had a nickname!) to remit the punishment. He urged me so strenuously, that, plucking up a prodigious amount of courage, I stepped forward, and addressed the Head Master in a husky and tremulous voice.

"If you please, sir——"

"Hey, What 'th that?" said Dr. Courtley, putting up his glasses in utter astonishment. He could not at first ascertain exactly whence the voice proceeded. Having satisfied himself on this point, and focussed me by squinting down his nose, he asked, as if impatient at the interruption, "Well, what ith it?"

"Go it!" whispered Pinter major, prompting me behind.

I felt that all eyes were on me, and I did more than warm with my subject; I glowed with it into quite a perspiration, and, adopting Pinter major's whispered advice, I determined to "go it," or, as it were, die on the floor of the House.

Looking up at the Head Master, I made this remarkable request:—

"If you please, sir, will you let them off?"

Dr. Courtley considered. I was trembling with agitation.

"Well," he said, slowly, "it'th a noble thing to athk. It'th the part of a gentleman and a Chrithtian. I conthent."

As if by inspiration a hearty cheer was given.

The Doctor held up his hand. "But mind," he went on, "never let me hear of thith again. If I do, depend upon it, ath it'th a dithgrathe to the thchool, it thall be motht theverely punished. Now you can go."

No sooner had he disappeared, which he did by a side door as rapidly as possible, than the delighted boys insisted upon "hoisting" me, a peculiar Holyshadian fashion of celebrating the triumph of anyone of their boating heroes, and closely resembling the old ceremony of chairing a member, or an Irish crowd's method of elevating, on their shoulders, a popular counsel, after the successful issue of a State Trial.

I had begun that day at Holyshade without a friend: before the night I was hand and glove with the whole school.

But I made no friend here like Austin Comberwood, from whom I heard about the middle of the half, informing me that he was leaving England for his health's sake, and was to be accompanied as far as Nice by Mr. Venn, who was to act as his private tutor for some months to come. Austin added that he thought Mr. Venn had obtained some appointment abroad, and intended to live on the Continent. I was more interested in reading that Alice was, just now, the guest of the Cavanders, than in any news about Mr. Venn.

A JATRA.

On the north bank of the sacred Nerbudda, about twenty miles from the mouth, there is a little village called Bhadbhut, which, with the exception of one month in every eighteen years, exists in the quiet placid way natural to Hindu villages. The houses are of mud; there is no bazar, and the only substantial building in the place is the white temple overlooking the river. No one of higher authority lives here than the village patels, who can scarcely read or write, and the village accountant, who does those offices for them; and their only subordinates are a few Bhils, who act as village watchmen, and are distinguished from their non-official brethren only by the bows and arrows they carry. But as that particular month approaches the village begins to grow, and by the time the new moon is visible it is a town. There is a bazar, broad and long, lined with the shops of grain-sellers, and cloth-sellers, and spice-sellers, and sweetmeat-sellers, and braziers; there is street after street of new houses; on the shore there is a perfect fleet of boats, each with its one short mast, supporting a mighty sweeping yard three times the length of itself, and new boats arriving can hardly make their way among the swarms of bathers.

The explanation of the change is that the Jatra has begun. A year composed of lunar months, like that of the Hindu calendar, is very rickety, and continually wants patching; and it is prescribed that when the month Bhadara's turn to be intercalated comes—which happens in eighteen years—then for the space of the second Bhadarava a Jatra is to be held at Bhadbhut. Now the most extraordinary thing about a Jatra is the absence of anything extraordinary. That so many people should

come so far to see so little, that they should be so happy in doing nothing, and take so much trouble about it, is really surprising.

The belief that there is particular virtue in bathing in the Nerbudda at this particular time and place partly accounts for the assemblage, but what have holy pilgrims to do with merry-go-rounds, which are as crowded as the temple? and what means the roaring trade in brass and copper pots? But it is neither religion nor traffic that brings all these people together; thousands come only for the fun of the thing, and what the fun is, is the greatest puzzle to a European. There are the merry-go-rounds, certainly; nor are they confined to youth: a full-grown man will mount a small green wooden horse, and ride as if his only object in life were to catch the yellow one in front of him; and old men who are past such severe equestrian conflicts will still take a seat in the cars that travel an inner and more sober circuit. Dancing and singing and story-telling go on too. Nautches are not to be seen, but there is a simple amateur dance, accompanied with the voice. Legs and lungs qualify anyone to take part. Violent music, proceeding from a tent, may induce a few thousands to pay a small fee to go inside and see two or three wooden figures making foolish bows. Less sensational, but more artistic representations of scenes from holy legends, with Krishna often as the central figure, are also to be seen. But the great sight of all is to see how many people are doing nothing at all. The hum of voices goes on all night, and even an hour or two before dawn: in every quieter spot a firmament of glowing cigarettes shows how many are unwilling to waste these precious hours in sleep.

The ordinary pilgrim's attendance at the temple is very brief. The crowd pour in at one door and out at another immediately. To continue passing through and through, from the calling of the god in the morning till the terrible voice which is supposed to send him to sleep at sunset, is a work of merit. Near the temple sit the holy mendicants and ascetics, almost naked, smeared all over with mud, wearing their hair and beard uncut, and looking altogether perfectly hideous and perfectly self-satisfied. Some of them are very distinguished—as he who has come down from Benares, measuring the whole distance with his prostrate body; and he who lies all day on a plank, studded with nails points upwards; and he who has held his hand up in the air for twenty-five years, till the finger-

nails have grown so long that he appears to be holding up a bunch of snakes, and the muscles of the arm perfectly rigid. This wretched man will consent to bring his hand down again (he says he would have to soak the muscles in oil for three weeks in order to do so), if anyone will feast for him three thousand Brahmans.

Truly there is not much that is pleasing in a Jatra—childish amusements and miserably corrupt superstition. Still, Anglo-Saxons at least must admire that hundreds of thousands of persons are content to take their holiday where no liquor is allowed to be sold, and that, great as are the crowds, there is no quarrelling, and, helpless and unprotected as the people are, scarcely any crime.

IN THE VINEYARDS OF TOURAINE.

THE trials of tourists wandering from one uncomfortable hotel to another, and experiencing the vicissitudes of wind and weather which all travellers are heir to, and the apparently equal trials of those who expose themselves to ridicule by quietly remaining in their houses, were eloquently put before us when the last holiday season set in. It is satisfactory to reflect that a third course is still open, and that it is possible to find the golden mean between the two extremes of perpetual motion and "masterly inactivity." Instead of running restlessly to and fro from picture galleries in one town to churches and palaces in another, from canals in Holland to sunrises at the top of the Righi, why not come quietly to anchor at once in some pleasant spot combining beauty of landscape with an agreeable climate, a fresh scene with an entirely new entourage, and thus spend the yearly holiday; for to have a holiday in autumn now-a-days is as much a necessary of life to a grown man as vacations at Christmas and mid-summer were in his boyhood.

To go abroad unhampered by the incubus of English servants, to stay in one place for a couple of months and there live the life of the country, waited on by the servants of the country, and associating exclusively with its people, is to put yourself in the way of obtaining an accurate knowledge of both country and people to be had in no other manner, whilst, as a hygienic proceeding, the cheerful villa in which these weeks or months may be passed will probably be found more satisfactory than a dismal lodging-house at a second-rate watering place, where the tenant is not unlikely to be favoured with the reversion of a scarlet or typhus fever.

We have such a villa in our own mind close to the beautiful city of Tours, a

little French country-house just the size for comfort, looking down over the luxuriant meadows and valley of the Chosille, a situation so healthy that it is known as the sanitarium of Tours, unvisited even by cholera when that frightful scourge was an epidemic elsewhere. The house is built in the style of architecture prevalent in France more than a century ago, and stands in the midst of fruitful vineyards, the soil being so dry that five minutes after a torrent of rain the garden walks retain no traces of it. The complete absence of damp can be recognized by the present condition of a pictorial paper on the walls of the drawing-room—which paper was put on more than a hundred years ago, and not a morsel of it has peeled off.

In this retreat we have ourselves passed more than one delightful season, and if we could persuade any of our readers to follow our example and spend next autumn among the vineyards of Touraine, we are confident they would acknowledge themselves our debtors for the introduction.

Most civilized countries, whether in ancient or modern times, have possessed their own particular Elysian fields, the favourite spot where it is the ambition of the inhabitants at some period of their lives to have a niche wherein to build their nest. Now, in the imagination of every Frenchman terrestrial paradise is the Touraine; "le jardin de la France" is his Eden, and if even a Parisian indulges in a dream of country life it is always in Touraine that his château en Espagne is reared. An outsider cannot comprehend the magic charm which attaches the French so strongly to this province. As far as scenery is concerned prettier landscapes are to be found in France, and although a great wine country, better wine is

made on the Garonne than on the Loire, whilst to chance visitors, who cannot judge of the weather all the year round, the climate appears almost tropical from the sudden and violent changes from heat to cold, sun to storm—and such storms occasionally as to compare with nothing short of an Indian monsoon. All this is true, and still there hangs a charm over the Touraine which in our opinion entitles it to the high place it holds in the affections of Frenchmen.

As regards climate, though the temperature is unequal, both heat and cold are less severe than in the southern or more northern provinces. An average winter would commence towards the middle of November, when for three weeks or a month the glass might perhaps fall lower than in the midland counties of England during any part of the winter; but these bad weeks over, a month of mild, damp weather ensues, and then February bursts upon the scene clothed in all the beauty of spring, the air soft and balmy, and the weather sufficiently warm to admit of sitting in the open air for hours together. The great test of climate is vegetation, and not only does the pomegranate thrive, but even the olive grows on many of the hill sides.

A February day in Touraine is in temperature exactly like the cold weather in Upper India, the mornings being sharp; but the sun well up, the external warmth admitting of fires being dispensed with till sunset. It must be confessed that a very *mauvais quart d'heure* has to be endured among the March winds, but April is usually absolutely hot, whilst in ordinary years May is so delicious that all the poetry exhausted upon that month from Chaucer to our own time might have had its inspiration in Touraine. Then for the fruit. Pomona must have deserted for a while her enclosure to bestow undivided attention to the Garden of France, as nowhere else that we are acquainted with is there such a shower of summer fruit.

This part of France is unusually rich in historical remains and associations.

During the seventh and eighth centuries it was almost exclusively governed by its bishops, receiving thus early an ecclesiastical bias, the traces of which still survive. The train of kings who held their court there have left historical monuments of every kind of their presence, and these are for the most part well preserved. It was in the cathedral of Tours that Richard Cœur de Lion received the insignia of a crusader; Touraine was the dowry of Mary Stuart; at Chénonceaux the bedroom of Catherine de Medici is almost intact, and the wonderful picture gallery she threw over Diane de Poitiers's bridge still forms one of the most striking points of the castle. After many changes of fortune the Château de Chénonceaux has passed into the hands of Madame Pelouse, the widow of a celebrated maker of dyes, particularly the Magenta dye, and a man of considerable wealth. Madame Pelouse and her brother, Mr. Wilson, a naturalized Frenchman, and one of the deputies of the National Assembly, have made it their home, and restored it with the most minute care, at enormous expense, and with such consummate judgment and taste that Chénonceaux embodies the most faithful and interesting record of the past extant, whether in stone or parchment.

Such are a few out of the many historical souvenirs of Touraine. To speak of them all would be the work of a volume, of which Amboise alone would occupy a considerable part. It was at Amboise that the Italian artists brought back by Charles VIII. after his ill-advised Italian expedition established themselves; their establishment here, and the impetus they gave to art, being at all events one solid result of an enterprise against which the king's most prudent advisers had protested, and whose forebodings were justified by the event. Close to Amboise Leonardo da Vinci breathed his last in the arms of Francis I., at a place called Clos-Lucé. The specimens of architecture of the fifteenth century, still to be seen at Clos-Lucé, and even the old paintings in what was once the chapel, are worth a visit, irrespective of the

interest otherwise attaching to the "Manoir." But innumerable traditions and memories cling to Amboise, the residence of so many of the kings of France. In one of the massive turrets of the castle the Emperors Charles V. and Francis I. both nearly came to an untimely end; and it was against one of the doors inside the building that Francis II. struck his head so violently that he did not survive the injury, an injury fraught with momentous consequences to France, Scotland, and Europe itself, delivering as it did the government of France for two successive reigns into the unprincipled hands of Catherine de Medici. The beautiful gardens of the château were the favourite pleasure grounds of Charles VIII., where both he and Louis XII. spent hours together planning with Anne of Bretagne (the "chère Anne" of the latter), the suites of apartments where so many brilliant entertainments were destined to take place. Coming down to our own time, it was within the walls of the Castle of Amboise that Abd-el-Kader and all his followers were confined, and in the small Mussulman cemetery crowded with graves there are melancholy proofs of the effects of the climate, temperate as it is, on these Eastern constitutions.

Any mention of the grand recollections which belong to Touraine, however incomplete, should still include the name of Marmoutier, the ancient abbey founded in the fourth century by the celebrated St. Martin of Tours, and which was the chief of all the monasteries in France, more ancient, indeed, than the monarchy itself—the first dynasty dating only from the fifth century. This fact—that it was considered the greatest of the convents—is handed down to us in the name it bore of *Majus Monasterium*, gradually corrupted into Marie-Moutier, and afterwards *Marmoutier*. St. Martin has been styled the holiest of all the saints of the Gallican Church, and his fame has travelled far beyond the province of which he is the patron and most revered saint.

Dean Stanley, in his "Historical Memo-

rials of Canterbury," tells us that "the venerable church of St. Martin is a memorial of the recollections which Queen Bertha, the wife of Ethelbert, King of Kent, cherished of her native country, Saint Martin of Tours being the most famous of all the Christian saints of whom she had heard before she came to England." The banner of St. Martin, made of a piece of the old blue cloak of the saint, was the Royal Banner of France until the reign of Louis le Gros, who abandoned it, and adopted the Oriflamme in its place. Marmoutier is about three miles out of Tours, and commands a magnificent view, extending over the river and the whole valley of the Loire, flanked by the cathedral towers. The property has been purchased by the order of the Sacré Cœur, a congregation of cloistered nuns, whose special function is the education of girls; whose houses have the reputation of being the best girls' schools in France.

The number of English and Americans wintering in Tours has sensibly diminished within the last few years. A quarter of a century ago, crowds of strangers from all parts, even as far north as Russia, flocked to Touraine, which enjoyed a considerable reputation as a sanitarium for consumptive patients. Of these strangers, by far the greater proportion were English; and how large the influx of our own countrymen must have been can be judged by the fact that the services of the Church of England were performed in two chapels simultaneously. In Balzac's little story of "La Grenadière," a small house still pointed out as the scene of his sketch, on the banks of the Loire, in the Commune of St. Cyr, he speaks of the English who, in his younger days, "had fallen like a swarm of grasshoppers upon Touraine, so that there were no longer houses enough to accommodate them; and little châteaux, intended only for the convenience of vineyard proprietors during the vintage, had to be fitted up as campagnes, to be let for the summer season." Balzac, whose love for his native provinces find its expression in the most exquisite descriptions of its varied

charms, declares that the little corner which contains the Grenadière is a small Touraine in itself, where all the beauties of the province are represented in miniature. He says the English would pay 1,000 francs for the privilege of inhabiting it during the six summer months (for it is worth noticing that, whereas at that time the English seem to have considered Touraine an agreeable summer retreat, the few who find their way there now invariably go for the winter). But Balzac warns his readers that it is vain to hope to become the possessor of La Grenadière at any price. "La Grenadière will never be sold. In 1690 it was bought, and afterwards regretfully parted with for 40,000 francs, like some favourite horse abandoned to its fate by the Arab of the desert; it has, however, always remained in the same family, of which it is the pride and heirloom. From the terraces of La Grenadière the eye reaches across three separate valleys, and embraces the Cathedral of Tours, whose graceful towers are suspended like lace-work in the air. Can such treasures as these be paid for? Can money buy for you the new life and health you breathe under those lime-trees?"

As late as last October the marks of the Prussians were on the walls and window-shutters of the cottages and buildings in the vicinity of large towns; and are visible on doors in many of the small towns still. Whether these chalk inscriptions are suffered to remain as evidence of the unconscionable number of men and horses the several householders were bound to entertain, or whether the Tourangeaux—notoriously a peaceable, apathetic race, whom even the convulsions of the great Revolution failed to upset in any great degree—have not thought it worth while to remove them, we know not; but there they are to demonstrate, in almost every instance, that the size of the lodging was altogether out of proportion to the number of the enemy and his incumbrances it was expected to lodge. It is curious what conflicting opinions could be gleaned as to the behaviour of the victors; whilst the conduct of their

unwilling hosts was equally varied. In some houses the Germans were endured as necessary evils, they were given plenty to eat and drink, and to all intents and purposes treated like visitors who have outstayed their welcome, but from whom a certain amount of civility cannot be withheld. Others made no attempt to conciliate them, but gave exactly what they were compelled to give and no more, on no account taking their meals with them—a practice they stigmatized as an incomprehensible want of patriotism on the part of those who, from economy, could not maintain two tables. One lady assured us that she could say with pride that, throughout the time the Prussians were under her roof, she had never even seen them. It is probable also that the behaviour of the conquering army was unequal as regards both time and place during the war. Towards the termination of the struggle they became exasperated at the unexpected resistance they encountered, and showed less and less regard for the feelings and property of the vanquished. In some places, also, it is beyond doubt that the behaviour of the officers was intolerable, whilst of the men there was hardly a complaint from one end to the other of the German lines.

From what we could gather, however, our impression is that consideration was the exception, and that if the conduct of the Prussians was arrogant and exacting towards their enemies, it was notably so with regard to those who were neither enemies nor friends. The Alabama dispute has enlightened us on the duties of neutrals towards belligerents, but we should like to see those of belligerents towards neutrals as clearly defined. If there are to be neither exemptions nor privileges for the latter, it becomes a very one-sided kind of reciprocity. Now, throughout the war of 1870-71, the Prussians made a point of treating the subjects of a neutral power exactly as they did the people of the country with whom they were fighting. They laid it down as a maxim that anyone choosing to live on French soil was amenable to the same laws and treatment as the

French themselves. Any departure from this rule appears to have been in favour of the Russian and American flags, both of which seem to have been more delicately handled than the Union Jack.

The yearly gathering in of the grapes provides a great field for the occupation of children of both sexes; and as the vintage takes place at the time of the general holidays, the schooling of the boys and girls is in no wise interfered with; at the same time it is a healthful and profitable mode of spending the season of recreation, and in this work they are very largely employed in all the wine-growing districts of France. This arrangement is in fact almost a necessity, from the very great scarcity of adult male labour at all times, but especially at the time of the vintage, partly because it is a work which, like hop-gathering or harvesting, naturally takes place everywhere at the same moment, and partly because almost everyone has his own grapes to gather and his own wine to make. This literal dwelling of "every man under his own vine" is pleasant to see; but it is a pleasure mixed with regret, as the mind naturally reverts to the different state of affairs among our own labouring people.

And why should there be so radical a difference in their condition? The secret which lies at the root of the whole matter is the more equal, and therefore more equitable, division of land among the people of the land.

In a country like France, where everything is cheap, why should male labour be comparatively dear? The reason is simply this: so few are obliged to till the land of others that it is not always easy to find an odd man for job work; and when you have found him, he can pretty well command his own price. Except at very outlying country places, fifteen or twenty miles from any town, a man, or even a boy of sixteen, cannot be had for the commonest farm work for less than half-a-crown a day in summer, or fifteen shillings a week. From November 1st until the beginning of March, they receive two francs a day, and this not for skilled labour but

for the most ordinary and simple operations in farm or garden.

We have alluded to the comparative scarcity of adult male labour; the following statistics will make the matter plain to our readers:—

The superficial area of France is 250,000 square miles, or 170,000,000 acres. The population, according to the return of the last census taken, is 35,000,000, or five acres of land to each inhabitant. There are 8,000,000 of electors—adult males; therefore, each of these must be calculated to have on an average 21 acres.

There are, however, in France only 5,000,000 of landed proprietors, leaving 3,000,000 of adult males who do not possess landed property. The average of landed properties thus becomes 34 acres.

The 3,000,000 who do not possess landed property are divided as follows: 2,210,000 are the sons of landed proprietors whose parents are alive, but who will succeed after their death to the property they will leave, and 800,000 workmen in and inhabitants of large towns, and people who have been obliged to sell from extravagance or misfortune.

The average of landed properties being 34 acres, it has been ascertained that of the 5,000,000 proprietors, 3,800,000 hold between 20 and 40 acres, 1,100,000 between 5 and 20 acres, 86,000 between 40 and 100 acres, and 14,000 above 100 acres.

Figures as well as facts are stubborn things, and the figures we have given above tell their own story, and require no comment to add to their force.

Our space does not permit us to describe as minutely as it deserves this beautiful portion of France, its productions and monuments; and we regretfully take leave of the subject in the words of Martin Marteau, who, in his "*Paradis délicieux de la Touraine*," affirms, "*C'est une des plus belles, meilleures, excellentes et agréables, voire mesme des plus fertiles provinces de cet opulent royaume, pour ne pas dire de ce grand monde.*"

THE BATTLE OF DORKING MADE IMPOSSIBLE.

BY A MILITARY CRITIC.

No one, we suppose, would set themselves seriously at this time of day to assert that the world at large disbelieves in the possibility of the *Battle of Dorking*. No doubt there are vast numbers of comfort-loving citizens among us who are prepared to argue, if they cannot wholly believe it, that a very rich country must be also a very safe one, and that to wish not to quarrel is to ensure oneself against being ever drawn into a dispute. But the success of the famous tale being dependent on its verisimilitude; its power over the public mind being simply that it represented in a concrete and effective way what was the public thought when it was written; the fact remains beyond dispute that it drew from the French disasters a lesson for ourselves in a manner that brought the full dangers of ungarded wealth and ease-loving civilization home to every English reader. The very bitterness in which its chief critics indulged only showed how the truth of the picture made them wince unconsciously at the force of its teachings. It drove home, in short, with one blow the lessons which a hundred other less successful writers had been trying to enforce, that to make money is not to have the certainty of keeping it, and that it is just as possible in these days for a wealthy and prosperous country to awake some morning to find itself become the tributary of another better armed than itself, as it was in those of the Punic Wars. For without desiring to aggravate international bitterness, we must take leave to point out plainly the fact, too much overlooked by our journalists, that so long as France is paying the interest on a war indemnity which is to find fortresses, harbours, railroads, telegraphs, and pensions for a neighbour, so long she is

under a direct tribute paid merely in a somewhat indirect form.

But the lesson of the story did not end there. It told—coming just when it did—that this same wealthy country might be proud of her fancied power, might count her battalions as invincible, and flaunt her colours with the best, and yet discover in the moment of trial that her supposed armour was but a gilded sham which the touch of the enemy broke to pieces, leaving her as defenceless as though she had mustered no force at all. We in England might maintain it showed with painting more forcible than direct argument, long muster-rolls of volunteers and militiamen, an elaborately-conducted War Office, highly-paid departments, and a numerous staff, and yet not be able to assemble a force that should hold its own for a day in the front of an invading enemy. All this, like the contingency of the loss of our ironclads, is a very unpleasant thing to face; but the *Battle of Dorking* put it before the eyes of the nation in so clear a form that it caused thousands of anxious hearts to ask themselves then, as many are asking themselves still, what can we do to render this evil vision a thing impossible?

Such we suppose to be the question which the anonymous author of the *True Reformer* has applied himself to solve. We agree to the full with him—for the course of his tale clearly shows this to be his opinion—that in the present state of parties and the present condition of public spirit in the country, there is no hope of an immediate remedy against our worst national danger. Herein, it may be added, is the vital distinction between his purpose and that of other well-known army reformers who have agitated the

question. Herein, too, is the true reason, as we doubt not, for his exhibiting his scheme in the framework of a romance. Others have made it their task to force proposals more or less revolutionary on the attention of the press, the Legislature, and the country, in the belief that the national mind is already sufficiently roused to the importance of the question, to give hope that their arguments will be weighed and their views possibly adopted without any greater pressure than that which has brought about other reforms that to them seem not less difficult to effect, and certainly less needed, than their own favourite idea. Our author has taken quite another course. At the opening of his novel he takes care to give his opinion pretty plainly of politics as they are at present managed, and of political parties as they now exist, and this opinion has an evident purpose:—

“The want of reality about Parliamentary warfare,” he makes his hero say, “struck me the more visibly because, when I entered the House, parties in their original sense had ceased to exist. . . . There was no longer any positive difference in principle between them. The one side had given up its original rôle of resisting all change, the other its advances of constant change. Both parties had admitted that reform of any institution was advisable, if only a case could be made out for it: opinion only differed as to what constituted a valid case. So many of the leaders had changed their opinions and their sides at different times, even the two parties having once themselves changed places—the whilome Constitutionalists on one memorable occasion setting the example of ‘taking a header’ over a Constitutional Niagara, while their opponents in vain tried to swim against the torrent—that in fact all broad lines of demarcation had become blurred and almost obliterated. The opinions of the two parties were now for the most part shaped by the views of their leaders for the time being; and as it was usually quite an open question what view each of these two distinguished men would take upon any point that arose, party politics were reduced to a perfectly incoherent condition. All that could be predicted was, that whichever side got the start in any proposal, the other would probably oppose it; one party was just as likely as the other to assume at any moment the office of drag to the political coach. But it was plain that there needed only the rise of some great question of principle in order that the House should recast itself anew.”

We have not quoted this passage to illustrate the author's thorough understanding of the politics of his time, nor the felicitous humour with which he paints its phases, our business not lying with these features of the work. But he who reads it, even hastily, must observe the care with which the political plot that is to be worked out later is here prepared for. For this extract gives the key to what is coming presently, when the machinery has to be brought into play that is to lend probability and interest to the proposed reforms. For their very thoroughness demands that they should be specially introduced; and home politics as well as foreign complications have to be made subservient to the artist's will for this great end.

I know, he may be clearly understood as saying, that although what I propose is just and good and economical; though it would be better for the army itself, and would suffice for the nation's worst need, whilst it offers no real difficulties of cost; yet it is not to be hoped for now. The very notion of a proper military organization is so opposed to the shams that now overload the army—those shams themselves, and the arguments for their maintenance, are so bound up with the conventional party-spirit of the day—that it is utterly useless to put forward such a project for serious adoption under present conditions. If you want your army to be efficient, cheap, and good, as well as contented, the axe must be laid to the roots at once of existing abuses, of existing blunders in organization, of existing evils of administration. All these have their warm defenders, who profit, or fancy they profit, by their maintenance. The whole Houses of Parliament, for instance, are at present concerned in the practice of pottering discussions, which usually do no more than tinker the minutest holes in a leaky structure, without ever touching its vital defects; and having got into this muddling system of using semi-executive functions, the members fancy it an honourable duty, instead of being what it really

is, a conventional habit of mis-spending the time in which they might be doing real work for the nation. I recognize, therefore, the impossibility of setting the truth before them forcibly enough to effect the object now, for they are among the chief causes and so among the chief supporters of the present state of things. My views are not offered as a tangible project for to-day. But I contend that there are other conditions very possible than these under which we live. Nations are not always so tranquil that a Burial of Dissenters Bill, or even a Reformation of the Law Courts, could form the supreme struggle of politicians. We who have seen proud peoples humbled and great monarchs fall, as by a magician's wand; who have watched a mighty republic solidly framed out of separate states, an empire re-erected from long-dispersed fragments, a divided and trampled-on kingdom rescued from the strangers that oppressed it and rising fresh in the glories of renewed youth; we who know that these miracles have been wrought by the power of the sword, working out with sharp stroke the behests of policy, surely need not lull ourselves with the dream of universal and enduring peace. We who have witnessed the nation whose growing wealth made us jealous, and whose wealth was matched by her fame in arms, crushed suddenly to the dust, despoiled of her means, and laid under hard tribute by her rival; shall we think it impossible that we should never even be envied, never be threatened? I hold that there is a contingency easily conceivable which would at once alarm and insult us. These great continental powers, greedy of spoil, flushed with victory, intoxicated with the gigantic powers that they wield for offence, may resolve, on some petty difference, or even without ostensible cause, to blot out the British name and power from the world's history; if they cannot succeed in the invasion which overtasked Napoleon's powers, at least to keep us in constant dread of it; and, failing the accomplishment of the familiar dream of continental strategists, to exclude us from

the political intercourse of the world and drive us to political extinction, in punishment perchance for old sins as harbourers of the refugees they dread or makers of the arms they would have us sell to none but themselves.

But let the resolve, and the ambition, and the threat once be known and felt by Englishmen; and mark the result as I picture it. The gradual awakening of the whole nation to a sense of present insult and intended injury, the rising fury of a free people at the decrees of arbitrary power, the collapse of the unreal half-hearted party cries on which the politicians of to-day are trading, the general mutiny of the Liberals especially at the supposed treason to the national trust of their chiefs, the demolition of any Ministry that had been raised into power on the old issues; all these would follow in rapid course; all these are painted in my work. The next steps are not more unlikely. The best solution of the desperate state of things would be a union of old parties, under the strong government the people demands before all other things; the first task of this strong government to put the nation beyond and above the insolent threats which had raised her fears as well as her anger. Great and powerful as is our navy, we should never dare to trust to it alone. Combination might overwhelm it. Craft might allure it from its watch. Above all, some new Ericson or other Genius of Destruction might arm our foes with such secret means of its destruction as the *Battle of Dorking* pictured, and as German engineers were actually preparing on the Baltic unknown to its author whilst he wrote his tale. We dare not, therefore, rest on this single line of defence. On land, on our own ground, within our own possessions, we have the right to be made strong enough to meet any enemy that comes. In short, the old and unsettled problem of an invasion must seriously be faced. How shall we face it best? Let us hope if such a contingency came, the nation would find its statesmen ready for their new task. None can doubt that our now faltering and divided Legislature

would be quickened into action and forced into unity. Why should not the plan be ready ere the emergency comes on us? Such is the introduction with which the author prefaces his real business. Let us briefly review the main features of the system he would build up, were our existing no-system shattered at the approach of real danger.

To meet a serious invasion we must have a large army. This on paper we maintain at present, but we maintain it chiefly on paper. For without entering into the petty complaints that are dinned into parliamentary ears of the quality of our recruits, it is easy enough to see that a force of which a fourth or fifth must be struck off before it can face the perils of a peace camp on Dartmoor is hardly, in physical calibre, what the country should rely on.

And then, the regulars make but a fraction of the heterogeneous mass borne on our estimates. Of the rest what shall we say? The Reformer we are following does not profess to despise the volunteers or depreciate the spirit which raised them. He simply leaves them out of his scheme, *so far as the latter is fixed and certain and necessary*, for the best possible reason; their organization is neither fixed nor certain. "The conditions under which volunteers serve render it impracticable, even if it were desirable, to bring them in peacetime under the general military system." Before the words were published, the chief organ of the volunteer service was publicly ridiculing the credulity of the authorities who had issued instructions placing the service under the Colonels of our new Brigade Depôts. "The colonels may call them out," said the journalist, expressing freely the sentiments of those he writes for, "but they will find themselves in the position of Owen Glendower, when he 'called spirits from the vasty deep'"—a remark so convincingly true that it needs no exposition. Volunteering, in fact, is a fine thing as an exhibition of national spirit; but no reasonable administrator does more than

look admiringly at it, and hope inwardly that we may never be left to trust our main defence to it.

We pass to the militia. As they now exist, they disappear altogether from the Reformer's scheme, as they must from that of any sane person who looks seriously at the proposed object for which the country pays them. To collect a mass of these unwieldy battalions, made up for the most part of boys and dissipated men, that enlist solely for the petty bounty reserved for this force, and to put this scarecrow gathering, led by officers who barely see enough of their rank-and-file to get them through ordinary parade drill, on the green hills above Dorking, or any other hills up which swarms of German or of French, or of Russian skirmishers were deftly springing in that new and terrible order of battle with which late victories have made us familiar, would be but to repeat the follies of Gambetta without his excuse. No; our militia as they now are may serve to swell the pride of county magnates, to give fancied employment to officers tired of real service, to help a minister to tickle the ears of the House with the enumeration of his inflated muster-roll. But as a serious defence, the 130,000 men borne on their lists might as well be struck off it. The battalions are just that sort of "bloated armament" which it is easy for an Opposition leader to denounce. They are extravagantly costly for the actual work they do; and they serve to delude the country into the blind fallacy that at call they would serve to double her regular brigades of infantry; whereas in truth, if mixed with those that exist anywhere out of defensive works, they would but serve to hamper and weaken them. So thinks the Reformer; and so they disappear from his organization more absolutely than the volunteers. Numbers we must have indeed. That is an unfortunate necessity of the solution of the problem; but the numbers must not be got by a false show of weakly men dressed in red to look like soldiers, trained to "march past," and hold their arms like soldiers, but wholly unfit and untaught

to take the difficult part of soldiers in the exigencies of modern battle.

Yet our actual peace army must not be large. If anything, it should be less in numbers than the present standard, to balance other expenditures which the scheme involves. How can this be done? is it asked. How did Scharnhorst act in those evil days, when, still working in secret for the royal master Napoleon forbade him to serve, he learnt the decree under which the once-proud realm of Frederick was to be limited to a standing army of 42,000 men all told. Short service, and many men put through it, was his instant prescription; which, being followed to the letter, served three years later to put more than 100,000 Prussians into the field against the oppressor, needing but the arms they received through England's aid to enable each man to strike as became the deliverer of a home. We, too, must have short service, and large reserves, fed regularly from the ranks. We cannot get these by conscription. The Reformer is practical enough to know well that universal conscription in a peaceful country becomes, what it has long been in Belgium and in Switzerland, a sham of the most dangerous order; and that therefore it, in any real sense, would demand pressure no less than such as France has been seen by us to undergo—not the mere pressure of panic or of just alarm. He remembers that the only sound basis of a national force is, that it should conform to the national habits and constitution, and that the habit of Englishmen is to offer their labour freely, but to expect the market price for it. This, therefore, is the simple condition of his reserve—payment sufficient to make it worth men's while to be in it, so long as it is thought worth while to retain them. Let it be a shilling a day that is required, or more, or less, it should be paid. Three and a half millions must be laid out to maintain such a reserve 200,000 strong, the number needed to raise the home peace army of 90,000 effectives—being less than our present standard—to its war or mobilized footing. But

then we shall get rid of the million and a quarter out-pension list; of another million and a quarter at least of the votes for our present paper reserves; of the charge for more than a fourth of our present home establishment. Effective cadres, too, must ever be comparatively inexpensive affairs, as contrasted with large and ineffective battalions. The same principle might even be extended a little further, and one-fourth or one-fifth only of the trained rank and file retained with the colours, at a cost considerably less than the present estimates, and with security for the country as the prize of the reform. As to the pay of the men actually embodied, some reasonable improvements have of late been made, and it would be necessary to extend these but little further. When once it became known and felt that an able-bodied man who could get enlisted might, after a year's service, secure the prize of some 20*l.* a year for three or five or seven years, on the simple conditions of proper behaviour whilst with the colours, and mere registration of residence afterwards, with liability to duty in case of war, the army would have what it has never had since the days of Cromwell, the full command of the unskilled labour-market; and it would be as then—invincible. Military prisons, deserters, lying recruiting-sergeants, would be among the tales of an evil past; and the nation, for the first time, when the army estimates were voted, would feel that it had the worth of its money. The problem of enlistment, together with the problem of reserves, would be resolved by one stroke of courage; and our forces, placed on a truly national basis, as those of Germany now are, would be as effective as hers for our more modest national needs.

Yet men, even if well trained, should be well officered. And what of the officers of the new army? How can we get rid of the load of petty discontents that now oppress this class? How reconcile the mass of them to their new duty of constantly instructing recruits? This is their normal existence in Prussia; how can we make it tolerable to English

gentlemen, already murmuring at their men's service, though twice the German length, as overshort, and uttering loud objections to the new calls put on them? Officers we must have, hearty in their work, and accomplished in their profession. The one great secret of their successes, the present victors of Europe are agreed, is the formation, by long care and systematic training, of such a body of officers for their cadres of their young soldiers. With such, the roughest of recruits may soon be trained to believe themselves, and so to prove, invincible. Without such a body, old soldiers or young are alike untrustworthy materials for victory. It is at this point that the Reformer is at once most original and yet most simple in his proposals. He has gone to the very root of the matter as it has never been reached by any of the numerous essayists that have trod the same path with steps less bold.

"The fact is," to use a single sentence which gives the key to his thoughts, "one civil branch of the army after another has gained concessions, through clamour and agitation, till the combatant officers have been degraded to the lowest place." This state of things, it is fairly added, may have had some show of justification formerly; but their education is now as scientific as that of the so-called scientific branches, and the matter calls urgently for reform. Moreover, the country is overrun by field-officers and nominal generals, for whom no employment is to be found, even if it were expected. Let this false state of things cease. Let military titles henceforward signify that the holders of them are really what they are called. We have cheapened rank—the soldier's best reward—till it has become worthless to those it should have enriched. Let honorary rank and honorary promotion cease. The present state of things is as preposterous (it is happily observed) as that when field-officers were taken from the nursery. Let no man in future be called a general who has not actually at least commanded a brigade. Abolish, as matter of course, that calamitous mon-

strosity the Indian Staff Corps, sweeping the Revenue Policemen, and Surveyors, and Accountants, and Civil Magistrates who are now cumbering its list, and looking forward, forsooth, to the rank of General with "Colonels' allowances," into a new Civil Service, made attractive by proper pensions. Recast the fraction of the Corps that really does military duty into regimental lists; cease, in short, to flood Cheltenham and Bath and Brighton with an ocean of worthy old gentlemen whose pretensions to the titles they bear are as unreal as though they were called Deans or Masters in Chancery. Only carry out this single reform unflinchingly, and your War Minister will have ready to his hand, without one farthing of expense, cadres of officers contented with their duties, honourably ambitious of professional advancement, and desirous of professional culture. You will, moreover, at once get rid of the agitator's false cry of our overwhelming lists of generals, who are no generals at all; whilst you will take from the officers themselves all pretence for discontent, all belief that they have been tricked or wronged. As matters now stand, they have been wronged, unintentionally it is true, but yet most grievously; for their very birthright as soldiers has been made valueless. The commission, which should have been a richer reward than gold, has been stripped of its worth by the tinsel imitations of it scattered broadcast through the land. Undo this single evil, and once more a commission in the British Army will come to be received as of itself so honourable a distinction that the rich man and the poor alike will share contentedly the toil it must carry with it in a new army. And this new army, raised without difficulty, will find no difficulty in its training at the hands of the officer of the future.

But the number of officers maintained in time of peace, even on a liberal footing, can never suffice for the needs of war. Here let us take a special lesson from German experience. There are some 17,000 officers in the vast Army List of the new empire; but it needs

10,000 more to carry that army, when mobilized, efficiently into the field. Let us, then, take the steps which are necessary to at once keep our volunteers efficient and our home army supplied. Extra subalterns will, of course, be the chief demand in time of war. Prepare for this demand by insisting on a certain number of young volunteer officers going through a short line service, sufficient to qualify them for company duty, rewarding them with provisional or reserve commissions in the regiments they serve with, which are to come into force from the moment that regiment is mobilized for real service or special training. Such commissions should, of course, be only valid for a fixed term of years: but they might be prolonged on fair conditions. The last provision we add to the Reformer's suggestion, together with the further argument in favour of this part of the project, that it would bring into connection with the service the very class of young men who now give the best officers to the militia, those who like the profession, yet cannot give their whole lives to professional soldiering. The Reformer's story supposes him to be too strong for the opposition to his scheme; but he would welcome any aid to the making it enduringly popular with all classes.

A similar inexpensive arrangement, the giving publicly "Provisional" War Commissions to the best of our staff officers, is to provide for the emergencies of mobilization without leaving the selection of leaders to be made under the chances of haste.

The army thus raised in the mass and thus officered, yet needs organization to be an army at all. Our present organization is so universally admitted to be unsatisfactory and incomplete, that no apology is needed for any thorough reformer going into this part of his task with a will. And it is evident from the basis here taken from his detail, that he knows just as well how to avoid a slavish

copying of a foreign example as to use a successful model where its proportions suit our own needs. Local organization, especially organization by local Army Corps, is a favourite fancy of the reformers that have gone before him. They forget the impossibility of carrying out such a system whilst the broad political differences between Great Britain and Ireland remain uneffaced; and they forget that our compact size, closeness of population, and complete railway system render it quite unnecessary for the real object—the rapid mobilization of our peace army. The Reformer, therefore, boldly treats the whole country as the Germans treat a single province, and the problem which is vexing French administrators is solved for the United Kingdom at a word, and that in a thoroughly practical way. It should be added, that this view enables him to utilize the new system of Brigade Depots and the existing Military Districts nearly as they are, and so saves all expense but that of the railway transport needed for the reserves when called in.

It is not our purpose to follow him through the other details of his scheme. These will richly reward those experts who examine them. They will find the work quite as thorough when dealing with battalions or squadrons, as when exposing the confusion of that overgrown service which we persist in preserving as "The Regiment" of Artillery, or the pedantry of that other scientific corps which would train itself so highly at its Chatham School, "a sort of military Little Pedlington, as soon to make it quite unfit for any other kind of employment." But our hope is not that these lessons may bear immediate fruit; rather (to use the words of an unknown critic) that when the pressure comes, if it should come, our councillors "may find what they will need, not in pamphlets or Reports of Commissions, but in the wise and witty pages of this novel."

MR. DEUTSCH AND THE "EDINBURGH REVIEW."

THE new Number of the *Edinburgh Review* contains an article on the Talmud, against a part of which I desire, though at a distance from all means of reference, to enter my emphatic protest. I allude to the terms in which the writer has spoken of Mr. Deutsch's well-known article in the *Quarterly Review*. I do not insist on the want of taste which could lead one writer to depreciate another so soon after the death of that other—almost in fact before he is cold in his foreign grave; for taste must be born with a man, and a writer who could commit such a breach of good manners and good feeling will be unable to understand the gravity of his mistake. But I allude particularly to the charge brought against Mr. Deutsch's treatment of his subject. "Brilliant as that essay was," says the *Edinburgh*, "it was superficial. It gave a very partial view of what the Talmud really is, and it did scant justice to many considerable labourers in the same field of inquiry. Mr. Deutsch spoke as if nobody before himself had written anything intelligible on the subject; but to say nothing of the chapter devoted to it by Dean Milman in his *History of the Jews*, the entire Mishna exists in a Latin version the work of Surenhuse," and the reviewer proceeds to enumerate various other translations of separate treatises of the Mishna and Gemara, which are, he says, "enough to enable a very modest scholarship to gain a correct idea of much which it contains."

In the above passage the word "superficial" is the only one I care to deal with: the charge that my friend suppressed the works of his pre-

decessors is answered by the Article itself, which bears on the face of it continual references to the labours of others. And I say that "superficial" is an absurd word to use in reference to an essay so wonderfully learned, and so full of immense and original knowledge—absurd and worse, because it has a distinctly depreciating force. It is one of those convenient terms which mean at once much and little, which are so easy to use and hard to answer. It is the favourite word of those whose learning consists of an accumulation of dead erudition, with no power of making it useful or acceptable to others. Let a man write a book or an article for which the ordinary world is grateful; which shall make some obscure unknown subject plain to the general reader, shall set all its difficulties in broad daylight, and bring out its connexions in many an unexpected point with things already familiar to us; let him, in a word, show that learning is with him not an end but a means to an end—and he is at once assailed by the owls of literature, who because they cannot themselves fly in the sunlight would fain prevent others from doing so. This is the charge we have heard over and over again brought against Dean Stanley, and it is as just in his case as in that of Mr. Deutsch.

But in the present instance the term is a peculiarly unfortunate one; for the only criticism of any force that was made upon the article was that it did not deal enough with the "surface" of the Talmud. When he was writing it, in his lodging at Sydenham, my friend did me the honour to take me into his confidence, and I urged on him again and again that he should give some account

of the *outside* of the book—of the numbers, names, and contents of its various treatises;—and the same thing was repeated by others after publication. I now see how far superior his instinct was to mine; and after I have toiled through the pages of the *Edinburgh* article, which deals mainly and ostentatiously with these things, and bristles with repulsive Hebrew terms in 'inadequate English dress, I shudder to think of the rock upon which I so nearly forced him. In writing his article Mr. Deutsch had two alternatives: first, to give, as an outsider, a mere account of the Talmud, an easy "superficial" *catalogue raisonné* of its contents, well stuffed with names and references; and secondly, as a Jew, a profound scholar in Jewish, Pagan, and Christian lore, a poet and a genius, to give such an exposition of the spirit and intention of the subject as should show how faithful a reflection it was of the mind and temper of his nation, at how many unexpected points it touched on other systems; should give a clue to the interpretation of a vast literature so different from our own; and, by putting his readers *en rapport* with that literature, should give them a real living idea of the whole. The former of these alternatives he fortunately left to the *Edinburgh* reviewer; into the latter he threw himself with all the force, variety, freshness, affection, poetry and genius, which made him so remarkable to all who knew him. Surely if any one thing is more obvious than another in that extraordinary article, it is that its writer is perfectly saturated with his subject; that he entered heart and soul into the Talmud, and that out of the abundance of his heart his mouth spoke. To use the appropriate words of his beloved Psalms, "his heart was hot within him, while he was yet musing the fire burned, and at the last he spake with his tongue." No article was ever less "got up." No single page of it can have been written without knowing all about the matter, without that familiarity which years and years of incessant affectionate study, aided by a burning nationality, and

guided by the genius and impulse of a true poet, can alone produce.

How he laboured and selected, and wrote and re-wrote, and destroyed and wrote again, those few only know who saw him in the process of composition. How he succeeded, it is hardly necessary to recall. Perhaps it is not too much to say that no review-article was ever devoured by so large a number of readers—and competent readers. It carried the *Quarterly* through an unusual number of editions, and the copies on the tables of the Athenæum Club are said to have been black with finger-marks. It was rapidly translated into German and French. It procured for its author the immediate acquaintance of the most eminent scholars of the day, and at once raised him to a high rank in London literary society. Probably these very facts may seem to the writer in the *Edinburgh* to justify his charge of "superficiality." I am quite content that he should rest in that belief. To me, in this case, the public verdict carries triumphant conviction. It shows that the desired end was attained, and that a subject pre-eminently difficult, obscure, and uninviting, was made interesting and attractive to thousands who before were ignorant of it. Nor was this confined to the "Talmud" in its more restricted sense. A flood of light was thrown on Jewish literature in general; and there are few to whom the masterly distinction drawn, probably for the first time, between the Halacha and the Hagada—the doctrine and the legend—with all its most fruitful and suggestive inferences, did not come almost with the force of a revelation.

No doubt so splendid an introduction should have been followed by an extended and systematic work—so glorious an Overture by the entire Opera. And this was the steadfast purpose of my friend. It never forsook him; he struggled on with it through the terrible, long, wearing, painful¹ disease, which at length carried him away;

¹ Cancer of the kidneys and bladder, in its most aggravated form.

and the last pleasant picture of him which his sorrowing friends are permitted to possess is that brought back by a traveller in Upper Egypt, who found him at Thebes on the 23rd of February last, surrounded by his books and talking cheerfully of having "completed" one out of three parts of his great work. Complete in intention, and perhaps in some of those copious notes or memoranda which always surrounded him, and were intelligible to himself alone; but only so far. It is nearly certain that nothing can now be recovered. He has left no successor. Great Hebrew scholars there will always be; but the rabbinical department of the language has attractions for few, and many a generation must pass without seeing again that special union of scholarship and poetic insight, com-

bined with an unusually wide range of general knowledge, and with a devotion to the literature and the memories of his nation almost like the fervent love of a son to his mother, which made Mr. Deutsch's short career so remarkable. No: we can now never hope to understand the Talmud; it will remain a name, as it has always been. The strange mystic volume is again shut for the present;

"For the huge book of wonderland lies closed,
And those strong brazen clasps shall yield
no more."

There is nothing for it but to join with the Dean of Westminster and say, "It is the greatest calamity of the kind that could have happened to me."

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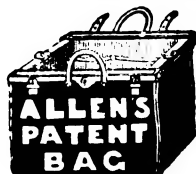
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MACMILLAN MAGAZINE

SEPTEMBER

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MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1873.

PETRARCH: HIS LIFE, TIMES, AND WORKS.

PART I.

"Voi ch' ascoltate in rime sparse il suono
Di quei sospiri ond' io nudriva il core
In sul mio primo giovenile errore
Quand' era in parte altr' uom da quel ch' i'

sono;

Del vario stile in ch' io piango e ragiono
Fra le vane speranze e 'l van dolore,
Ove sia chi per prova intenda amore,
Spero trovar pietà, non che perdono.
Ma ben vegg' or sì come al popol tutto
Favola fui gran tempo: onde sovente
Di me medesimo meco mi vergogno:
E del mio vaneggiar vergogna è 'l frutto
E 'l pentirsi e 'l conoscer chiaramente
Che quanto piace al mondo è breve sogno."

(*Le Rime di Francesco Petrarca*, Sonn. i. Part I.)

PERHAPS the attempt to compress so interesting a subject as the life and writings of Petrarch into a brief notice of a few pages may at first sight seem presumptuous; more especially when we consider that for the last five centuries there has been no lack of biographies of so remarkable a man. It would add another page to this essay merely to mention their names, and it would take many to enter into any details respecting them. Still, as the writer is more or less indebted for information to their labours, it is only right to mention, as briefly as possible, some of the most celebrated biographies of Petrarch. The Abbé de Sade divides them into five classes:—those who were his contemporaries and began to write before or immediately after his death. The first of these, and the earliest known, is Domenico Aretino. He was invited to

Padua, by Francesco da Carrara, at the time when Petrarch, having attained his seventieth year, was living there. Domenico, notwithstanding the direct encouragement which he received from the poet himself, has only left us a short sketch of his life. Coluccio Salutati and Pietro Paolo Vergerio also wrote their biographies at this time, but their enthusiasm for the great genius who had just ceased to exist led them to fill up their pages with vague and indiscriminate praise, neglecting to investigate closely his life and history. They contented themselves with merely copying Petrarch's own "Epistle to Posterity," which source of information has been the natural refuge of all his biographers in every century. It is a curious autobiographical sketch, related with ingenuous candour, dwelling more upon the motives which influenced his actions than upon the actions themselves, and describing with unaffected simplicity his abilities, his feelings, and even his personal appearance.

The fame of Petrarch was at its height at the time of his death. It declined in the fifteenth century. The accomplished Latin and Greek scholars which this age produced set themselves the task of commentating upon the works of Petrarch. They despised his Latin style, and thus the depreciation of his works in that language may have helped to involve the famous *Canzoniere* in a similar fate. "The fourteenth century,"

learn them, because he would have scorned to make a dishonest use of them, and an honest use it would have been very difficult to make, as his integrity would have been attributed to ignorance."¹ The death of Petrarch's father was succeeded in a few months by that of his mother. She died at the early age of thirty-eight, and the fact is curiously preserved from oblivion by the number of verses which Petrarch wrote in honour of her memory, corresponding exactly with the number of her years. And now Petrarch was to begin his life in Avignon.

"Beside the banks of that river perpetually swept by the winds of heaven I spent my childhood, under the yoke of parental authority, and all my youth subject to another yoke, that of my own passions,"² he tells us himself, and the description of the river is borne out by the old proverb: "*Avenio ventosa, sine vento venenosa, cum vento fastidiosa.*" The lofty walls of this curious city, which, built by Clement VI., the fourth Avignonese Pope, frown over the left bank of the Rhone; the early Romanesque architecture of its small but very peculiar church; and the tombs of its various Popes, still attract the traveller who loves to have the past recalled to him, and to linger over the outward expression of its history. It is a strange fact that Petrarch was never able to tear himself for any length of time from a place which is nevertheless the object of his detestation.

"As for me, the abhorrence that I feel for this city is so great that nothing can increase it." (*Lib. xx. Lett. 14.*)

"O my friends, who dwell in the most wicked of all cities." (*Ib. Lett. 9.*)

"The Rhone swallows up all the honours which should belong to the Tiber; and alas! what monsters are to be seen upon her banks!" (*Lib. i. Lett. 36.*)

"I came on purpose to this most hateful of cities." (*Ib. Lett. 13.*)

"How sorely against the grain am I compelled to remain beside the banks of the impetuous Rhone, and to sojourn in this most ungrateful city." (*Lib. xiv. Lett. 7.*)

"It (Valchiusa) is too near to this Western Babylon, the worst of all the habitations of men, and but little better than the infernal regions from whence, with fear and loathing, I naturally seek to escape." (*Lib. xi. Lett. 6.*)

Besides these passages from his letters, there are three famous sonnets¹ against the Court of Rome established at Avignon, and the first of these is directed against the city itself:—

"May fire from heaven fall upon thy head,
O wicked Court! Thy former frugal fare
Is now exchanged for luxury and pride,
The spoils of others whom thou hast oppressed
With evil deeds which are thy sole delight.
O nest of treachery! in which is nursed
Whatever wickedness o'erspreads the world,"
 &c. &c.

Various attempts have been made to explain the abhorrence thus so strongly expressed. One is that Avignon was connected, in Petrarch's mind, with the death of Laura. It is observed that the maledictions against the city date only from 1348, the year in which Laura died of the plague at Avignon. But this would seem to be hardly sufficient ground for so specific and continued a condemnation; and probably a strong sense of the vices which corrupted the Papal Court then established at Avignon, to say the least, contributed largely to inspire the loathing which his language has so fiercely expressed.

Petrarch and his brother Gherardo, the only two children of Petraccolo and his wife, found themselves at the death of their parents in very narrow circumstances. The executors of the will had betrayed their trust and seized most of the property, and when the two brothers had collected what little remained to them of their inheritance, they found it absolutely necessary to embrace some profession as a means of livelihood. Imagining that at Avignon, the seat of Papal power and patronage, a means of subsistence would be most easily ob-

¹ Sonnets xiv., xv., xvi., Part IV. As there are scarcely two editions of Petrarch which are numbered alike, it is necessary to state that the references to the *Canzoniere* quoted in this paper are taken from the edition published by Barbèra at Florence, 1863.

¹ Epist. ad Post.

² Ibid.

tained, he and his brother submitted to the tonsure. They did not take holy orders, and in those days of laxity nothing further than the tonsure was required in order to obtain the highest ecclesiastical preferment. But Petrarch had no desire for riches. "Such is the nature of riches," he says, "that as they increase the thirst for them increases also, and consequently the more room is there for poverty."¹

John XXII. had succeeded Clement V. in the Papal chair. The corruption of his court was imitated by the town; but in the midst of the general depravity which surrounded him, Petrarch remained uncontaminated. He was strikingly handsome when, at the age of twenty-two, he began life at Avignon: according to some biographers, he was vain of his personal appearance, but this failing lasted only a little while, and he was never tempted by frivolities to neglect his mental improvement.

Being now free to choose his own employment, he returned to his favourite study of the classics, which he pursued in peaceful content, his only anxiety caused by the extent of the vast field of knowledge which lay open before him, and which seemed to stretch to an immeasurable distance the further he advanced into it. He was universally courted by the rich and sought after by the learned, and it was at this time that he renewed the intimacy which he had formed at Bologna with Giacomo Colonna, one of that noble and ancient family whose well-known rivalries with the family of the Ursini make an essential part of the history of modern Rome. The first of the Colonna family in fame and spirit was Stefano, the father of Giacomo, whom Petrarch esteemed as a hero worthy of ancient Rome. In his distress, when his estates were confiscated and himself and his family banished, he was not an object of pity but of reverence. It is said that on being asked, "Where is now your fortress?" he laid his hand on his heart and said, "Here." Doubtless this answer was present to Petrarch's mind

¹ Epist. ad Post.

when he addressed to him the sonnet "*Gloriosa Colonna, in cui s' appoggia nostra speranza*,"¹ and others.

This year (1327) may be looked upon as the close of the first period of Petrarch's life. A new era was about to open upon him. The independence and pleasures of youth were now before him, with apparent liberty to choose whatever career he preferred; but in the next year the whole aspect of his existence was changed by an accident which impressed a peculiar stamp upon his life, and without which, perhaps, he would never have obtained the fame of a great poet, whatever other celebrity he might have achieved as an orator, a philosopher, or a patriot.

Inside the cover of Petrarch's own copy of Virgil, which is now to be seen in the Ambrosian Library at Milan, we read the inscription to which so much importance has been attached by all his historians. The original is in Latin.

"Laura, illustrious for her own virtues, and long celebrated by my verses, first appeared to my eyes at the time of my early youth, in the year of our Lord 1327, in the morning of the 6th day of April, in the church of Santa Chiara at Avignon. And in the same city, the same month, the same sixth day of April, the same first hour of dawn, but in the year 1348, from this light of day that light was taken away, when I, alas! was in Verona, ignorant of my fate. But the unhappy rumour reached me at Parma the same year, in the month of May, on the morning of the tenth. Her most chaste and fair body was laid in the burying-place of the church of the Cordeliers at vespers on the day of her death; but her soul, I am persuaded, as Seneca said of Scipio Africanus, returned to heaven whence it came."

Some may think this simple and touching inscription a more remarkable tribute to Laura than all the sonnets which have immortalized her name. At all events it strikes the very key-note of Petrarch's future life. It reveals the source of that stream of beautiful ideas

¹ Sonnets ii. xi. Part IV.

which, though still the same, flows on in ever-varying metaphors. All readers of Italian poetry have some acquaintance with his Sonnets and Elegies, with what his countrymen have called the "Canzoniere," and the names of Petrarch and Laura have become inseparable in life and death. No one can visit that Valchiusa which he immortalized without recalling the long period of years which Petrarch suffered to be filled by one absorbing thought, one hopeless passion. The question always arises as to whether his life was wasted; but, on the contrary, to us it seems as if the very fact of this all-absorbing interest made the life of Petrarch an exception to the general rule applicable to the lives of learned men. Whereas the romantic and poetical sides of Petrarch's character are so intertwined that it is difficult, almost impossible, to examine them separately, let us begin by considering the lady who inspired so fervent an attachment that it has become a matter of history.

Who was Laura?

There appear to have been three theories respecting her.

1. That she was not a person at all, but an allegorical representation of Fame, her name Laura signifying "the laurel wreath." But this is at once demolished by Petrarch's own letter to Giacomo Colonna.¹

This theory is to be traced to the pedants of the sixteenth century, who with heavy prolixity poured forth their admiration by commentaries upon every word of every sonnet. They sought to extract a hidden meaning from the simplest language, to spiritualize his meaning, as they supposed; and the paradox of denying the reality of Laura's existence was one result of these refinements.

2. That she was the daughter of Henri Chiabau d'Ancezume, Seigneur de Cabrières, a little village about three miles from Vaucluse (Valchiusa). It was the custom of the inhabitants of Cabrières to make a pilgrimage every Good Friday to visit the relics of St.

Véran, which are kept in the church of St. Véran at Vaucluse. Laura, according to this custom, went there also, for the same purpose. Petrarch saw her in the church, was struck by her beauty, and from that day never ceased to love her. This theory, first started by Velutello, has no foundation except some misunderstood verses of Petrarch, and it is contradicted by other much clearer passages. It was, however, believed for some time in Italy; and although it has been entirely overthrown, there are some people who still give it credit: witness the pamphlet published in 1869 by Louis de Bondelon, called "Vaucluse et ses Souvenirs," which is thrust into the hands of travellers who visit Avignon and Vaucluse. It contains merely Velutello's theory slightly amplified, with the addition of a good deal of French vehemence. But the best refutation is to point out the grounds for belief on which the third theory is founded.

3. That she was Laure de Noves, the daughter of Audibert and Ermesende de Noves. The House of Noves, which is of great antiquity, takes its name from the village of Noves, situated about a mile from Avignon. At the age of eighteen she married Hugues de Sade, on January 16th, 1325. Two years afterwards, on April 6th, 1327, at the first hour, that is to say towards six in the morning (for it was then the custom to count the hours from the dawn), Petrarch saw her in the church of Santa Chiara at Avignon, whither he had gone to pay his morning's devotions. She was dressed in green, and her gown was besprinkled with violets:—

"Negli occhi ho pur le violette, e l' verde,
Di ch' era nel principio di mia guerra
Amor armato sì, ch' ancor mi sforza."¹

Her countenance and her aspect surpassed all human beauty:—

"Pensando nel bel viso più che umano."
(Canz. xii. Part I.)

Her manner and carriage had a proud grace:—

"Il leggiadro portamento altero."
(Sonn. i. Part II.)

¹ Lett. Fam. ii. 9.

¹ Canz. xii. Part I. See also Canz. ii.

Her eyes were tender and brilliant :—

“Gli occhi sereni, e le stellanti ciglia.”
(Sonn. cxlviii. Part I.)

Her eyebrows were as black as ebony :—

“Ebene i cigli.”—(Sonn. cvi. *ib.*)

Her golden hair floated on her shoulders :—

“E il primo dì ch' i' vidi a l'aura sparsi
I capei d' oro onde ai subit arai.”

Her hands were whiter than snow or ivory :—

“Man ch' avorio, e neve avanza.”
(Sonn. cxxix. *ib.*)

The sound of her voice was soft and sweet :—

“Chiara, soave, angelica, divina.”—
(Sonn. cxv. *ib.*)

And she was full of grace :—

“Atto gentile,” &c.—(Sonn. clxxv.)

Such is only the outline of the portrait of Laura as delineated by Petrarch : many finishing touches of exquisite grace and delicacy are still to be found in his poetry. That this was the lady who appeared in the church at Avignon, and that that lady was Petrarch's Laura, would seem to be unquestionably proved by the manuscript inscription in the Virgil, whose authenticity has been further established by a discovery made in 1795 by the Milanese librarian, of a continuation of the inscription on the cover of the book itself. This continuation contains records, added from time to time in the same handwriting, of the deaths of Petrarch's friends as they occurred. When this note was first discovered in the Virgil, Vellutello, perceiving how entirely it overthrew his theory, took refuge in saying that it was a forgery; but the later discovery of 1795 puts a stop to any imputation of this kind, and the fact is now established by the unanimous consent of the Italian *calligrafi*, by the authority of De Sade, of Tiraboschi, and above all of Bandelli, whose work, “*Del Petrarca e delle sue opere*,” was published at Florence in 1837. One other curious circumstance helps to maintain the truth of this theory respecting Laura. In 1533, according

to the Abbé de Sade,¹ Girolamo Manelli, of Florence, Maurice de Sève, and Mgr. Bontemps, Archbishop of Avignon, undertook to make investigations concerning Laura's family. In their search among all the ancient sepulchres at Avignon, they finally came to the church of the Cordeliers, where Petrarch says in his note Laura is buried. They found in the chapel of the house of Sade, which is in that church, among the tombs, a great stone, bearing no inscription, but two escutcheons obliterated by time, and a rose above the escutcheons. The stone being raised by order of the Archbishop, they discovered a coffin, inside which were a few small bones and a leaden box fastened down with a band of iron. The box contained a parchment folded and sealed with green wax, and a bronze medal, bearing on one side the figure of a woman with the initial letters, “M. L. M. J.,” and nothing on the reverse. Maurice de Sève suggested the meaning of the initials to be “*Madonna Laura morta jace*” (the old form of Italian spelling having been used). A sonnet was written on the parchment, which was deciphered with some difficulty. It is supposed to have been written by Petrarch, and begins thus :—

“Qui riposan quei caste e felice ossa.”²

The news of this discovery having reached the ears of Francis I., King of France, he stopped at Avignon on his way to Marseilles, caused the tombstone to be again raised, and re-opened the box to read Petrarch's verses. He then, himself, wrote Laura's epitaph, which was placed inside the box with the sonnet. If her fame had not already been firmly established, it would have been secured by these graceful lines of the chivalrous king :—

“En petit lieu compris vous pouvez voir
Ce qui comprend beaucoup par renommée,
Plume, labeur, la langue et le savoir
Furent vaincus par l'aymant de l'aymée.

¹ Vol. I. Note iv. p. 13.

² Vol. II. Note xi. “*Pièces Justificatives*,” p. 41.

"O gentil Ame estant tant estimée,
 Qui te pourra louer qu'en se taisant ?
 Car la parole est toujours reprimée,
 Quand le sujet surmonte le disant."¹

It is right to say that some Italian writers refuse to acknowledge that the sonnet was written by Petrarch, on account of its inferiority to his other poetry; while others give full credit to the whole story. The arguments on both sides are too long to be cited here, but those who wish to find out minute particulars of the event, with contemporary evidence to support them, have only to look in the places already referred to in the Abbé de Sade's *Memoirs*. Assuming, then, that Laura's identity with Madame Laura de Sade is proved, it only remains to say a few words upon the character of Petrarch's passion for her.

At the epoch known to artists as the "Renaissance," after centuries of barbarism, despite the corruption and ferocity which still vitiated the manners of the age, there remained an exaggerated sentiment as to the passion of love. The empire acquired by women in the North, by contrast to the slavery of those of the East and South, had become exalted by chivalry into a kind of religion. The Troubadours were one consequence of chivalry, and the poet was as anxious to consecrate his verses to his mistress as the knight to lay at her feet the enterprises of his valour. Hence the "Corti d' Amore;" and to these courts, which were held in Provence in the time of Petrarch, we owe the invention of his particular species of mystic lyrical poetry.

The manners and customs of the age gave a further stimulus to his already ardent passion, and to write of Laura became, with him, a kind of romance. He differs, however, from the early Troubadours of Italy, the character of whose poetry was often vague and undecided, in the precision of his language: every verse with him is a portrait, of Laura herself, of the places where she moved, of the little incidents of their intercourse. His romance is made up of the simplest

events of her life: a smile, a look, an encounter, a passing cloud, a lost glove even, makes an object for his poetry, and enables him to present us with a series of exquisitely finished pictures. The air, the summer breeze, the water, the trees, the flowers, and the green sward, are, if the expression may be allowed, inspired with life, and personified by Petrarch in order that the most beautiful productions of nature may do honour to the object of his poetry and of his love.

Those who wish to be convinced of the high and noble character of his affection for Laura ought to consult Petrarch himself.

He says, in his "Dialoghi con S. Agostino:"—"Se fosse dato di mirare il mio affetto come si mira il viso di Laura, si vedrebbe che quello è puro, è immacolato al par di questo. Dirò di più; debbo a Laura tutto ciò che sono; salito non sarei in qualche fama, se ella non avesse fatto germogliare con nobilissimi affetti quei semi di virtù che la natura avea sparsi nel mio cuore, ella ritrasse il giovanile mio amore da ogni turpitudine e mi diede ali da volar sopra il cielo e di contemplare l'alta Cagione prima; giacchè è un effetto dell'amore il trasformare gli amanti e renderli simili all'oggetto amato."

The love of Petrarch was the glory, if it was also the torment of his existence; and although it may be scarcely credible that such an utterly hopeless love should have absorbed him nearly fifty years, the nature and constancy of it are painted with a charm, a loftiness of tone, and in such brilliant colours, that raise far above all vulgar and ordinary conceptions this the concentrated passion of his life. His Italian poetry was the result of these highly wrought feelings; and we must not forget that, in the estimation of Petrarch, it held a secondary place, and that he was even surprised at the success which it obtained during his lifetime. He trusted his reputation to his Latin works, and expected to win from those almost forgotten imitations of a dead language the immortality justly due to his poems in his native

¹ Sade, "Mémoires," vol. II. Note xii. p. 42.

tongue. Posterity has passed a wiser judgment, and all who can thoroughly understand the Italian language will be of opinion that the "Rime del Petrarca" entitle their author to be considered as the prince of lyrical poetry.

In order to read the "Canzoniere" with proper attention and interest, the mind of the reader should accompany step by step the mind of the poet, with reference to the time, place, and circumstance which give occasion for his poetry. It is a complete history of his life where it touches by the very smallest incident the life of Laura. According to most of the Italian commentators, the "Canzoniere" may be divided into four parts.

In the first part are placed the "Rime in Vita di Madonna Laura."

In the second, those "In Morte di Madonna Laura."

In the third, "I Trionfi."

In the fourth, the Sonnets and compositions upon various subjects. The Sonnets in the first part contain some of the most famous "capi d' opera," but the Canzoni are considered the jewels of the collection; and the severest of Petrarch's critics (Tassoni) is forced to own that "there is not one of Petrarch's verses which would not establish his reputation as a poet, but the 'Canzoni' are, in my judgment, his best claim to honour and renown." There are twenty-one in the first part: of these, Nos. viii., ix., x., xiv., and xv. are supposed to be the most celebrated. The first three of these are called by the Italians the "Three Graces," and they affirm that there is no piece of Italian poetry so pure, so polished, and so well sustained. They make altogether one poem, in three strophes of fifteen verses. The grace and delicacy of Canzone xi., "Chiare, fresche, e dolci acque," is so well known that it is only necessary to mention it by name. Voltaire translated it into French, because he said "ces monuments de l'esprit humain délassent de la longue attention aux malheurs qui ont troublé la terra." Canzone xii., apart from its own merits, contains the description of the green and violet dress in which Petrarch saw Laura for the first time.

The Sonnets in the first part are 207 in number, far too numerous to attempt to describe in so small a space. The two which relate to Laura's picture¹ are addressed to the Siennese artist Simone Memmi, with whose painting Petrarch was so enraptured that he exclaims—

"Sure Memmi mine in Paradise hath been,
Whence came but late the lady of all
grace,
Whom on his canvas he hath sought to
trace
That we on earth might know fair Beauty's
queen."²

The Ballati, Madrigali, and Sestini, the other varying forms in which Petrarch clothes his poetical ideas, are interspersed throughout the first part, but they are seldom employed in the second, as not grave enough for so melancholy a subject.

If, as it is often said, all true poetry is tinged with melancholy, the reason for the second part of the Canzoniere being preferred to the first is easily explained. We can more readily sympathise with Petrarch now Laura is dead. The exalted and romantic nature of his previous sorrow was hard to understand, difficult to compassionate; but there are few who do not know what it is to mourn a dead friend. Our tenderest sympathies and best feelings are enlisted as we follow Petrarch through his years of mourning.

"To my belief,"

(he makes Laura say to him, when she appears to him in a vision,)

"Long time on earth without me thou must live."³

And twenty-six years of constant love after her death did Petrarch add to the twenty-one years which he had already devoted to her during her lifetime. The Canzoni of this part, eight in number, are all very beautiful, and would fully

¹ Sonn. xlix. l., Part I.

² Sonn. xlix., Part I. "Ma certo il mio Simon fu in Paradiso." Prints of this picture are still to be procured in the Libreria Laurenziana at Florence.

³ "Trionfo della Morte," cap. ii. "Al creder mio, tu stara' in terra senza me gran tempo."

repay a careful study of them, especially the first, "Che debb' io far?" Who has not felt the force of the original lines—

"Ah me! that lovely face, prey to the worm!
Which made earth heaven,
Pledge of immortal hue.
Unseen in Paradise now is her form;
The veil is riven
Which o'er her youthful prime its shadow
threw,
Yet to be worn anew,
Radiant and glorified,
And never laid aside,
But everlasting, and mortals descry
That with Eternity Time cannot vie."¹

And the same deep pathos is to be found in those two sonnets² in which he bids farewell to Laura's earthly beauty. The idea also runs through the third canzone of this part, disguised under various allegorical forms; and, apart from its own merits, this canzone is still further interesting from having been translated by Spenser, in 1591, under the title of "The Visions of Petrarch."

The political Canzoni and Sonnets have purposely been passed by in order to speak of them in another place; it only remains, therefore, to mention the Trionfi. These were visions, a kind of poetry in vogue at that time; indeed, the whole of the "Divina Commedia" was framed upon this schema. The Trionfi of Petrarch are six in number:—

1. Il Trionfo d' Amore.
2. " della Castità.
3. " della Morte.
4. " della Fama.
5. " del Tempo.
5. " della Divinità.

In them the poet describes the various phases of existence through which a man must pass. In his first state of youth he is beset by the desires of the senses, which may all be comprised in the one term of self-love. But as his reason becomes gradually matured, he perceives the unfitness of such a condition of life; he struggles against his desires, and overcomes them by the

help of self-denial. In the midst of all these struggles, death comes upon him, and makes the victor and the vanquished equal, removing both from this world. Yet the power of death is not sufficient to destroy the memory of him who, by his noble and valorous deeds, has purchased for himself an undying name. He lives once more by that fame—

"Which from the grave recalls the dead, bidding them live again."¹

Only Time,

"Who with destroying venom blasts great names,"²

gradually obliterates all remembrance of man's works, however great or good, thereby teaching him not to hope for any other undying existence than that blessed eternity which is in the presence of God, and whose pleasures are at His right hand for evermore. Thus man at first falls a victim to self-love, but self-denial will conquer self-love. Death will triumph over both, Fame will rescue his memory from death, but in its turn must succumb to Time, while Time is finally lost in Eternity. Of all the Trionfi, the third, "Della Morte," is by far the most poetical and the most full of interest. In it the story of Petrarch's love is retraced and explained; and at last, after the tempests by which his mind was agitated, and the years of patient waiting, he seems to have found a haven of peace and rest. Who would grudge him the consolation which he finally weaves for himself out of his own vivid imagination? It is so full of power, so convincing in its touching simplicity, that we feel to draw a long breath of relief as we read it, while we rejoice in thinking that comfort did come to him in the end. It has always been a favourite resource of the

¹ Trionfo della Fama:—

"Che trae l' uom del sepolcro, e 'n vita il serba."

² Trionfo del Tempo:—

"E 'l gran tempo a' gran nomi è gran veneno."

¹ Canz. i., Part II. "Oimè, terra è fatto il suo bel viso."

² Sonn. i. and xxiv., Part II.

Italian poets to call back the lost mistress from the grave. Thus, in the "Divina Commedia," Beatrice is constantly placed before our eyes, acting and speaking as if in life. Witness Tasso, when he summons back Clorinda after death to console her faithful Tancredi; witness the very instance we have before us in Petrarch and Laura. The idea which runs through the second chapter of the "Trionfo della Morte" is especially beautiful, and seems exactly to touch the right chord, when the heart is aching, in times of deep sorrow. Not only does Petrarch insist in the most moving language upon the continuity of the existence of his lost Laura in a blessed state of happiness, but he also dwells upon her unchanged interest in the faithful friend who is left behind to mourn her death. The following translation can only render in a very feeble manner the beauty and force of the Italian, but it is inserted in the hope that it may lead to the study of the original.¹

"It was the night which closed that day of woe,

In which the sunlight of my life was hid,
And taken back to heaven, whence it came
To guide my erring steps. So I remain
As one deprived of sight, groping my way.
The air was filled, at that first hour of dawn,
With summer's softest breeze, whose gentle balm

Is wont, from off the shapeless dreams of night,

To lift the veil. And there came toward me
Advancing, as it were, from out a group
Of blest, rejoicing souls, a Lady fair
And lovely as the year in this his prime,
With all the fairest Eastern jewels crowned.

"She placed in mine that hand, which I so long

With fondest wish had coveted; and thus
Created in my heart a fount of joy.

Then sighing as she spoke, she thus began:
'Dost thou discern in me thy friend, thy guide

Who turned thy footsteps from the common way

While yet with gentle sway I ruled thy heart?'

And thoughtfully in grave and lowly guise
She made me sit beside her on a bank
O'ershadowed by a laurel and a beech.

'How should I not discern my angel pure?'
As one cast down with sorrow, I replied.
'In pity of my grief I pray thee say
If yet thou art indeed alive, or dead?'

" 'I am alive, and thou as yet art dead,
And such thou wilt remain,' she answering said,

'Until at length the solemn hour is struck
In which thou too shalt pass from off this earth.

Brief is our space of time, alas! not suited
To the extent and length of our discourse;
Therefore, be wise, restrain thy speech, and cease

Ere the day dawn which is so close at hand.'

" 'We reach at length the end of this estate
Which we call life,' I trembling said; 'and then,

I do beseech thee tell me, since by proof
Thou knowest it, is there in very truth
Such fearful sharpness in the pangs of death?'

" 'While yet thou followest the vulgar herd,'
She then replied, 'seeking with all thy might

Its partial favour ever blind and hard,
In vain thou mayest hope for joy or peace.

Death only opens wide the prison gate
To faithful souls, setting them free. To those

Whose hopes and wishes grovel in this clay
Nor rise above it, it is bitter pain.
And now my death which doth thy soul so grieve

Would fill thee with all gladness, couldst thou know

E'en but the thousandth part of my great joy."

It seems as if there could scarcely be a better conclusion to the examination of Petrarch's poetical works, all filled with the name of Laura and dedicated to her honour, than the words of consolation which he puts in her mouth after her death.

Such, then, is the story of the romantic side of Petrarch's life, however imperfectly sketched; but whatever is wanting in the details should be sought for where it will best be found, in the Canzoniere themselves.

Before, however, bidding a final adieu to Laura, some few points of comparison suggest themselves between the character of Petrarch's passion for her and that of Dante for Beatrice. The great poem in honour of the Florentine lady still retained the attraction of novelty when her French rival appeared, to claim in her turn the homage of another mar-

¹ Trionfo della Morte, cap. ii.

vellous Italian genius, only second to the great Alighieri. Both Dante and Petrarch were inspired with the same fervent wish to immortalize the object of their devoted love, and, in so doing, both obtained for themselves also an immortal name:—

“Both in our wonder and astonishment
Have built themselves a livelong monument.”

But Dante laid a broader foundation to support his homage to Beatrice, and on it he gradually piled all the science then known, transforming her from a frail being of mortal clay into a personification of the highest truths. Thus he placed her on a pedestal from which no womanly weakness could ever take her down. Laura, on the other hand, is only a woman—most beautiful, if one may credit Petrarch, and most perfect; but she is nothing more. Even when, in the passage just quoted, she appears to him, she is still no more than the lady of his passionate love, exercising the same good influence after death which she had maintained over him in life. Perhaps the difference between the lives of the two poets may account for their different modes of celebrating their heroines. There is, it must be admitted, some resemblance between the “*Vita Nuova*” (that early minor work of Dante’s) and the Sonnets of Petrarch, the verses of either poet being often inspired by the trivial incidents of daily life. But Beatrice died in early youth; with her expired, in two senses, the “*Vita Nuova*” of Dante; and the great work of his riper years, written when the faculties of his mind were fully developed, is purely visionary, unsustained by any external aid. Again, what a contrast does the life of Dante present to that of Petrarch. Both, it is true, were exiles, but Petrarch was born in exile, and was, moreover, pressed to return with honour to his

country. Dante, in the full pride and vigour of manhood, was driven from his native city by his ungrateful countrymen, and never suffered to return under pain of being burnt alive. His whole life was embittered by this treatment: it was also often a hard struggle for him even to exist. He knew well, and his proud nature shrank from it,

“How salt the savour is of others’ bread;
How hard the passage to descend and climb
By others’ stairs.”¹

The exile of Petrarch, on the contrary, had every alleviation in the shape of a number of devoted friends and the esteem of most of the European princes, who courted him and desired his favour. We may trace these different circumstances of life in the language, as well as in the ideas of their poetry. Discarding the old trammels of the Latin tongue, Dante had the courage to strike out a new path, and create a language which is, perhaps, the most beautiful and certainly the most melodious of all modern languages. Petrarch completed what Dante had begun. He would not have had force or vigour sufficient to commence such an undertaking, and many of the most hardy and expressive words and figures of speech would never have existed had it not been for the great genius who gave them his name.

But Petrarch was often superior to Dante in taste, though inferior in depth of thought and creative power. The school of poetry which he formed has left an indelible stamp upon the taste of his country; and while much of the enchanting grace and delicacy of the Italian language is due to him, he also gave it a stability which has caused it to remain almost unchanged for the last five centuries.

CATHERINE MARY PHILLIMORE.

¹ Cary’s translation.

To be continued.

A PRINCESS OF 'THULE.

BY WILLIAM BLACK, AUTHOR OF "THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON," ETC.

CHAPTER XVI.

EXCHANGES.

JUST as Frank Lavender went downstairs to meet Ingram, a letter which had been forwarded from London was brought to Sheila. It bore the Lewis postmark, and she guessed it was from Duncan, for she had told Mairi to ask the tall keeper to write, and she knew he would hasten to obey her request at any sacrifice of comfort to himself. Sheila sat down to read the letter in a happy frame of mind. She had every confidence that all her troubles were about to be removed now that her good friend Ingram had come to her husband; and here was a message to her from her home, that seemed, even before she read it, to beg of her to come thither, light-hearted and joyous. This was what she read:—

"BORVABOST, THE ISLAND OF LEWS,
"the third Aug., 18—.

"HONOURED MRS. LAVENDER,—It waz Mairi waz sayin that you will want me to write to you, bit I am not good at the writen whatever, and it waz 2 years since I waz writen to Amerika, to John Ferkason that kept the tea-shop in Stornoway, and was trooned in coming home the verra last year before this. It waz Mairi will say you will like a letter as well as any one that waz goin to Amerika, for the news and the things, and you will be as far away from us as if you waz living in Amerika or Glaska. But there is not much news, for the lads they hev all pulled up the boats, and they are away to Wick, and Sandy McDougal that waz living by Loch Langavat he will be going too, for he waz up at the sheilings when Mrs. Paterson's lasses waz there

with the cows, and it waz Jeanie the youngest and him made it up, and he haz twenty-five pounds in the bank, which is a good thing too mirover for the young couple. It waz many a one waz sayin when the cows and the sheep waz come home from the sheilings that never afore waz Miss Sheila away from Loch Roag when the cattle would be swimmin across the loch to the island; and I will say to many of them verra well you will wait and you will see Miss Sheila back again in the Lews and it wazna allwas you would lif away from your own home where you waz born and the people will know you from the one year to the next. John McNicol of Habost he will be verra bad three months or two months ago, and we waz thinkin he will die, and him with a wife and five bairns too, and four cows and a cart, but the doctor took a great dale of blood from him, and he is now verra well whatever, though wakely on the legs. It would hev been a bad thing if Mr. McNicol waz dead, for he will be verra good at pentin a door, and he haz between fifteen pounds and ten pounds in the bank at Stornoway, and four cows too and a cart, and he is a ferra religious man, and has great skill o the psalm-tunes, and he toesna get trunk now more as twice or as three times in the two weeks. It was his dochter Betsy, a verra fine lass, that waz come to Borvabost, and it waz the talk among many that Alistar-nan-Each he waz thinkin of makin up to her, but there will be a great laugh all over the island, and she will be verra angry and say she will not have him no if his house had a door of silfer to it for she will hev no one that toesna go to the Caithness fishins wi the other lads. It waz blew verra hard

here the last night or two or three. There iss a great deal of salmon in the rivers ; and Mr. Mackenzie he will be going across to Grimersta, the day after to-morrow, or the next day before that, and the English gentlemen hev been there more as two or three weeks, and they will be getting verra good sport whatever. Mairi she will be written a letter to you to-morrow, Miss Sheila, and she will be telling you all the news of the house. Mairi waz sayin she will be goin to London when the harvest was got in, and Scarlett will say to her that no one will let her land on the island again if she toosna bring you back with her to the island and to your own house. If it waz not too much trouble, Miss Sheila, it would be a proud day for Scarlett if you waz send me a line or two lines to say if you will be coming to the Lews this summer or before the winter is over whatever. I remain, Honoured Mrs. Lavender, your obedient servant,

"DUNCAN MACDONALD."

"This summer or winter," said Sheila to herself, with a happy light on her face ; "why not now ?" Why should she not go downstairs to the coffee-room of the hotel, and place this invitation in the hands of her husband and his friend ? Would not its garrulous simplicity recall to both of them the island they used to find so pleasant ? Would not they suddenly resolve to leave behind them London and its ways and people, even this monotonous sea out there, and speed away northward till they came in sight of the great and rolling Minch, with its majestic breadth of sky and its pale blue islands lying far away at the horizon ? Then the happy landing at Stornoway—her father, and Duncan, and Mairi all on the quay—the rapid drive over to Loch Roag, and the first glimpse of the rocky bays, and clear water, and white sand about Borva and Borvabost ! And Sheila would once more—having cast aside this cumbrous attire that she had to change so often, and having got out that neat and simple costume that was so good

for walking, or driving, or sailing—be proud to wait upon her guests, and help Mairi in her household ways, and have a pretty table ready for the gentlemen when they returned from the shooting.

Her husband came up the hotel stairs and entered the room. She rose to meet him, with the open letter in her hand.

"Sheila," he said (and the light slowly died away from her face), "I have something to ask of you."

She knew by the sound of his voice that she had nothing to hope : it was not the first time she had been disappointed, and yet this time it seemed especially bitter somehow. The awakening from these illusions was sudden.

She did not answer, so he said, in the same measured voice—

"I have to ask that you will have henceforth no communication with Mr. Ingram ; I do not wish him to come to the house."

She stood for a moment, apparently not understanding the meaning of what he said. Then, when the full force of this decision and request came upon her, a quick colour sprang to her face—the cause of which, if it had been revealed to him in words, would have considerably astonished her husband. But that moment of doubt, of surprise, and of inward indignation, was soon over. She cast down her eyes, and said meekly—

"Very well, dear."

It was now his turn to be astonished, and mortified as well. He could not have believed it possible that she should so calmly acquiesce in the dismissal of one of her dearest friends. He had expected a more or less angry protest, if not a distinct refusal, which would have given him an opportunity for displaying the injuries he conceived himself to have suffered at their hands. Why had she not come to himself ? This man Ingram was presuming on his ancient friendship, and on the part he had taken in forwarding the marriage up in Borva. He had always, moreover, been somewhat too much of the schoolmaster

—with his severe judgments, his sententious fashion of criticising and warning people, and his readiness to prove the whole world wrong in order to show himself to be right. All these and many other things Lavender meant to say to Sheila, so soon as she had protested against his forbidding Ingram to come any more to the house. But there was no protest. Sheila did not even seem surprised. She went back to her seat by the window, folded up Duncan's letter, and put it in her pocket; and then she turned to look at the sea.

Lavender regarded her for a moment, apparently doubting whether he should himself prosecute the subject; then he turned and left the room.

Sheila did not cry or otherwise seek to compassionate and console herself. Her husband had told her to do a certain thing; and she would do it. Perhaps she had been imprudent in having confided in Mr. Ingram; and, if so, it was right that she should be punished. But the regret and pain that lay deep in her heart was that Ingram should have suffered through her, and that she had no opportunity of telling him that, though they might not see each other, she would never forget her friendship for him, or cease to be grateful to him for his unceasing and generous kindness to her.

Next morning Lavender was summoned to London by a telegram which announced that his aunt was seriously ill. He and Sheila got ready at once, left by a forenoon train, had some brief luncheon at home, and then went down to see the old lady in Kensington Gore. During their journey, Lavender had been rather more courteous and kindly towards Sheila than was his wont. Was he pleased that she had so readily obeyed him in this matter of giving up about the only friend she had in London? Or was he moved by some visitation of compunction? Sheila tried to show that she was grateful for his kindness; but there was that between them which could not be removed by chance phrases or attentions.

Mrs. Lavender was in her own room. Paterson brought word that she wanted to see Sheila first and alone; so Lavender sat down in the gloomy drawing-room, by the window, and watched the people riding and driving past, and the sunshine on the dusty green trees in the Park.

"Is Frank Lavender below?" said the thin old woman, who was propped up in bed, with some scarlet garment around her that made her resemble more than ever the cockatoo of which Sheila had thought on first seeing her.

"Yes," said Sheila.

"I want to see you alone—I can't bear him dawdling about a room, and staring at things, and saying nothing. Does he speak to you?"

Sheila did not wish to enter into any controversy about the habits of her husband, so she said—

"I hope you will see him before he goes, Mrs. Lavender. He is very anxious to know how you are; and I am glad to find you looking so well. You do not look like an invalid at all."

"Oh, I'm not going to die yet," said the little dried old woman, with the harsh voice, the staring eyes, and the tightly-twisted grey hair. "I hope you didn't come to read the Bible to me—you wouldn't find one about in any case, I should think. If you like to sit down and read the sayings of the Emperor Marcus Antoninus, I should enjoy that; but I suppose you are too busy thinking what dress you'll wear at my funeral."

"Indeed I was thinking of no such thing," said Sheila, indignantly, but feeling all the same that the hard, glittering, expressionless eyes were watching her.

"Do you think I believe you?" said Mrs. Lavender. "Bah! I hope I am able to recognize the facts of life. If you were to die this afternoon, I should get a black silk trimmed with crape the moment I got on my feet again, and go to your funeral in the ordinary way. I hope you will pay me the same respect. Do you think I am afraid to speak of these things?"

"Why should you speak of them?" said Sheila, despairingly.

"Because it does you good to contemplate the worst that can befall you; and if it does not happen, you may rejoice. And it will happen. I know I shall be lying in this bed, with half-a-dozen of you round about trying to cry, and wondering which will have the courage to turn and go out of the room first. Then there will be the funeral day, and Paterson will be careful about the blinds, and go about the house on her tip-toes, as if I were likely to hear! Then there will be a pretty service up in the cemetery, and a man who never saw me will speak of his dear sister departed; and then you'll all go home and have your dinner. Am I afraid of it?"

"Why should you talk like that?" said Sheila, piteously. "You are not going to die. You distress yourself and others by thinking of these horrible things——"

"My dear child, there is nothing horrible in nature. Everything is part of the universal system which you should recognize and accept. If you had trained yourself now, by the study of philosophical works, to know how helpless you are to alter the facts of life, and how it is the best wisdom to be prepared for the worst, you would find nothing horrible in thinking of your own funeral. You are not looking well."

Sheila was startled by the suddenness of the announcement.

"Perhaps I am a little tired with the travelling we have done to-day."

"Is Frank Lavender kind to you?"

What was she to say, with those two eyes scanning her face?

"It is too soon to expect him to be anything else," she said, with an effort at a smile.

"Ah! So you are beginning to talk in that way? I thought you were full of sentimental notions of life when you came to London. It is not a good place for nurturing such things."

"It is not," said Sheila, surprised into a sigh.

"Come nearer. Don't be afraid I shall bite you. I am not so ferocious as I look."

Sheila rose and went closer to the bedside; and the old woman stretched out a lean and withered hand to her.

"If I thought that that silly fellow wasn't behaving well to you——"

"I will not listen to you," said Sheila, suddenly withdrawing her hand, while a quick colour leapt to her face; "I will not listen to you if you speak of my husband in that way."

"I will speak of him any way you like. Don't get into a rage. I have known Frank Lavender a good deal longer than you have. What I was going to say is this—that if I thought that he was not behaving well to you, I would play him a trick. I would leave my money, which is all he has got to live on, to you; and when I died, he would find himself dependent on you for every farthing he wanted to spend."

And the old woman laughed—with very little of the weakness of an invalid in the look of her face. But Sheila, when she had mastered her surprise, and resolved not to be angry, said calmly—

"Whatever I have, whatever I might have, that belongs to my husband, not to me."

"Now you speak like a sensible girl," said Mrs. Lavender. "That is the misfortune of a wife, that she cannot keep her own money to herself. But there are means by which the law may be defeated, my dear. I have been thinking it over; I have been speaking of it to Mr. Ingram; for I have suspected for some time that my nephew, Mr. Frank, was not behaving himself."

"Mrs. Lavender," said Sheila, with a face too proud and indignant for tears, "you do not understand me. No one has the right to imagine anything against my husband, and to seek to punish him through me. And when I said that everything I have belongs to him, I was not thinking of the law—no—but only this: that everything I have, or might have, would belong to him, as I myself belong to him, of my own free will and gift; and I would

have no money, or anything else, that was not entirely his."

"You are a fool."

"Perhaps," said Sheila, struggling to repress her tears.

"What if I were to leave every farthing of my property to a hospital? Where would Frank Lavender be then?"

"He could earn his own living without any such help," said Sheila, proudly: for she had never yet given up the hope that her husband would fulfil the fair promise of an earlier time, and win great renown for himself in striving to please her, as he had many a time vowed he would do.

"He has taken great care to conceal his powers in that way," said the old woman, with a sneer.

"And if he has, whose fault is it?" the girl said, warmly. "Who has kept him in idleness but yourself? And now you blame him for it. I wish he had never had any of your money—I wish he were never to have any more of it——"

And then Sheila stopped, with a terrible dread falling over her. What had she not said? The pride of her race had carried her so far, and she had given expression to all the tumult of her heart; but had she not betrayed her duty as a wife, and grievously compromised the interests of her husband? And yet the indignation in her bosom was too strong to admit of her retracting those fatal phrases, and begging forgiveness. She stood for a moment, irresolute; and she knew that the invalid was regarding her curiously, as though she were some wild animal, and not an ordinary resident in Bayswater.

"You are a little mad, but you are a good girl, and I want to be friends with you. You have in you the spirit of a dozen Frank Lavenders."

"You will never make friends with me by speaking ill of my husband," said Sheila, with the same proud and indignant look.

"Not when he ill-uses you?"

"He does not ill-use me. What has Mr. Ingram been saying to you?"

The sudden question would certainly

have brought about a disclosure, if any were to have been made; but Mrs. Lavender assured Sheila that Mr. Ingram had told her nothing, that she had been forming her own conclusions, and that she still doubted that they were right.

"Now sit down and read to me. You will find Marcus Antoninus on the top of those books."

"Frank is in the drawing-room," observed Sheila, mildly.

"He can wait," said the old woman, sharply.

"Yes, but you cannot expect me to keep him waiting," with a smile which did not conceal her very definite purpose.

"Then ring, and bid him come up. You will soon get rid of those absurd sentiments."

Sheila rang the bell, and sent Mrs. Paterson down for Lavender; but she did not betake herself to Marcus Antoninus. She waited a few minutes, and then her husband made his appearance, whereupon she sat down, and left to him the agreeable duty of talking with this toothless old heathen about funerals and lingering death.

"Well, Aunt Lavender, I am sorry to hear you have been ill, but I suppose you are getting all right again, to judge by your looks."

"I am not nearly as ill as you expected."

"I wonder you did not say 'hoped'!" remarked Lavender, carelessly. "You are always attributing the most charitable feelings to your fellow-creatures."

"Frank Lavender," said the old lady, who was a little pleased by this bit of flattery, "if you came here to make yourself impertinent and disagreeable, you can go downstairs again. Your wife and I get on very well without you."

"I am glad to hear it," he said; "I suppose you have been telling her what is the matter with you."

"I have not. I don't know. I have had a pain in the head, and two fits, and I dare say the next will carry me off. The doctors won't tell me anything about it, so I suppose it is serious——"

"Nonsense!" cried Lavender. "Serious! To look at you, one would say you never had been ill in your life."

"Don't tell stories, Frank Lavender. I know I look like a corpse; but I don't mind it, for I avoid the looking-glass, and keep the spectacle for my friends. I expect the next fit will kill me."

"I'll tell you what it is, Aunt Lavender; if you would only get up and come with us for a drive in the Park, you would find there was nothing of an invalid about you; and we should take you home to a quiet dinner at Notting Hill, and Sheila would sing to you all the evening, and to-morrow you would receive the doctors in state in your drawing-room, and tell them you were going for a month to Malvern."

"Your husband has a fine imagination, my dear," said Mrs. Lavender to Sheila. "It is a pity he puts it to no use. Now I shall let both of you go. Three breathing in this room are too many for the cubic feet of air it contains. Frank, bring over those scales and put them on the table; and send Paterson to me as you go out."

And so they went downstairs, and out of the house. Just as they stood on the steps, looking for a hansom, a young lad came forward, and shook hands with Lavender, glancing rather nervously at Sheila.

"Well, Mosenberg," said Lavender, "you've come back from Leipsic at last. We got your card when we came home this morning from Brighton. Let me introduce you to my wife."

The boy looked at the beautiful face before him with something of distant wonder and reverence in his regard. Sheila had heard of the lad before—of the Mendelssohn that was to be—and liked his appearance at first sight. He was a rather handsome boy of fourteen or fifteen, of the fair Jew type, with large, dark, expressive eyes, and long, wavy, light-brown hair. He spoke English fluently and well; his slight German accent was, indeed, scarcely so distinct as Sheila's Highland one; the chief peculiarity of his speaking being a

preference for short sentences, as if he were afraid to venture upon elaborate English. He had not addressed a dozen sentences to Sheila before she had begun to have a liking for the lad; perhaps on account of his soft and musical voice; perhaps on account of the respectful and almost wondering admiration that dwelt in his eyes. He spoke to her as if she were some saint, who had but to smile to charm and bewilder the humble worshipper at her shrine.

"I was intending to call upon Mrs. Lavender, Madame," he said. "I heard that she was ill. Perhaps you can tell me if she is better."

"She seems to be very well to-day, and in very good spirits," Sheila answered.

"Then I will not go in. Did you propose to take a walk in the Park, Madame?"

Lavender inwardly laughed at the magnificent audacity of the lad; and, seeing that Sheila hesitated, humoured him by saying—

"Well, we were thinking of calling on one or two people before going home to dinner. But I haven't seen you for a long time, Mosenberg; and I want you to tell me how you succeeded at the Conservatoire. If you like to walk with us for a bit, we can give you something to eat at seven."

"That would be very pleasant for me," said the boy, blushing somewhat, "if it does not incommode you, Madame."

"Oh, no—I hope you will come," said Sheila, most heartily; and so they set out for a walk through Kensington Gardens northward.

Precious little did Lavender learn about Leipsic during that walk. The boy devoted himself wholly to Sheila. He had heard frequently of her, and he knew of her coming from the wild and romantic Hebrides; and he began to tell her of all the experiments that composers had made in representing the sound of seas, and storms, and winds howling through caverns washed by the waves. Lavender liked music well enough, and could himself play and sing

a little ; but this enthusiasm rather bored him. He wanted to know if the yellow wine was still as cool and clear as ever down in the twilight of Auerbach's cellar, what burlesques had lately been played at the theatre, and whether such and such a beer-garden was still to the fore ; whereas he heard only analyses of overtures, and descriptions of the uses of particular musical instruments, and a wild rhapsody about moonlit seas, the sweetness of French horns, the King of Thule, and a dozen other matters.

"Mosenberg," he said, "before you go calling on people, you ought to visit an English tailor. People will think you belong to a German band."

"I have been to a tailor," said the lad, with a frank laugh. "My parents, Madame, wish me to be quite English—that is why I am sent to live in London, while they are in Frankfort. I stay with some very good friends of mine, who are very musical, and they are not annoyed by my practising, as other people would be."

"I hope you will sing something to us this evening," said Sheila.

"I will sing and play for you all the evening," he said, lightly, "until you are tired. But you must tell me when you are tired ; for who can tell how much music will be enough ? Sometimes two or three songs are more than enough to make people wish you away."

"You need have no fear of tiring me," said Sheila. "But when you are tired, I will sing for you."

"Yes, of course you sing, Madame," he said, casting down his eyes ; "I knew that when I saw you."

Sheila had got a sweetheart ; and Lavender saw it, and smiled good-naturedly. The awe and reverence with which this lad regarded the beautiful woman beside him were something new and odd in Kensington Gardens. Yet it was the way of those boys. He had himself had his imaginative fits of worship, in which some very ordinary young woman, who ate a good breakfast, and spent an hour and a half in arranging her hair before going out,

was regarded as some beautiful goddess fresh risen from the sea, or descended from the clouds. Young Mosenberg was just at the proper age for these foolish dreams. He would sing songs to Sheila, and reveal to her that way a passion of which he dared not otherwise speak. He would compose pieces of music for her, and dedicate them to her, and spend half his quarterly allowance in having them printed. He would grow to consider him, Lavender, a heartless brute, and cherish dark notions of poisoning him, but for the pain it might cause to her.

"I don't remember whether you smoke, Mosenberg," Lavender said, after dinner.

"Yes—a cigarette sometimes," said the lad ; "but if Mrs. Lavender is going away, perhaps she will let me go into the drawing-room with her. There is that sonata of Muzio Clementi, Madame, which I will try to remember for you, if you please——"

"All right," said Lavender ; "you'll find me in the next room on the left when you get tired of your music and want a cigar. I think you used to beat me at chess, didn't you ?"

"I do not know. We will try once more to-night."

Then Sheila and he went into the drawing-room by themselves ; and while she took a seat near the empty fireplace, he opened the piano at once, and sat down. He turned up his cuffs. He took a look at the pedals. He threw back his head, shaking his long brown hair. And then, with a crash like thunder, his two hands struck the keys. He had forgotten all about that sonata—it was a fantasia of his own, based on the airs in "*Der Freischütz*," that he played ; and, as he played, Sheila's poor little piano suffered somewhat. Never before had it been so battered about ; and she wished the small chamber were a great hall, to temper the voluminous noise of this opening passage. But presently the music softened. The white, lithe fingers ran lightly over the keys, so that the notes seemed to ripple out like the prattling of a stream ; and

then again some stately and majestic air, or some joyous burst of song, would break upon this light accompaniment, and lead up to another roar and rumble of noise. It was a very fine performance, doubtless; but what Sheila remarked most was the enthusiasm of the lad. She was to see more of that.

"Now," he said, "that is nothing. It is to get one's fingers accustomed to the keys—you play anything that is loud and rapid. But if you please, Madame, shall I sing you something?"

"Yes, do," said Sheila.

"I will sing for you a little German song, which I believe Jenny Lind used to sing, but I never heard her sing. You know German?"

"Very little indeed."

"This is only the cry of some one, who is far away, about his sweetheart. It is very simple, both in the words and the music."

And he began to sing, in a voice so rich, so tender, and expressive, that Sheila sat amazed and bewildered to hear him. Where had this boy caught such a trick of passion, or was it really a trick that threw into his voice all the pathos of a strong man's love and grief? He had a powerful baritone, of unusual compass, and rare sweetness; but it was not the finely-trained art of his singing, but the passionate abandonment of it, that thrilled Sheila, and indeed brought tears to her eyes. How had this mere lad learned all the yearning and despair of love, that he sung—

"Dir bebt die Brust
Dir schlägt dies Herz
Du meine Lust!
O du, mein Schmerz!

Nur an den Winden, den Sternen der Höh
Muss ich verkünden mein süßes Weh!"

as though his heart were breaking? When he had finished, he paused for a moment or two before leaving the piano; and then he came over to where Sheila sat. She fancied there was a strange look on his face, as of one who had been really experiencing the wild emotions of which he sang; but he said, in his ordinary careful way of speaking—

"Madame, I am sorry I cannot translate the words for you into English. They are too simple; and they have, what is common in many German songs, a mingling of the pleasure and the sadness of being in love, that would not read natural perhaps in English. When he says to her that she is his greatest delight, and also his greatest grief, it is quite right in the German—but not in the English."

"But where have you learned all these things?" she said to him, talking to him as if he were a mere child, and looking without fear into his handsome boyish face and fine eyes. "Sit down and tell me. That is the song of some one whose sweetheart is far away, you said. But you sang it as if you yourself had some sweetheart far away."

"So I have, Madame," he said, seriously; "when I sing the song, I think of her then, so that I almost cry for her."

"And who is she?" said Sheila, gently. "Is she very far away?"

"I do not know," said the lad, absently. "I do not know who she is. Sometimes I think she is a beautiful woman away at St. Petersburg, singing in the opera-house there. Or I think she has sailed away in a ship from me——"

"But you do not sing about any particular person?" said Sheila, with an innocent wonder appearing in her eyes.

"Oh no, not at all," said the boy; and then he added, with some suddenness, "Do you think, Madame, any fine songs like that, or any fine words, that go to the heart of people, are written about any one person? Oh, no! The man has a great desire in him to say something beautiful, or sad, and he says it—not to one person, but to all the world; and all the world takes it from him as a gift. Sometimes, yes, he will think of one woman, or he will dedicate the music to her, or he will compose it for her wedding, but the feeling in his heart is greater than any that he has for her. Can you believe, Madame, that Mendelssohn wrote the *Hochzeitm*—the Wedding-March—for any one wedding? No. It was all the marriage-joy of all

the world he put into his music, and everyone knows that. And you hear it at this wedding, at that wedding, but you know it belongs to something far away and more beautiful than the marriage of any one bride with her sweetheart. And if you will pardon me, Madame, for speaking about myself; it is about some one I never knew, who is far more beautiful and precious to me than any one I ever knew, that I try to think when I sing these sad songs, and then I think of her far away, and not likely ever to see me again."

"But some day, you will find that you have met her in real life," Sheila said. "And you will find her far more beautiful and kind to you than anything you dreamed about; and you will try to write your best music to give to her. And then, if you should be unhappy, you will find how much worse is the real unhappiness about one you love than the sentiment of a song you can lay aside at any moment."

The lad looked at her.

"What can you know about unhappiness, Madame?" he said, with a frank and gentle simplicity that she liked.

"I?" said Sheila. "When people get married and begin to experience the cares of the world, they must expect to be unhappy sometimes."

"But not you," he said, with some touch of protest in his voice, as if it were impossible the world should deal harshly with so young, and beautiful, and tender a creature. "You can have nothing but enjoyment around you. Everyone must try to please you. You need only condescend to speak to people, and they are grateful to you for a great favour. Perhaps, Madame, you think I am impertinent——"

He stopped and blushed; while Sheila herself, with a little touch of colour, answered him, that she hoped he would always speak to her quite frankly, and then suggested that he might sing once more for her.

"Very well," he said, as he sat down to the piano; "this is not any more a sad song. It is about a young lady who will not let her sweetheart kiss her, ex-

cept on conditions. You shall hear the conditions, and what he says."

Sheila began to wonder whether this innocent-eyed lad had been imposing on her. The song was acted as well as sung. It consisted chiefly of a dialogue between the two lovers; and the boy, with a wonderful ease and grace and skill, mimicked the shy coquetties of the girl, her fits of petulance and dictation, and the pathetic remonstrances of her companion, his humble entreaties, and his final sullenness, which is only conquered by her sudden and ample consent. "What a rare faculty of artistic representation this precocious boy must have," she thought, "if he really exhibits all those moods, and whims, and tricks of manner without having himself been in the position of the despairing and imploring lover!"

"You were not thinking of the beautiful lady in St. Petersburg when you were singing now," Sheila said, on his coming back to her.

"Oh no," he said, carelessly; "that is nothing. You have not to imagine anything. These people, you see them on every stage, in the comedies and farces."

"But that might happen in actual life," said Sheila, still not quite sure about him. "Do you know that many people would think you must have yourself been teased in that way, or you could not imitate it so naturally?"

"I! Oh no, Madame," he said, seriously, "I should not act that way, if I were in love with a woman. If I found her a comedy-actress, liking to make her amusement out of our relations, I should say to her, '*Good evening, Mademoiselle; we have both made a little mistake.*'"

"But you might be so much in love with her that you could not leave her without being very miserable."

"I might be very much in love with her, yes; but I would rather go away, and be miserable, than be humiliated by such a girl. Why do you smile, Madame? Do you think I am vain, or that I am too young to know anything about that? Perhaps both are true; but one cannot help thinking."

"Well," said Sheila, with a grandly maternal air of sympathy and interest, "you must always remember this—that you have something more important to attend to than merely looking out for a beautiful sweetheart. That is the fancy of a foolish girl. You have your profession; and you must become great and famous in that; and then, some day, when you meet this beautiful woman, and ask her to be your wife, she will be bound to do that, and you will confer honour on her as well as secure happiness to yourself. Now, if you were to fall in love with some coquettish girl like her you were singing about, you would have no more ambition to become famous; you would lose all interest in everything except her, and she would be able to make you miserable by a single word. When you have made a name for yourself, and got a good many more years, you will be better able to bear anything that happens to you in your love or in your marriage."

"You are very kind to take so much trouble," said young Mosenberg, looking up with big, grateful eyes. "Perhaps, Madame, if you are not very busy during the day, you will let me call in sometimes; and if there is no one here, I will tell you about what I am doing, and play for you, or sing for you, if you please."

"In the afternoons I am always free," she said.

"Do you never go out?" he asked.

"Not often. My husband is at his studio most of the day."

The boy looked at her, hesitated for a moment, and then, with a sudden rush of colour to his face—

"You should not stay so much in the house. Will you sometimes go for a little walk with me, Madame, to Kensington Gardens, if you are not busy in the afternoon?"

"Oh, certainly," said Sheila, without a moment's embarrassment. "Do you live near them?"

"No, I live in Sloane-street; but the underground railway brings me here in a very short time."

That mention of Sloane-street gave a

twinge to Sheila's heart. Ought she to have been so ready to accept offers of new friendship just as her old friend had been banished from her?

"In Sloane-street? Do you know Mr. Ingram?"

"Oh yes, very well. Do you?"

"He is one of my oldest friends," said Sheila, bravely: she would not acknowledge that their intimacy was a thing of the past.

"He is a very good friend to me—I know that," said young Mosenberg, with a laugh. "He hired a piano, merely because I used to go into his rooms at night; and now he makes me play over all my most difficult music when I go in, and he sits and smokes a pipe, and pretends to like it. I do not think he does; but I have got to do it all the same; and then, afterwards, I sing for him some songs that I know he likes. Madame, I think I can surprise you."

He went suddenly to the piano, and began to sing, in a very quiet way—

"O soft be thy slumbers, by Tigh-na-linne's waters,
Thy late-wake was sung by MacDiarmid's fair daughters,
But far in Lochaber the true heart was weeping,
Whose hopes are entombed in the grave where thou'rt sleeping."

It was the lament of the young girl whose lover had been separated from her by false reports, and who died before he could get back to Lochaber when the deception was discovered. And the wild, sad air that the girl is supposed to sing seemed so strange with those new chords that this boy-musician gave it, that Sheila sat and listened to it as though it were the sound of the seas about Borya coming to her with a new voice and finding her altered and a stranger.

"I know nearly all of those Highland songs that Mr. Ingram has got," said the lad.

"I did not know he had any," Sheila said.

"Sometimes he tries to sing one himself," said the boy, with a smile, "but he does not sing very well, and he gets

vexed with himself, in fun, and flings things about the room. But you will sing some of those songs, Madame, and let me hear how they are sung in the north?"

"Some time," said Sheila; "I would rather listen just now to all you can tell me about Mr. Ingram—he is such a very old friend of mine, and I do not know how he lives."

The lad speedily discovered that there was at least one way of keeping his new and beautiful acquaintance profoundly interested; and, indeed, he went on talking until Lavender came into the room, in evening dress. It was eleven o'clock; and young Mosenberg started up with a thousand apologies and hopes that he had not detained Mrs. Lavender. No, Mrs. Lavender was not going out; her husband was going round for an hour to a ball that Mrs. Kavanagh was giving, but she preferred to stay at home.

"May I call upon you to-morrow afternoon, Madame?" said the boy, as he was leaving.

"I shall be very glad if you will," Sheila answered.

And as he went along the pavement, young Mosenberg observed to his companion that Mrs. Lavender did not seem to have gone out much, and that it was very good of her to have promised to go with him occasionally into Kensington Gardens.

"Oh, has she?" said Lavender.

"Yes," said the lad, with some surprise.

"You are lucky to be able to get her to leave the house," her husband said; "I can't."

Perhaps he had not tried so much as the words seemed to imply.

CHAPTER XVII.

GUESSES.

"MR. INGRAM," cried young Mosenberg, bursting into the room of his friend, "do you know that I have seen your Princess from the island of the Atlantic? Yes, I met her yesterday,

and I went up to the house, and I dined there, and spent all the evening there."

Ingram was not surprised, nor, apparently, much interested. He was cutting open the leaves of a quarterly review, and a freshly-filled pipe lay on the table beside him. A fire had been lit, more for cheerfulness than warmth: the shutters were shut; there was some whisky on the table; so that this small apartment seemed to have its share of bachelor's comforts.

"Well," said Ingram, quietly, "did you play for her?"

"Yes."

"And sing for her, too?"

"Yes."

"Did you play and sing your very best for her?"

"Yes, I did. But I have not told you half yet. This afternoon I went up; and she went out for a walk with me; and we went down through Kensington Gardens, and all round by the Serpentine——"

"Did she go into that parade of people?" said Ingram, looking up with some surprise.

"No," said the lad, looking rather crestfallen, for he would have liked to have shown off Sheila to some of his friends; "she would not go—she preferred to watch the small boats on the Serpentine; and she was very kind, too, in speaking to the children, and helping them with their boats, although some people stared at her. And what is more than all these things, to-morrow night she comes with me to a concert in the St. James's Hall—yea."

"You are very fortunate," said Ingram, with a smile, for he was well pleased to hear that Sheila had taken a fancy to the boy, and was likely to find his society amusing. "But you have not told me yet what you think of her."

"What I think of her!" said the lad, pausing in a bewildered way, as if he could find no words to express his opinion of Sheila. And then he said, suddenly, "*I think she is like the Mother of God.*"

"You irreverent young rascal!" said

Ingram, lighting his pipe, "how dare you say such a thing?"

"I mean in the pictures—in the tall pictures you see in some churches abroad, far up in a half-darkness. She has the same sweet, compassionate look, and her eyes are sometimes a little sad; and when she speaks to you, you think you have known her for a long time, and that she wishes to be very kind to you. But she is not a Princess at all, as you told me. I expected to find her grand, haughty, wilful, yes; but she is much too friendly for that, and when she laughs, you see she could not sweep about a room, and stare at people. But if she was angry, or proud—perhaps then——"

"See you don't make her angry, then," said Ingram. "Now go and play over all you were practising in the morning. No!—stop a bit. Sit down and tell me something more about your experiences of Shei—of Mrs. Lavender."

Young Mosenberg laughed, and sat down.

"Do you know, Mr. Ingram, that the same thing occurred yesterday night. I was about to sing some more, or I was asking Mrs. Lavender to sing some more—I forget which—but she said to me, '*Not just now. I wish you to sit down and tell me all you know about Mr. Ingram.*'"

"And she no sooner honours you with her confidence than you carry it to everyone!" said Ingram, somewhat fearful of the boy's tongue.

"Oh, as to that," said the lad, delighted to see that his friend was a little embarrassed. "As to that, I believe she is in love with you."

"Mosenberg," said Ingram, with a flash of anger in his dark eyes, "if you were half-a-dozen years older, I would thrash the life out of you. Do you think that is a pretty sort of joke to make about a woman? Don't you know the mischief your gabbling tongue might make; for how is everyone to know that you are talking merely impertinent nonsense?"

"Oh," said the boy, audaciously, "I did not mean anything of the kind you

see in comedies or in operas, breaking up marriages, and causing duels? Oh, no. I think she is in love with you as I am in love with her: and I am, ever since yesterday."

"Well, I will say this for you," remarked Ingram, slowly, "that you are the cheekiest young beggar I have the pleasure to know. You are in love with her, are you? A lady admits you to her house, is particularly kind to you, talks to you in confidence, and then you go and tell people that you are in love with her!"

"I did not tell people," said Mosenberg, flushing under the severity of the reproof; "I told you only, and I thought you would understand what I meant. I should have told Lavender himself just as soon, yes!—only he would not care."

"How do you know?"

"Bah!" said the boy, impatiently. "Cannot one see it? You have a pretty wife—much prettier than anyone you would see at a ball at Mrs. Kavanagh's—and you leave her at home, and you go to the ball to amuse yourself."

This boy, Ingram perceived, was getting to see too clearly how matters stood. He bade him go and play some music, having first admonished him gravely about the necessity of keeping some watch and ward over his tongue. Then the pipe was re-lit; and a fury of sound arose at the other end of the room.

So Lavender, forgetful of the true-hearted girl who loved him, forgetful of his own generous instincts, forgetful of the future that his fine abilities promised, was still dangling after this alien woman; and Sheila was left at home, with her troubles and piteous yearnings and fancies as her only companions. Once upon a time, Ingram could have gone straight up to him, and admonished him, and driven him to amend his ways. But now that was impossible.

What was still possible? One wild project occurred to him for a moment, but he laughed at it, and dismissed it. It was that he should go boldly to Mrs. Lorraine herself, ask her plainly if she

knew what cruel injury she was doing to this young wife, and force her to turn Lavender adrift. But what enterprise of the days of old romance could be compared with this mad proposal? To ride up to a castle, blow a trumpet, and announce that unless a certain lady were released forthwith, death and destruction would begin—all that was simple enough, easy, and according to rule; but to go into a lady's drawing-room, without an introduction, and request her to stop a certain flirtation—that was a much more awful undertaking. But Ingram could not altogether dismiss this notion from his head. Mosenberg went on playing—no longer his practising-pieces, but all manner of airs which he knew Ingram liked; while the small sallow man with the brown beard lay in his easy-chair, and smoked his pipe, and gazed attentively at his toes on the fender.

"You know Mrs. Kavanagh and her daughter, don't you, Mosenberg?" he said, during an interval in the music.

"Not much," said the boy. "They were in England only a little while before I went to Leipsic."

"I should like to know them."

"That is very easy. Mr. Lavender will introduce you to them. Mrs. Lavender said he went there very much."

"What would they do, do you think, if I went up and asked to see them?"

"The servant would ask if it was about beer or coals that you called."

A man will do much for a woman who is his friend; but to be suspected of being a brewer's traveller, to have to push one's way into a strange drawing-room, to have to confront the awful stare of the inmates, and then to have to deliver a message which they will probably consider as the very extreme of audacious and meddling impertinence! The prospect was not pleasant; and yet Ingram, as he sat and thought over it that evening, finally resolved to encounter all these dangers and wounds. He could help Sheila in no other way. He was banished from her house. Perhaps he might induce this American

girl to release her captive, and give Lavender back to his own wife. What were a few twinges of one's self-respect, or risks of a humiliating failure, compared with the possibility of befriending Sheila in some small way?

Next morning he went early in to Whitehall; and about one o'clock started off for Holland Park. He wore a tall hat, a black frock-coat, and yellow kid gloves. He went in a hansom, so that the person who opened the door should know that he was not a brewer's traveller. In this wise, he reached Mrs. Kavanagh's house, which Lavender had frequently pointed out to him in passing, about half-past one, and, with some internal tremors, but much outward calmness, went up the broad stone steps.

A small boy in buttons opened the door.

"Is Mrs. Lorraine at home?"

"Yes, sir," said the boy.

It was the simplest thing in the world. In a couple of seconds he found himself in a big drawing-room; and the youth had taken his card upstairs. Ingram was not very sure whether his success, so far, was due to the hansom, or to his tall hat, or to a silver-headed cane which his grandfather had brought home from India. However, here he was in the house, just like the hero of one of those fine old farces of our youth, who jumps from the street into a strange drawing-room, flirts with the maid, hides behind a screen, confronts the master, and marries his daughter all in half an hour, the most exacting unities of time and place being faithfully observed.

Presently the door was opened, and a young lady, pale and calm and sweet of face, approached him, and not only bowed to him, but held out her hand.

"I have much pleasure in making your acquaintance, Mr. Ingram," she said, gently, and somewhat slowly. "Mr. Lavender has frequently promised to bring you to see us; for he has spoken to us so much about you, that we had begun to think we already knew you. Will you come with me upstairs that I may introduce you to Mamma?"

Ingram had come prepared to state

harsh truths bluntly, and was ready to meet any sort of anger or opposition with a perfect frankness of intention. But he certainly had not come prepared to find the smart-tongued and fascinating American widow of whom he had heard so much, a quiet, self-possessed, and gracious young lady, of singularly winning manners, and clear and resolutely honest eyes. Had Lavender been quite accurate or even conscientious in his garrulous talk about Mrs. Lorraine?

"If you will excuse me," said Ingram, with a smile that had less of embarrassment about it than he could have expected, "I would rather speak to you for a few minutes first. The fact is, I have come on a self-imposed errand; and that must be my apology for—*for thrusting myself—*"

"I am sure no apology is needed," said the girl. "We have always been expecting to see you. Will you sit down?"

He put his hat and his cane on the table; and as he did so, he recorded a mental resolution not to be led away by the apparent innocence and sweetness of this woman. What a fool he had been, to expect her to appear in the guise of some forward and giggling coquette, as if Frank Lavender, with all his faults, could have suffered anything like coarseness of manners! But was this woman any the less dangerous that she was refined and courteous, and had the speech and bearing of a gentlewoman?

"Mrs. Lorraine," he said, lowering his eyebrows somewhat, "I may as well be frank with you. I have come upon an unpleasant errand—an affair, indeed, which ought to be no business of mine; but sometimes, when you care a little for some one, you don't mind running the risk of being treated as an intermeddler. You know that I know Mrs. Lavender. She is an old friend of mine. She was almost a child when I knew her first; and I still have a sort of notion that she is a child, and that I should look after her, and so—and so——"

She sat quite still. There was no surprise, no alarm, no anger, when Sheila's name was mentioned. She was

merely attentive; but now, seeing that he hesitated, she said—

"I do not know what you have to say; but if it is serious, may not I ask Mamma to join us?"

"If you please, no. I would rather speak with you alone, as this matter concerns yourself only. Well, the fact is, I have seen for some time back that Mrs. Lavender is very unhappy; she is left alone; she knows no one in London; perhaps she does not care to join much in those social amusements that her husband enjoys. I say this poor girl is an old friend of mine; I cannot help trying to do something to make her less wretched; and so I have ventured to come to you to see if you could not assist me. Mr. Lavender comes very much to your house; and Sheila is left all by herself; and doubtless she begins to fancy that her husband is neglectful, perhaps indifferent to her, and may get to imagine things that are quite wrong, you know, and that could be explained away by a little kindness on your part."

Was this, then, the fashion in which Jonah had gone up to curse the wickedness of Nineveh? As he had spoken, he had been aware that those sincere, somewhat matter-of-fact, and far from unfriendly eyes that were fixed on him had undergone no change whatever. Here was no vile creature who would start up, with a guilty conscience, to repel the remotest hint of an accusation; and indeed, quite unconsciously to himself, he had been led on to ask for her help. Not that he feared her. Not that he could not have said the harshest things to her which there was any reason for saying. But somehow there seemed to be no occasion for the utterance of any cruel truths.

The wonder of it was, too, that instead of being wounded, indignant, and angry, as he had expected her to be, she betrayed a very friendly interest in Sheila, as though she herself had nothing whatever to do with the matter.

"You have undertaken a very difficult task, Mr. Ingram," she said, with a smile. "I don't think there are many married ladies in London who have a

friend who would do as much for them. And, to tell you the truth, both my mamma and myself have come to the same conclusion as yourself about Mr. Lavender. It is really too bad, the way in which he allows that pretty young thing to remain at home ; for I suppose she would go more into society if he were to coax her and persuade her. We have done what we could, in sending her invitations, in calling on her, and in begging Mr. Lavender to bring her with him. But he has always some excuse for her, so that we never see her. And yet I am sure he does not mean to give her pain ; for he is very proud of her, and madly extravagant wherever she is concerned, and sometimes he takes sudden fits of trying to please her and be kind to her that are quite odd in their way. Can you tell me what we should do ?”

Ingram looked at her for a moment, and said, gravely and slowly—

“Before we talk any more about that, I must clear my conscience. I believe that I have done you a wrong. I came here prepared to accuse you of drawing away Mr. Lavender from his wife, of seeking amusement and perhaps some social distinction by keeping him continually dangling after you ; and I meant to reproach you, or even threaten you, until you promised never to see him again.”

A quick flush, partly of shame and partly of annoyance, sprang to the fair and pale face ; but she answered, calmly—

“It is perhaps as well that you did not tell me this a few minutes ago. May I ask what has led you to change your opinion of me, if it has changed ?”

“Of course it has changed,” he said, promptly and emphatically. “I can see that I did you a great injury ; and I apologize for it, and beg your forgiveness. But when you ask me what has led me to change my opinion, what am I to say ? Your manner, perhaps, more than what you have said, has convinced me that I was wrong.”

“Perhaps you are again mistaken,” she said, coldly ; “you get rapidly to conclusions.”

“The reproof is just,” he said. “You are quite right. I have made a blunder ; there is no mistake about it.”

“But do you think it was fair,” she said, with some spirit, “do you think it was fair to believe all this harm about a woman you had never seen ? Now, listen. A hundred times I have begged Mr. Lavender to be more attentive to his wife—not in these words, of course, but as directly as I could. Mamma has given parties, made arrangements for visits, drives, and all sorts of things, to tempt Mrs. Lavender to come to us, and all in vain. Of course, you can’t thrust yourself on anyone like that. Though Mamma and myself like Mrs. Lavender very well, it is asking too much that we should encounter the humiliation of intermeddling—”

Here she stopped suddenly, with the least show of embarrassment. Then she said, frankly—

“You are an old friend of hers. It is very good of you to have risked so much for the sake of that girl. There are very few gentlemen whom one meets who would do as much.”

Ingram could say nothing, and was a little impatient with himself. Was he to be first reproved, and then treated with an indulgent kindness, by a mere girl ?

“Mamma,” said Mrs. Lorraine, as an elderly lady entered the room, “let me introduce to you Mr. Ingram, whom you must already know. He proposes we should join in some conspiracy to inveigle Mrs. Lavender into society, and make the poor little thing amuse herself.”

“Little !” said Mrs. Kavanagh, with a smile ; “she is a good deal taller than you are, my dear. But I am afraid, Mr. Ingram, you have undertaken a hopeless task. Will you stay to luncheon and talk it over with us ?”

“I hope you will,” said Mrs. Lorraine ; and naturally enough he consented.

Luncheon was just ready. As they were going into the room on the opposite side of the hall, the younger lady said to Ingram, in a quiet undertone, but with much indifference of manner—

"You know, if you think I ought to give up Mr. Lavender's acquaintance altogether, I will do so at once. But perhaps that will not be necessary."

So this was the house in which Sheila's husband spent so much of his time; and these were the two ladies of whom so much had been said and surmised. There were three of Lavender's pictures on the walls of the dining-room; and as Ingram inadvertently glanced at them, Mrs. Lorraine said to him—

"Don't you think it is a pity Mr. Lavender should continue drawing those imaginative sketches of heads? I do not think, myself, that he does himself justice in that way. Some bits of landscape, now, that I have seen, seemed to me to have quite a definite character about them, and promised far more than anything else of his I have seen."

"That is precisely what I think," said Ingram, partly amused and partly annoyed to find that this girl, with her clear grey eyes, her soft and musical voice, and her singular delicacy of manner, had an evil trick of saying the very things he would himself have said, and leaving him with nothing but a helpless "yes."

"I think he ought to have given up his club when he married. Most English gentlemen do that when they marry, do they not?" said Mrs. Kavanagh.

"Some," said Ingram. "But a good deal of nonsense is talked about the influence of clubs in that way. It is really absurd to suppose that the size or the shape of a building can alter a man's moral character——"

"It does, though," said Mrs. Lorraine, confidently. "I can tell directly if a gentleman has been accustomed to spend his time in clubs. When he is surprised, or angry, or impatient, you can perceive blanks in his conversation, which in a club, I suppose, would be filled up. Don't you know poor old Colonel Hannen's way of talking, Mamma? This old gentleman, Mr. Ingram, is very fond of speaking to you about political liberty, and the rights of conscience; and he generally becomes so confused, that he gets vexed with him-

self, and makes odd pauses, as if he were invariably addressing himself in very rude language indeed. Sometimes you would think he was like a railway-engine, going blindly and helplessly on through a thick and choking mist; and you can see that, if there were no ladies present, he would let off a few crackers—fog-signals, as it were—just to bring himself up a bit, and let people know where he was. Then he will go on again, talking away, until you fancy yourself in a tunnel, with a throbbing noise in your ears, and all the daylight shut out, and you perhaps getting to wish that on the whole you were dead."

"Cecilia!"

"I beg your pardon, Mamma," said the younger lady, with a quiet smile; "you look so surprised, that Mr. Ingram will give me credit for not often erring in that way. You look as though a hare had turned and attacked you."

"That would give most people a fright," said Ingram, with a laugh. He was rapidly forgetting the object of his mission. The almost childish softness of voice of this girl, and the perfect composure with which she uttered little sayings that showed considerable sharpness of observation, and a keen enjoyment of the grotesque, had an odd sort of fascination for him. He totally forgot that Lavender had been fascinated by it too. If he had been reminded of the fact at this moment, he would have said that the boy had, as usual, got sentimental about a pretty pair of big grey eyes and fine profile, while he, Ingram, was possessed by nothing but a purely intellectual admiration of certain fine qualities of brightness, sincerity of speech, and womanly shrewdness.

Luncheon, indeed, was over before any mention was made of the Lavenders; and when they returned to that subject, it appeared to Ingram that their relations had in the meantime got to be very friendly, and that they were really discussing this matter as if they formed a little family conclave.

"I have told Mr. Ingram, Mamma," Mrs. Lorraine said, "that so far as I am concerned, I will do whatever he

thinks I ought to do. Mr. Lavender has been a friend of ours for some time; and of course he cannot be treated with rudeness or incivility; but if we are wounding the feelings of anyone by asking him to come here—and he certainly has visited us pretty often—why, it would be easy to lessen the number of his calls. Is that what we should do, Mr. Ingram? You would not have us quarrel with him?”

“Especially,” said Mrs. Kavanagh, with a smile, “that there is no certainty he will spend more of his time with his wife merely because he spends less of it here. And yet I fancy he is a very good-natured man.”

“He is very good-natured,” said Ingram, with decision. “I have known him for years, and I know that he is exceedingly unselfish, that he would do ridiculously generous things to serve a friend, and that a better-intentioned fellow does not breathe in the world. But he is at times, I admit, very thoughtless and inconsiderate——”

“That sort of good-nature,” said Mrs. Lorraine, in her gentlest voice, “is very good in its way, but rather uncertain. So long as it shines in one direction, it is all right, and quite trustworthy; for you want a hard brush to brush sunlight off a wall. But when the sunlight shifts, you know——”

“The wall is left in the cold. Well,” said Ingram, “I am afraid it is impossible for me to dictate to you what you ought to do. I do not wish to draw you into any interference between husband and wife, or even to let Mr. Lavender know that you think he is not treating Shei—Mrs. Lavender—properly. But if you were to hint to him that he ought to pay some attention to her—that he should not be going everywhere as if he were a young bachelor in chambers; if you would discourage his coming to see you without bringing her also, and so forth—surely he would see what you mean. Perhaps I ask too much of you; but I had intended to ask more. The fact is, Mrs. Kavanagh, I had done your daughter the injustice of supposing——”

“I thought we had agreed to say no more about that,” said Mrs. Lorraine, quickly; and Ingram was silent.

Half an hour thereafter he was walking back through Holland Park, through the warm light of an autumn afternoon. The place seemed much changed since he had seen it a couple of hours before. The double curve of big houses had a more friendly and hospitable look; the very air seemed to be more genial and comfortable since he had driven up here in the hansom.

Perhaps Mr. Ingram was at this moment a little more perturbed, pleased, and bewildered than he would have liked to confess. He had discovered a great deal in these two hours; been much surprised and fascinated; and had come away fairly stupefied with the result of his mission. He had, indeed, been successful: Lavender would now find a different welcome awaiting him in the house in which he had been spending nearly all his time, to the neglect of his wife. But the fact is, that as Edward Ingram went rapidly over in his own mind everything that had occurred since his entrance into that house; as he anxiously recalled the remarks made to him, the tone and looks accompanying them, and his own replies, it was not of Lavender's affairs alone that he thought. He confessed to himself frankly that he had never yet met any woman who had so surprised him into admiration on their first meeting.

Yet what had she said? Nothing very particular. Was it the bright intelligence of the grey eyes, that seemed to see everything he meant with an instant quickness, and that seemed to agree with him even before he spoke? He reflected, now that he was in the open air, that he must have persecuted these two women dreadfully. In getting away from Lavender's affairs, they had touched on pictures, books, and what not—on the young poet who was playing Alfred de Musset in England; on the great philosopher who had gone into the House to confuse and bewilder the country gentlemen there—on all sorts of topics, indeed, except those which, as

Ingram had anticipated, such a creature as Mrs. Lorraine would naturally have found interesting. And he had to confess to himself that he had lectured his two helpless victims most unmercifully. He was quite conscious that he sometimes laid down the law in an authoritative and even sententious manner. On first going into the house, certain things said by Mrs. Lorraine had almost surprised him into a mood of mere acquiescence; but after luncheon he had assumed his ordinary manner of tutor in general to the universe, and had informed those two women, in a distinct fashion, what their opinions ought to be on half the social conundrums of the day.

He now reflected, with much compunction, that this was highly improper. He ought to have asked about flower-shows; and inquired whether the Princess of Wales was looking well of late. Some reference to the last Parisian comedy might have introduced a disquisition on the new greys and greens of the French milliners, with a passing mention made of the price paid for a pair of ponies by a certain Marquise unattached. He had not spoken of one of these things; perhaps he could not, if he had tried. He remembered, with an awful consciousness of guilt, that he had actually discoursed of woman suffrage, of the public conscience of New York, of the extirpation of the Indians, and a dozen different things, not only taking no heed of any opinions that his audience of two might hold, but insisting on their accepting his opinions as the expression of absolute and incontrovertible truth.

He became more and more dissatisfied with himself. If he could only go back, now, he would be much more wary, more submissive and complaisant, more anxious to please. What right had he to abuse the courtesy and hospitality of these two strangers, and lecture them on the Constitution of their own country? He was annoyed beyond expression that they had listened to him with so much patience.

And yet he could not have seriously offended them; for they had earnestly

besought him to dine with them on the following Tuesday evening, to meet an American judge; and, when he had consented, Mrs. Lorraine had written down on a card the date and hour, lest he should forget. He had that card in his pocket: surely he could not have offended them? If he had pursued this series of questions, he might have gone on to ask himself why he should be so anxious not to have offended these two new friends. He was not ordinarily very sensitive to the opinions that might be formed of him—more especially by persons living out of his own sphere, with whom he was not likely to associate. He did not, indeed, as a general rule, suffer himself to be perturbed about anything; and yet, as he went along the busy thoroughfare at this moment, he was conscious that rarely in his life had he been so ill at ease.

Something now occurred that startled him out of his reverie. Communing with himself, he was staring blankly ahead, taking little note of the people whom he saw. But somehow, in a vague and dream-like way, he seemed to become aware that there was some one in front of him—a long way ahead as yet—whom he knew. He was still thinking of Mrs. Lorraine, and unconsciously postponing the examination of this approaching figure, or rather pair of figures, when, with a sudden start, he found Sheila's sad and earnest eyes fixed upon him. He woke up as from a dream. He saw that young Mosenberg was with her; and naturally the boy would have approached Ingram, and stopped, and spoken. But Ingram paid no attention to him. He was, with a quick pang at his heart, regarding Sheila, with the knowledge that on her rested the cruel decision as to whether she should come forward to him or not. He was not aware that her husband had forbidden her to have any communication with him; yet he had guessed as much, partly from his knowledge of Lavender's impatient disposition, and partly from the glance he caught of her eyes when he woke up from his trance.

Young Mosenberg turned with sur-

prise to his companion. She was passing on; he did not even see that she had bowed to Ingram, with a face flushed with shame and pain, and with eyes cast down. Ingram, too, was passing on, without even shaking hands with her, or uttering a word. Mosenberg was too bewildered to attempt any protest; he merely followed Sheila, with a conviction that something desperate had occurred, and that he would best consult her feelings by making no reference to it.

But that one look that the girl had directed to her old friend, before she bowed and passed on, had filled him with dismay and despair. It was somehow like the piteous look of a wounded animal, incapable of expressing its pain. All thoughts and fancies of his own little vexations or embarrassments were instantly banished from him; he could only see before him those sad and piteous eyes, full of kindness to him, he thought, and of grief that she should be debarred from speaking to him, and of resignation to her own lot.

Gwdyr House did not get much work out of him that day. He sat in a small room in a back part of the building, looking out on a lonely little square, silent and ruddy with the reflected light of the sunset.

"A hundred Mrs. Lorraines," he was thinking to himself, bitterly enough, "will not save my poor Sheila. She will die of a broken heart. I can see it in her face. And it is I who have done it—from first to last it is I who have done it; and now I can do nothing to help her."

That became the burden and refrain of all his reflections. It was he who had done this frightful thing. It was he who had taken away the young Highland girl—his good Sheila—from her home; and ruined her life and broken her heart. And he could do nothing to help her.

CHAPTER XVIII.

SHEILA'S STRATAGEM.

"We met Mr. Ingram to-day," said young Mosenberg, ingenuously.

He was dining with Lavender, not at home, but at a certain club in St. James's Street; and either his curiosity was too great, or he had forgotten altogether Ingram's warnings to him that he should hold his tongue.

"Oh, did you?" said Lavender, showing no great interest. "Waiter, some French mustard. What did Ingram say to you?"

The question was asked with much apparent indifference; and the boy stared.

"Well," he said, at length, "I suppose there is some misunderstanding between Mrs. Lavender and Mr. Ingram, for they both saw each other, and they both passed on without speaking; I was very sorry, yes. I thought they were friends. I thought Mr. Ingram knew Mrs. Lavender even before you did; but they did not speak to each other, not one word."

Lavender was in one sense pleased to hear this. He liked to hear that his wife was obedient to him. But, he said to himself, with a sharp twinge of conscience, she was carrying her obedience too far. He had never meant that she should not even speak to her old friend. He would show Sheila that he was not unreasonable. He would talk to her about it as soon as he got home, and in as kindly a way as was possible.

Mosenberg did not play billiards, but they remained late in the billiard-room, Lavender playing pool, and getting out of it rather successfully. He could not speak to Sheila that night; but next morning, before going out, he did.

"Sheila," he said, "Mosenberg told me last night that you met Mr. Ingram, and did not speak to him. Now, I didn't mean anything like that. You must not think me unreasonable. All I want is, that he shall not interfere with our affairs and try to raise some unpleasantness between you and me, such as might arise from the interference of even the kindest of friends. When you meet him outside, or at anyone's house, I hope you will speak to him just as usual." Sheila replied, calmly—

"If I am not allowed to receive Mr.

Ingram here, I cannot treat him as a friend elsewhere. I would rather not have friends whom I can only speak to in the streets."

"Very well," said Lavender, wincing under the rebuke, but fancying that she would soon repent her of this resolve. In the meantime, if she would have it so, she should have it so.

So that was an end of this question of Mr. Ingram's interference for the present. But very soon—in a couple of days, indeed—Lavender perceived the change that had been wrought in the house in Holland Park to which he had been accustomed to resort.

"Cecilia," Mrs. Kavanagh had said, on Ingram's leaving, "you must not be rude to Mr. Lavender."

She knew the perfect independence of that gentle young lady, and was rather afraid it might carry her too far.

"Of course I shall not be, Mamma," Mrs. Lorraine had said. "Did you ever hear of such a courageous act as that man coming up to two strangers and challenging them all on behalf of a girl married to some one else? You know that was the meaning of his visit. He thought I was flirting with Mr. Lavender, and keeping him from his wife. I wonder how many men there are in London who would have walked twenty yards to help in such a matter."

"My dear, he may have been in love with that pretty young lady before she was married."

"Oh no," said the clear-eyed daughter, quietly, but quite confidently. "He would not be so ready to show his interest in her, if that were so. Either he would be modest, and ashamed of his rejection; or vain, and attempt to make a mystery about it."

"Perhaps you are right," said the mother: she seldom found her daughter wrong on such points.

"I am sure I am right, Mamma. He talks about her as fondly, and frequently, and openly, as a man might talk about his own daughter. Besides, you can see he is talking honestly. That man couldn't deceive a child if he were to try. You see everything in his face."

"You seem to have been much interested in him," said Mrs. Kavanagh, with no appearance of sarcasm.

"Well, I don't think I meet such men often, and that is the truth. Do you?"

This was carrying the war into the enemy's country.

"I like him very well," said Mrs. Kavanagh. "I think he is honest. I do not think he dresses very carefully; and he is perhaps too intent on convincing you that his opinions are right."

"Well, for my part," said her daughter, with just the least tinge of warmth in her manner, "I confess I like a man who has opinions, and who is not afraid to say so. I don't find many who have. And as for his dressing, one gets rather tired of men who come to you every evening to impress you with the excellence of their tailor. As if women were to be captured by millinery! Don't we know the value of linen and woollen fabrics?"

"My dear child, you are throwing away your vexation on some one whom I don't know. It isn't Mr. Lavender?"

"Oh dear, no! He is not so silly as that: he dresses well, but there is perfect freedom about his dress. He is too much of an artist to sacrifice himself to his clothes."

"I am glad you have a good word for him at last. I think you have been rather hard on him since Mr. Ingram called; and that is the reason I asked you to be careful."

She was quite careful, but as explicit as good manners would allow. Mrs. Lorraine was most particular in asking about Mrs. Lavender, and in expressing her regret that they so seldom saw her.

"She has been brought up in the country, you know," said Lavender, with a smile; "and there the daughters of a house are taught a number of domestic duties that they would consider it a sin to neglect. She would be unhappy if you caused her to neglect them; she would take her pleasure with a bad conscience."

"But she cannot be occupied with them all day."

"My dear Mrs. Lorraine, how often have we discussed the question! And you know you have me at a disadvantage; for how can I describe to you what those mysterious duties are? I only know that she is pretty nearly always busy with something or other; and in the evening, of course, she is generally too tired to think of going out anywhere."

"Oh, but you must try to get her out. Next Tuesday, now, Judge — is going to dine with us, and you know how amusing he is. If you have no other engagement, couldn't you bring Mrs. Lavender to dine with us on that evening?"

Now, on former occasions, something of the same sort of invitation had frequently been given; and it was generally answered by Lavender giving an excuse for his wife, and promising to come himself. What was his astonishment to find Mrs. Lorraine plainly, and most courteously, intimating that the invitation was addressed distinctly to Mr. and Mrs. Lavender as a couple. When he regretted that Mrs. Lavender could not come, she said, quietly—

"Oh, I am so sorry! You would have met an old friend of yours here, as well as the Judge—Mr. Ingram."

Lavender made no further sign of surprise or curiosity than to lift his eyebrows, and say—

"Indeed!"

But when he left the house, certain dark suspicions were troubling his mind. Nothing had been said as to the manner in which Ingram had made the acquaintance of Mrs. Kavanagh and her daughter; but there was that in Mrs. Lorraine's manner which convinced Lavender that something had happened. Had Ingram carried his interference to the extent of complaining to them? Had he overcome a repugnance which he had repeatedly admitted, and thrust himself upon these two people for this very purpose of making him, Lavender, odious and contemptible? Lavender's cheeks burned as he thought of this possibility. Mrs. Lorraine had been most courteous to him; but the longer he dwelt on

these vague surmises, the deeper grew his consciousness that he had been turned out of the place, morally if not physically. What was that excess of courtesy but a cloak? If she had meant less, she would have been more careless; and all through the interview he had remarked that, instead of the free warfare of talk that generally went on between them, Mrs. Lorraine was most formally polite, and apparently watchful of her words.

He went home in a passion, which was all the more consuming that it could not be vented on anyone. As Sheila had not spoken to Ingram—as she had even nerved herself to wound him by passing him without notice in the street—she could not be held responsible; and yet he wished that he could have upbraided someone for this mischief that had been done. Should he go straight down to Ingram's lodgings, and have it out with him? At first he was strongly inclined to do so; but wiser counsels prevailed. Ingram had a keen and ready tongue; and a way of saying things that made them rankle afterwards in the memory. Besides, he would go into court with a defective case. He could say nothing, unless Ingram admitted that he had tried to poison the mind of Mrs. Lorraine against him; and, of course, if there was a quarrel, who would be so foolish as to make such an admission? Ingram would laugh at him; would refuse to admit or deny; would increase his anger without affording him an opportunity of revenging himself.

Sheila could see that her husband was troubled, but could not divine the cause, and had long ago given up any habit of inquiry. He ate his dinner almost in silence, and then said he had to make a call on a friend, and that he would perhaps drop in to the club on his way home, so that she was not to sit up for him. She was not surprised or hurt at the announcement. She was accustomed to spend her evenings alone. She fetched down his cigar-case, put it in his top-coat pocket, and brought him the coat. Then he kissed her, and went out.

But this evening, at least, she had abundant occupation, and that of a sufficiently pleasant kind. For some little time she had been harbouring in her mind a dark and mysterious plot, and she was glad of an opportunity to think it out and arrange its details. Mairi was coming to London; and she had carefully concealed the fact from her husband. A little surprise, of a dramatic sort, was to be prepared for him; with what result, who could tell? All of a sudden Lavender was to be precipitated into the island of Lewis as nearly as that could be imitated in a house at Notting Hill.

This was Sheila's scheme, and on these lonely evenings she could sit by herself with much satisfaction and ponder over the little points of it and its possible success. Mairi was coming to London under the escort of a worthy Glasgow fishmonger whom Mr. Mackenzie knew. She would arrive after Lavender had left for his studio. Then she and Sheila would set to work to transform the smoking-room, that was sometimes called a library, into something resembling the quaint little drawing-room in Sheila's home. Mairi was bringing up a quantity of heather gathered fresh from the rocks beside the White Water; she was bringing up some peacocks' feathers, too, for the mantelpiece, and two or three big shells; and, best of all, she was to put in her trunk a real and veritable lump of peat, well dried and easy to light. Then you must know that Sheila had already sketched out the meal that was to be placed on the table, so soon as the room had been done up in Highland fashion, and this peat lit, so as to send its fragrant smoke abroad. A large salmon was to make its appearance first of all. There would be bottles of beer on the table; also one of those odd bottles of Norwegian make, filled with whisky. And when Lavender went with wonder into this small room, when he smelt the fragrant peat-smoke—and everyone knows how powerful the sense of smell is in recalling bygone associations—when he saw the smoking salmon, and the bot-

tled beer, and the whisky—and when he suddenly found Mairi coming into the room, and saying to him, in her sweet Highland fashion, "And are you ferry well, sir?"—would not his heart warm to the old ways and kindly homeliness of the house in Borva, and would not some glimpse of the happy and half-forgotten time that was now so sadly and strangely remote, cause him to break down that barrier between himself and Sheila that this artificial life in the South had placed there?

So the child dreamed; and was happy in dreaming of it. Sometimes she grew afraid of her project; she had not had much experience in deception, and the mere concealment of Mairi's coming was a hard thing to bear. But surely her husband would take this trick in good part. It was only, after all, a joke. To put a little barbaric splendour of decoration into the quiet little smoking-room; to have a scent of peat-smoke in the air; and to have a timid, sweet-voiced, pretty Highland girl suddenly make her appearance, with an odour of the sea about her, as it were, and a look of fresh breezes in the colour of her cheeks—what mortal man could find fault with this innocent jest? Sheila's moments of doubt were succeeded by long hours of joyous confidence, in which a happy light shone on her face. She went through the house with a brisk step; she sang to herself as she went; she was kinder than ever to the small children who came into the Square every forenoon, and whose acquaintance she had very speedily made; she gave each of her crossing-sweepers threepence instead of twopence in passing. The servants had never seen her in such good spirits; she was exceptionally generous in presenting them with articles of attire; they might have had half the week in holidays if Mr. Lavender had not to be attended to. A small gentleman of three years of age lived next door, and his acquaintance also she had made, by means of his nurse. At this time his stock of toys, which Sheila had kept carefully renewed, became so big, that

he might, with proper management, have set up a stall in the Lowther Arcade.

Just before she left Lewis, her father had called her to him, and said—

“Sheila, I was wanting to tell you about something. It is not everyone that will care to hef his money given away to poor folk, and it wass many a time I said to myself that when you were married maybe your husband would think you were giving too much money to the poor folk, as you wass doing in Borva. And it iss this fifty pounds I hef got for you, Sheila, in ten bank-notes, and you will take them with you for your own money, that you will not hef any trouble about giving things to people. And when the fifty pounds will be done, I will send you another fifty pounds, and it will be no difference to me whatever. And if there is anyone in Borva you would be for sending money to, there is your own money; for there is many a one would take the money from Sheila Mackenzie that would not be for taking it from an English stranger in London. And when you will send it to them, you will send it to me; and I will tek it to them, and I will tell them that this money is from my Sheila, and from no one else whatever.”

This was all the dowry that Sheila carried with her to the South. Mackenzie would willingly have given her half his money, if she would have taken it, or if her husband had desired it; but the old King of Borva had profound and far-reaching schemes in his head about the small fortune he might otherwise have accorded to his daughter. This wealth, such as it was, was to be a magnet to draw this young English gentleman back to the Hebrides. It was all very well for Mr. Lavender to have plenty of money at present; he might not always have it. Then the time would come for Mackenzie to say, “Look here, young man; I can support myself easily and comfortably by my farming and fishing. The money I have saved is at your disposal, so long as you consent to remain in Lewis—in Stornoway, if you please—elsewhere if you

please—only in Lewis. And while you are painting pictures, and making as much money as you can that way, you can have plenty of fishing, and shooting, and amusement; and my guns and boats and rods are all at your service.” Mr. Mackenzie considered that no man could resist such an offer.

Sheila, of course, told her husband of the sum of money she owned; and for a long time it was a standing joke between them. He addressed her with much respect, and was careful to inform her of the fluctuations of the money-market. Sometimes he borrowed a sovereign of her; and never without giving her an I O U, which was faithfully reclaimed. But by and by she perceived that he grew less and less to like the mention of this money. Perhaps it resembled too closely the savings which the over-cautious folks about Borvabost would not entrust to a bank, but kept hidden about their huts in the heel of a stocking. At all events, Sheila saw that her husband did not like her to go to this fund for her charities; and so the fifty pounds that her father had given her lasted a long time. During this period of jubilation, in which she looked forward to touching her husband's heart by an innocent little stratagem, more frequent appeals were made to the drawer in which the treasure was locked up, so that in the end her private dowry was reduced to thirty pounds.

If Ingram could have but taken part in this plan of hers! The only regret that was mingled with her anticipations of a happier future concerned this faithful friend of hers, who seemed to have been cut off from them for ever. And it soon became apparent to her that her husband, so far from inclining to forget the misunderstanding that had arisen between Ingram and himself, seemed to feel increased resentment, inasmuch that she was most careful to avoid mentioning his name.

She was soon to meet him, however. Lavender was resolved that he would not appear to have retired from the field, merely because Ingram had entered it. He would go to this dinner on the

Tuesday evening, and Sheila would accompany him. First he asked her. Much as she would have preferred not visiting these particular people, she cheerfully acquiesced: she was not going to be churlish or inconsiderate on the very eve of her dramatic *coup*. Then he went to Mrs. Lorraine, and said he had persuaded Sheila to come with them; and the young American lady and her mamma were good enough to say how glad they were she had come to this decision. They appeared to take it for granted that it was Sheila alone who had declined former invitations.

"Mr. Ingram will be there on Tuesday evening," said Lavender to his wife.

"I was not aware he knew them," said Sheila, remembering, indeed, how scrupulously Ingram had refused to know them.

"He has made their acquaintance for his own purposes, doubtless," said Lavender. "I suppose he will appear in a frock-coat, with a bright blue tie, and he will say 'Sir' to the waiters when he does not understand them."

"I thought you said Mr. Ingram belonged to a very good family," said Sheila, quietly.

"That is so. But each man is responsible for his own manners; and as all the society he sees consists of a cat and some wooden pipes, in a couple of dingy rooms in Sloane-street, you can't expect him not to make an ass of himself."

"I have never seen him make himself ridiculous: I do not think it possible," said Sheila, with a certain precision of speech which Lavender had got to know meant much. "But that is a matter for himself. Perhaps you will tell me what I am to do when I meet him at Mrs. Kavanagh's house."

"Of course, you must meet him as you would anyone else you know. If you don't wish to speak to him, you need not do so. Saying 'Good evening' costs nothing."

"If he takes me in to dinner?" she asked, calmly.

"Then you must talk to him as

you would to any stranger," he said, impatiently. "Ask him if he has been to the opera, and he won't know there is no opera going on. Tell him that town is very full, and he won't know that everybody has left. Say you may meet him again at Mrs. Kavanagh's, and you'll see that he doesn't know they mean to start for the Tyrol in a fortnight. I think you and I must also be settling soon where we mean to go. I don't think we could do better than go to the Tyrol."

She did not answer. It was clear that he had given up all intention of going up to Lewis, for that year at least. But she would not beg him to alter his decision just yet. Mairi was coming; and that experiment of the enchanted room had still to be tried.

As they drove round to Mrs. Kavanagh's house on that Tuesday evening, she thought, with much bitterness of heart, of the possibility of her having to meet Mr. Ingram in the fashion her husband had suggested. Would it not be better, if he did take her in to dinner, to throw herself entirely on his mercy, and ask him not to talk to her at all? She would address herself, when there was a chance, to her neighbour on the other side: if she remained silent altogether, no great harm would be done.

When she went into the drawing-room, her first glance round was for him, and he was the first person whom she saw. For, instead of withdrawing into a corner to make one neighbour the victim of his shyness, or concealing his embarrassment in studying the photographic albums, Mr. Ingram was coolly standing on the hearthrug, with both hands in his trousers' pockets, while he was engaged in giving the American Judge a great deal of authoritative information about America. The Judge was a tall, fair, stout, good-natured man, fond of joking and a good dinner; and he was content at this moment to sit quietly in an easy-chair, with a pleasant smile on his face, and be lectured about his own country by this sallow little man, whom he took to be a Professor

of Modern History at some University or other.

Ingram, as soon as he found that Sheila was in the room, relieved her from any doubt as to his intentions. He merely came forward, shook hands with her, said, "How do you do, Mrs. Lavender?" and went back to the Judge. She might have been an acquaintance of yesterday, or a friend of twenty years' standing: no one could tell by his manner. As for Sheila, she parted with his hand reluctantly. She tried to look, too, what she dared not say; but whatever of regret, and kindness, and assurance of friendship was in her eyes, he did not see. He scarcely glanced at her face; he went off at once, and plunged again into the Cincinnati Convention.

Mrs. Kavanagh and Mrs. Lorraine were exceedingly and almost obtrusively kind to her; but she scarcely heard what they said to her. It seemed so strange and so sad to her that her old friend should be standing near her, and she so far removed from him that she dared not go and speak to him. She could not understand it sometimes—everything around her seemed to get confused, until she felt as if she were sinking in a great sea, and could utter but one despairing cry as she saw the light disappear above her head. When they went in to dinner, she saw that Mr. Ingram's seat was on Mrs. Lorraine's right hand; and although she could hear him speak, as he was almost right opposite to her, it seemed to her that his voice sounded as if it were far away. The man who had taken her in was a tall, brown-whiskered, and faultlessly-dressed person who never spoke; so that she was allowed to sit and listen to the conversation between Mrs. Lorraine and Ingram. They appeared to be on excellent terms. You would have fancied they had known each other for years. And as Sheila sat and saw how pre-occupied and pleased with his companion Mr. Ingram was, perhaps now and again the bitter question arose to her mind, whether this woman, who had taken away her husband, was seeking

to take away her friend also. Sheila knew nothing of all that had happened within these past few days. She knew only that she was alone—without either husband or friend; and it seemed to her that this pale American girl had taken both away from her.

Ingram was in one of his happiest moods, and was seeking to prove to Mrs. Lorraine that this present dinner-party ought to be an especially pleasant one. Everybody was going away somewhere; and, of course, she must know that the expectation of travelling was much more delightful than the reality of it. What could surpass the sense of freedom, of power, of hope enjoyed by the happy folks who sat down to an open atlas, and began to sketch out routes for their coming holidays? Where was he going? Oh, he was going to the North. Had Mrs. Lorraine never seen Edinburgh Castle rising out of a grey fog, like the ghost of some great building belonging to the times of Arthurian romance? Had she never seen the northern twilights, and the awful gloom and wild colours of Loch Coruisk and the Skye hills? There was no holiday-making so healthy, so free from restraint, as that among the far Highland hills and glens, where the clear mountain air, scented with miles and miles of heather, seemed to produce a sort of intoxication of good spirits within one. Then the yachting round the wonderful islands of the West—the rapid runs of a bright forenoon, the shooting of the wild sea-birds, the scrambled dinners in the small cabin, the still nights in the small harbours, with a scent of sea-weed abroad, and the white stars shining down on the trembling water. Yes, he was going yachting this autumn—in about a fortnight he hoped to start. His friend was at present away up Loch Boisdale, in South Uist, and he did not know how to get there except by going to Skye, and taking his chance of some boat going over. Where would they go then? He did not know. Wherever his friend liked. It would be enough for him if they kept moving about, seeing the strange sights of the sea, and the air,

and the lonely shores of those northern islands. Perhaps they might even try to reach St. Kilda——

"Oh, Mr. Ingram, won't you go and see my papa!"

The cry that suddenly reached him was like the cry of a broken heart. He started as from a trance, and found Sheila regarding him with a piteous appeal in her face; she had been listening intently to all he had said.

"Oh yes, Sheila," he said, kindly, and quite forgetting that he was speaking to her before strangers; "of course I must go and see your papa, if we are any way near the Lewis. Perhaps you may be there then?"

"No," said Sheila, looking down.

"Won't you go to the Highlands this autumn?" Mrs. Lorraine asked, in a friendly way.

"No," said Sheila, in a measured voice, as she looked her enemy fair in the face; "I think we are going to the Tyrol."

If the child had only known what occurred to Mrs. Lorraine's mind at this moment! Not a triumphant sense of Lavender's infatuation, as Sheila probably fancied; but a very definite resolution that, if Frank Lavender went to the Tyrol, it was not with either her or her mother he should go.

"Mrs. Lavender's father is an old friend of mine," said Ingram, loud enough for all to hear; "and hospitable as all Highlanders are, I have never met his equal in that way, and I have tried his patience a good many times. What do you think, Mrs. Lorraine, of a man who would give up his best gun to you, even though you couldn't shoot a bit, and he particularly proud of his shooting? And so if you lived with him for a month or six months—each day the best of everything for you, the second-best for your friend, the worst for himself. Wasn't it so, Lavender?"

It was a direct challenge sent across the table; and Sheila's heart beat quick, lest her husband should say something ungracious.

"Yes, certainly," said Lavender, with a readiness that pleased Sheila; "I at

least have no right to complain of his hospitality."

"Your papa is a very handsome man," said Mrs. Lorraine to Sheila, bringing the conversation back to their own end of the table. "I have seen few finer heads than that drawing you have. Mr. Lavender did that, did he not? Why has he never done one of you?"

"He is too busy, I think, just now," Sheila said; perhaps not knowing that from Mrs. Lorraine's waist-belt at that moment depended a fan which might have given evidence as to the extreme scarcity of time under which Lavender was supposed to labour.

"He has a splendid head," said Ingram. "Did you know that he is called the King of Borva up there?"

"I have heard of him being called the King of Thule," said Mrs. Lorraine, turning with a smile to Sheila, "and of his daughter being styled a Princess. Do you know the ballad of the King of Thule in 'Faust,' Mrs. Lavender?"

"In the opera?—yes," said Sheila.

"Will you sing it for us after dinner?"

"If you like."

The promise was fulfilled, in a fashion! The notion that Mr. Ingram was about to go away up to Lewis, to the people who knew her, and to her father's house, with no possible answer to the questions which would certainly be showered upon him as to why she had not come also, troubled Sheila deeply. The ladies went into the drawing-room, and Mrs. Lorraine got out the song. Sheila sat down to the piano, thinking far more of that small stone house at Borva than of the King of Thule's castle overlooking the sea; and yet somehow the first lines of the song, though she knew them well enough, sent a pang to her heart as she glanced at them. She touched the first notes of the accompaniment, and she looked at the words again.

*"Over the sea in Thule's of old
Reigned a King who was true hearted,
Who, in remembrance of one departed——"*

A mist came over her eyes. Was she the one who had departed, leaving

the old King in his desolate house by the sea, where he could only think of her as he sat in his solitary chamber, with the night winds howling round the shore outside? When her birthday had come round, she knew that he must have silently drunk to her, though not out of a beaker of gold. And now, when mere friends and acquaintances were free to speed away to the North, and get a welcome from the folks in Borva, and listen to the Atlantic waves dashing lightly in among the rocks, her hope of getting thither had almost died out. Among such people as landed on Stornoway quay from the big *Clansman*, her father would seek one face, and seek it in vain. And Duncan, and Scarlett, and even John the Piper—all the well-remembered folks who lived far away across the Minch—they would ask why Miss Sheila was never coming back. Mrs. Lorraine had been standing aside from the piano. Noticing that Sheila had played the introduction to the song twice over, in an undetermined manner, she came forward a step or two, and pretended to be looking at the music. Tears were running down Sheila's face. Mrs. Lorraine put her hand on the girl's shoulder, and sheltered her from observation, and said aloud—

"You have it in a different key, have you not? Pray don't sing it. Sing something else. Do you know any of Gounod's sacred songs? Let me see if we can find anything for you in this volume."

They were a long time finding anything in that volume. When they did find it, behold! it was one of Mrs. Lorraine's songs, and that young lady said, if Mrs. Lavender would only allow herself to be superseded for a few minutes—And so Sheila walked, with her head down, to the conservatory, which was at the other end of the piano; and Mrs. Lorraine not only sung this French song, but sang every one of the verses; and at the end of it she had quite forgotten that Sheila had promised to sing.

"You are very sensitive," she said to Sheila, coming into the conservatory.

"I am very stupid," Sheila said with

her face burning. "But it is a long time since I will see the Highlands—and Mr. Ingram was talking of the places I know—and—so——"

"I understand well enough," said Mrs. Lorraine, tenderly, as if Sheila were a mere child in her hands. "But you must not get your eyes red. You have to sing some of those Highland songs for us yet, when the gentlemen come in. Come up to my room, and I will make your eyes all right. Oh, do not be afraid! I shall not bring you down like Lady Leveret. Did you ever see anything like that woman's face to-night? It reminds me of the window of an oil-and-colour shop: I wonder she does not catch flies with her cheeks."

So all the people, Sheila learned that night, were going away from London; and soon she and her husband would join in the general stampede of the very last dwellers in town. But Mairi? What was to become of her, after that little plot had been played out? Sheila could not leave Mairi to see London by herself; she had been enjoying beforehand the delight of taking the young girl about, and watching the wonder of her eyes. Nor could she fairly postpone Mairi's visit; and Mairi was coming up in another couple of days.

On the morning on which the visitor from the far Hebrides was to make her appearance in London, Sheila felt conscious of a great hypocrisy in bidding good-bye to her husband. On some excuse or other, she had had breakfast ordered early; and he found himself ready at half-past nine to go out for the day.

"Frank," she said, "will you come in to lunch at two?"

"Why?" he asked: he did not often have luncheon at home.

"I will go into the Park with you in the afternoon, if you like," she said: all the scene had been diligently rehearsed, on one side, before.

Lavender was a little surprised, but he was in an amiable mood.

"All right," he said. "Have something with olives in it. Two sharp."

With that he went out; and Sheila,

with a wild commotion at her heart, saw him walk away through the Square. She was afraid Mairi might have arrived before he left. And, indeed, he had not gone above a few minutes when a four-wheeler drove up, and an elderly man got out and waited for the timid-faced girl inside to alight. With a rush like that of a startled deer, Sheila was down the stairs, along the hall, and on the pavement; and it was, "Oh, Mairi! and have you come at last? And are you very well? And how are all the people in Borva? And, Mr. M'Alpine, how are you, and will you come into the house?"

Certainly, that was a strange sight for a decorous London square; the mistress of a house, a young girl with bare head, coming out on the pavement to shake hands in a frantic fashion with a young maid-servant and an elderly man whose clothes had been pretty well tanned by sunlight and sea-water. And Sheila would herself help to carry Mairi's luggage in. And she would take no denial from Mr. M'Alpine, whose luggage was also carried in. And she would herself pay the cabman, as strangers did not know about these things: Sheila's knowledge being exhibited by her hastily giving the man five shillings for driving from Euston Station. And there was breakfast waiting for them both, as soon as Mairi could get her face washed; and would Mr. M'Alpine have a glass of whisky after the night's travelling?—and it was very good whisky whatever, as it had come all the way from Stornoway. Mr. M'Alpine was nothing loth.

"And wass you pretty well, Miss Sheila?" said Mairi, looking timidly and hastily up, and forgetting altogether that Sheila had another name now. "It will be a great thing for me to go back to sa Lewis, and tell them I wass seeing you, and you wass looking so well. And I will be thinking I wass neffer coming to any one I knew any more; and it is a great fright I hef had since we came away from sa Lewis; and I wass thinking we would neffer find you among all sa people and so far away across sa sea

and sa land. Eh——!" The girl stopped in astonishment. Her eyes had wandered up to a portrait on the walls; and here, in this very room, after she had travelled over all this great distance, apparently leaving behind her everything but the memory of her home, was Mr. Mackenzie himself, looking at her from under his shaggy eyebrows.

"You must have seen that picture in Borva, Mairi," Sheila said. "Now come with me, like a good girl, and get yourself ready for breakfast. Do you know, Mairi, it does my heart good to hear you talk again. I don't think I shall be able to let you go back to the Lewis."

"But you hef changed ferry much in your way of speaking, Miss—Mrs. Lavender," said Mairi, with an effort. "You will speak just like sa English now."

"The English don't say so," replied Sheila, with a smile, leading the way upstairs.

Mr. M'Alpine had his business to attend to; but, being a sensible man, he took advantage of the profuse breakfast placed before him. Mairi was a little too frightened, and nervous and lappy to eat much; but Mr. M'Alpine was an old traveller, not to be put out by the mere meeting of two girls. He listened in a grave and complacent manner to the rapid questions and answers of Mairi and her hostess; but he himself was too busy to join in the conversation much. At the end of breakfast, he accepted, after a little pressing, half a glass of whisky; and then, much comforted and in a thoroughly good humour with himself and the world, got his luggage out again and went on his way towards a certain inn in High Holborn.

"Ay, and where does the Queen live, Miss Sheila?" said Mairi. She had been looking at the furniture in Sheila's house, and wondering if the Queen lived in a place still more beautiful than this.

"A long way from here."

"And it iss no wonder," said Mairi, "she will neffer hef been in sa Lewis. I wass neffer thinking the world wass so big, and it wass many a time since

me and Mr. M'Alpine hef come away from Styornoway, I wass thinking it wass too far for me effer to get back again. But it is many a one will say to me, before I hef left the Lewis, that I wass not to come home unless you wass coming too, and I wass to bring you back with me, Miss Sheila. And where is Bras, Miss Sheila?"

"You will see him by and by. He is out in the garden now." She said 'gyarden' without knowing it.

"And will he understood the Gaelic yet?"

"Oh yes," Sheila said. "And he is sure to remember you."

There was no mistake about that. When Mairi went into the back-garden, the demonstrations of delight on the part of the great deerhound were as pronounced as his dignity and gravity would allow. And Mairi fairly fell upon his neck and kissed him, and addressed to him a hundred endearing phrases in Gaelic, every word of which it was quite obvious that the dog understood. London was already beginning to be less terrible to her. She had met and talked with Sheila. Here was Bras. A portrait of the King of Borva was hung up inside, and all round the rooms were articles which she had known in the North, before Sheila had married and brought them away into this strange land.

"You have never asked after my husband, Mairi," said Sheila, thinking she would confuse the girl.

But Mairi was not confused. Probably she had been fancying that Mr. Lavender was down at the shore, or had gone out fishing, or something of that sort, and would return soon enough. It was Sheila, not he, whom she was concerned about. Indeed, Mairi had caught up a little of that jealousy of Lavender which was rife among the Borva folks. They would speak no ill of Mr. Lavender. The young gentleman whom Miss Sheila had chosen had by that very fact a claim upon their respect. Mr. Mackenzie's son-in-law was a person of importance. And yet, in their secret hearts, they bore a grudge against him. What right had he to

come away up to the North and carry off the very pride of the island? Were English girls not good enough for him that he must needs come up and take away Sheila Mackenzie, and keep her there in the South, so that her friends and acquaintances saw no more of her? Before the marriage, Mairi had a great liking and admiration for Mr. Lavender. She was so pleased to see Miss Sheila pleased that she approved of the young man, and thanked him in her heart for making her cousin and mistress so obviously happy. Perhaps, indeed, Mairi managed to fall in love with him a little bit herself, merely by force of example and through sympathy with Sheila; and she was rapidly forming very good opinions of the English race, and their ways, and their looks. But when Lavender took away Sheila from Borva, a change came over Mairi's sentiments. She gradually fell in with the current opinions of the island—that it was a great pity Sheila had not married young Mr. MacIntyre, of Sutherland, or some who would have allowed her to remain among her own people. Mairi began to think that the English, though they were handsome, and good-natured, and free with their money, were on the whole a selfish race, inconsiderate, and forgetful of promises. She began to dislike the English, and wished they would stay in their own country, and not interfere with other people.

"I hope he is very well," said Mairi, dutifully: she could at least say that honestly.

"You will see him at two o'clock. He is coming in to luncheon; and he does not know you are here; and you are to be a great surprise to him, Mairi. And there is to be a greater surprise still; for we are going to make one of the rooms into the drawing-room at home; and you must open your boxes, and bring me down the heather and the peat, Mairi, and the two bottles; and then, you know, when the salmon is on the table, and the whisky, and the beer, and Bras lying on the hearthrug, and the peat-smoke all through the room, then you will come in and shake hands

with him, and he will think he is in Borva again."

Mairi was a little puzzled. She did not understand the intention of this strange thing. But she went and fetched the materials she had brought with her from Lewis, and Sheila and her set to work. •

It was a pleasant enough occupation for this bright forenoon, and Sheila, as she heard Mairi's sweet Highland speech, and as she brought from all parts of the house the curiosities sent her from the Hebrides, would almost have fancied she was superintending a "cleaning" of that museum-like little drawing-room at Borva. Skins of foxes, seals, and deer, stuffed eagles and strange fishes, masses of coral and wonderful carvings in wood brought from abroad, shells of every size, from every clime—all these were brought together into Frank Lavender's smoking-room. The ordinary ornaments of the mantelpiece gave way to fanciful arrangements of peacocks' feathers. Fresh-blown ling and the beautiful spikes of the bell-heather formed the staple of the decorations, and Mairi had brought enough to adorn an assembly-room.

"That is like the Lewis people," Sheila said, with a laugh—she had not been in as happy a mood for many a day. "I asked you to bring one peat, and of course you brought two. Tell the truth, Mairi: could you have forced yourself to bring one peat?"

"I was thinking it was safer to bring *sa* two," replied Mairi, blushing all over the fair and pretty face.

And, indeed, there being two peats, Sheila thought she might as well try an experiment with one. She crumbled down some pieces, put them on a plate, lit them, and placed the plate outside the open window, on the sill. Presently a new, sweet, half-forgotten fragrance came floating in; and Sheila almost forgot the success of the experiment in the half-delighted, half-sad reminiscences called up by the scent of the peat. Mairi failed to see how anyone could wilfully smoke a house—anyone, that is to say, who did not save the smoke for his thatch. And who was so particular as Sheila had been

about having the clothes come in from the washing dried so that they should not retain this very odour that seemed now to delight her?

At last the room was finished, and Sheila contemplated it with much satisfaction. The table was laid, and on the white cloth stood the bottles most familiar to Borva. The peat-smoke still lingered in the air; she could not have wished anything to be better.

Then she went off to look after luncheon, and Mairi was permitted to go down and explore the mysteries of the kitchen. The servants were not accustomed to this interference and oversight, and might have resented it, only that Sheila had proved a very good mistress to them, and had shown, too, that she would have her own way when she wanted it. Suddenly, as Sheila was explaining to Mairi the use of some particular piece of mechanism, she heard a sound that made her heart jump. It was now but half-past one; and yet that was surely her husband's foot in the hall. For a moment she was too bewildered to know what to do. She heard him go straight into the very room she had been decorating, the door of which she had left open. Then, as she went upstairs, with her heart still beating fast, the first thing that met her eye was a tartan shawl belonging to Mairi that had been accidentally left in the passage. Her husband must have seen it.

"Sheila, what nonsense is this?" he said.

He was evidently in a hurry; and yet she could not answer, her heart was throbbing too quickly.

"Look here," he said, "I wish you'd give up this grotto-making till to-morrow. Mrs. Kavanagh, Mrs. Lorraine, and Lord Arthur Redmond are coming in to luncheon at two. I suppose you can get something decent for them. What is the matter? What is the meaning of all this?"

And then his eye rested on the tartan shawl, which he had really not noticed before.

"Who is in the house?" he said.

"Have you asked some washerwoman to lunch?"

Sheila managed at last to say—

"It is Mairi come from Stornoway. I was thinking you would be surprised to see her when you came in——"

"And these preparations are for her?"

Sheila said nothing: there was that in the tone of her husband's voice which was gradually bringing her to herself, and giving her quite sufficient firmness.

"And now that this girl has come up, I suppose you mean to introduce her to all your friends; and I suppose you expect those people who are coming in half an hour to sit down at table with a kitchen-maid?"

"Mairi," said Sheila, standing quite erect, but with her eyes cast down, "is my cousin."

"Your cousin! Don't be ridiculous, Sheila. You know very well that Mairi is nothing more nor less than a scullery-maid, and I suppose you mean to take her out of the kitchen, and introduce her to people, and expect them to sit down at table with them. Is not that so?"

She did not answer, and he went on, impatiently, "Why was I not told that this girl was coming to stay at my house? Surely I have some right to know what guests you invite, that I may be able at least to ask my friends not to come near the house while they are in it."

"That I did not tell you before—yes, that was a pity," said Sheila, sadly and calmly. "But it will be no trouble to you. When Mrs. Lorraine comes up at two o'clock, there will be luncheon for her and for her friends. She will not have to sit down with any of my relations, or with me, for if they are not fit to meet her, I am not; and it is not any great matter that I shall not meet her at two o'clock."

There was no passion of any sort in the measured and sad voice, nor in the somewhat pale face and downcast eyes. Perhaps it was this composure that deceived Frank Lavender; at all events, he turned and walked out of the house, satisfied that he would not have to introduce this Highland cousin to his friends, and just as certain that Sheila

would repent of her resolve, and appear in the dining-room as usual.

Sheila went downstairs to the kitchen, where Mairi still stood awaiting her. She gave orders to one of the servants about having luncheon laid in the dining-room at two, and then she bade Mairi follow her upstairs.

"Mairi," she said, when they were alone, "I want you to put your things in your trunk at once—in five minutes if you can—I shall be waiting for you."

"Miss Sheila!" cried the girl, looking up to her friend's face with a sudden fright seizing her heart. "What is the matter with you? You are going to die!"

"There is nothing the matter, Mairi. I am going away."

She uttered the words placidly; but there was a pained look about the lips that could not be concealed, and her face, unknown to herself, had the whiteness of despair in it.

"Going away!" said Mairi, in a bewildered way. "Where are you going, Miss Sheila?"

"I will tell you by and by. Get your trunk ready, Mairi. You are keeping me waiting."

Then she called for a servant, who was sent for a cab; and by the time the vehicle appeared, Mairi was ready to get into it, and her trunk was put on the top. Then, clad in the rough blue dress that she used to wear in Borva, and with no appearance of haste or fear in the calm and death-like face, Sheila came out from her husband's house, and found herself alone in the world. There were two little girls, the daughters of a neighbour, passing by at the time; she patted them on the head, and bade them good-morning. Could she recollect, five minutes thereafter, having seen them? There was a strange and distant look in her eyes. She got into the cab, and sat down by Mairi, and then took the girl's hand.

"I am sorry to take you away, Mairi," she said; but she was apparently not thinking of Mairi, nor of the house she was leaving, nor yet of the vehicle in which she was so strangely placed. Was she thinking of a certain wild and wet

day in the far Hebrides, when a young bride stood on the decks of a great vessel, and saw the home of her childhood and the friends of her youth fade back into the desolate waste of the sea? Perhaps there may have been some unconscious influence in this picture to direct her movements at this moment, for of definite resolves she had none. When Mairi told her that the cabman wanted to know whither he was to drive, she merely answered, "Oh yes, Mairi, we

will go to the station;" and Mairi added, addressing the man, "It was the Euston Station." Then they drove away.

"Are you going home?" said the young girl, looking up with a strange foreboding and sinking of the heart to the pale face and distant eyes. "Are you going home, Miss Sheila?"

"Oh yes, we are going home, Mairi," was the answer she got; but the tone in which it was uttered filled her mind with doubt and something like despair.

To be continued.

NEEDLEWORK.

THE idea of placing Needlework amongst the Fine Arts, in the present age, when costliness is the standard by which the merit of art-work is too often gauged, will strike some people, perhaps, as ridiculous. To show, however, that Needlework has a claim to estimation as an art is the aim of this paper.

Little, if any, interest has been given to this subject of late years, although all other classes of art-objects have been sought after and collected. To be sure, amateurs are fond of including in their collections fragments of ancient church vestments and embroideries. These invariably command a respect, and it would never do to pass them by. They are rather difficult of acquisition, and amongst *bric-à-brac* they serve as curious and picturesque diversions from the more solid objects. But as for the other productions of the needle, scarcely anything is known or cared about them. It so happens that heirlooms preserved at country seats are extant, and that there are a few genuine and Catholic amateurs who have collected needlework specimens other than the ecclesiastical relics above mentioned. Thus an energetic committee of royal and noble ladies found works of the needle of sufficient number and variety to be collected, and shown at the South Kensington Museum, and to be further dignified by the title of "Special Loan Exhibition of Decorative Art Needlework." New interest will surely be now created in the subject. Certain it is, that visitors to this Exhibition—which will remain open for a month or so longer—will not fail to be struck by the diversity of uses to which the needle has been put, as exemplified by the many cases full of well-designed and harmoniously-coloured specimens. There are works which appeal to the sympathies of the antiquary, the ecclesiastic,

the historian, the artist, the humorist, the working-man, and even the millionaire. Others, who do not come under any of these categories, will look at what pleases them; for it is unquestionable that they will find something to tickle their fancies. Without offending hot-headed "patriots," republicans, and supporters of the proletariat, we may record how diligently the Princess Christian and the Princess Mary of Teck, with their Committee of Ladies, have worked for the benefit and enlightenment of their fellow-creatures in the formation of the Needlework Exhibition. The Government is to be congratulated upon having obtained this valuable and friendly aid in promoting art-education. Loan Exhibitions like the present one are, from many considerations, to be encouraged. They are the means of bringing together, for the instruction and delectation of all classes, treasures which frequently remain hidden in lumber-rooms, or else are only brought out occasionally for the gratification of a few favoured friends of the possessor. In truth, these Exhibitions unite the rich and the poor, to the intellectual and commercial benefit of the community.

But we must no longer delay dealing with needlework. In the early English needlework, or embroidery, a certain regularity of stitch was maintained. There were no cobblings or untidy finishings off. Work undertaken was conscientiously carried out. A certain style of stitch would be adopted for a piece of work, and it was adhered to. Mixtures of stitches, when necessary, were cautiously used. Hence it is, that ecclesiastical embroideries on vestments of the thirteenth and fifteenth centuries can almost always be *classified* according to the style of stitch. The persons who wrought them were devotees to their

occupation, and to them time was no object. However, towards the end of the fifteenth century a degeneracy in work commenced, and specimens dating from about this period show that the artistic pliers of the needle did not despise the use of subterfuges in cases of difficulty. Whereas in southern countries the Renaissance of art had taken place, its influence had not penetrated England. Thus English work of this time is hybrid in character and poor in execution. The troublous times of the Wars of the Roses evidently intercepted the peaceful progress of art; but when comparative calm was restored, a kind of sampler-work and raised or stuffed work came into vogue, more hideous than can be imagined. From this date English needlework ran riot; and it is absurd for people to try now to create a fictitious admiration for the bulky and awkward scrawlings of crewel or worsted-work, over which it is the fashion to fall into rhapsodies. That home-products were not highly valued, is patent from the fact that the houses of the rich were bedecked, by preference, with rich Oriental, Italian, and French works. And of such is formed the largest section in the Exhibition. Throughout the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, English needlework became worse and worse. Ignorant, grotesque, and certainly amusing renderings of mythological and scriptural events were worked in the "stuffed" style upon work-boxes, book-covers, and looking-glass frames. The climax of the art may be found in the feeble long-stitch portraits, in floss silk, of "Lavinia" and "Amanda," and in the clever imitation etchings by Miss Linwood; of which, however, the less said the better. A few exceptions to the general badness of style existed in certain quiltings executed by gentlewomen, generally in imitation of Oriental designs.

In describing the more marked specimens of the collection at South Kensington, it seems useful to briefly point out the peculiarity of certain stitches; and to this end we propose to deal with the old Latin-named classifications. The

"opus plumarium" was the term given to feather-stitch work, resembling in character the long and satin stitches of the present day. According to the late Canon Rock, a learned authority upon all kinds of woven and embroidered fabrics, "the stitches were laid down, never across, but longwise, and so put together that they seemed to overlap one another like the feathers in the plumage of the bird." Work done after the manner of Berlin wool-work, either in "cross," "cushion," "tent," or such-like stitches, was called "opus pulvinarium." Weaving does not come within our scope; it will be sufficient, therefore, to dismiss without further notice its imitation, by saying that it was called the "opus pectineum," or comb-work, which has now been entirely supplanted by machine weaving. The "opus consutum" included all kinds of "cut," or *appliqué* work. Lately there has been a mild revival, called "sabrina," of this work. But sabrina, or rather such specimens as we have seen, appears to be a work without principle. There certainly is nothing beyond the most amateurish sentiment to be found in it, and none of the vigorous characteristics of *cinq-ento appliqué* work are traceable. The last class mentioned by Canon Rock is the "opus Anglicum." This is found solely in ecclesiastical embroideries of ancient date, and examples of it are scarce. Its execution entailed much careful labour. It was a "chain"-stitch, and "we find that for the human face . . . the first stitches were begun in the centre of the cheek, and worked in circular, not straight lines, into which, however, after the further side had been made, they fell, and were so carried on through the rest of the flesh; in some instances through the figures—draperies and all." A kind of relief, or modelling, was then imparted to figures done in this manner, by pressing "with a little thin iron rod, ending in a small, smooth knob, slightly heated," the centres or commencing points in the cheeks, throat, &c.

Besides these five classes of stitches, there are fine stitches, which are classed

as "point-lace" stitches. But lace is a subject to be treated apart from needlework simple. Nearly every kind of embroidery may be ranked under one or other of the classes above named. In specimens of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries one finds, especially in Italian coverlids, curtains, &c., a picturesque and effective element introduced by means of floss silk, laid and held down by diapers, or crossings of ordinary stitching. This kind of work possibly was suggested by the "couchings," or treatments of the golden threads or "passings," in church vestments, about which a useful book, by Miss Anastasia Dolby, has been published. The employment of gold threads for embroidery forms a class by itself, which is quite distinct from the classes we have enumerated. Those classes may be taken to refer to the needlework executed in fine threads, silks, worsted, &c. Canon Rock completely exhausts the subject of gold-work in connection with the adornment of vestments. Its use is of very early origin. The Phrygians were noted for their skill in the use of gold for the ornamentation of garments of all kinds. On panels of gold, pictures and ornaments were wrought in coloured silks. These panels were applied to the robes of the rich and to the vestments of the priests. The embroiderer was known as the "Phrygio," and his work as the "Phrygium." Canon Rock says that from "auriphrygium" is derived our own word "orphrey." It must, however, be borne in mind that the mediæval word "orfrais," or "orfroy," has a different etymology. That comes from "aurifrisium." The "aurifrisium" was the golden border, or fringe, to garments; and Chaucer, in his "Romaunt of the Rose," when describing the appearance of Gladnesse, says—

"Of orfraies fresh was her garland,
I which seene have a thousand."

"Orfrais" surrounded the old circular ecclesiastical vestments, the form of which, at a later date, for convenience to the wearer, was modified by cutting out pieces at the sides. The gold panel-

pictures which adorn the back and front of the vestment are the "orphreys." In some cases these panel-decorations are similar both in style and material to the border or "orfrey." They may then be termed *portions of the orfrey*. Some logomacs say that these words (*orphrey* and *orfrey*) are the same, and that the loose manner of spelling in the Middle Ages accounts for the substitution of the "ph" for the "f," and *vice versa*. To our thinking, however, both words, *orfrey*, *aurifrisium*, and *orphrey*, *auriphrygium*, are distinct, although in usage they appear to be nearly related. *Orfrey* signifies a gold fringe, or gold border. At the present time the accepted technical term for the border of the vestment is the "orfrey;" and this is used whether the border be of gold or coloured silks. *Orphrey* applies to a gold panel or strip upon which a picture is embroidered.

To come now to the Collection itself: the arrangement should be regarded as more popular than technical or learned. Ecclesiastical vestments form a large and interesting class. Specimens of the various kinds of work alluded to are included in it. No. 5 is a red velvet covering or facing for a cloister-desk, the decoration and embroidery of which may advantageously be studied. The subject-embroideries are executed by sewing fine silken threads over the gold cords. A subdued, sun-like gorgeousness is imparted to them. The main portion of the cover is simple velvet, with the gold thread sewn, to form a bold diapered ground. This specimen is indeed a splendid work of art, complete at all points, and its value is enhanced by the care with which it has been preserved. It possesses an historical interest as well, the Emperor Charles the Fifth having presented it to the Monastery of Juste, whither he retired, to devote the last days of his life to religious meditations and exercises. Sir Piers Mostyn lends No. 11, under which are comprised a Chasuble, Dalmatic, and Tunicle of Italian work. The *orfreys* and *orphreys* are in magnificent condition, and make resplendent grounds

for figures and ornaments, done by the fine silk-thread sewing round the golden cords, and after the manner of the "opus plumarium." The gold cords, or "passings," exemplify various rich forms of couching. Canon Rock highly esteemed these three vestments, and gave them an exalted rank amongst works of their class. The English specimens contributed from Oscott College by Dr. Northcote have a picturesqueness which is pleasing after the sumptuous Italian and German vestments. But a good deal of so-called restoration is evident in these English works, and is to be regretted, since the general sombre and rich effect is marred by patches of rankly-coloured and rather coarsely-wrought floss-silk layings. The finest specimen of "opus Anglicum" is the grand cope formerly belonging to the Monastery of Syon, and now the property of the nation. This, although in the South Kensington Museum, has not been placed in the Loan Collection, in which but one or two specimens of this rare class, "opus Anglicum," may be seen. Of this work, No. 3, lent by the Marquis of Bute, has been capitably preserved. It is dated 1369, and at the foot of the orphrey the coat-of-arms of John Grandison, Bishop of Exeter, is emblazoned. The new velvet upon which the work is mounted as a background is, however, harsh in tone for so ancient and faded a piece of work.

The second class is devoted to work which has an historical interest. The *mélange* of styles, periods, and materials is amusing, and brushes up one's history. It does not, however, afford much instruction in stitchery. The Pall (No. 53) belonging to the Fishmongers' Company, a work of the fourteenth century, is the best piece of embroidery; although the student of history will find, perhaps, greater interest in No. 51, which is a small square cut out of the cushion upon which Charlemagne laid the finger of St. Luke, when he presented that precious relic to the Archbishop Magnus of Lens. The quaint gold dragons suggest a later period than the ninth century, and the sceptical will accept

the romance *cum grano salis*. If the work be woven, it has no right to a place amongst needlework. In charity, however, and in consideration of the excellent tradition which accompanies the small specimen, we may presume that it comes under the class of "opus pectineum." With perfect fairness "eighteen pieces of Baby Linen, made by Princess Elizabeth for Queen Mary" (No. 16)—or, as the original label describes them, "some of ye childbed things, made when Queen Mary was thought to be with child"—occupy a position as works of the needle, although they possess no merit as decorative artworks. The little jackets or shirts, shoes, and mittens, are evidences of the affectionate prescience and diligence of Princess Elizabeth for her sister. But since the "little stranger" never appeared, the minute garments were not used. So they were put away, and have been preserved with a cap, satin shoes, pouches, &c. (61 to 66), at Ashridge, where the Princess was residing, when under the influence of jealousy Queen Mary despatched three gallant commissioners "to repair to Ashridge and bring the Lady Elizabeth to court, quick or dead." Hurried off in this manner, the Lady Elizabeth naturally forgot many of her belongings; hence these relics were left behind. And now, through the kindness of Countess Brownlow, they have been exhibited. Taylor, the water-poet, in his praises of the needle, records of Elizabeth that—

"When she a maide had many troubles past,
From jayle to jayle by Mary's angry spleene,
And Woodstocke and the Tower in prison past,
And after all was England's peerlesse Queen.
Yet, howsoever sorrow came or went,
She made the Needle her companion still,
And in that exercise her time she spent
As many living yet do know her skill.
Thus she was still a captive, or else crowned
A Needlwoman Royal and Renowned."

This account of Elizabeth is curiously appropriate to passages in latter days of her cousin, Mary Queen of Scots, who, by "Elizabeth's angry spleene," was

sent from "jaye to jaye." But Mary's work was of an ambitious kind, as the dilapidated evidences (Nos. 54, 55, and 56)—a chair, a work-box, and a basket—testify. These have been removed, by the gracious permission of the Queen, from Holyrood, where, during her imprisonment, Mary is said to have been "sedulously employed with her needle; and tradition speaks of several elegant productions of her industry," not to mention certain little tent-stitch satires, in one of which Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth is represented as a "catte" while a mouse personates her powerless cousin, Mary. We may now turn to the handiwork of a very different lady, "a woman of masculine understanding and conduct, proud, furious, selfish, and unfeeling; a builder, a buyer and seller of estates, a money-lender, a farmer, and a merchant of lead, coals, and timber;" and withal, though not so chronicled, a clever needlewoman. We mean Bess of Hardwicke. In the collection there are four or five pieces of careful tent-stitch-work, in which the monogram "E.S." (Elizabeth Shrewsbury) figures. No. 69, a version of the Fall of Phaeton, is the least damaged of this great lady's work. One of the unfortunate Charles I.'s many shirts is lent by the Duchess of Richmond. The fine insertions at the seams of pretty point stitches do not offer suggestions to the fashionmongers of the present day, and we hardly fancy that a revolution in modern male dress will be effected for the sake of displaying such feminine frippery in under-clothing. Lord Orford lends a pourpoint in linen, ornamented with cords and knots, and a slashed silk waistcoat, which belonged to John Carter, of Yarmouth. This gentleman was twice bailiff of that town, and was, moreover, an intimate friend of Cromwell, whose Puritanism and ascetic character did not prevent his accepting invitations to fashionably-houred dinner-parties, at least so says Yarmouth tradition. At one of these, for which the company assembled at seven o'clock, Cromwell and Carter inopportunely began to talk politics;

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and although the result of their conversation was the determination to behead Charles, still we can scarcely believe that even this important decision compensated the poor guests for the dreary time they had to wait. It was not until 11 P.M. that dinner was served, and then probably it was overcooked or completely spoilt. A memento of the momentous sequel of the anti-prandial debate and determination is to be seen in No. 82—the star from the mantle which Charles wore on the scaffold. To his faithful servant and friend, Captain Basil Wood, the King presented this star, and it hangs on a screen at a proper distance from No. 94, a piece of gaily-coloured patchwork, executed by Anne, wife of General Fleetwood, and eldest daughter of Cromwell. Then we have velvet caparisons for the royal steed which bore King James I. to his coronation, work done by Catherine of Braganza; the pall of Henry IV. of France—a large, hideous, circular covering of black velvet, sprinkled with the insignia of the Saint Esprit; a pair of *gants de cérémonie*, which belonged to Cardinal Richelieu; rich satin and chenille embroideries, wrought for the walls of Marie Antoinette's boudoir; and a pair of silk curtains (No. 509), from the bed of George, Lord Orford, of whom it is chronicled that George II., Queen Caroline, and Sir Robert Walpole, grandfather to the young lord, stood round him while the ceremony of christening was performed, he remaining in bed. This eccentricity seems to have been a forecast of the character of his life. His Lordship was fond of doing odd things, and amongst others he used to drive four stags in Hyde Park!

We must devote the remainder of our space to describing a few of the works notable for their design and execution. Oriental embroideries, "fine linen," Rhodian and

"Turkey cushions, bossed with pearls;
Valance of Venice gold in needlework,"

large flowing arabesques, done in floss

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silk by Italians, and quiltings, form the remarkable sections.

The various uses of floss silk, and the way in which it is laid after the mode of gold couchings, display much ingenuity. No. 380, a *portière*, or coverlid of green silk, is carried out in many cunning adaptations of cushion and tent stitches. The floss silk is laid by plain quilting-stitch, but with such devices, that on a first glance the work seems to be utterly incomprehensible and marvelous. Again, No. 374, a fine quilt—said to be of Spanish origin, since it was made for a Bishop of Toledo—is wrought in nothing more complex than long-stitch, although its appearance indicates a species of intricate chain-stitch. This quilt has been subjected, in certain parts, to the modelling of the smooth round-headed iron, whereby a flavour of the “opus Anglicum” is imparted to the work. We have not referred to any specimens of the *appliqué* class, or “opus consutum,” albeit there are several fine and instructive pieces which admirers of this kind of simple and effective work will do well to study. They will find that good flowing designs, and a careful selection of materials which harmonize in colour and kind, should be the principal considerations in doing this work. Many modern specimens are offensive, because the “applications” are patched on the groundwork without thought. The whole presents the effect of dabs of colour and material, having no relation one to the other, and no continuity to form a design. Nos. 445, 453, 454, all altar frontals, are examples of fine designs and good workmanship. Of a different section of *appliqué* is 464, which is composed of linen ornaments, beautifully cut and outlined in silk, applied to a silk canvas ground.

English quiltings are fairly represented by the productions of noble ladies, who some 150 years ago delighted in rearing silkworms, and themselves employing the unbleached silk for embroidery (see Nos. 625 and 633). By far the most wonderful pieces of quilting are two large coverlids, or *portières*—one shown

by Mr. Montague Guest (619), and one by Mr. Beresford Hope (619A). They are quiltings executed in millions of red and yellow silk-stitches on white ground, displaying ornaments and figures in outline only. Mr. Guest's specimen bears the arms of Arragon and Leon in the centre, whilst along the border are representations of *fêtes*, hunting parties, a concert, and a fleet. The harmony of effect imparted to the entire surface by the use of the two colours, yellow and red, is most rich and admirable. Mr. Beresford Hope's *portière* of the same work has not been so fortunately preserved: the colours have faded, and parts are worn. On this is represented the storming of Goa by the Portuguese, whose broad-muzzled culverins are executing havoc in the Indian fleet. Aware of the danger of the situation, the Rajah—distinguished by the semicircular cut of his skirt—may be descried giving instructions. Gathered together next him are his retinue and elephants. The water-carrier, or *bheestie*, is preparing for an emergency, should water be unobtainable on the flight, by filling his cart-tanks; while the *Bangy-wallah* has commenced his departure, laden with treasures. Round the border are various Portuguese nobles, for one of whom it is probable that the quilt was executed by some native workman at Goa.

At the present time, although sewing machines execute all the quiltings required, it would not be possible for them to produce the quality of work which the two quilts above mentioned possess. The evident freedom of the work, and the slight irregularities of stitch, produce a quality not to be obtained by purely mechanical means. And these remarks provoke a mention of the very clever imitations of satin-stitch embroidery produced by the Jacquard loom. In this instance, however, the imitation lacks the character and quality of the hand-made embroideries. And such must be the case. Mechanically-produced articles cannot possess the “spirituality,” of hand-work—if the expression may be allowed.

For perfection of workmanship and

of design, so far as surface-decoration is concerned, we turn to the Oriental satin-embroidered hangings. The gorgeousness of these specimens generally, and especially of those lent by Lord De L'Isle and Dudley (609), and by Countess Brownlow (594, 578, 595, 598, 601), is most satisfactory. So, also, is the Portuguese white-satin coverlid, on which a bold floriated pattern, surrounding the circular device of the Austrian eagle, is worked in rich gold couchings, judiciously outlined with crimson silk thread. The velvet embroideries are fine works, and also show varieties of gold couchings. Excellent tambour-work on linen (436, 437) recalls the designs of the mosaic-work on the Taj at Agra. The *couvrepiéd* (433) is a coarse piece of embroidery, and has no claim to a place in the collection except for its curious figures, and a kind of historical character given to it by the arms of Leon and Castille, with the motto on the border, "Viva Don Carlos III. por la Gracia de Ds Rey de Castilla, de Leon, de Arragon, de las dos Sicilas," &c.

In fine and clever stitchery the Persians excel. The style of work in the four pieces numbered 346 is unsurpassable; and it is satisfactory to know that a competent tent-stitcher could execute with ease similar work. The general tone of colour and graceful designs of these clothes-napkins—for such is the use made of them by ladies of the Harem—are superior to those of any other four specimens in the collection. No. 555 is a very remarkable work. It is a rich yellow-satin ground, embroidered with ornamental patches of close and small layings of blue and red floss silks, edged with similar coloured cords. Time has given to this specimen a delicate and beautiful complexion. At first sight, one thinks the patches are applied. They are not, however; since the embroidery passes to the back, and displays fine and thorough needlework. Of a simpler style of work, but very Oriental in character, is No. 324, called, we sus-

pect erroneously, a "Venetian" fine linen table-cloth. The ends are embroidered in silk of delicate hues, which harmonize most seductively. This work, "*sans envers*," is alike on both sides. The stitching "*au passé*" is arranged in horizontal and perpendicular lines, which gives a pleasing vivacity to the general design. Red-silk embroidery on linen, cut and drawn, is well represented, and should inspire dainty needleworkers. It is impossible to continue these jottings without considerably overlapping the necessary limits of this paper, a temptation which the charming inexhaustibility of cunning art and work to be discovered in the collection renders hard to resist. Still these brief notes may, we hope, increase the interest in art needlework.

And, in conclusion, we may add that many institutions in various stages of existence are established in London for promoting the practice of the art. It will be greatly to their advantage if their promoters and supporters will give a little serious attention to the fine collection of needlework which we have somewhat hastily discussed. Very many useful hints may be obtained, if those who go to study will thoroughly convince themselves that they know little or nothing of the art, and commence their investigations entirely *de novo*. It is foolish for the fluent talker, who imagines himself to be a connoisseur, but who is really an airy empiric, to give utterance to meaningless criticisms, by way of impressing his misguided friends with the profundity of his art-knowledge. The twaddle which flows with facility from such an one is at once wearying and aggravating. He has contrived to infuse into his brain a muddle of technicalities which flavour his talk; but nothing can be more dangerous to the progress of the would-be art-student than the vacuous talk of *quasi* professors, who, by the aid of the ladder of humbug, have attained a false eminence amongst the *dilettanti* in art matters.

THE NATIONAL AGRICULTURAL LABOURERS' UNION.

DURING the last few months I have been often asked whether I am not ashamed and afraid of the spirit which I have raised. "Not at all; quite the contrary," is my invariable answer. I do not in the least degree affect to be the founder of the National Agricultural Labourers' Union. By the migration of labourers from Devonshire to the north of England, begun in 1866, it is certainly possible that I may in some sort have been instrumental in calling public attention to the miserable and degraded condition of agricultural labourers, specially in the west of England. It is also possible, that by stating my conviction at the meeting of the British Association at Norwich in 1868, and afterwards on many other public occasions, that it was very doubtful whether the labourers would ever be able to raise themselves to an independent position, except they were united, I may have been the first to shadow out dimly and at a distance the Union, which Mr. Arch has at length succeeded in developing into a powerful reality. If such be the case, all I can say is, that instead of being ashamed of it, there is no work to which during a long and active life I ever set my hand, to which, whether as a minister of the Gospel or merely a member of the great human family, I can look back with more unmingled satisfaction. Nor have I the slightest fear but that in the end this Union will overcome all prejudice and opposition, pass safely through all difficulties, and be welcomed by every real lover of his country as the regenerator of those who are universally acknowledged to be the bone and sinew of the land.

It is not merely on account of their number that agricultural labourers must be regarded as a class of so much importance. Though their number is not

inconsiderable—about a million and a half, more or less—the importance of this class of the population rather consists in its being scattered all over the country; so that, though there are more in one place and fewer in others, yet there is scarcely a parish in which there are not some. The whole country is leavened with them, either for better or worse. Moreover, it is on this class that we depend mainly for our supply of food. It is said that agricultural labourers are even now sailing from Liverpool at the rate of one thousand per week. If a general exodus of agricultural labourers from this country were to set in, and they should emigrate in troops to Canada, the United States, New Zealand, or other countries, we should be in a very critical position. Already large numbers of agricultural labourers in the North of England are absorbed in the mines, foundries, and factories. To fill the places vacated by these, multitudes have left, and are leaving, parts of the country where wages are low; so that in many places labourers are even now not easily procured. The decrease during the last ten years in the agricultural population of Somerset is ably shown by Mr. Heath, the special correspondent of the *Morning Advertiser*, in his letter from Minehead, inserted in that paper on June 19th. I also myself, a few weeks ago, found numbers of labourers from the West earning in Lancashire 21s., instead of, as in their native counties, 8s. a week. It is thus high time, if merely for the sake of the safety of the country, that this danger should be averted. In order to this, the position of the agricultural labourer must be so improved as to deprive him of all wish to seek a new home. Employers would have best consulted their own interests, if they had taken the matter

into their own hands, and voluntarily made a present sacrifice in order to avert a threatening danger and insure a future benefit. But all attempts to induce employers thus to take the bull by the horns having failed, the labourers themselves have come to the conclusion which five years ago I foresaw and stated was inevitable—namely, that nothing can be done without union. If any further proof of the accuracy of this conclusion were needed, it would be found in the fact recorded in the *Times* of June 20th last, that a deputation “composed of representatives of the principal occupiers of land and inhabitants of the parishes within the district embraced” in the Chipping Norton Union, have presented an address to the Rev. W. E. D. Carter and the Rev. T. Harris, the two clerical magistrates who sent the sixteen women with their babies to prison, expressing their “entire approval” of conduct, which both by the Government and the press has been condemned as unnecessarily severe and oppressive. Happily, however, union is now *un fait accompli*; and all attempts to arrest by force the tide which has set in will have no other effect than to make the water rough and dangerous. Interested parties object to the Union that it is fast breaking up the existing relations between employers and employed, which they describe by the endearing term “paternal.” And many are taken in by this eloquent special pleading. But just look at the miserable hovels, wholly unfit for human habitation, in which a large number of the peasantry are allowed to exist—for they cannot be said to live. Observe the constant sickness and premature old age to which they are in consequence subject. Mark, the almost total want of education. Count up the scant wages, often irregularly paid, and then not perhaps in the coin of the realm, stopped altogether in sickness and bad weather; and, even if paid in full, wholly inadequate to provide wholesome food and warm clothing for a working man and his family. Reckon up the many over-hours in an evening

which are never paid for at all, except by the glass of beer or cider which tempts the unfortunate recipient to run into debt at the public-house for the remainder of the evening. Examine the whole system of public-houses and beer-shops, framed, as it would seem, rather to fill the coffers of the Exchequer than to promote habits of sobriety amongst the working classes. Remember the innumerable bankrupt village clubs, patted on the back by the owners and occupiers of land, and by publicans, where the poor man's small and hard-earned savings are wasted in bands of music, flags, and feasting. Follow the peasant through a long, dreary old age, passed perhaps within the prison-like walls of the Workhouse, or, if at his own hovel, on half-a-crown and a couple of loaves a week, at a time when he most needs nourishment and comforts. Then see him at length carried to the grave in a pauper's coffin. Is this a happy, a just, or a proper state of things? Does it betray any large amount of “paternal” feeling on the part of those who might long since to a great extent have remedied these abuses, and whose duty it clearly was and is to make the attempt? Is it desirable to continue these so-called “paternal” relations? The respect with which the agricultural labourer touches his hat to all in a position of life above him, his faithfulness to his employer, his attachment to his home—miserable though it often is—his patience and forbearance under trials so severe that only those who have seen can appreciate them, are all proofs that he is imbued with a strong filial feeling towards the owners and occupiers of land. And if this feeling passes away, it will not be the work of the Union, but of those who, professing to be his fathers, have never with a father's love exerted their power and influence to improve his position, and are now vainly endeavouring to thwart his efforts to improve it for himself. The Union, however, is too powerful to care for this sort of resistance. The fear with which it is regarded is the best proof of its strength. That strength

consists in the fact that, though by emigrating the labourers can make themselves entirely independent of owners and occupiers of land in this country, those owners and occupiers, and in truth the whole population, are entirely dependent on them. The labourer is much more independent of the farmer than the farmer of the labourer.

This movement among the agricultural labourers has on their part so far been conducted with a surprising amount of good temper and moderation. Time was, and that not so long ago, when agricultural grievances were always manifested in the burning of hay-ricks and corn-stacks, and the smashing of turnpike-gates. In this, which is far the largest and most important movement which has ever been made amongst this class of the population, nothing of the sort has occurred. Large meetings have been held in various parts of the country, often in the open air and late in the evening, addressed, also, not unfrequently by persons who care more for the political bearing of the movement than for the real improvement of the condition of the labourer; and yet in very few instances has there been even the least disturbance. On the very few occasions on which there has been a very slight exception to this rule the farmers have themselves been the aggressors. As far as violence of language is concerned, landed proprietors, both Peers and Commons—and, strange to say, even Bishops—have certainly been far the most conspicuous. There is, of course, one notorious exception. At a time, however, when the assertion of women's rights is the fashion even amongst the highest classes, a slight ebullition of feeling on the part of labourers' wives, who with their children were starving, might well have been excused. A party, however, of women of the above class, armed with sticks, it is said—though, after all, it is questionable whether they were much more strong-minded than some of their betters of the same sex have proved themselves on public platforms—so shook the nerves of two reverend

magistrates at Chipping Norton, that, to judge by the severity of the sentence which they pronounced, they must have considered the country to have been in as much peril as if the French or Prussians had been at their doors with Minié rifles and Armstrong guns. To set any great movement on foot, the employment of a considerable amount of energy is indispensable. No one can get up steam without fire. This necessity will very well account for some strongly-worded, stirring placards with which meetings have been summoned; some speeches at the meetings themselves not always within the limits of parliamentary usage; and questionable articles in newspapers, if not directly the organs of the movement, at least more or less connected with it. Great exception has been taken on these accounts by those who wish to put the movement down. But who ever heard of any great change being made, or great question carried, without agitation; without much more agitation than that which has accompanied the formation of the National Agricultural Labourers' Union? Witness Roman Catholic Emancipation, the Abolition of the Corn Laws, the Reform Bill. In truth, much ado has been made about nothing by those whose interest it is to discover a tempest in a tea-pot. Sober-minded men, who have no particular personal purpose to serve, whose minds are not narrowed by class-feeling, whose hearts are in the improvement of the condition of the agricultural population, though they may not approve of every step which has been taken or of every word which has been spoken or written, will not fail to give the agricultural labourers credit for having originated, and so far carried on, one of the most important movements of the age with an almost entire absence of violent conduct, and a moderate use of violent language; which, considering all things, is as wonderful as it is a sure mark that the movement is sound in principle, fair, just, and honest, and certain in the end to succeed. All this is no doubt in some measure owing to the leader of the movement, Mr. Arch,

being not only clever, eloquent, and of good administrative capacity, but an honest, upright, unselfish, sober, religious man, belonging also to the class of whose cause he is the advocate.

At the same time, it would be a very short-sighted policy for those who wish this movement really well to conceal from themselves that, as is the case with every great social movement, there are breakers ahead which must be carefully guarded against and avoided; and that not a few interested parties are on the watch to make personal or political capital out of the distress of the agricultural labourer, and to twist the Union towards objects very different from those which it is intended to serve. To point out the dangers above adverted to, and the manner also in which they are most likely to be avoided, and the real object of the Union kept steadily in view and finally attained, is the aim of this paper. The object, then, of the National Agricultural Labourers' Union, as stated at the head of its printed Rules and Constitution, is "to improve the general condition of agricultural labourers in the United Kingdom." This is the one sole object to be kept always and steadily in view by the Executive Committee, in whom alone administrative power is vested. To guard against any aberration from this object should be the aim of the Consultation Committee, whenever an opportunity is afforded them of giving advice. And the efforts of all real friends of the movement outside should be in the same direction.

One of the chief dangers is to be apprehended from political agitators. There is the question of the Land Laws, for instance. Those who advocate a re-distribution of the land, on such terms as that everyone should have an equal share, are making a dead set upon the agricultural labourer. They would fain persuade him, if they could, that this mad scheme is a panacea for all his grievances; and so, by an adroit display of a mere *ignis fatuus*, lead him astray from close attention to those practical measures which can alone conduce to

his real improvement. There is no doubt that land is falling into the possession of too few hands, and that many properties in consequence are of unwieldy size. A gradual stop might be put to this unwholesome accumulation by wise alteration in such laws as those of primogeniture and entail. But an equal distribution of land could not be attained without a revolution, which would ruin the country. It would, if attained, soon disappear again under that natural law by which, in consequence of some men being less industrious, provident, and well conducted than others, it is ordained that "the poor shall never cease out of the land." And even if it could be attained and maintained, it would do little, if anything, to improve—in truth, would rather, probably, tend to make worse—the condition of those who are now in the position of agricultural labourers. My experience is, that the owners of small plots of land, who are just above the position of hired labourers, are, both as regards themselves and their families, more severely worked, worse fed, clothed, and educated—have, in short, a harder struggle for life—than hired labourers who are fairly paid.

There are others whose aim it is to dis-establish and dis-endow the Church of England. These, also, are at the present time making a dead set upon the Union, and would fain persuade the labourer that the clergy are their worst enemies; that the spoils of the Church would make them rich; and that the overthrow of the Church would be equivalent to their redemption. If the Church of England were despoiled to-morrow, how much of the spoils would pass into the pocket of the agricultural labourer? To be always abusing the clergy, as is very often the case at Union meetings and in Union papers, will certainly not promote, but may possibly materially retard the attainment of the real object of the National Agricultural Labourers' Union. It is quite true that the clergy have not taken the part which they ought to have taken in assisting the labourer to

improve his position. It is true, also, that almost all have stood aloof from this movement; that some have openly opposed it; and many more invariably and almost instinctively sided with landowners and farmers. But it is equally true that, were it not for the kindness of the clergy in the rural districts; for the sacrifices which they have made to build and endow schools; for the many meals which they have sent from the parsonage to the cottage, when the bread-winner is ill, the wife confined, the children poorly fed; the many comforts which they have denied to themselves and their families in order to clothe and feed the naked and hungry amongst their flock; not to mention their prayers by the sick-bed, and their loving words of comfort to the widow and fatherless in their sorrow, the condition of the agricultural labourer would have been much worse than it is. The clergy of the rural districts would, in my opinion, be better doing their Master's work, as well as be wiser in their generation, if, instead of opposing or even standing aloof from this movement, they would seek to control and direct it; bearing in mind that landowners, occupiers, and labourers are all alike in the sight of Him "whose they are and whom they serve." But indiscriminate abuse of themselves and their order is not the way to win the sympathy of the clergy, and any change which would leave the village without a resident clergyman, though it might well enough suit the views of those who desire the overthrow of the Church, would deprive the labourer of a friend, who, if mistaken on some points, is nevertheless in most respects a great blessing.

Another danger is the increasing of that which may be called class-feeling. There are many whose selfish interests would be best served by setting landowners against farmers, and both landowners and farmers against labourers. But wild talk about "slavery and serfdom" can never benefit the agricultural labourer. His object is not to make enemies, but friends. While

his action ought to be decided and uncompromising, the language in which he expresses his views ought to be of the most conciliatory character. The more friendly his relations are with both landowners and farmers—in short, with all classes of persons—the more likely he is to achieve the improvement of his condition.

The above are some of the chief dangers which threaten; and it will be well if the real object of the Union is not defeated, and many enemies unnecessarily made, by listening to those who have no real care for the agricultural labourer, but are only making use of him as a cat's-paw to promote their own interest and views.

The National Agricultural Labourers' Union has thus more than enough real, practical, tangible work to occupy all its time and tax all its energies.

First of all, the securing to every labourer a fair day's wages for a fair day's work. Without attempting to fix any maximum for wages, or to dictate that they should be the same either everywhere or in every case, it can hardly be said that 15s. a week, without deduction for bad weather for temporary illness—which deductions, now usually made, very materially diminish the reputed earnings of the labourer—is too much for an able-bodied man. Neither can it be denied that, after a fair number of hours, more or less, has been mutually agreed upon between master and servant for a day's work, all aftertime should be scrupulously paid for by the employer at least at the same rate per hour as the day's wages. Wages ought, without any exception, to be paid in the coin of the realm once a week punctually, independently of all so-called privileges; not at a uniform rate, but in proportion to age, skill, and industry. A minimum of wages—such, for instance, as the 15s. above indicated—might be fixed for an able-bodied, full-grown man. But to rule that all able-bodied, full-grown men should be paid equally and alike, would extinguish all effort at self-improvement on the part of

the labourer, and keep the whole class down, as now, to one uniform dull level. As for privileges, as they are called—such as wood for the cutting, coal carted gratis, a run for a pig or even a cow, or an allowance of milk—these ought never to be included in wages. Where the employers are all honest and liberal, as seems to be the case in Northumberland, it may answer to pay partly in kind. But it leaves the labourer almost entirely at the mercy of the farmer, who not unfrequently exaggerates the value of the so-called privileges, and also makes the wages he professes to give appear much larger than they really are, or even pays in kind of an inferior quality. Above all, part payment in beer or cider ought to be abolished. Few persons would wish to prevent, but would rather be anxious to encourage, a farmer giving his men a reasonable quantity of liquor—milk better than anything else—at harvest, or any other time of extraordinary exertion. So, also, a load of coal, liberty to cut wood, a run for a pig or a cow, might well be reserved as a premium for special industry and good conduct; and so used would be an immense inducement, especially to young men, to make themselves of much more value to their employers.

It may be objected, however, that to effect such changes is beyond the power of the Union. The rate of wages, it will be said, must be left to the law of demand and supply, which even the Union is not strong enough to control. Very true, to a certain extent. The Union has certainly no power directly to force the farmer to give 15s. or any other definite sum per week, or to hold out rewards for special skill, industry, and good conduct, or pay in coin and not in kind or liquor. But by assisting labourers to migrate to those parts of this country, or emigrate to the colonies, in which they would at once find abundant employment at high wages, and every possible inducement to be industrious and thrifty, the Union might do what can never be done

except by union—namely, indirectly make it worth the farmer's while to hold out to the labourer any reasonable inducement, either in wages or reward, to stay where he is. This is one of the first and most important, because really practical and practicable, means of improving the condition of the labourer; and it is enough to exhaust a large amount of the funds, time, and energy of the Union.

The labouring class in the rural districts, because they are still being indifferently educated, do not understand, and therefore cannot appreciate, the inestimable advantage of a well-built house, with proper offices, and three bed-rooms at least, the whole well ventilated and well drained. It should be the business of the Union to instruct their members that such a house is, in point of fact, a large addition to wages; for it is almost impossible that in any other sort of house either health or habits of morality can be maintained. Now, there is nothing which, both directly and indirectly, so much diminishes a labourer's income as sickness and bastardy—the one in a great measure owing to bad ventilation and drainage, the other to habits of indelicacy formed almost in childhood, in consequence of bed-rooms common to both sexes, and offices too few or improperly constructed for decency. Once let the labourer be made as fully aware as we ourselves are of all this, and he would refuse, as he ought to refuse, and as the Union ought to instruct and assist him in refusing, to live in the pigstyes which, as labourers' homes, are a disgrace to a civilized and Christian land. With what a different estimate of England's greatness would the Shah have returned to Persia if, instead of being lodged in royal palaces and ducal mansions, and paraded through the principal streets of London, Liverpool, and Manchester, he had been introduced to the hovels in which wealthy landlords of the first country in the world still permit their peasantry to be huddled together. Here, then, is work enough for the Union. To which might be added the exposure of

and putting an end to the transparent and dishonest artifice, by which outsiders are often misled to believe that the condition of the labourer is much better than it seems, by reason of his having a potato-ground in addition to his cottage and garden; whereas, in a large majority of cases, this much-vaunted potato-ground is not only rented of the farmer, but rented at a rate three or four times as high as that paid by the farmer to his landlord.

Every good housekeeper is well aware what an inroad is made upon income by the necessity of purchasing articles of an inferior quality, at a high price, on credit instead of for ready money, and not at the best market, but at some particular shop at which there is a running account. The smaller the income the greater and more keenly felt is the loss occasioned by such house-keeping. The middle classes generally, and even families of the highest rank, have of late become so fully alive to this that they have enlisted the principle of co-operation into their service, and support and make their purchases at co-operative stores. There is no one who is at so great a disadvantage in this respect as the agricultural labourer. His wages, lower than those paid to any other class of workmen, are positively frittered away to almost nothing by the way in which he is well-nigh obliged to spend them. Unable, in consequence of his small earnings and unthrifty habits, to have enough in hand to make his purchases on any day but pay-day; paid often too late on that day to leave him time to go to the distant market-town, or obliged by debt incurred during sickness or bad weather to deal at one particular village shop, often without daring even to question the fairness of the price or the quality of the article; and having no duplicate of the book in which his purchases are entered, the poor fellow is constrained to spend his scanty earnings, bound hand and foot, so to speak, and of course suffers in proportion. Wherever a co-operative store has been set up on sound prin-

ciples and been well managed by the labouring classes, it has not only enabled them to buy all they want, whether in food or clothing, at wholesale price and of the best quality, and so made every shilling really worth a shilling, but—which is still more important—has generated in them habits of thrift, foresight, and independence; taught them the real value of money, and rescued them from debt and the public-house—the one the chief weight which crushes, the other the ordinary grave of the labourer. In no way could the power of the Union be exerted more for the advantage of the labourer than by helping to set up a co-operative store in every village, or a small co-operative farm to supply their families with milk, which, though the most nutritious of all diet, and most likely, if freely used, to quench the desire for intoxicating liquor, the labourer can seldom get from the farmer for love or money. This could not, of course be done all at once: it would require time and perseverance. But by carefully drawing up and disseminating good rules, accurate statistics, and all other needful information for the setting-up of co-operative stores, and by assisting to set up as a model for imitation at least one such store in every county, the Union would much accelerate the general adoption of the co-operative principle, and so greatly assist the labourer to help himself in a direction in which he much needs assistance.

In sickness the agricultural labourer is peculiarly helpless, and in old age, not only helpless, but hopeless. From the moment that he falls sick his wages cease, and thus, at the very time when he most needs nourishment and rest, the one is wholly beyond his reach, and the other is disturbed by the anxieties consequent on being obliged, in order to get food for his family, to run into debt which will cripple him for many years, or perhaps even end in the breaking-up of his home. In old age there is no class of persons more helpless and hopeless than agricultural labourers. In ninety-nine

cases out of a hundred nothing remains for him except either the House, or a miserable pittance of a few shillings a week and a loaf or two from the guardians. To a certain extent—as long, at least, as they remain solvent—Village Benefit Societies, or Clubs, make a provision for sickness. But even where these societies are well managed and solvent, it is ordered that the allowance must be much reduced, or even cease, at the expiration of three or four months—that is to say, long before the end of a protracted illness. For an annuity after a certain age has been attained, there is seldom, if ever, any provision in these village clubs. Meanwhile, most of these clubs are established on the so-called dividing principle—that is to say, at the end of every five or seven years all the accumulated stock, save 10s. per member, is equally divided amongst the members. This, and the rule that nearly all these clubs are held at a public-house, and that a deal of money is wasted in drink at monthly committee meetings, still more in bands, banners, staves, bell-ringing, and dinner at the anniversary feast, readily accounts for so many of them becoming insolvent just at the time when their assistance is most wanted, and when many of their members are too old to make any other provision for themselves. Village clubs, for the most part, are for the benefit rather of the public-house than for that of the labourer. It is the publican who generally sets them on foot, and virtually manages them. A committee meeting every month, when a certain amount of drink must by rule be consumed out of the funds of the society, and which leads to much more being consumed, and familiarizes with the public-house many who would otherwise be strangers there; and an annual feast, at which sobriety is not always the rule, and which attracts all the neighbourhood to one spot, are truly successful contrivances for making a benefit society bankrupt and a public-house prosperous. It may be objected, that it is cruel to grudge the labourer the only holiday he has during

the year. Let him have a holiday by all means—more than one a year, if possible. But let the holiday be a voluntary holiday pure and simple, and not compulsorily paid for out of funds really subscribed for an allowance in sickness. And after all, is Club Day, as it is called, a holiday to the labourer? It must be borne in mind that all the members are obliged to attend the parish church, then to walk ten or more miles in heat and dust on an empty stomach, in order to lose their appetite for a dinner served up three or four hours later than their usual dinner-hour at a cost of half-a-crown *plus* the loss of their day's wages—in all, say, five shillings. Surely for that sum, in these days of cheap locomotion, the labourer might secure a much pleasanter holiday, not only for himself, but for some of his family with him. "John," said I, the morning after Club Day, to one of my men, a month or two ago, "it was a fine day yesterday, and I hope you enjoyed your holiday?" "Why ye zee, master," he replied, "it warn't much of a holiday. We tramped till our feet were sore, and we sweated more than if we had been in the field, and we had nought to eat till past four o'clock; and when we got it we were too tired to eat it. It was hard work, I can tell you." Benefit societies, in order to be of any use to the labourer, must be on a large scale, say that of a county at least; have nothing to do with public-houses, drink, and feasts; be constituted on principles accurately laid down by actuaries; managed by well-informed and responsible parties; and, above all, make provision, not merely for sickness, accident, and death, but for an annuity, on the principle of insurance, payable to the person insured at an age agreed upon when the insurance is made. Agricultural labourers would thus have some inducement to adopt habits of thrift and foresight early in life. They would know that if, instead of wasting their money upon drink, they entered such a society as soon as they began to work on their own account, for a very moderate annual payment they might secure

an annuity which would make them independent and comfortable when past work, and yet not too old to enjoy life. A sub-committee of the Union is at this time employed in drawing up rules for a benefit society for members of the Union only. It is to be hoped that an old-age annuity, as above described, will form a prominent part of this scheme. On no work can the Union be more usefully employed. Nor is it possible to conceive any more powerful inducement to become members of the Union than the institution of such a society, to which membership with the Union is the only passport. There will be no reluctance to become members of the Union, when young men see that such substantial advantages as those above indicated are the fruit of membership.

The National Agricultural Labourers' Union is already an association of considerable power and influence. That power consists, not merely in numbers, but in the fact that the grievances which it is its object to remedy are real grievances, and that the persons of whom it consists are spread over the whole country. Unlike most other unions, which are chiefly limited to the particular towns or districts in which the crafts represented by them are located, inasmuch as agricultural labourers are everywhere, the whole country is leavened with the Union in which they are enrolled. As the number of members increases—there will be a proportionate increase in the power and influence of the whole body. Parliamentary Reform and the repeal of the Corn Laws were both carried by combination; and if it be wise, the Union may exercise great influence upon the Legislature. This, however, will depend almost entirely upon its abstaining from all attempts to exert that influence in connection with mere political theories and questions practically unconnected with the labourer, and concentrating it entirely upon the redress of the real grievances under which he is suffering. The Poor Law ought to be either gradually abolished, or at least administered in such a way as not to undermine, as at present, the independence

of the labourer, and lead him to look to parish relief, rather than to his own industry, thrift, sobriety, and good conduct, for help in sickness and maintenance in old age. Education up to a certain age, or a certain standard of knowledge, ought to be made compulsory. The liquor traffic ought to be regulated, not, as now, on the principle of contributing as much as possible to the revenue, but solely with the view of providing necessary refreshment, without parading at the corner of every street, and multiplying, *ad nauseam*, in every village temptations to the labourer to waste his earnings on selfish sotting, instead of devoting them to the maintenance and education of his family, and securing assistance in sickness and an annuity in old age. Here is good wholesome work for the Union: first, in bringing pressure upon Parliament, in the approaching general election, to exact such reforms as those above indicated; secondly, in educating the labourer to understand that such reforms would be materially for his benefit. For instance, that it would be much better for him not to have parochial relief to look to as an inheritance, and to have fewer temptations in the way of public houses; and that, though as at present advised he thinks it would be cruel to rob him of his children's small earnings by compelling them to be at school, in the end he would find that the impossibility of getting men's work done by children at almost nominal wages, would have the immediate effect of making work for adults at once more plentiful and remunerative. It is very important, also, to have the law between master and servant put on a fairer and clearer footing, such as might be obtained by the amendment of the Master and Servants and the Criminal Law Amendment Acts. "Sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander." If a fine is to be levied for breach of contract, in the case of the master it should be in proportion to his position and income—something which he may really feel; otherwise that which is ruin to

the servant would be a merely insignificant amount in the case of the master. If breach of contract or intimidation is, in the case of the servant, to be punished by imprisonment, the same penalty should be exacted from the master. The offence, moreover, specially that of intimidation, ought to be clearly defined; for when a master proclaims that he will employ no labourers who belong to the Union, seeing that the Union is a perfectly legal body, he is as guilty of intimidation as a woman who, with a stick in her hand, stands at a gate to prevent a non-union stranger from taking her husband's bread out of his mouth. Barristers of high standing should be appointed as stipendiary magistrates to preside at every court of petty session. There is no need to abolish county magistrates, but only to give them a responsible guide and leader. At present, they necessarily take the law chiefly from the attorney who is clerk to the Bench. Neither is it likely that sufficient pressure will be brought upon Parliament to exact any of the above reforms until the franchise has been given to the agricultural labourer, or until men directly representing this class of labourers are sent to the House of Commons. If agricultural labourers had a vote for the county, and therefore needed to be canvassed, their interests would be better looked after than now. And if there were one or two agricultural labourers in the House of Commons, such speeches as were made by the Marquis of Salisbury and the Marquis of Bute on the second reading of Lord Henniker's Agricultural Children Bill, on June 10th last, in the House of Lords, would not remain unchallenged.

The principle of union, or combination, is sanctioned by the example of all ages and classes. The ancient guilds, many of which still exist, are nothing more or less than combinations for a specific purpose. There is scarcely an Act of Parliament passed except by party, which is nothing more or less than union, or combination, without which the Queen's Government could not be

carried on. Lawyers, medical men, merchants, philosophers, artists—every trade and every craft—and even the clergy, have their Unions. Landlords and farmers are united in their Chambers of Agriculture, as well as merchants in their Chambers of Commerce. Farmers who, not content with being combined with landowners in Chambers of Agriculture, are now, in many parts of the country, combining in Unions for the specific purpose of not employing any one belonging to the Labourers' Union, are the last people who ought to declaim against the principle of combination. If the National Agricultural Labourers' Union, swerving from its avowed and most laudable object of seeking "to improve the general condition of agricultural labourers in the United Kingdom," allows itself to degenerate into a mere political engine for bringing about a social revolution, in all probability it will of its own weight fall to the ground. But if, on the other hand, it keeps its own avowed object steadily in view; allows itself to be led astray neither to the right nor to the left; pursues its own well-defined course with courage, decision, and perseverance, yet without excitement, the use of abusive language, or unnecessarily assuming a threatening attitude; and carefully guards itself against the dangers which have been pointed out, the National Agricultural Labourers' Union will prosper and increase. Landlords, farmers, and specially the clergy of the Church of England, whose stronghold is amongst agricultural labourers, and who by every obligation, Divine and human, are bound to help the oppressed, instead of looking about them indifferently on the shore, or, doing their best to sink this noble ship, will do well to take the rudder into their hands; and so, instead of allowing the vessel to fall into bad hands who will convert it into a fire-ship such as may plunge the nation into flames, assist in steering it safely into port, laden with the country's welfare and glory. A few days ago I was in Lancashire. I stood in the

midst of a large room, in which there were more than a thousand power-loom at work, besides many other large rooms filled with spindles and other machinery. The room was lofty, and so well ventilated that the atmosphere was that of a gentleman's drawing-room. Several thousand, chiefly of young women, were employed, being clean in themselves, neat in their dress, and, as far as their faces spoke the truth, very healthy and happy. There were on the premises commodious dining-rooms for those who came from a distance, retiring-rooms for both sexes, reading-rooms for all. On inquiry, I found that so strict was the code of morality enforced, as well as the rules for cleanliness, that an *esprit de corps* had been generated amongst the hands employed which relieved the employers of all further trouble in the matter. The persons employed in these works will not themselves for a moment tolerate that any one of their number should be giddy in conduct, or untidy in person or dress. Employment at these works consequently was at a premium in

the neighbourhood. Applications for admission are so numerous that another room close by is being constructed, to contain 1,200 additional looms. I asked what was the secret of a factory, so often in all respects the very reverse, being thus made a happy and improving home. I found it to consist of a principle which, if the owners and occupiers of land would of their own accord adopt, there would be no need of an Agricultural Labourers' Union, the very principle, in short, which it is the object of the Union to establish. The principle, as stated by the owner of these works to me, and which, he added, had contributed as much to his own welfare as to that of his work-people, was expressed in the following few noble and striking words: "I have always held that the object of factories is, first, to make money; and, secondly, to improve the physical and moral condition of the persons employed in them; and my experience is, that the more consistently the latter of these two objects is pursued, the more certainly and largely the former is attained."

E. GIRDLESTONE.

MY TIME, AND WHAT I'VE DONE WITH IT.

BY F. C. BURNAND.

CHAPTER XXI.

LIFE AT HOLYSHADE—AN ESTIMATE—
 HOLYSHADIAN MORALITY—ENJOYMENT
 —AIDS TO LEARNING—A HOLYSHADIAN
 BOY'S DIARY—FAGGING—THE ORDEAL
 —A PROSPECT.

I HAVE no hesitation in recording the fact, that, if I was not the best boy at Holyshade, at all events I was not the worst. Like Lord Nelson, I could say primly, as far as the Holyshade code went, "I have not been a great sinner." But I am equally bound to add, that I do not hold in high estimation the Holyshadian code of social morality, unless I am called upon to admire the justice of a thief who shares his plunder with his companion in the theft, and refuses to compromise his honour by turning Queen's evidence.

It was said by them of old time, that no Holyshadian would tell a lie, and that, therefore, any master could rely upon a Holyshadian's "honour as a gentleman."

I say that the honour depended on the circumstances.

When Tulkingham major, who could fog me, ingeniously branded my new bureau with my initials, using for that purpose the red-hot poker, did I give up his name to my tutor when he demanded it? No. Why? Because I thought I should get the worst of it with Tulkingham.

The boys themselves, with a keen sense of humour, had a graduated scale of honour, which was represented by the following formula:—

"Will you take your oath he was ten feet high?"

"Yes."

"Will you take your dying oath?"

"Yes."

"Will you bet sixpence?"

"No."

The Holyshadian youth was taught to pay some deference to authority in the hours of study, but he was likewise taught, that, in play-time, this same authority is a half-sleeping dog, which, as it is dangerous to approach, it is necessary to avoid.

Thus the Holyshadian learnt that there were bounds beyond which he might not venture.

He was told, for example, that boating on the river, beyond these bounds, was permitted, nay encouraged.

To be on the river was allowable; to be caught going to the river was punishable. Therefore the object of the boy, bent on enjoyment in a boat, was to get out of the way of any master whom he might happen to see on his way down to the river. The boy had to "shirk," that is, to dodge into a shop, or behind anything, anywhere, out of sight of the master. The latter knew it to be all nonsense; the former knew it too. Like the augurs, they would have laughed had they met. The Holyshadian Moral Code was easily summed up in one commandment, "*Do what you like as long as you are not found out.*"

But I shall presently state a case which roused all Holyshade at the time, and not Holyshade only, but the municipal authorities of the City of London, and two boys, two Holyshadians, whose guilt was known but to a select few, held out in the face of rigid examination and cross-examination, were proof against surprise, and thus it happened that, finally, Falsehood triumphed, and Vice was triumphant. Of this later on.

For my part, I took Holyshade as it came; and for me, after the first year, it came pleasantly enough.

My father never seemed to expect any learning from me, and was perfectly satisfied with my improved appearance in the holidays, when at Easter and Midsummer he took me to the Opera, which was an enormous treat. I did my best to prove myself worthy of this advancement.

If Holyshade can do anything for a boy, it can do one thing, and that is, make him independent.

Whether this be for his advantage, or not, is for the consideration of the Holyshadians generally. I answer, that, as the system was in my time, this independence was a disadvantage.

Practically, out of the actual school-room, the Holyshadian boy was his own master, and could do, within certain limits of time, just exactly what he pleased.

I am told that Holyshade is improved now-a-days. I am glad to hear it. It needed improvement. From what I have been able to gather from present Holyshadians, however, I am inclined to think that, in spite of some studies having been rendered compulsory, and official encouragement given to novel athletic sports, the *morale* of the place is very much the same as it was twenty-five years ago, and as it was twenty-five years before that, and as it will be, while the circumstances of its present existence remain unaltered, to the end of its time.

Only Holyshadian masters ruled over Holyshadian boys. They knew therefore by experience what was going on under their very noses, but, satisfied with results which had placed them where they were, and provided for themselves and their families for life, they did not intend to open their eyes to the fault of the system, or to own themselves wrong, where they had the credit, from outsiders, of being in the right. They pointed with pride to the names of Holyshadian worthies, but were loth to admit that each Worthy would have been worthier under better moral guid-

ance. That these have become great men is no proof of the system's excellence; that they have, in some instances, been good Christian men is certainly irrespective of it.

I remember busts of some of these Worthies arranged along the walls of the Upper School. Ghastly objects they were, with their dirty white faces, blank eyes, and dusty double chins, stuck up on brackets as though to warn the thoughtless youth against following in their footsteps, along the road to fame, which would bring them to this complexion at last.

Clerical Holyshadians, of the Tory High Church type, used to point with pride to a modern Holyshadian Worthy in the person of a Missionary Bishop, whose energy of character and physical capacities would have stamped him as remarkable in any profession. He was invariably spoken of, with much shaking of heads and uplifting of eyes and hands, as "Apostolic." The Holyshadians, who used this term, being pressed for an exemplification of its appositeness to this eminent Worthy, usually fell back on tales of the hardships and fatigues endured by their schoolfellow, and were never weary of narrating how his Holyshadian training had been of the greatest use to him in—swimming rivers. I do not think it was ever said that he received his strongest religious impressions from Holyshadian teaching.

I soon discovered that the Colvin nature was admirably adapted to the Holyshadian constitution.

Money was no object, apparently, not even to the tradesmen, who were kind enough to allow an almost unlimited credit. This was generous on their part, as it involved a risk. The tutors signed orders for clothes and books with the openhandedness of those liberal spirits who have *carte blanche* to deal with others' money.

I found myself in a new world, with a paper currency, and means at hand of obtaining present enjoyment, without the drawback of immediate outlay.

There were clubs, there were social

gatherings, there were, in fact, all the appliances at hand for forcing the young ideas, and turning growing boys into men before they were half through their teens.

The Holyshadian was, at a very early stage, initiated into the wary use of those miserable short cuts to knowledge known as "cribs." Better to have plenty of time for breakfast and tea, and five minutes for the preparation of lessons, than a few moments for either meal, and half-an-hour of careful, painstaking study. It was a simple plan. One boy took the "crib," and read from it slowly, the others seated about the room following him with the utmost attention, and each writing down with a pencil in his own book, any word which there was a chance of his forgetting.

As to the science of making Latin verses, why, it was clear that, as every Holyshadian, in my time, was compelled to make verses, whether he had any taste for the employment or not, anyone, stupid or clever, could make verses. If stupid, he would do stupid verses; if clever, clever. After a year and a half of this, a boy would be indeed a dunce if he had not mastered the knack of treating any theme in Ovidian metre, from the Birth of Minerva to the Reform Bill. Was there not a *Gradus ad Parnassum*, with a perfect store of epithets, which you could pick and choose at will, and fit in to measure? But, for the Holyshadian too stupid, or too busy with any of the various amusements, boating, billiards "up town," cricket, and so forth, to have any leisure for prose themes or Latin verses, what was he to do? Nothing—but to come to an understanding with someone to perform these learned exercises for him. In short, with a few honest, hardworking exceptions, mainly among the Collegers, the whole school was employed in getting the maximum of enjoyment with the minimum of work, out of Holyshade. They were fine dashing fellows, placed there to commence an acquaintance with those with whom they would either have to mix by right of birth and position,

or with whom they might hope to be associated by good luck; and as to learning—well, if they picked up enough of it to pass creditably among some who knew no more, and others who knew less than themselves, that was sufficient, provided only they were gentlemen, and, this being granted, they might be what else they liked compatible with respectability.

Mathematics and modern languages were beneath a Holyshadian's notice. They were included among the "extras," as were also music and drawing. My personal and peculiar acquaintance with the properties of a triangle was limited to what I had seen of it as a musical instrument in a regimental band, or in the orchestra of a theatre.

The religion of Holyshade was a dull Respectability, hallowed by the external surroundings of antiquity. It was a "made" wine in a genuine cobwebby bottle.

Chapel-time on a whole holiday took the place of school-time. It had this advantage, that it required no preparation. It had this disadvantage, that it effected nothing for individual benefit.

How impressed has any visitor been on seeing that grave old Mediæval Chapel for the first time. What Holyshadian has not delighted in the sweet strains of the anthem sung by fresh young voices, and felt his heart throb at the rejoicings of the Hallelujah resounding beneath that glorious roof? Yes, for a moment he has seen the stones instinct with life; for a second, he has heard the echo of the past, and has mistaken it for the voice of the living. Another minute, and the grey stones are again inanimate, the momentary throb of life has ceased, the clanging doors are shut, and the echoes are once more homeless.

The time-mellowed colours of the venerable stained glass window, over the spot where once stood the altar, dye the sun's rays as they pass through to fall, in richly-toned patchwork, upon the chancel floor,—a variegated woof as unreal as the mere sentimentalism of religion. Save for this the chapel is cold and drear; for all that made its

glory and its life in the past, left it three hundred years ago, and all who gave it animation but half-an-hour since, are in the playing-fields, or on the river, rejoicing in their liberty. Well,—in after life the majority will find out how they have been educated only to enshrine Respectability, and, seeing, that, in the long run, this worship is the least irksome, and the most generally accepted, they will contentedly bring up their children in the practice of the same rites and ceremonies.

Apart from the highly instructive sermon in chapel, which those boys who had watches were accustomed to time anxiously, the sole approach to anything like a religious moral training, was, that on Sunday afternoon, or evening, a class had to read an abridgment of Paley's "Evidences of Christianity," in "Pupil-room" to their tutor. Paley's, in fact, were the only evidences of living Christianity in the place: the chapel and the College itself were monuments of a defunct Faith. It can be easily imagined how interesting this study was to a set of boys, from fourteen to sixteen, who would have willingly sacrificed to Jupiter (being on familiar terms with the heathen deities) for the sake of the hour's leisure, whereof Paley had deprived them.

Austin Comberwood wrote to me frequently, and through him I commenced a correspondence with Alice.

Deprived of my friend's recitals of Scott's novels, I developed a taste for light literature, and, inspired by Alice's "Blue Beard," I composed a drama on a story in a book of romantic legends, called "Chess with the Devil." About this time I began to keep a diary, and though separated by distance and by age from Austin, our friendship grew stronger and stronger. I told him everything concerning myself in my letters to him, a confidence which he was not slow to return. Alice, too, honoured me beyond my years with letters, which in after times were important, as voluntarily conferring upon me a sort of fraternal right to assist and advise, where assistance and advice were

possible from one so much her junior in every way.

I find an entry in my diary, dated September 19, after I had been a year at Holyshade:—

"Whilledge came for subscription to the Chapel Window. Humbug. Wrote to Governor for one pound. Will give less if I can. Subscribed to the Football and Field. No letter from Alice. Nor from Austin. Bad. Not heard from Governor for an age. Finished Charles O'Malley. Capital."

"SUNDAY.—Hot and fine: went for a walk with Bifford mi. Met Uncle Herbert. He said he was only down for a day. Gave me seven and sixpence. Glad of this, as I am rather low in pocket. Thompson ma. offered me five shillings for my buttons. Shant sell them till I am very hard up. Old Jugson's not quite so strict as he was."

"MONDAY.—Had a magnificent game of football. Worked like bricks. Got one shin. No letters again to-day: horrid bore that. Put in a lottery for a set of camelian (West's) buttons. Bill got 'em. Sarah came to put my light out. Baited her by lighting it again. Good night."

"TUESDAY.—No letter from Governor. Letter from Austin, at Boulogne in France. He begins to speak French. I don't. Hate extra work except for going out at night. Lark."

Another day:

"No letter. Pulled up to Squigley after four. Hunted swans coming back. Nearly swamped in locks in Bill's out-rigger, and so obliged to go in Parry's tub. Left Bill in the lurch, and hunted swans coming back. Dead tired."

Here is a sequence:

"So tired from yesterday's events I overslept myself, and went into school late, for which I got sixty lines of Long Ovid. Came back. Letter from Alice. Fryer came to-day for music lesson. Bore. What with fagging, music, and work for my tutor, I could only get five minutes for breakfast. Not much play for me to-day. Go to my tutor at a quarter to seven, and after twelve, and do a pœna after four."

Another extract :

"Pulled up with Hipworth m^r. Hall steering. We've taken a chance boat."

This meant paying a certain sum to the proprietor of boats for the month or the week, and taking the chance of getting any sort of boat. It was a popular method with those who had not had boats built for them, especially towards the end of the boating season.

Extract continued :

"Pulled up in three-quarters of an hour, then coming back hunted swans. Fun. Must get order for jacket and things to pay Small's bill. Capital dodge. Alpaca overcoat to be cut into smoking coat and in-door coat. Amalekite and coral studs at Dick's. Small will let me have onyx buttons for ten shillings. Reading Devereux. Bother, here we are at the beginning of another regular week. No letters."

The "regular week" meant one without a whole and a half holiday in it.

As to the fagging, how I remember crying over the first toast I ever made in obedience to my master's command. I had not got a toasting-fork, and so was obliged to stick the roughly cut piece of bread on a knife, and having wrapped a pocket-handkerchief round my hand, I knelt down before the fire to do my best. I roasted my face, and in changing my attitude dropped the slice into the ashes. Finding that I was unobserved, I picked it up, dusted it, replaced it on the knife, and continued the operation. To my disgust it suddenly became charred in the centre, while the bread remained perfectly white, but very dry, around the one black spot. One side being a comparative failure, I turned it, and hoped for a more successful result. In changing its front, however, it perversely glided off the knife, and fell once more among the cinders. Having carefully dusted it with my pocket-handkerchief, and blown off such specks of coal-dust as would have been fatal evidence against me if called on to assert that no accident had happened to it, I rather impatiently began again. To secure it from further

tumbles I rested the point of the knife on the second bar, and anxiously watched the browning process, which was very slow.

At this moment Gulston, a boy about my own age, ran in to say that all the fags had been dismissed, and that Leigh, our master (a boy in the Upper Fifth, to whom with other young slaves I had been allotted) had said I was to be sent to him at once. Thinking that the toast might help itself in my absence, I piled a dictionary and a lexicon on the fender, which supported the handle of my knife, while the point of the blade remained on the bar of the grate. I should not be absent long, and doubtless it would be ready on my return. I went into his presence trembling.

His "mess" consisted of three: himself, Dampier, and Crossland m^r. They had each two fags, and so their table, at breakfast and tea was admirably served by six boys, who made the tea, the coffee, the toast, and cooked such delicacies as could be got out of sauce-pans and frying-pans in the way of a kind of washy omelette, excellent fried eggs, and buttered eggs (a superb dish by the way), fried ham, and chicken. Fags learnt something which was of considerable use to them when they arrived at that no-man's ground known as the Lower Division of the Lower Fifth, where there was rest at last, where the Holyshadian could neither fag nor be fagged; where, having served his time, he could enjoy himself, attending to his own luxuries and necessities.

"Where's the toast?" asked Leigh, who was waiting with some potted meat on his plate in anticipation of a choice finish to his tea.

"Not quite done," I replied trembling.

"Bring it," he said sharply, while his two companions eyed me suspiciously.

I returned to my own room where I had been experimentalizing. There was a strong smell of burning. The toast was smoking, and in another minute

would have been unfit for human food. I rushed at it, landed it on my table, ingeniously scraped it with my knife, dusted it once more with my pocket-handkerchief, and tried to flatter myself that Leigh would be too glad of the toast to scrutinize details. So I stuck it on the knife, and reappeared before him.

"Hullo!" he exclaimed, while the two others laughed. "What's this?"

"Toast," I answered.

He did not attempt to touch it.

"You have been scraping it," he said, looking first at it, then at me, with the eye of one experienced in such matters.

"Scraping it?" I echoed innocently.

"Yes. Don't tell a lie about it. Haven't you?"

"I did—just—only—a—little," I replied, feeling that the supreme moment had arrived when I should be immediately ordered off to be tortured and executed.

"It's been in the cinders, hey?"

"No, not in the cinders," I answered, wishing to be very particular as to the exact truth.

"Then what did you scrape it for?" he asked, naturally enough.

"Because it did not fall in the cinders—only in the fender," I replied, with an attempt at a conciliatory tone.

"Oh, indeed!" said Leigh. Then turning to the others, he asked, "Is it to be the Chinese punishment, or the ordeal of the fork?"

They voted for the latter. I did not know what was in store for me, and so my pent-up feelings gave way, and I burst into tears.

"Oh, don't—please—I—couldn't—help—it—I never—toasted—before!"

My supplication was unheeded.

"Put your hand on the table, palm down, spread your fingers out," said Leigh, sternly. I obeyed convulsively.

"Now," he went on, "the ordeal of the fork will teach you to toast properly in future."

Then he took a fork and jobbed it down four times in rapid succession in the four spaces between my fingers, spread out on the table-cloth. It was

exciting, and I must say he exhibited considerable skill and dexterity in performing this feat about ten times, only prodding me, and that purposely, on the last occasion, when I cried out sharply, and was immediately told that in consequence of this ebullition I must receive the toasting-fork *bastinado*, which consisted of three thwacks from the prong-end of that switch-like instrument.

This I bore with Spartan courage, and, at its termination, I was about to quit the room, when Leigh called out, "Now, then! I didn't tell you to go, did I?"

"No."

"No fag can go without being told. Stop where you are."

"Let him do another bit on the toasting-fork for practice," suggested Dampier. Crossland *ma. cut* a slice off his loaf.

"Go and do it properly," said Leigh, presenting me with the toasting-fork, and taking care to give me a cut across my hand with it. Whereat I winced, but grinned. Thus was I being educated, socially, by the martyrdom of fagging.

Once back in my own room I gave way. I thought of home, of Ringhurst, of Austin, of Alice, of what they were doing at this time, and of the happy days I had spent there. I thought of Nurse Davis, little Julie, and the dear old days past and gone, of Frampton's Court, and it seemed to me as though my friends and acquaintances were one and all standing around me, bemoaning my suffering and degradation. Then, suddenly remembering the ordeal and the *bastinado*, and fearing lest the mysterious torture, alluded to as "the Chinese punishment," should be in requisition for my particular case, I braced myself up to the work, and produced such a highly finished work of toasting art, as sent me back to my master with an air of conscious pride. They had ended their meal, and paused in discussing some project of amusement to examine my *chef-d'œuvre*. It was so satisfactory, that Leigh informed me I

might have it for myself, and forthwith dismissed me.

And this was my first experience of fagging at mess. I have nothing to say against the system. On the contrary, I praise it on the whole, as practised at Holyshade in my time. Its abuses were rare, and were resented at once by the upper boys, themselves masters, on a fair representation of the state of the case being made to one of their leaders by the injured party.

I remember only one instance of cruelty. One of the Sixth Form, a Colleger, maltreated a small lower boy, Oppidan. Immediate action was taken. The Oppidans, about six hundred, invaded College in a body, headed by the Oppidan Captain, and demanded the surrender of the bully, who, however, had effected his escape by a back staircase. In the meantime, the masters, having got wind of what seemed to be the commencement of an insurrection, assembled for rapid consultation, and strategically cut off the return of the forces, by posting themselves at the head of every landing in College, where, the doors being only opened wide enough to admit one at a time, no boy could pass without encountering one or two authorities in their official dress, to whom he was obliged to render up his name and address.

Dr. Courtley summoned the whole of the Sixth Form, and himself, having heard the details, undertook the punishment of the offender. The school returned to its duties, and all went on as peaceably as heretofore. But it had been an awkward time. The boys were in the right, and the masters were, fortunately, sensible men: but one overt act, on either side, might have seriously affected the gravest Holyshadian interests.

Pleasantly enough, and carelessly enough in all conscience, my time now passed away at my tutor's, until an incident of a rather sporting character shortened my career at old Keddy's, and was the cause of my being thrown once more among some old friends, of whom for some considerable time I had lost

sight, and of my being present on a certain occasion, which was of more importance to me, in the future, than at the time I could have imagined possible.

CHAPTER XXII.

WHAT WE DID TO A SWAN—WHAT THE SWAN DID TO US—SOME HOLYSHADIAN CHARACTERS—A CHANGE—A VISIT—SOME OLD FRIENDS—A FRESH STEP IN THE STORY.

It occurs to me at this point to ask myself whether a child should be carefully blind to his grandmother's faults, as so many Holyshadians appear to be to those of their Alma Avia? For if the University be their Alma Mater, Holyshade College must be thus dignified.

Am I, as an Englishman, whose boast is that he lives in a free country, to protest that there is no better system of educating youths than that adopted at Holyshade? Britons "never, never, never, and never, for ever, will be slaves;" and the Holyshade plan leaves them to themselves, as I have already shown. If enslaved at all, they become slaves to themselves, to their own wills, to their own pleasures. My father was perfectly correct in his instinct as to this public school "making a man" out of the materials furnished by parents. But what sort of a man was to be turned out? Formed in the Holyshade mould, they were "men" of fifteen and sixteen, among whom there might, at rare intervals, be found a youthful Daniel living as if in the midst of Babylon, a Tobias in Nineveh, or a Thomas of Aquinas in the school at Naples. But the representatives of Daniel, Thomas, and Tobias, at Holyshade, were the objects of practical joking and derision. And they certainly were not lively boys, nor did anybody give them credit for genuine piety. They were only taken notice of to be kicked, or ignored contemptuously as sanctified humbugs. We, as boys, took much the same view of such pietists, as was the fashion among the luxurious pagans of

the old Roman Empire, *en décadence*, in regard to the austere early Christians.

Had Austin Comberwood been at Holyshade, I am certain he would have been the true model for a Holyshadian; for, he was religious without cant, ready to sympathize with all amusements, though not strong enough to take an active part in them himself; he was cheerful without being boisterous, and to the literary tastes of a scholar, he added the application of a student, while his natural sedateness was tempered by a sense of humour sufficiently keen to enable him to avoid anything approaching eccentricity. What Austin knew to be right, his will was strong enough to perform. He distinguished black from white, in whatever light it came before him, and, in morality, he recognized no such colour as grey. I think he would have passed through the Holyshadian furnace unscorched. Yet, having experienced those fires, I am glad, for his sake, and, remembering the after part of our career, for my own, that he was not my school-fellow at Holyshade.

At Midsummer, the public school week in town, was the realization of all our wildest and fastest dreams. They were days and nights to be recalled next schooltime, when we compared notes as to our London life, with all the zest of the heroes in that eminently delightful and morally improving, but now, alas! somewhat antiquated book, "Tom and Jerry."

I had well-filled pockets, and, unlike most other boys, who rather preferred school to home on account of its freedom, I was entirely my own master in London from morning to night; for I saw very little of my father, except on a dinner-party night, or when we went to a theatre, or the opera. Between fifteen and sixteen I was able to act the part of cicerone to Holyshadians, who, visiting the metropolis for that rollicking cricket week, wished to see as much of the amusements of the town, as their means would permit. I soon made myself acquainted with all that was worth hearing or seeing, between the hours of eight in the evening and two

next morning. The footman, who used to stop up for me on these occasions, was generously fee'd, to keep his eyes open as long as possible, and his ears on the alert for the first touch of the bell. My father heard from me of the aristocratic company I was keeping (which was perfectly true) and appeared highly satisfied with this portion, at all events, of my education.

About this time I had partially overcome my antipathy to Mr. Cavander, who, in his turn, seemed to entertain a more friendly feeling towards myself. My sore point now was my resemblance to a Manx cat, inasmuch as I was still untailed, and I yearned for the day when I should assume the virile toga and stick-ups. I was perfectly aware that for such scenes of enjoyment as were the glory of Lord's week, the absence of tails placed me at a disadvantage. At the end of my second year I came back in stick-ups, a sadder and a wiser boy; but much had happened ere that epoch arrived.

It will have been noticed in my diary that I had developed a decided taste for swan hunting. This predilection was shared by another boy, and led us into a difficulty.

Not being satisfied with the pleasures of the chase, we purchased a pistol. It was of antiquated make, and might have been exhibited as a curiosity in the armoury of the Tower. We bought it for half-a-sovereign, including a bullet-mould, lead, and an old powder-flask. My companion, Parry, who was not at my tutor's, shared the expense and the privileges appertaining to the possession of this formidable weapon. That we could not use it, while the boys were on the river disturbing our game, was clear; so, on consideration, we matured a plan which we carried into effect on the first whole holiday.

After twelve, we took our "tub," and hid it among the bushes, in a creek to which access could be easily gained from a neighbouring meadow, without going through the town. We kept our scheme to ourselves, as there was only pistol enough for two.

At three o'clock we were in chapel, and when the service was nearly half over, Parry and myself were, one after the other, seized with a sudden bleeding at the nose, which necessitated our immediate withdrawal, with our handkerchiefs up to our suffering organs.

No sooner were we out, than we rushed up a lane into the meadows, and thence to our boat, in which we immediately embarked, and, unseen by a single person, sculled across into the very home of the swans, among the rushes on the other side of the river. We were not dressed in our boating costume, as to stop for this would have been to court detection. Parry carried the pistol, I the powder and bullets, and, after loading, we tossed for first shot. I won it, and sat in the stern. As we glided swiftly into the tall rushes, the swans, aroused from their *siesta*, took fright, and scuttled away left and right. This panic was only momentary, as in another minute they had wheeled about, poking out their heads, wagging their tails angrily, and swelling out their feathers in evidently increasing wrath. One, which might have been a model for a Jupiter metamorphosed, took the lead, and, hissing furiously, came right at us. I was now facing him in the bows, while Parry was backing the sculls towards him.

"They can break an oar," said Parry, in alarm.

"And a man's leg," I added, feeling anything but comfortable.

"You must shoot him," cried Parry. "If you're afraid, let me! I've often shot at home."

This was, as it were, a taunt which a Colvin could not stand. I knew it was the first shot I had ever had in my life, that this was the first pistol I had ever been trusted with, loaded or unloaded, and my heart thumped as I grasped the handle with one hand, the trigger with the other, and with my head on one side looked at the swan out of my right eye. In another second, both my eyes were firmly screwed up, so as to render my aim in shooting perfectly impartial, and with a convulsive con-

tortion of the mouth and a nervous grasping of the trigger, I fired my first shot, and then stood amazed, and anxious as to the result. The report had almost stunned me, and the kick of the pistol had been like a powerful galvanic shock. I was puzzled and dazed; so were the swans.

"Now then," cried Parry, excitedly, "let *me* load."

I handed over the weapon to him, feeling rather abashed at the result of my ineffectual experiment. In the meantime the swans had recovered from their astonishment, and were recommencing hostilities. Parry, who was older and stronger than myself, now took so sure an aim, that, by good or ill luck as the reader may choose to deem it, he wounded the largest bird, just as it was breasting my scull, so severely as to render a second shot absolutely merciful. After a few convulsive struggles the swan was dead. And here I beg to inform all poets that this swan, previous to his quitting life, did not sing one note. He uttered a sort of a rasping sound, like that produced by a bow when scraped on the above-bridge part of the violin-strings. But as to any sweet melody, this particular swan had no more pretension to it in his dying moments than a pig under the knife. We did not stop to discuss this question, but, having lugged him into our boat, we pulled into the stream and made for a quiet nook in dead-water, where we two guilty ones could talk over the best method of disposing of our victim. The Ancient Mariner was not more exercised in conscience, than were we, now, by our unexpected success.

"They're royal birds," said Parry, lifting up one of our jackets, and regarding the lifeless mass as it lay at the bottom of the boat. "They're royal birds, I've heard, and for killing one, I forget what a fellow gets, but it's something awful."

"Is it?" I replied; "then we'd better bury it."

We had no spades, we had no picks, and saw no way of hiding it on the island where we were moored.

"Sink it with stones," said Parry.

This was evidently the very thing. We managed to unscrew the iron chain at the bows, and after a long search we found a stone sufficiently heavy for our purpose. We succeeded in binding the carcass to the stone with rope and chain, and then, looking this way and that, to be sure we were still unobserved, we plunged it into the middle of the stream. It disappeared with a dull splash, but it did disappear, and we regarded each other as though we expected to see its ghost.

The rest of that "after four" we spent in watching the spot where the swan *had* gone down, and we came away with misgivings as to the result of this day's sport.

We kept our secret to the end.

The third party to the secret, that is, the swan, could not rest in his watery grave. Murder would out, and two mornings after this I hurried off to Parry's room, to tell him what I had heard from one of the "men at the wall," of whom there were four privileged to sell sweets, fruits, and cakes to the boys in the open air in front of the school-house, and one of whom (Spiky) had the odious reputation—perfectly undeserved, I believe—of being a spy in the pay of the masters.

Spiky was a character. His short thick neck seemed to have sunk in between his high shoulders, as though overburdened by the disproportionately big round head it carried. He was fresh-coloured, with little piggy eyes, and the sliest smirk imaginable. He carried a tin box, divided into trays, filled with cakes below and apples above. He was always tidy and clean, and his boast was that he knew everything about every boy's pedigree in the school. Directly a new boy appeared, he addressed him in an unctuous tone, and in a sing-song style, with his head much on one side, thus—supposing myself the boy—

"Well, my little Colvin, son of Sir John Colvin, of the City, stockbrokers, Colvin, Wingle, and Co., and of Langoran House, Kensington. How do you

do, sir, this morning? What can I do for you, sir, this morning?" Then turning to a very small boy, about twelve years old, in a very much damaged hat, "Well, your grace, what for you this morning, your grace? This is his grace the Duke of Chetford; his noble mother the Duchess was one of the most beautiful ladies ever seen, and often have I had the pleasure of serving his noble and excellent father, when he was a boy, on this very spot." Whereupon his little grace would invest in a tart or whatever luxuries Spiky might have in his portable store.

"Well, my little Colvin," he had said to me, on the morning in question; "did you go a shooting of the poor swan as they've picked up by the bridge?"

I was very nearly surprised out of my secret. Had I been thinking of it less, I have no doubt I should have confessed on the spot. As it was, I asked ingenuously—

"What swan?"

"What swan, my little Colvin? Why, the swan as was shot a day or two ago, and as belongs to Her Majesty the Royal Queen, and the Mayor and Corporation of the City of London, where Sir John Colvin has his office. It ain't quite a hanging matter, but very near it."

"Who'll be hung?" I asked.

"I don't know, my little Colvin; no, sir, I don't, sir; but there'll be a nice to do, sir, if they catch 'em, sir, whoever it was, sir. What for you this morning, my little Bifford minor?"

"What have you got, Spiky?" inquired Bifford minor, who was getting fatter than when he had been at Old Carter's. After inspection, he said, hesitatingly—

"I haven't got any money."

"That don't matter, Minor," replied the accommodating Spiky; "you take your banbury now, my little Bifford, sir, and you pay me another time, sir."

Leaving Bifford to the enjoyment of his banbury, I hurried off to Parry.

"We shall be discovered," I said.

"We shan't," said Parry, quietly.

"We can't be if we don't tell. Who's to know?"

"Perhaps somebody saw us," I suggested.

"Well, then, somebody will tell of us. We won't," he answered.

We kept our own counsel. There was a great disturbance, and boy after boy was questioned on suspicion. Once Gulston, a friend of ours, was nearly convicted. Then I went to Parry.

"Look here," I said; "we can't stand by while he's punished."

"We won't," said Parry, phlegmatically, "when he is to be punished."

"But if they prove he did it—" I began.

"How can they prove *he* did it, when *we* did it?" asked my partner in guilt.

The force of this argument as a poser was evident. I was still uncertain as to our course, should they examine us separately.

"Supposing," I put it, "your tutor sent for you, and asked you if you shot the swan, what would you say?"

"I should say I didn't," returned Parry, "because it would be jolly unfair to ask such a question. I'll own it when they've found it out. Not till then."

After a while, when the excitement had worn off, somehow or another everyone suddenly knew all about it. My tutor, Mr. Keddy, sent for me privately and lectured me.

"Your conduct, Colvin," he said, in his shrillest tone, rubbing his hair irritably, "has been abominable; most abominably bad. I have written to your father. I don't know whether I shall keep you here or not."

I retired rather crestfallen. Parry was in any case going to leave at the end of the half. To be sent away was unpleasantly like expulsion.

However, the cards were to be played in my favour. The Rev. Vickers Raab, one of the senior masters, and the best scholar of Holyshade, was at feud with most of the authorities, from Dr. Courtley, whom he delighted to mimic, down to Mr. John Smoothish, the lowest master of the lowest form, and he indulged in

many a jest at the expense of Mr. Keddy, of whose acquirements he entertained a not very exalted opinion, and at whom personally he had laughed from the time they had been both Collegers together at Holyshade. It was sufficient for Mr. Keddy to think something uncommonly right, in order to convince Mr. Raab that it was most egregiously wrong.

Now, Mr. Raab having some business to transact in the City, went to Colvin and Cavander for advice, and, in the course of conversation, heard from my father of my being at Holyshade.

Sir John therefore consulted him on this affair, and being really terribly afraid lest I should have incurred some indelible disgrace, was delighted to find that Mr. Raab viewed the whole thing as a joke, and considered me perfectly right in not having confessed to the death of the swan.

"I'll take him into my house," quoth Mr. Raab disinterestedly; and thus it happened that I changed my tutor.

Mr. Raab's house was the easiest, pleasantest, and most carelessly managed of all the houses in Holyshade, and his boys were the readiest, smartest, laziest, larkiest, and merriest of all the boys in that great school. We all liked him as no other set of boys liked their tutor. We did not reverence him in the least. He was outspoken, bluff, bold, and intolerant of affectation in any shape, but especially clerical affectation. He was hot-headed, and quick tempered; of a mercurial disposition. He was fond of giving his pupils an occasional treat, on which no one save himself would have ventured. He had an absurd nickname for every boy in the house, and for a great many out of it. He was partial to theatrical entertainments in any form, from the solemnities of the Greeks down to the frivolities of the Londoners in his own time; and whenever the little theatre of the neighbouring town was opened for a short season, he would make a point of taking us to see the performance, and treating us, on our return, to supper in his dining-room. On these occasions he invariably went behind

the scenes, and gave any children, who might be playing, a kindly pat on the head, and sixpence for their pockets.

On the second evening of one of these seasons, Mr. Raab took us to see—I forget exactly what piece, but I fancy it was called *The Field of Forty Footsteps*. The two Biffords were of our party, and quarrelled for a bill, which, on its falling between them, I picked up, and, to my surprise, read that the two principal characters were to be played by Miss Carlotta Verney, and Miss Lucrezia Verney.

For the moment I was puzzled by the latter name, having forgotten that Julie possessed two. But the play had scarcely begun, when I recognized her, though she did not appear to have seen me.

Both the sisters were looking remarkably handsome, and I actually began to boast of my acquaintance with this couple of charming young actresses. Not being afraid of confiding this to Mr. Raab, he promised me that I should accompany him after the first act behind the scenes. I noticed that Carlotta's eyes were fixed for the greater part of the time on the private box at the side, where sat three officers, with whose faces I was perfectly familiar, as they were *old Holyshadians*, though very young officers, having recently joined, and were frequently mixed up in our cricket matches and boat races. I could not avoid following the direction of Carlotta's eyes, and I found that they invariably rested upon a handsome, brown-complexioned man, with very small features, bright eyes, and dark, crisp, curly hair, who seemed to be watching the performance intensely, as he never once, as long as Carlotta was on, took his eyes off the stage. He did not talk much to his companions, and, on the fall of the curtain, he rose at the same moment as Mr. Raab and myself. When we came on the stage, we found him engaged in conversation with Carlotta, who was beaming with pleasure at his marked attention, and my tutor saluted him briskly by a name that seemed to me like Mr. Herby. It turned out that this had

been his soubriquet at Holyshade, his real title being Sir Frederick Sladen.

"How do you do, Master Cecil?"

It was Julie's voice, and in another minute I was talking to her and Carlotta, who, I thought, did not seem best pleased at the interruption.

CHAPTER XXIII.

HOLYSHADE SETS—UP AT BARRACKS—
MEN OF THE WORLD—THE TWO SISTERS
—ROCKS AHEAD—I AM ASTONISHED
NOT FOR THE FIRST TIME—TWO MYST-
ERIOUS VISITORS.

IN public scholastic life the Holyshaders were divided into Forms. In private life the Holyshaders had divided themselves into Sets. Being at Raab's, and being an independent boy of fortune, my lot was cast in a fast set, whose ranks were recruited from all the other sets. It was especially fast by reason of its being a monied set. Its chiefs were, in my time, at Raab's, where, as I have already shown, we enjoyed more liberty than fell to the share of any other house in the College. We played cards in our rooms, and during our school-time held an imitation Crockford's at The Chichester Inn, where also we had breakfast and dinner parties, the former, on Sundays, being remarkable for a profusion of grilled chickens, boiled ham, and poached eggs, when what was, in the school slang of my time, known as "hot sock" was forbidden in our own rooms.

We had among us the best "Wet bobs," as the boys were termed who were addicted to amusing themselves with "Aquatics," and the foremost "Dry bobs" of the cricketers. We were a fortune to Mrs. Frizley, the stout proprietress of a small cigar-shop, where there was a "counter attraction" in her florid and far from ill-looking niece who served the youthful customers. Bifford major, who, though neither a wet nor dry bob, was a noted billiard player, had been for some time "one of us," before my admission into the select circle, and with him and his invariable antagonist at the game, little Lord Pichard, who

was seventeen, and a head shorter than any other Holyshader of his own age, I used to frequent Disey's billiard rooms "up-town," whence, if they were occupied, we would proceed to the barracks, where I soon found myself quite at home. In these quarters I met Sir Frederick Sladen, and Percival Floyd, whom I had last seen at Ringhurst, on the occasion of the theatricals.

Floyd had developed into a tall, large-boned man, with such a sheepish expression as quite toned down the ferocity of his drooping blonde moustache. I was puzzled by this moustache, and, at first, had some difficulty in believing in its genuineness, as it seemed, after all, such a short time since Floyd had been the biggest boy at old Carter's. Sir Frederick was loquacious. Floyd was bashfully silent. I was not surprised, after our meeting on the stage, at hearing Sir Frederick Sladen full of the praises of Carlotta Verney, while, from the eloquent badinage of which his quieter companion was the object, I gathered that Floyd entertained a liking for little Julie.

Finding myself a person of some importance as a friend of the Verney family, I was easily induced to give such particulars as I considered likely to interest my military acquaintances, throwing in, I am afraid, a considerable dash of romance in order to suit the picture to the taste of my audience, and give myself the air of a thorough man about town invested with the privileges of the *coulisses*.

That I was, at this time, a thorough little coxcomb, I need not, after the foregoing candid admission, point out to my readers; nor will it be necessary to show, that, in no sort of way, directly or indirectly, was there any moral or religious influence, in the *vie intime* of Holyshade, to counteract the great benefits accruing to the individual from this admirable system of almost uncontrolled liberty, which was, and perhaps is now, the proud boast of this great school. My time was, within certain pleasant limits, my own, and how well I was learning to make use of it, the student

of these records will have already noticed.

Having ascertained the sentiments of undisguised admiration for my two fair friends professed by these warriors, nothing would satisfy me but I must acquaint the young ladies themselves with their great good fortune. At the same time I conceived a personal dislike for Floyd, which I had never entertained for him when he was Captain of Old Carter's school. Then, I feared him; now, I did not. He had not had a public-school training, but had entered the army with all his blushing gawkiness still upon him. A Holyshadian, five years his junior, was a better man of the world than he. He was a Goliath, I a David; but as it was the fashion to learn boxing (we had gloves at my tutor's for our evening recreation after "lock-up"), I took it into my head to master the noble art of self-defence, with a view to ascertaining the exact scientific blow which, should on an emergency, lay the giant at my feet. To see Floyd prostrate before me, to rescue and to fly with Julie—I do not in the least know where I intended to take her—was the melodramatic tableau that presented itself to my imagination.

The two sisters lodged in a cheerful little house, on the outskirts of the town, where—Julie having given me her address—I went to pay them a visit, and make an offering of flowers; for Holyshadians are noted for their love of bouquets, and the sellers of the earliest violets, and lilies of the valley, make a good thing out of their sweet merchandise.

When I entered, Julie was seated at the piano, and Carlotta was standing at the window with some needle-work in her hand.

They were in the midst of a discussion.

I presented my flowers, without compliments, and then felt that I had arrived at an awkward moment.

Carlotta was frowning, and Julie was thoughtfully reclining in her chair, while her left hand was going through a system of fingering on the notes without producing any sound.

"I've been talking about you," I said to Julie, jumping in *medias res* with a vengeance, "to Floyd. I was at school with Floyd."

Carlotta looked at her younger sister somewhat sharply, and smiled. Her smile was meant to be sarcastic. I saw *that*, and concluded instinctively that something had gone wrong, and that the something in question was not wholly unconnected with the two military heroes.

"And what had you to say about me?" asked little Julie quietly.

It was quite astounding to me as a boy to see what a thorough woman she was. Not the sort of woman of my barrack-room romance. Far from it. Whatever I might have said to Floyd and Sladen, I felt that she exercised over me so soothing and gentle an influence, as to make me, for the time, less of a puppy or a coxcomb (which you will), and to transport me to the pure atmosphere of our childhood. Her large, soft grey eyes seemed grave and calm as if reflecting the certain light of the Spirit of Truth. Sweetly persuasive, a good and sensible little woman at sixteen was Julie, and, in after life, years have but intensified her sterling character.

"They were speaking," I replied, craftily evading a direct answer, "more about Lottie than about you, Julie. Sladen was chaffing Floyd about spooning,"—this I said with malice aforethought, and again I noticed Carlotta's smile as she glanced at her sister,—“and then the other fellows said they supposed there would soon be a Lady Sladen, and asked him for wedding-cake.”

My report of what had been said in my hearing was, after all, not far from the truth. I suppressed details. I wanted to hear what the girls had to say.

Julie rose, with a very serious air. Lottie's head was turned away from her, towards the window. Presently Julie spoke, tenderly but firmly.

"Lottie."

"Well."

"You were wrong to go out walking with Sir Frederick Sladen without me."

"I'm older than you are, and suppose I know what's right and what's wrong.

Allons donc," replied Carlotta, in a sudden burst of temper.

In the dancing academy where she had hitherto been employed, French was the language of the principals, and she had picked up scraps, which, when at all angry, she threw into her conversation, in an off-hand manner.

"Yes, Lottie, you are older, but you have not seen so much, or anything like so much, of this sort of life as I have. Remember, dear, I have been on the stage since quite a baby, and I know well enough what fools girls can make of themselves."

"Thank you, Julie, for the compliment," returned her sister, making a mock curtsy. "I don't see why I'm a fool for talking to Sladen"—Carlotta was too impetuous to stick at titles—"any more than you are for talking to Floyd."

"Mr. Floyd," said Julie, calmly, "knew Papa in London, and we had met him in the country, when we were at those theatricals," she explained turning to me.

"Ringhurst?" I said.

"Yes," returned Julie, "and he reminded me of that after he had asked Charlton to introduce him again to me." Charlton was the manager's name. "I have merely been civil to him, and, as you say, I am not so old as you, and he considers me, perhaps, as only a little girl. After he had spoken to me the first time, I really do not think he has said another word. But in spite of my begging you not to allow Sir Frederick Sladen to come here when I was out, he has been."

"I could not prevent his walking in when he was passing," retorted Carlotta; "and as he said that he should like nothing so much as a cup of tea with us, I couldn't tell him to go, *n'est ce pas?* And then you came in."

"We met Floyd at Mr. Comberwood's," I remarked at this point, by way of distinctly corroborating Julie's previous statement.

"I don't see that makes any difference," said Carlotta.

"Well, Lottie, promise me you won't

see Sir Frederick alone again while we're here."

"I won't promise nothing of the sort," said Carlotta, colouring, and throwing her work down on a chair. When Lottie doubled her negatives, she was obstinacy itself,—for the moment. "I am quite old enough to take care of myself."

"Then," replied Julie with determination, "I shall write again to Mother, or Aunt, and ask her to come down."

"You may do what you like, and I shall do what I like," said Carlotta, tossing her head. "I'm sure I don't care. *Ça ne fait rien.*"

"Yes you do, Lottie," said Julie, going up to her sister caressingly.

Lottie resented this.

"Don't smaul and carney me about, Ju," she said, inventing, in her impatience, a word of her own for the occasion.

Julie, standing quietly by her side, continued: "If you fell in love with him"—again Lottie blushed, but shrugged her shoulders with affected carelessness—"what would happen, dear?"

Not a word from Lottie.

"Whatever he may say," Julie continued, pointedly, "whatever he may say, do you think that he really means to ask you to be his wife?"

"Why not, I should like to know? I s'pose we're as good as him and his any day, ain't we?" Carlotta said, indignantly, her feelings getting the better of her grammar.

Carlotta was a thoroughly downright girl. She spoke out all she had to say. It did not occur to her that others could be reticent, or were capable of saying one thing and thinking another. Language, for her, was made for expressing her thoughts, not for concealing them. A man who could look her full in her handsome face, speak without faltering, would be trusted by her, even though he should utter deceit. Open and straightforward herself, she was only to be duped by a manner made to resemble, superficially, her own. Sir Frederick Sladen possessed this art, unconsciously.

"I don't mind," said Julie, emphatically, "how much you see him if Papa, or Mother, is here, and they know all about it. One of them will be down to-morrow."

"You've written and told Mother?" asked Carlotta, frowning.

"No," answered Julie, "I have only written and asked Aunt, or Papa, to keep their promise of coming to see us from Saturday till Monday."

Carlotta was silent for a few minutes. Looking at my watch, I found that my visit would have to be brought to a close, so that I might get back in good time for five o'clock school.

Julie now proposed to her sister that they should accompany me, a little way, as far as a certain greengrocer's, where they were in the habit of buying such luxuries as watercresses for their tea, which they took about two hours before the opening of the theatre at seven.

They occupied but a few seconds in their simple preparations for the walk, and we were soon in the High Street.

Mr. Floyd on horseback, turning the corner at that moment, saluted us with, it appeared to me, the utmost respect. He was, as I have said, an awkward, loutish-looking creature, with very little to say for himself; and on this occasion he looked, I thought, as if he regretted his equestrian position, which prevented him from joining our little party. The truth was, as I discovered afterwards, that he could not make out from little Julie's manner whether she wished him with her or not, and his modesty getting the benefit of the doubt, he contented himself with looking wistfully after Julie's receding figure, rather expecting her, or her sister, to act like Lot's wife when flying from danger, and then rode slowly onward in the opposite direction.

"What a lolloping fellow that old Floyd is," said Carlotta, with just a sparkle of mischief in her bright eyes.

Julie smiled alightly.

"I dare say," Carlotta presently continued, by way of making reparation, "he's not so bad when you know him. *N'est ce pas?* But he makes me die o' laughing to see him sitting at the

theatre and staring at you, Julie, as if he was a stuck pig. And when he come to tea, he upset his cup and didn't say a word."

Genius is above rule. Where grammar was concerned, it will have been already clear that Lottie was a genius.

She evidently wanted to hear Julie defend her admirer. Whether Julie would have spoken on the subject, or whether she did subsequently speak on it, she has never told me (though she has told me many things, and from her I have been able to obtain many of the connecting links of this record), but at that instant I perceived Mr. Karfax, the master of the Upper Middle Division, fifth form, only a few steps in front of me, engaged in conversation with three ladies and a gentleman. The latter was Sir Frederick Sladen, and the tallest of the three ladies was evidently, by the likeness, Sir Frederick's mother. Being out of bounds, I was forced to "shirk" into a shop until the danger (Mr. Karfax, the strictest master at Holyshade, with one exception, being the danger) had passed. Luckily for me, he and his party turned and came up hill, not in the direction of Holyshade, and they went by the window of the shop into which I had retired, meeting Carlotta and Julie, the former blushing deeply, the latter looking very sedate.

I was astonished to see that the only sign of recognition of the sisters made by Sir Frederick, as he passed them with an elegantly-dressed young lady on his arm, was a familiar and half-patronizing nod, evidently intended to be unseen by his fair companion, who regarded Lottie and Julie with supreme disdain.

This movement of his caused me to obtain a glimpse of her face, when, surprised out of myself, I exclaimed to the shopwoman, by whose counter I was taking refuge—

"Why, it's Alice!"

It was. Alice Comberwood on Sir Frederick Sladen's arm.

As I could not without personal risk, on account of Mr. Karfax, issue from my concealment, I was obliged to let

this opportunity slip of greeting Alice, and inquiring after Austin.

I had not time now to bid good-bye to Julie, as Karfax had quitted his party and was fast approaching behind me *en route* for the school, where he was as much wanted at five o'clock as I. Only with a difference.

I fled before his face, and reached my tutor's in time to fetch my books.

As I was running out of the house, the butler, whom, by the way, it occurs to me, we used to call Trusty Jim, I forget why, but I think because he used to inform my tutor of anything going wrong in the house that was likely to get himself personally into trouble—Trusty Jim called out—

"Two gents come to see you. One a furriner, and a stoutish, fine-looking gent, with a message from your father has is werry important; and they must see you 'mejutly.'"

"Where are they, Trusty?" I inquired, anxiously.

I foresaw an excuse for leave out of five o'clock school.

"They're about somewhere," replied Trusty Jim, vaguely. "I told 'em has you'd be out again at six, and they said has they'd call again, and I warn't to let you go without seeing 'em."

A most important message from my father! My curiosity was aroused. Fortunately I was not called upon to exhibit my knowledge of my lesson, for, what with furtively looking at my watch, straining my ears to catch the very first stroke of the hour by the old school-yard clock, and trying to see if there might be two strangers walking about outside, I could bestow but very little attention on my book.

At last the hour struck.

Pell-mell we hustled one another out of school (being punctual to a second in leaving), and, detaching myself from the crowd, I hurried to my tutor's.

"The two gents," said Trusty Jim, "has now in your room."

My heart beat fast as I ascended the staircase, for I had an undefinable dread of some misfortune.

To be continued.

ANGLICAN DEACONESES.

SEVERAL years have gone by since reference was made in this Magazine to the working of the Deaconess Institution in Germany, and a sketch was given of the central Home established at Kaiserswerth. The subject was interesting to ourselves chiefly as regarded the establishment of a somewhat similar institution in England. Deaconesses had been recognized by the rulers of the English Church; it remained to see how they would fulfil their mission: and it is this question which we now propose to consider.

Is the Deaconess Institution in England, as in Germany, a success? If not, then, in whatever degree it may be considered to have failed of success, what is the cause?

There are doubtless many persons who will without hesitation answer the question of success in the negative. The fact that probably nine-tenths of the so-called Religious world scarcely yet know of the existence of Deaconesses may be adduced as a sufficient proof of the assertion. We see Sisterhoods springing up in every direction—Clewes especially gaining influence, external support, devoted workers; but the few Deaconesses who have connected themselves with the parent Institution in London work in comparative obscurity, with an increase of numbers scarcely perceptible, carrying on their labours with difficulty, and only occasionally able to scatter seeds which are to bear fruit elsewhere.

Now, why is this?

One answer which suggests itself is, that the Sisterhoods have been almost without exception the outgrowth of individual zeal. In this respect they have resembled Kaiserswerth, and the effect of this original impetus can scarcely be over-estimated. The founders of the

several Societies yearned for the work in a spirit of self-devotion, and could not but carry it out—if not in their own persons, at least by the sacrifice of their own wealth. The Deaconess Institution, on the contrary, was set on foot by a body of influential members of the English Church, who had comparatively little time and little money to devote to it, but who felt that it was a need, and trusted that if they could organize it others would work it. This is not the mode by which any rapid and marked success is ever attained.

But yet more. The Sisterhoods have had a growth of nearly thirty years, and in that period they have developed with the spirit of the age, and become more or less Ritualistic. The small white house standing in its quiet garden, which was the original Home of the Clewer Sisters of Mercy, is not more unlike the present mediæval building, with its cloister and courts, its simple yet artistic cells, its chapel, rich with carving and steeped in a "dim religious light," pouring through painted windows, than is the service of the English Church in the bare simplicity of fifty years ago to the elaborate ceremonial which, if not fully accepted, is yet rapidly making its way into every community that has adopted the doctrines of Ritualism.

Now, it is against this spirit of the age, this seductive influence, clothed, as it undeniably is, in the garb of all which is zealous and self-devoted, that the supporters of the Deaconess Institution have—not to contend, whilst Ritualism is acknowledged as an admissible development of the English Church it would be fratricidal to contend with it but—to make their own way, compelling the world to recognize their principles, and to own that self-sacrifice and earnest piety can exist, and, what

is more, can effectually work, apart from ceremonials and doctrines which give offence to "weak brethren," and awaken suspicion even in those who may venture to call themselves "strong."

It is a difficult—one prays that it may not be an impossible—task, but we may be encouraged if we recognize it as the one great obstacle to the spread of the Institution with which the Kaiserswerth Sisters have never had to contend.

And if the German Deaconesses have in no way been forestalled by the work of others, so also they have not been circumscribed, or at least not to any large extent, by the necessity of creating limits for themselves. The established Protestant Churches in Germany apparently require but one external bond of union—opposition to the claims of Rome. The Deaconesses are not necessarily Lutheran, Calvinistic, or Episcopal; they are what the Reformed Church of the country in which they are settled may happen to be. In this way they can spread themselves in every land, and present to the world an imposing spectacle of successful, united work, which cannot fail to draw members to the Institution.

Can the Anglican Deaconesses do this? It is a very attractive idea, could it be carried out. In other words, is the relation of the English Nonconformists to the English Church like that of the German Reformed Churches to each other? Most assuredly not. The German Churches have for the most part a position recognized by the State. They resemble the Presbyterian Church established by law in Scotland rather than the Dissenting bodies in England; each has a distinct territory, and can afford to be liberal because possessing a clear idea of its respective limits.

This is one reason why the framework of the German Institution cannot in its precise form be successfully introduced into England. But there is another and a more important one. The German Churches look upon the differences which separate them from each other as lying on the surface. Anglicans

regard those which exist between themselves and their Nonconformist brethren as fundamental; and even in a worldly point of view the Anglican Deaconesses would lose influence by ignoring them.

It is the more needful to dwell upon this fact that the Deaconesses are a body expressly connected with the English Church, because an idea has in some cases gone abroad that they are willing to make light of this connection. The mistake may perhaps have arisen from the circumstance of an English Deaconess being present at one of the Kaiserswerth conferences as the representative of the Anglican branch of the Institution. Whether it was wise at the commencement of such a work as that of re-establishing the order of Deaconesses to take a step which, however simple and charitable in itself, might naturally be open to misconstruction, is certainly to be doubted; but it is an undeniable fact that such an association with the German societies involves nothing like subjection or interference, and is indeed only the expression of the kindly sympathy which the followers of one Lord cannot fail to entertain towards each other, when all are alike devoting themselves to His service in works of benevolence.

The Deaconesses of the English Church are, then, it must be remembered, distinctly Anglican; and the strength of the Institution will surely be found in the steadfast maintenance of Anglican principles as distinct from all extremes either of Ritualism or Puritanism, because with these principles the English Church itself must either stand or fall. It would seem impossible to have watched carefully the swaying to and fro of the great body of religious thought in this country in the last ten years without coming to the conclusion that, notwithstanding the apparent progress of extreme opinions, especially in one direction, the permanent effect of such efforts to establish advanced doctrine has been to unite more closely persons of various shades of opinion who look upon extremes with distrust. The bitterness of party feeling between

moderate Churchmen and moderate Evangelicals is rapidly diminishing; and, united, they may hope still to retain for the Church of England that character of fairness, charity, and sincerity which has, through God's mercy, enabled it so long to stand as the bulwark of Truth against opposite errors. Yet it must be remembered that if the strength of any body, whether social or material, lies in its social centre, so also does its weakness. Strength implies vigorous life; and a centre without life must die, and the extremities will then break off. God forbid that such should be the fate of the English Church! but if those who love her in her ancient simplicity would enlarge her borders and strengthen her foundations, they must do so not only by moderation, but by united zeal. It is here that one of the practical difficulties for the Deaconess Institution lies. Zeal which shall know how to stand firm in principle whilst it moves with the age in action is very rare, and, as a rule, the world does not appreciate it. Seeing that it goes so far, it cannot comprehend why it does not go farther. And religious enthusiasm requires external excitement. Ritualism offers this excitement, and young minds are almost unavoidably attracted by it. This alone would be a cause why the members of Sisterhoods are many, whilst the Deaconesses are few. But it does not follow that a more simple, free, and—perhaps one may venture to say—more natural form of a life devoted to works of mercy should not also find its place in the English Church, for there are assuredly many who would welcome it.

Rome, in her wonderful wisdom, recognizes both phases of religious self-devotion. She has her rigid Conventual orders, and her more expansive Sisters of Charity. But the Sisters of Charity are not disappointed because they do not occupy the whole ground themselves; and so neither may the Deaconesses be disappointed. Their progress has indeed been slow; but they have stood, and that, in this age of rapid change, is saying much. They grow slowly, but nevertheless they do grow;

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and the only important question for them is how they may spread more effectually.

The suggestions which are about to be made upon this point are, it must be remembered, merely those of a bystander who has never taken part in such works. They are thrown out with no other view than that of calling attention to the subject and bringing out the thoughts of others; for even ideas which are only stated to be proved fallacious may sometimes in this way be almost as useful as those which are ultimately adopted.

And first—is it quite impossible that the Deaconess Institution, following the example of the Kaiserswerth model, should recognize, as associated with it, other societies working upon its own principles? Would those societies object to such a connection? The Sisters of St. John, for instance, who superintend King's College Hospital, and whose principles are essentially Anglican, might they not hold out the hand of fellowship to the Deaconess Sisters? Without allowing the slightest interference in their own regulations, would it be impossible for them to be Deaconesses as well as Sisters in name? Might not the governors and members of the two Institutions meet, compare their respective difficulties, report progress, assist each other by mutual sympathy? And if two such bodies set the example, are there not others, scattered over the face of the country, working almost singly, and often under discouragement, who might be induced to come forward and unite themselves to the common centre?

It does not follow that all who are so working should pledge themselves to the society as fully as the ordained Deaconesses. The Sisterhoods own the necessity of recognizing associate Sisters. Why may not the Deaconesses do the same? Surely even solitary individuals, who have at their own charge undertaken works of mercy, and who are not mere theorists but practical workers, might be recognized as Associate Deaconesses, and receive the support which

connection with a recognized Institution cannot fail to give.

There would be very few binding laws of union required. Kaiserswerth gives us a most important example on this point. The German Deaconesses are servants of the Church—so must the English Deaconesses be. The Bishops of the Church would always be recognised as their head; and whatever the Bishops disapprove, that would without doubt be relinquished *bona fide*. Beyond this little would be needed.

It certainly seems that if such a gathering-up of the different threads of the great web of individual charity which has spread itself over the land could once be effected, the Deaconess Institution would possess an influence which in its present form it cannot hope to obtain. Yet more might it hope to be effective if it adopted as its principle that of free discussion before the world.

There are two methods by which to excite the public interest: one—at first sight the most imposing—is that of mystery. Shut out the world from an entrance into your home; hide from it what you are doing, and it will strain every nerve to gain admittance. On the other hand, open your doors, bid the world enter, and make it your confidant, and it will listen, until at length it feels compelled to take part with you. The former principle, Mystery, is that of the Romish Conventual system; the latter, Publicity, is, on the whole, that of the German Deaconesses. And the English mind, although open to influence from the love of mystery, inasmuch as the attraction is one which is felt by human nature generally, is nevertheless opposed to it by its national characteristics. In England, the few will as a rule follow mystery, the many will be drawn by publicity.

If the example of the Kaiserswerth Conference were followed, and the Church generally were made sharers in the progress of the Deaconess Institution, which we will suppose by means of branch societies to have ramifications throughout the country, it would seem that a deeper interest must be awakened

for it, that greater life and vigour must be imparted to it.

The German Conferences are held once in three years—as a rule at Kaiserswerth. The latter fact gives us another suggestion.

Societies, like individuals, imperatively require “a local habitation and a name;” without it they are not entities, but ideas, and no lasting enthusiasm—or, what is more important, no affection—can permanently be awakened in the human mind for that which is only abstract. This necessity of our nature has been evidenced in the great mystery which lies at the very foundation of Christianity.

The Deaconesses have a name; they have also a habitation, but is it one which is in the least likely to awaken in them a feeling of attachment? Will they naturally look upon 50 Burton Crescent as a Home? In age and sickness, in bereavement and depression, will they turn to it as their place of rest, of retirement from labour, of preparation for Heaven?

At Kaiserswerth, where the Deaconess system is most fully carried out, the permanent Sisters have their pleasant Mother-house by the banks of the broad Rhine, with the fresh pure air of heaven fanning them in their labours, and when any are sick and weary they retire to their beautiful “House of rest” at Salem, and find in the loveliness of nature the refreshment which their exhausted spirits need. They work, indeed, many of them, for a time in towns, in hot, stifling lanes, amidst wretched hovels; they confront vice and misery; they watch by sickness and by death,—but their home is elsewhere. In giving themselves to the office of Deaconess their offering is made advisedly with the full intention of enduring all the privation which it involves; but those who accept it feel themselves bound by all the laws of charity to bestow something in return. They give therefore provision for life, a permanent support which shall leave no room for anxiety whilst the power of work remains; and when at length God sees fit to put an end to

this, either by illness or age, they give a peaceful asylum, which is the fitting type of "the rest that remaineth for the people of God."

No marvel that the German Deaconesses spread and multiply. The Institution offers a home as well as an employment, to those who are not only earnest in their piety, but lowly and poor, and who can thus be trained in it to services which make them a blessing to their fellow-creatures, whilst they secure to themselves a safe retreat when their work is over.

But if this necessity for an attractive home and a permanent provision for Deaconesses really exists, how is it to be provided for? The present staff of Sisters is for the most part occupied by work in London, a sphere too vast for a legion of labourers. It would be folly to remove them from the scene of their usefulness. A change—if change there must be—could only be wisely begun by planting a germ elsewhere which might hereafter grow to be the centre of the community, as Kaiserswerth is the centre of the German Deaconesses.

Would it not be possible to create such a germ by establishing a Convalescent Home on a small scale, to which the patients, nursed in the hospitals in London, might be from time to time removed—one or two Deaconesses having the charge of it? If this could be set on foot the Home might ultimately become also a place of refreshment to the Sisters who are weary with their London work, and require pure air and comparative quiet.

And this work being begun, is it Utopian to suggest that another might hereafter be added to it—a School and Home for Orphans of the professional and mercantile classes, where children

might receive a really good education, and be trained, if they show any vocation for the work, to be ultimately Deaconesses themselves, ready for employment in the Colonies or elsewhere, and thus filling up the great gap which is now so much lamented by all who are engaged in Missionary work?

A good school on a thoroughly religious basis would surely receive general support, and it would seem that something like direct training for Deaconesses' work might be given by the very fact of having convalescent patients in the neighbourhood, who might in various small ways be waited upon, tended, and read to by the children who might show an inclination for such works of charity. For those who had no such vocation the education received should be such as would fit them for other and more secular employment.

Let a central Home for some such definite objects as have here been mentioned be established in a good situation, with a certain amount of natural beauty about it to render it attractive, and it would surely awaken interest, and give a better idea of the extent and object of the Deaconess Institution than can be afforded by the Society now settled in Burton Crescent. Possibly the great Missionary Societies might lend it their aid, as assisting to provide the female helpers so greatly needed in work amongst the heathen. Possibly those who are interested in woman's work generally might regard it as a fresh sphere of usefulness. Possibly—but there is no end to possibilities, and we must pause,—only, will those who may read this paper not look upon what has been suggested as impossible until it has been considered with care, and weighed without prejudice?

ELIZABETH M. SEWELL.

THE PLACE OF EXETER IN ENGLISH HISTORY.¹

THE thought sometimes comes into the mind of the English traveller in other lands that the cities of his own land must seem but of small account in the eyes of a traveller from the lands which he visits. I speak of course as an antiquary; I speak not of modern prosperity and modern splendour; I speak of the historical associations of past times and of the visible monuments which past times have left behind them. Our best ecclesiastical and our best military buildings, the minsters of Durham and Ely, the castles of Rochester and Caernarvon, are indeed unsurpassed by buildings of the same class in any other land. But buildings of this kind are few and far between; the English town, great or small, does not as a rule, make the same impression, as an artistic and antiquarian object, as a town of the same class in Italy, Germany, Burgundy, France, or Aquitaine. The ordinary English market-town has commonly little to show beyond its parish church. Its history, if it has any history, is simply that it has been, so to speak, the accidental site of some of the events of general English history, that it has been the scene of some battle or the birth-place of some great man. In many parts of the continent such a town would have its walls, its gates, its long lines of ancient houses; it would have too a history of its own, a history perhaps hardly known beyond its own borders, but still a history; some tale of its lords or of its burghers, of lords ruling over a miniature dominion, of burghers defending a miniature commonwealth, but still lords and burghers who have a history, no less than kingdoms and commonwealths on a greater scale. In towns of a higher class, the peers of our shire-towns and

cathedral cities, the palace of the prince, the council-house of the commonwealth, perhaps a long range of the dwellings of old patrician houses, speak of the greatness of a city which once held its rank among European capitals, as the dwelling-place of a prince or as a free city of the empire. I speak not of world-famous cities which have been the seats of Empires and mighty Kingdoms or of commonwealths which could bear themselves as the peers of Empires and Kingdoms. I speak not of Venice or Florence, of Trier or of Ravenna. I speak of cities of a class one degree lower. I speak of the last home of Carolingian kingship on the rock of Laon; I speak of the walls of successive ages, spreading each round another, like the circles of Ecbatana—the works of Gaul and Roman and Frank, of Counts and Bishops and citizens—gathering around the minster and the castles of Le Mans. I speak of the Bern of Theodoric by the Adige and of the Bern of Berchthold by the Aar. I speak of the council-houses of Lübeck and Ghent, of Padova and Piacenza, of the episcopal palace at Liège and the ducal palace at Dijon, of the castled steep which looks down on the church of Saint Elizabeth at Marburg, of the hill, with its many-towered church, its walls, its gateways, its rugged streets, which rises above the island home of Frederick at Gelnhausen. We have few such spots as these, spots so rich at once in history and in art. And yet we need not grieve that we are in this matter poorer than other nations. Whatever is taken away from the greatness of particular cities and districts is added to the general greatness of the whole kingdom. Why is the history of Nürnberg greater than the history of Exeter? Simply because the history of England is greater than the history of Germany. Why have not

¹ Read at the Exeter Meeting of the Archaeological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland, July 30, 1873.

our cities such mighty senate-houses, such gorgeous palaces, as the seats of republican freedom or of princely rule among the Italian and the Teutonic cities? It is because England was one, while Italy and Germany and Gaul were still divided. Our cities lack the stately buildings, they lack the historic memories. But they lack them because England became an united nation too soon to allow of her nobles and prelates growing into sovereign princes, too soon to allow of the local freedom of her cities and boroughs growing into the absolute independence of sovereign commonwealths.

And if the cities of England are less rich in historic memories, less thickly set with historic buildings, than the cities of the continent, they must no less yield to them in mere antiquity. We have no cities like Massalia and Gades, which can trace up an unbroken being and an unbroken prosperity to the days of Greek and even of Phœnician colonization. It is only here and there that we can find a site which can even pretend to have lived on, like the ancient towns of Italy and Gaul and Spain, as a dwelling-place of man from the earliest recorded times, the home in turn of the Briton, the Roman, and the Englishman. Arretium, Tolosa, Remi, a crowd of others in the south-western lands, are cities which have lived on, with their own names or the names of their tribes. They are cities reared by the Etruscan, the Iberian, and the Celt to become possessions of Roman, Gothic, and Frankish masters. In our land Dr. Guest has shown that London itself has but feeble claims to an unbroken being from the days of the Briton. Even of the cities raised in Britain by the Roman, though many are still inhabited, though some have been constantly inhabited, yet many others, like Bath and Chester, rose up again after a season of desolation, while other sites, Anderida, Calleva, Uriconium, remain desolate to this day. All this is the natural result of the history of the country. Britain was the last of her great provinces to be won by Rome, she

was the first of her great provinces to fall away. The tie which binds the history of the Roman to the history of the conquered provincial on the one hand and of the Teutonic conqueror on the other is weaker here than in other lands. Nowhere else did the Roman find so little of native groundwork on which to build; nowhere else was his own work so utterly swept away. The grass which once grew over the temples and houses of Deva and Aquæ Solis, the grass which still grows over the temples and houses of Calleva and Anderida, is the best witness to the difference between the English Conquest of Britain and the Gothic, Burgundian, and Frankish conquests of other lands.

Yet the very fact that the cities of England must yield in antiquity, in artistic wealth, in historical associations, to the cities of other European lands, does not fail to give them a special interest of their own. The domestic history of an English town, which was always content to be a municipality, which never aspired to become an independent commonwealth, seems tame beside the long and stirring annals of the free cities of Italy and Germany. Yet, for that very reason, it has a special value of its own. Because the city has not striven after an independent being, it has done its work as a part of a greater whole. Because it has not aspired to be a sovereign commonwealth, it has played its part in building up a nation. And the comparison between the lowly English municipality and the proud Italian or German commonwealth has also an interest of another kind. The difference between the two is simply the difference implied in the absence of political independence in the one case and its presence in the other. The difference is purely external. The internal constitution, the internal history, sometimes the internal revolutions, often present the most striking analogies. In both we may often see the change from democracy to oligarchy and from oligarchy to democracy. In both we may see men who in old Greece would have taken their place as

demagogues, perhaps as tyrants. Here, as in other lands, the city has often had to strive for its rights against the neighbouring nobles. Exeter has something to tell of Earls and Countesses of Devon : Bristol has something to tell of its own half citizens, half tyrants, the Lords of Berkeley. We may see germs of a Federal system among the Five Danish Boroughs of Mercia, among the Cinque Ports of Kent and Sussex, and in the Hansa of the Burghs of Scotland. We may see germs too of the dominion of the city, ruling, like Sparta or Bern, over surrounding subject districts, so long as the county of Middlesex neither chooses her Sheriffs herself nor receives them from the central Government, but has to accept such Sheriffs as may be given her by the great neighbouring City. To that city which her inhabitants stand thus far in the relation which a Spartan knew as that of *νεποιοι* and a Berner as that of *Unterthanen*.

In the free cities of the continent in short we see what English cities might here grow into, if the royal power in England had been no stronger than that of the Emperors, and if England had therefore split up into separate states, like Germany, Italy, and Gaul. A city or borough, with its organized municipal constitution, could, if the central power were either gradually or suddenly removed, at once act as an independent commonwealth. It is plain that a county could not do so with anything like the same ease. It has been the constant tendency to unity in England, the tendency to subordinate every local power to the common King and the common Parliament, which has made the difference between a municipality like Exeter and a commonwealth like Florence. And here, in this city of Exeter, reflexions of this kind have a special fitness. No city of England has a history which comes so near to the history of the great continental cities. No city in England can boast of a longer unbroken existence ; none is so direct a link between the earliest and the latest days of the history of

our island. None has in all ages more steadily kept the character of a local capital, the undisputed head and centre of a great district. And none has come so near to being something more than a local capital. None has had so fair a chance as Exeter once had of becoming an independent commonwealth, the head of a Confederation of smaller boroughs, perhaps the mistress of dependent towns and subject districts, ruling over her *νεποιοι* or *Unterthanen* as Florence ruled over Pisa, as Bern ruled over Lausanne.

I think then that it is not with mere words of course that I may congratulate the members of this Institute on finding themselves at last within the walls—here it is no figure of speech to say within the walls—of the great city of Western England. For years we have been, like Swegen or William himself, knocking at the gates. At least we have stood outside, and we would have knocked at the gates, if any gates had been left for us to knock at. What has so long kept us out I know not ; that is a question too deep for human powers to solve. One thing at least we know, that we have not, like Swegen or William, had to stand outside because the citizens of Exeter were not willing to receive us within. We have, wherefore no man knoweth, dealt with the Damnonian Iaca as the last among the great cities of England, but it has assuredly not been because it is the least. We have seen York and Lincoln and Chester ; and, if Exeter must yield to York and Lincoln and Chester in wealth of actually surviving monuments, it assuredly does not yield to any of them in the historic interest of its long annals. It has in truth a peculiar interest of its own, in which it stands alone among the cities of England. Exeter is among cities what Glastonbury is among churches. It is one of the few ties which directly bind the Englishman to the Roman and the Briton. It is the great trophy of that stage of English conquest, when our forefathers, weaned from the fierce creed of Woden and Thunder, deemed it enough to conquer and no longer sought to destroy.

The first glimpse of the city shows the traveller that it is one of a class which is common on the continent but rare in England, and which among West-Saxon cities is absolutely unique. From Winchester onwards—we may say from Dorchester, for the forsaken sites must not be forgotten in the reckoning—the seats of the West-Saxon Bishops, as a rule, lie low. Take the most familiar test; besides Exeter, Sherborne is the only one to which the traveller on the railway at all looks up, and to Sherborne he looks up far less than he looks up to Exeter. From Sherborne indeed the Lotharingian Hermann took a high flight to the waterless hill of the elder Salisbury; but Richard Poore redressed the balance by bringing church and city down into the plain of Merefield. Dorchester looks up at the camp on Sino-dun; Winchester looks up at the place of martyrdom on St. Giles's hill. Wells crouches at the foot of Mendip; Glastonbury, on her sacred island, crouches at the foot of the Archangel's Tor. Bath has in modern times climbed to a height like that of Lincoln or Durham, but the site of her minster shows how the true Bath, the *Aquæ Solis* that Ceawlin conquered, the Old Borough where Eadgar wore his crown, was built, as the Jew says in Richard of the Devises, "*ad portas inferi.*" But Exeter at the first glance tells us another tale. The city indeed looks up at heights loftier than itself, but the city itself sits on a height rising far above railway or river. Exeter, *Iscæ*, *Caer Wise*, is in short a city of the same class as Bourges and Chartres, as communal *Le Mans* and kingly *Leon*, as *Lausanne* and *Geneva* by their *Lake*, as *Chur* and *Sitten* in their Alpine valleys. We have here, what we find so commonly in Gaul, so rarely in Britain, the Celtic hill-fort, which has grown into the Roman city, which has lived on through the Teutonic conquest, and which still, after all changes, keeps its place as the undoubted head of its own district. In Wessex such a history is unique; in all southern England London is the only parallel, and that but an imperfect one. The

name carries on the same lesson which is taught us by the site. *Caer Wise* has never lost its name. It has been Latinized into *Iscæ*, it has been Teutonized into *Ercanceaster* and cut short into modern Exeter, but the city by the Exe has, through all conquests, through all changes of language, proclaimed itself by its name as the city by the Exe. In this respect, the continuity of its being has been more perfect than that of most of the cities of northern Gaul. At Rheims, Paris, Bourges, a crowd of others, the name of the tribe has supplanted the true name of the city; but *Iscæ*, like the cities of the south, like *Burdigala* and *Massalia*, has never exchanged its own name for the name of the *Damnonian* people. The name and the site of Exeter at once distinguish it from most of the ordinary classes of English towns. They distinguish it from Teutonic marks which have grown into modern towns, and which, like Reading and Basingstoke, still keep the clan names of the *Readingas* and *Basingas*: they distinguish it no less from Roman towns like Bath and Chester, which rose again after a season of desolation—from towns like Wells and Peterborough, which grew up under the shadow of some great minster—from fortresses or havens, like Taunton or Kingston-on-Hull, which sprang into life at the personal bidding of some far-sighted king—from towns like Durham and New Salisbury, where church and city arose together as some wise Bishops sought, on the peninsular hill or on the open meadow, a home more safe either from foreign invaders or from unkindly neighbours. Exeter is none of these; like Lincoln it stands on a site which Briton, Roman, and Englishman have alike made their own; like Lincoln it is a city set on an hill, it has a temple built on high; on the whole, Lincoln is its nearest parallel among the cities of England; in some points the histories of the two present a striking likeness; in others they present differences not less instructive than their likenesses.

Exeter then, as a hill-fort city, has,

more than almost any other city of England, a close analogy with the ancient cities of Gaul. But there is another point in which the history of Exeter altogether differs from theirs. The Gaulish city has almost always been the seat of a bishoprick from the days of the first establishment of Christianity. The Cathedral Church and the Episcopal Palace stand, and always have stood, side by side, on the highest point of the hill on which the city stands. The city is indeed older than the Bishoprick, because it is older than Christianity itself. But the bishoprick is something which was firmly established during the days of Roman dominion, something which, as far as the Teutonic conquerors were concerned, might be looked on as an inherent and immemorial part of the city. There had been a time when Bourges and Chartres and Paris had not been seats of bishopricks; but it was only as seats of bishopricks that their Frankish conquerors knew them. The Roman Bishoprick, like so many other things that were Roman, lived on through the Teutonic conquest, and, except in the case of very modern unions and suppressions, it has lived on till our own day. In England, on the other hand, besides the union of some bishopricks and the division of others, there has been a wandering to and fro of the immediate seats of episcopal rule to which there has been no parallel in Gaul. In Gaul, not above two or three bishopricks have been moved—as distinguished from being united or divided—from their original seats; in England it is rather the rule than the exception that a bishoprick should have changed its place once or twice since its foundation. The causes of these differences go very deep into the history of the two countries; I have spoken of them elsewhere, and I shall not enlarge upon them now. It is enough to say that the character of the English Conquest, as a heathen conquest, hindered any place within the proper England from being the unbroken seat of any Roman and Christian institution. Add too that in Britain, neither Celts nor Teutons, unused as both of them

were to the fully-developed city-life of the South, ever strictly followed the rule which was universal in Italy, Spain, and Gaul, of placing the seat of the Bishop in the chief town of his diocese. Hence, while on the Continent, the city and its bishoprick are both, from a Teutonic point of view, immemorial,—that is to say, both existed before and lived through the Teutonic conquest—in not a few English cities the Bishoprick is a comparatively modern institution. The Bishop has not been there from the beginning; he has been placed there by the Confessor or by the Conqueror, by Henry the First or by Henry the Eighth, or by virtue of an Act of Parliament which many of us are old enough to remember. So it is conspicuously at Exeter. The hill-fort has grown into the city; the city has lived through all later conquests; but the Bishoprick is something which, in the long history of such a city, may almost seem a creation of yesterday. Bishops of Exeter have played an important part both in local and in general history; but the City of Exeter had begun to play an important part in the history of Britain ages before Bishops of Exeter were heard of. The episcopal church now indeed stands out only less conspicuously than Bourges or Geneva, as the roof and crown of the whole city; but for ages its predominance in the landscape must have been disputed by the castle on the Red Mount, and Ica had lived and flourished for a thousand years before its height was crowned with a stone of either minster or castle. Let us compare Exeter for one moment with two continental cities in which the points both of likeness and of unlikeness seem to reach their highest degree. As Exeter stands upon its hill, but is still surrounded by loftier hills that look down upon it, so the loftier heights of Chur and Sitten are looked down upon by the snowy peaks of the Pennine and Rætian Alps. Vast as is the difference of scale, there is a real likeness of position as compared with the isolated hill of Chartres, rising in the midst of its vast cornland. Like the Damnonian Ica, Sedu-

num and Curia Rætorum are cities which have lived on from Roman to modern times. But in them, not only the city but the bishoprick also, has lived on through all changes. And, following the common law of the bishopricks within the Empire, the Bishops of those cities grew to a height of temporal power to which no Prelate, not the Palatine of Durham himself, ever reached in England, and which the Bishops of Exeter were among those who were furthest from reaching. At Chur the church and palace of the Bishop, with its surrounding quarter, grew into a fortified Akropolis, where the Bishop still reigned as prince, even when the lower city had become independent of his rule. At Sitten church and castle stand perched on the twin peaks of Valeria and Tourbillon. But the castle was the fortress, not of King or Duke, but of the Prelate himself. In some English bishopricks too the Bishop was, if not prince, at least temporal lord. At Wells, for instance, the city simply arose outside the close, and its municipal franchises were the grant of its episcopal lords. At Exeter, where the Bishop came as something new into a city which had stood for ages, it was as much as he could do if he could maintain the exemption of his own immediate precinct, at all events when the civic sword was wielded by a Mayor of the ready wit and the stubborn vigour of John Shillingford.

It is not however my business to dwell at any detail on either the ecclesiastical or municipal history of the city. I had hoped that those two aspects of its history might have been dealt with in full at this meeting by the two men who are the fittest in all England severally to deal with them. Such however is not to be our good luck, and it is not for me to try to supply their places. My business is with the city in its more general aspect. I have pointed out two of the characteristic features of its history, how it is rather continental than English in its position as a hill-fort city living out from Roman and British times, while

it is specially English in the modern date of the foundation of its Bishoprick. The first question which now suggests itself is one which I cannot answer. When did the city first become a West-Saxon possession? When did the British *Caer-Wisc*, the Roman *Isca*, pass into the English *Exanceaster*? Of that event I can find no date, no trustworthy mention. The first distinct and undoubted mention of the city that I can find is in the days of Ælfred, where, as every reader of the *Chronicles* knows, it figures as an English fortress, and a fortress of great importance, more than once taken and retaken by the great King and his Danish enemies. I am as little able to fix the date of the English conquest of *Isca*, as I am to fix the date of its original foundation by the Briton. John Shillingford tells us that Exeter was a walled city before the Incarnation of Christ, and, though it is not likely to have been a walled city in any sense that would satisfy either modern or Roman engineers, it is likely enough to have been already a fortified post before Cæsar landed in Britain. Nor can I presume to determine whether *Isca* ever bore the name of *Penholt-keyre*, a name suggestive of that neighbouring height of *Penhow*, of which I shall have again to speak. Nor can I say what was the exact nature of *Vespasian's* dealings with the city at the time when they are connected in some mysterious way with the selling of thirty Jews—some say only their heads—for a penny. In an later age, another civic worthy, the famous John Hooker, tells us that *Vespasian*, when Duke under the Emperor *Claudius*, besieged the city by order of his master, but was driven away, like some later besiegers, by the valour of the citizens, and betook himself to *Jerusalem* as an easier conquest. These questions are beyond me; but the identity of the British *Caer-wisc*, the Roman *Isca*, the English *Exanceaster*, is witnessed by a crowd of authorities. Still I know of no evidence to fix the point at which *Isca* became *Exanceaster*, any more than to

fix the point when Isca came into being. As the story of Saint Boniface runs, we are told that he was born at Crediton, and brought up at Exeter. For his birth at Crediton I know of no ancient authority whatever. His education at Exeter rests on the reading of a passage in his biographer Willibald, where a name, which we should certainly understand to be Exeter if there were no reason to the contrary, is written in so many ways in different manuscripts as to make the case somewhat less strong when there are probabilities the other way to be set against it. I cannot myself bring the West-Saxon conquerors even to the borders of Somerset at any time earlier than the days of Ine, when the powerful King Gerent reigned over Damnonia, and when Taunton was a border fortress of the Englishman against the Briton. The point is one which I argued more fully last year before the local Archaeological Society of my own county, whether this doubtful reading of Willibald is enough to outbalance the general consent of our evidence as to the progress of English conquest westward—whether it is by itself enough to make us believe that, somewhere before the end of the seventh century, Isca was already an English town, where an English-born youth could receive his education in an English monastery. I should myself be inclined to hold that the balance of probability lies the other way, and that Isca and the rest of Damnonia must have been conquered at some time between the days of Ine and the days of Egberht. It is certain that under Æthelwulf Devonshire was English, and that the men of Devonshire, as West-Saxon subjects, fought valiantly and successfully against the Danish invader. This is the first distinct mention I can find of the district as an English possession, while the first distinct mention of the city, as I have already said, comes later in the same century, in the wars of Ælfred. But though it was English by allegiance, it was not till two generations later that the city became wholly English in blood

and speech. In Æthelstan's day the city was still partly Welsh, partly English. We can, if we please, according to many analogies elsewhere, conceive the two rival nations dwelling side by side within the same enclosure, but separated again by enclosures of their own, Britons and Englishmen each forming a city within a city. To this state of things the Lord of all Britain, the conqueror of Scot and Northman, the lawgiver of England, deemed it time to put a stop, and to place the supremacy of the conquering nation in the chief city of the western peninsula beyond all doubt. Hitherto we may be sure that the English burghers had formed a ruling class, a civic patriciate. Now, strengthened doubtless by fresh English colonists, they were to become the sole possessors of the city. Exeter was a post which needed to be strongly fortified, and for its fortification to be put in no hands but such as were thoroughly trustworthy. The British inhabitants were driven out, and, to the confusion of those who tell us that Englishmen could not put stones and mortar together till a hundred and forty years later, the city was encircled by a wall of square stones, and strengthened by towers, marking a fourth stage in the history of English fortification. Ida first defended Bamborough with a hedge or palisade; a later Northumbrian ruler strengthened it with a wall or dyke of earth. Eadward the Elder surrounded Towcester with a wall of stone; Æthelstan surrounded Exeter with a wall of squared stones. This is not theory, but history. If anyone asks me where the wall of Æthelstan is now, I can only say that a later visitor to Exeter took care that there should not be much of it left for us to see. Yet there are some small fragments, huge stones put together in clear imitation of the Roman nature of building, which may well enough be remains of the great wall of Æthelstan. But suppose that not a stone is left, suppose that Swegen left no trace of what Æthelstan reared, still as I understand evidence, the fact that a thing is recorded to have been de-

stroyed is one of the best proofs that it once existed.

Now the distinguishing point in this stage of the history of Exeter is this, that it, alone of the great cities of Britain, did not fall into the hands of the English invaders till after the horrors of conquest had been softened by the influence of Christianity. Whatever was the exact date of the conquest of Devonshire, it was certainly after Birinus had preached the faith to that most heathen nation of the Gewissas, after Cynegils and Cwichelm had plunged beneath the waters of baptism, and had built the minster of Dorchester and the Old Minster of Winchester. When *Caer Wisc* became an English possession, there was no fear that any West-Saxon prince should deal with it as *Æthelfrith* had dealt by *Deva*, as *Ceawlin* had dealt by *Uriconium* and *Aquæ Solis*, as *Ælle* and *Cissa* had dealt by *Anderida*. The Norman came to Exeter as he came to *Pevensey*, but he did not find the walls of *Isca*, like the walls of *Anderida*, standing without a dwelling-place of man within them. They did not stand, like the walls of *Deva*, again to become a city and a fortress after a desolation of three hundred years. When *Isca* was taken, the West-Saxons, as I before said, had ceased to be destroyers and deemed it enough to be conquerors. Thus it was that Exeter stands alone, as the one great English city which has lived an unbroken life from pre-English and even from pre-Roman days. Whatever was the exact date at which the city first became an English possession, it was with the driving out of the Welsh inhabitants under *Æthelstan* that it first became a purely English city. As such it fills, during the whole of the tenth and eleventh centuries, a prominent place among the cities of England, and a place altogether without a rival among the cities of its own part of England. The complete naturalization of the British city by the expulsion of its British citizens was accompanied by a meeting of the *Witan* of the whole realm within the newly-raised walls, and at

that meeting one of the collections of laws which bear the name of *Æthelstan* was put forth. Later in the century we find the fortress by the Exe the chief bulwark of Western England during the renewed Danish invasions of the reign of *Æthelred*. It is a spirit-stirring tale to read in our national chronicles how the second millenium of the Christian æra is ushered in by the record which tells us how the heathen host sailed up the Exe and strove to break down the wall which guarded the city—how the wall of *Æthelstan* defended by the valiant burghers bore up against every onslaught—"how fastly the invaders were fighting, and how fastly and hardly the citizens withstood them." It was no fault of those valiant citizens that, as ever in that wretched reign, the valiant resistance of one town or district only led to the further desolation of another. Exeter was saved, but the Unready King had no help, no reward, for the men who saved it; the local force of Devonshire and Somerset had to strive how they could against the full might of the invader; and the overthrow of *Penhow* and the wasting of the land around followed at once upon the successful defence of the city. The very next year Exeter became part of the morning-gift of the Norman Lady, and for the first time—a foretaste of what was to come before the century was out—a man of foreign blood, *Hugh the French churl*, as our chroniclers call him, was set by his foreign mistress to command in an English city. With no traitor, with no stranger, within their walls, the men of Exeter had beaten off all the attacks of the barbarians; but now we read how, through the cowardice or treason of its foreign chief, *Swegen* was able to break down and spoil the city, and how the wall of *Æthelstan* was battered down from the east gate to the west. I do not pretend to rule whether this means the utter destruction of the wall or only the destruction of two sides of it; but it is certain that sixty years later, when Exeter had to strive, not against Norman traitors within but against Norman

enemies without, the city was again strongly fortified according to the best military art of the times. It may be noticed that, in the description of Swegen's taking of Exeter, though we read of plundering and of breaking down the walls, we do not, as we commonly do when a town is taken, hear of burning. As a rule, houses in those days were of wood; and it is sometimes amazing how, when a town has been burned, we find it spring up again a year or two later, sometimes only to be burned again. Whether in a city which was so early fortified with towers and walls of squared stones, other buildings too may not have been built of stone earlier than was usual in other places, I leave to local inquirers to settle.

After the capture by Swegen, we hear nothing more of the city itself during the rest of the Danish wars. Doubtless it submitted, along with the rest of western England, when Æthelmær the Ealdorman of the Deafnsætas and all the Thegns of the west, acknowledged Swegen as King at Bath. In the war of Cnut and Eadmund the men of Devonshire fought on the side of England at Sherstone, but we hear nothing specially of the city. Our only knowledge of Exeter between the Danish and the Roman invasions consists of the fact of the foundation of the Bishoprick, and of the further fact that the city which had been part of the morning-gift of Emma became also part of the morning-gift of her successor Eadgyth. The two facts are connected. The special relation of the Lady to the city accounts for the peculiar ceremony which, though the charter in which it is recorded is marked by Mr. Kemble as doubtful, can hardly be mere matter of invention. In that charter we are told that Leofric, the first Bishop of the new see, was led to his episcopal throne by the King and the Lady, the King on his right side and the Lady on his left, each of them taking him, if the words of the document are to be followed literally, not so much hand-in-hand as arm-in-arm. Here, as everywhere else in these times, in every expression and in every cere-

mony, the strong *Regale*, the undoubted ecclesiastical supremacy of the King and his Witan, or to speak more truly, the identity of the nation and the national Church, comes out plainly. The Bishop is not only placed in his Bishoprick by the King, but the Lady, as the immediate superior of the city, has her part in the ceremony. Exeter now became a city in the ecclesiastical as well as in the civil sense. And the change is one which is worthy of notice on many grounds. The foundation of the Bishoprick of Exeter was accompanied by several circumstances which mark it as an event belonging to an age of transition. It was among the last instances of one set of tendencies, among the earliest instances of another. The reign of Edward the Confessor is the last time in English history, unless we are to except the reign of Edward the Sixth, when two English bishopricks were joined together, without a new one being founded to keep up the number. Such an union had happened more than once in earlier times; it happened twice under Edward, when the Bishopricks of Devonshire and Cornwall were united under Leofric, and when the Bishopricks of Dorset and Wiltshire were united under Hermann. But this translation is also the first instance of a movement which, like so many other movements, began under the Normannizing Eadward and went on under his Norman successors, a movement for bringing into England the continental rule that the Bishoprick should be placed in the greatest city of the diocese. The translation of the see of Saint Cuthberht to Durham was not a case in point; Ealdhun sought a place of safety, and chose one so wisely that a city presently grew up around his church. But the translation of the West-Welsh Bishoprick from Bodmin and Crediton to Exeter was the beginning of a system which was further carried on when the great Mid-English Bishoprick was moved from Dorchester to Lincoln, and when the East-Anglian Bishoprick was moved from Elmham, first to Thetford and then to Norwich. Again, the first Bishop himself repre-

sents in his own person more than one of the tendencies of the age. He represents the dominion of the Englishman over the Briton; he represents the close connexion of the Englishman of that generation with his Teutonic kinsmen beyond the sea. Leofric, a native of his own diocese, is described as a Briton, that is, I conceive, a native of Cornwall. But, like the great mass of the landowners of Cornwall in his day, he bears a purely English name. Either he was the descendant of English settlers in the British land, or else he was the descendant of Britons who had so far gone over to English ways as to take to English proper names, just as the English a generation or two later took to Norman proper names. In either way, he represents the process through which the list which Domesday gives us of the landowners of his diocese in the days of King Eadward reads only one degree less English than the list of the landowners of Kent and Sussex. But Leofric, whether English or British by blood, was neither English nor British by education. His bringing up was Lotharingian, and he was the first prelate of his age to bring the Lotharingian discipline into Engand. He thus represents the high position which was held at the time, as seminaries of ecclesiastical learning and discipline, by the secular churches of Germany, by those especially of that corner of the Teutonic kingdom which might be looked on as the border-land of Germany, Gaul, and Britain, and which drew scholars from all those countries alike. Leofric represents further that close connexion, especially in ecclesiastical matters, between England and the Teutonic mainland which began under Æthelstan and Eadgar, which went on under Cnut, and which reached its height when Godwine and Harold found it an useful counterpoise to the Norman and French tendencies of King Eadward. Leofric again, in the constitution which he brought into his church, the stricter discipline of Chrodegang, marks the beginning of a tendency which was afterwards carried on by Gisa at Wells, and for a moment

by Thomas at York, but which presently gave way to the system which Remigius brought from Rouen to Lincoln, and which, in theory at least, still remains the constitution of the old-foundation churches of England. Leofric survived the Norman invasion; he survived the great siege of Exeter, in which his name is not mentioned. Insular by birth, but continental in feeling, he was succeeded by almost the only one among the Norman settlers in England who became an Englishman at heart. Osbern, a son of the famous Gilbert of Brionne, a brother of the fierce Earl of Hereford, came to England, like so many of his countrymen, to seek his fortune at the court of King Eadward. Of him alone among the foreign prelates of that day we read that in his manner of life he followed the customs of England, and had no love for the pomp of Normandy. Of his English tastes we have still a negative witness among us. Through his episcopate, down to the fourth year of Henry the First, the church in which Englishmen had been content to worship still stood. The oldest parts of the present church of Exeter date only from the time of his successor.

The great ecclesiastical change of the eleventh century has carried us on, in point of date, beyond the great time which stands out above all others in the history of Exeter, the time when we may say that for eighteen days Exeter was England. The tale of the great siege I have told elsewhere in as full detail as existing records gave me the means of telling it, and I will not tell it in the same detail again. But the story of the resistance of the western lands and their capital to the full power of the Conqueror is one which ought never, to pass away from the memories of Englishmen. The city, with its walls and towers again made ready for defence—the mother and the sons of Harold within its walls—the march of the conqueror to the Eastern gate—the faint-heartedness of the leaders—the strong heart of the commons, who endured to see their hostage blinded before their eyes—the resistance as stubborn

against William as it had been against Swegen—the breach of the walls by arts which to the simpler generalship of Swegen were unknown—the escape of Gytha and her companions by the water-gate—the bloodless entry of the Conqueror—the foundation of the castle to curb the stout-hearted city—the raising of its tribute to lessen the wealth which had enabled it to resist—all form a tale than which, even in that stirring time, none, save the tale of the great battle itself, speaks more home to the hearts of all who love to bear in mind how long and hard a work it was to make England yield to her foreign master. Our hearts beat with those of the defenders of Exeter; we mourn as the mother of the last English King flees from the last English city which maintained the cause of the house of Godwine. But we see none the less that it was for the good of England that Exeter should fall. A question was there decided, greater than the question whether England should be ruled by Harold, Eadgar, or William, the question whether England should be one. When Exeter stood forth for one moment to claim the rank of a free Imperial city, the chief of a confederation of the lesser towns of the West—when she, or at least her rulers, professed themselves willing to receive William as an external lord, to pay him the tribute which had been paid to the old Kings, but refused to admit him within her walls as her immediate sovereign—we see that the tendency was at work in England by which the kingdoms of the Empire were split up into loose collections of independent cities and principalities. We see that the path was opening by which Exeter might have come to be another Lübeck, the head of a Damnonian Hansa, another Bern, the mistress of the subject lands of the western peninsula. Such a dream sounds wild in our ears, and we may be sure that no such ideas were present in any such definite shape to the minds of the defenders of Exeter. But any such conscious designs were probably just as little present to the minds of those who, in any German

or Italian city, took the first steps in the course by which, from a municipality or less than a municipality, the city grew into a sovereign commonwealth. Historically that separate defence of the western lands which ended in a separate defence of Exeter is simply a case of the way in which, after Harold was gone, England was conquered bit by bit. York never dreamed of helping Exeter, and Exeter, if it had the wish, had not the power to help York. But it is none the less true that, when we see a confederation of western towns with the great city of the district at their head, suddenly starting into life, to check the progress of the Conqueror, we see that a spirit had been kindled, which, had it not been checked at once, might have grown into something of which those who manned the walls of Exeter assuredly never thought. We cannot mourn that such a tendency was stopped, even by the arm of a foreign conqueror. We cannot mourn that the greatness of Exeter was not purchased at the cost of the greatness of England. But it is worth while to stop and think how near England once was to running the same course as other lands, how easily the Earls of Chester and Shrewsbury might have grown into sovereign princes, Margraves of their border principalities—how easily the Palatine Bishops of Durham might have grown into spiritual princes, like their brethren of Speier and Bamberg—how easily Exeter and Lincoln might have taken their places as the heads of confederations of free cities in the *Wealh-cyn* and among the Five Danish boroughs. From such a fate as this, from the sacrifice of the general welfare of the whole, to the greater brilliance of particular members of the whole, we have been saved by a variety of causes, and not the least of them, by the personal character of a series of great Kings, working in the cause of national unity, from West-Saxon Egberht to Norman William. The tendency of the patriotic movements in William's reign was a tendency to division. The tendency of William's own

rule was a tendency to union. The aims of the Exeter patricians could not have been long reconciled with the aims of the sons of Harold, nor could the aims of either have been reconciled for a moment with the aims of the partizans of the Ætheling Eadgar, of the sons of Ælfgar, or of the Daniah Swegen. We sympathize with the defenders of Exeter, of York and Ely and Durham, but we feel that, from the moment when England lost the one man among her own sons who was fit to guide her, her best fate in the long run was to pass as an undivided kingdom into the hands of his victorious rival.

With the submission of Exeter to William, we might fairly end our tale of the place of Exeter in English history. It was now ruled for ever that the city by the Exe was to be an English city. It was to be no separate commonwealth, but a member of the undivided English kingdom, yet still a city that was to remain the undisputed head of its own district. Its history from this time, as far as I am concerned with it, is less the history of Exeter than the history of those events in English history which took place at Exeter. It still has its municipal, its ecclesiastical, its commercial history; it still had to strive for its rights against Earls and Countesses and Bishops; it still, in later days, could bear its share in the great sea-faring enterprises of commerce and discovery. But from the entry of William, Exeter has no longer a separate political being of its own. It is no longer an object to be striven for by men of contending nations. It is no longer something which might conceivably be cut off from the English realm, either by the success of a foreign conqueror or by the independence of its own citizens. In the other sense of the words, as pointing out those events of English history of which Exeter was the scene, the place of Exeter in English history is one which yields to that of no city in the land save London itself. It was with a true instinct that the two men who open the two great æras in local history, English

Æthelstan and Norman William, both gave such special heed to the military defences of the city. No city in England has stood more sieges. It stood one, perhaps two more, before William's own reign was ended, indeed before William had brought the Conquest of the whole land to an end by the taking of Chester. The men of Exeter had withstood William as long as he came before them as a foreign invader; when his power was once fully established, when the Castle on the Red Mount, reared by the stranger on the earth-works of earlier days, held down the city in fetters, they seem to have had no mood to join in hopeless insurrections against him. When, a year and a half after the great siege, the Castle was again besieged by the West-Saxon insurgents, the citizens seem to have joined the Norman garrison in resisting their attacks. According to one account, they had already done the like to the sons of Harold and their Irish auxiliaries. The wars of Stephen's reign did not pass without a siege of Exeter, in which King and citizens joined to besiege the rebellious Lord of Rougemont, and at last to starve him out within the towers which legend was already beginning to speak of as the work of the Casars. I pass on to later times; the Tudor æra saw two sieges of the city, one at the hands of a pretender to the Crown, another at the hands of the religious insurgents of the further West. Twice again in the wars of the next century do we find Exeter passing from one side to the other by dint of siege, and at last we see her receiving an invader at whose coming no siege was needed. The entry of William the Deliverer through the Western Gate forms the balance, the contrast, and yet in some sort the counterpart, to the entry of William the Conqueror through the Eastern Gate. The city had resisted to the utmost, when a foreign invader, under the guise of an English King, came to demand her obedience. But no eighteen days' siege, no blinded hostage, no undermined ramparts, were needed

when a kinsman and a deliverer came under the guise of a foreign invader. In the army of William of Normandy Englishmen were pressed to complete the Conquest of England; in the army of William of Orange strangers came to awake her sons to begin the work of her deliverance. In the person of the earlier William the Crown of England passed away for the first time to a King wholly alien in speech and feeling; in the later William it in truth came back to one who was, even in mere descent, and yet more fully in his native land and native speech, nearer than all that came between them to the old stock of Hengest and Cerdic. The one was the first King who reigned over England purely by the edge of the sword; the other was the last King who reigned over England purely by the choice of the nation. The coming of each of the men who entered Exeter in such opposite characters marks an æra in our history. And yet the work of the two was not wholly alien to each other. The later William came to undo the work of the earlier, so far as it was evil, to confirm it so far as it was good. With the one began the period of foreign domination which seemed to sweep away our ancient tongue and our ancient law. With the other began that period of internal progress, every step of which has been in truth a return to the old laws of England before the Norman set foot upon her shores. And yet, after all, William the Conqueror did but preserve what William the Deliverer came to restore. His Conquest ruled for ever that England should remain an undivided Kingdom, and, in so ruling, it ruled that the old laws and freedom, trampled on indeed but never trampled out, should live on to spring up again in newer forms. When the one William renewed the Laws of Eadward, it was but a link

in the same chain as when the other William gave his assent to the Bill of Rights. In the one case the invader came to conquer, in the other he came to deliver; but in both cases alike the effect of his coming was to preserve and not to destroy; the Conqueror and the Deliverer alike has had his share in working out the continuous being of English law and of English national life. The unwilling greeting which Exeter gave to the one William, the willing greeting which she gave to the other, marked the wide difference in the external aspect of the two revolutions. And yet both revolutions have worked for the same end; the great actors in both were, however unwittingly, fellow-workers in the same cause. And it is no small place in English history which belongs to the city whose name stands out in so marked a way in the tale alike of the revolution of the eleventh century and of the revolution of the seventeenth. It is no small matter, as we draw near by the western bridge or by the eastern isthmus, as we pass where once stood the Eastern and the Western Gate, as we tread the line of the ancient streets, to think that we are following the march of the Conqueror or of the Deliverer. It is no small matter, as we enter the minster of Leofric and Warelwast and Grandison, to think that on that spot *Te Deum* was sung alike for the overthrow of English freedom and for its recovery. It is no mean lesson if we learn to connect with the remembrance of this ancient city, among so many associations of British, Roman, and English days, two thoughts which rise above all the rest, the thought that there is no city in the land whose name marks a greater stage in the history of the Conquest of England, that there is none whose name marks a greater stage in the history of her deliverance.

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OCTOBER, 1873.

PETRARCH: HIS LIFE, TIMES, AND WORKS.

PART II.

THE romantic and poetical aspect of Petrarch's character has, for the most part, been alone considered by the generality of readers, but it should be remembered that he was actuated by two other powerful passions—the love of his country and the love of knowledge. With regard to the first, we are not aware of the extent of his political influence until we come to investigate his life. Five hundred years have rolled by since his active mind and eloquent tongue have been at rest from earthly labours; and yet the struggle between the temporal and the spiritual power of the Papal See, which so troubled his mind, has only ceased, if indeed it has ceased, within the last two years. The other struggle for the liberty and independence of his country, which was represented in his time by Rienzi, has been renewed century after century, in all the various phases through which Italy has passed, till quite recently, when, subsiding into quiet and apparent harmony, she has at last become “*Italia una*,” very different from the “*Italia mia*” to whom Petrarch cried in vain “*Pace, pace, pace.*”

It is a fact worthy of notice that the “seventy years’ captivity,” as it is called, during which the Papal See was established at Avignon, should have begun one year after the birth of Petrarch (1305), and, with the brief interval of Urban the Fifth’s three years’ sojourn

at Rome, should have ended just three years after the poet’s death. Seven times the Papal chair at Avignon was destined to be filled in the lifetime of Petrarch. The first Avignonese Pope, Clement V., died in 1314; to him succeeded John XXII., and in the last year of his pontificate Petrarch thought his hopes were about to be realized, for he announces in one of his sonnets that—

“Burthened with holy keys and Papal robe,
His steps CHRIST’s earthly Vicar homeward
turns.”¹

But these hopes were extinguished by the death of this Pope in the following year.

Petrarch, however, undaunted, at once addressed a Latin Epistle to his successor, Benedict XII., imploring him to return to Rome. But neither the description of her ancient glory nor of her present miserable condition could induce the Pope to return, although he rewarded the author of the learned Epistle by the gift of a canonry in Lombez; while, at the same time, he ordered a magnificent palace to be built for himself at Avignon. He was succeeded by Clement VI., and to him the Romans applied, as they had done to his predecessor, to restore the sacred seat to Rome. Petrarch, at that time in Rome, having just received the laurel crown, was among the ambassadors

¹ Sonn. vi. :—

“Il Vicario di Cristo con la soma
Delle chiavi e del manto al nido torna.”

chosen by the citizens to present their supplication, and the famous Cola da Rienzo was another member of the embassy.¹ Both pleaded the cause of Rome with much eloquence before Clement VI. and Rienzo elaborately exposed the demands of the citizens:—

1. That the Pope should assume the title and functions of Senator of Rome, in order to extinguish the civil wars kindled by the Roman barons.

2. That he should return to his pontifical chair on the banks of the Tiber.

3. That he should grant permission for the jubilee instituted by Boniface VIII.² to be held every fifty years, and not at the end of a century.

Petrarch's eloquence was again rewarded by the gift of the priory of Migliarino, but he complains in his letters that he cannot induce the Pope even to wish to see Italy, although he conceded the point of the jubilee every fifty years. The poet gave vent to his indignation against the Papal Court in his letters "*sine titulo*," in which he unsparingly condemns, with a courage worthy of Dante, the corruption of the clergy and times. The higher the clerical positions occupied, the more vehemence does he display in exposing and condemning the evil lives of those who held them. It was one of his most earnest desires to reform the discipline of the Church, although, like Dante and Savonarola, he had a firm belief in her doctrines. The system of Church government, which had been bad in Dante's time, became much worse, according to Petrarch, at Avignon, which he compares with the Assyrian Babylon for wickedness and corruption. Innocent VI., a French Pope, succeeded to Clement VI. He had no wish to leave his native country, and was deaf to Petrarch's entreaties. Moreover, he thought the

Italian poet a magician, because he could read Virgil!¹

But when Urban V., the next Pope, wrote to offer him the canonry of Carpentras, Petrarch seized the opportunity in his reply to implore him to return to Rome, pointing out with severe frankness the manifold evils resulting from the position of the Papal Court at Avignon. This time his entreaties and remonstrances were not without effect, for at Easter in the following year (1368), the Pope, regardless of the complaints of the King of France and of his own Cardinals, who did not like to leave the rich palaces which they had built, left Avignon, and four months afterwards made a solemn entry into Rome. Petrarch hastened to express his joy in a letter of congratulation to Urban V., who invited him to come to Rome. Petrarch was, however, not allowed to see with his own eyes his darling wish accomplished, for, having set out on his journey, he fell ill and was obliged to return to Arqua. Shortly afterwards he received the further shock of hearing that the Pope, regardless of the warning of Santa Brigitta that he would die if he returned to Avignon, set off on his return to France, and expired immediately after his arrival at Avignon (1372).

Petrarch lived during only two years of the pontificate of the successor of Urban V. (Gregory XI.), not long enough to witness the end of the seventy years' captivity in 1377. In spite of his hardy remonstrances with the Papal Court, he was constantly offered, by the various Popes, offices of the highest importance, such as the post of Segretario Apostolico, which he refused five times.

It is true that he accepted four ecclesiastical preferments—the canonry of Lombez, conferred upon him by Benedict XII. in 1335; the priory of St. Nicola di Migliarino, in 1342; the canonry of Coloreto in the church of Parma, in 1346, to which was joined the archidiaconate of that church in 1350; and the canonry of Padua, procured for him by Jacopo da Carrara, in 1349. But he steadily refused any cure of

¹ There have been many disputes as to whether Rienzo was companion to Petrarch on this embassy, but sufficient reason for giving credit to the fact is to be found in the new Italian edition of Petrarch's letters by Fracastetti, vol. ii. p. 194.

² See *Inf. c. xviii.*

¹ *Lettere Senili, L. 3.*

souls. In one of his letters he observes : " I never would, nor will I ever, accept any prelacy, neither any cure of souls, however richly endowed the benefice. I have enough to do with the care of my own soul, if indeed, by God's mercy, I am able to suffice to that."

His political influence was not confined to the Popes only. As he shared Dante's views with respect to the Church, in like manner he entertained his opinions as to the Emperors of Germany. Distracted from one end to the other by civil wars between princes, none of whom were strong enough to keep the peace as arbiter—harassed by factions, desolated by brigandage, which was encouraged by the nobles, Petrarch saw no hope for the restoration of Italy except from without ; and he echoes Dante's passionate cry of " O Alberto tedesco,"¹ in his appeals to Charles IV., Emperor of Germany,² to descend into Italy. It was most strange that a private individual should have dared to make himself not only the counsellor but the admonisher and reprover of a powerful foreign sovereign.³ But the flame of patriotism so kindled the soul of Petrarch that he considered it a crime to remain silent.

" In the midst of the universal silence which prevailed," he says in his letter to Urban V., " my conscience urged me so strongly to appeal to the Emperor of Rome and advise his descent into Italy, that I felt I should be guilty of a crime if I remained silent." The reply of the Emperor, which is to be found verbatim in the letters already quoted (vol. ii. 83), justifies the conduct of Petrarch in writing to him. Far from being displeased, the Emperor expresses an earnest desire to know personally the " privilegiato abitator d' Elicona " who wrote to him, while the effect of Petrarch's re-

monstrances and entreaties is to be seen in his descent into Italy in the year 1354. In reply to the joyful letter of congratulation addressed to him on this occasion by the poet, Charles IV. summoned him to meet him at Mantua. Petrarch was there eight days, and witnessed his negotiations with the Lords of the Lombard League, at whose head the Emperor was now placed. Charles was very desirous of taking Petrarch with him to Rome to witness his coronation ; this, however, the poet firmly declined. But, alas the vanity of all earthly hopes, even when they seem to be realized ! Petrarch's two chief projects for the restoration of his country—the return of the Popes to Rome and the descent of the Emperor of Germany into Italy—whereby he hoped to re-unite the old factions of Guelph and Ghibeline, were both accomplished only to be immediately undone. Just as Urban V. had fled back to Avignon, leaving Rome in a worse condition than he found it, so with Charles IV., who had solemnly sworn to the Pope that he would not sleep in Rome ;¹ no sooner was the ceremony of his coronation accomplished in that city, than he hastened to leave it and Italy, upon which he shortly afterwards intended to make war. Petrarch was employed as an ambassador by Galeazzo Visconti, to turn the Emperor from his purpose, and went to Nuremburg to seek him. The Emperor reassured the ambassador by saying that the affairs of Germany were too pressing to admit of his making war upon Italy. Afterwards, in 1357, he invested the poet with the dignity of Count Palatine in its full glory, with all its rights and privileges. It is also on record that he presented him with a golden cup.

Such, then, was Petrarch's influence over the two great powers of the world at that time—the Pope and the Emperor—the " two Suns," as Dante calls them, " whose several beams cast light on either way, the world's and God's."²

¹ Historical fact.

² Purg. xvi.:—

" Duo Soli che l' une e l' altra strada facean veder del mondo e di Dio."

But he was also connected with many other crowned heads and princes of Europe. Robert, King of Naples, was one of his earliest friends, and Petrarch's connection with him is of a literary, not of a political character. When the laurel crown of the poet was offered to Petrarch by the citizens of Rome, he first went to Naples (1341), to the court "of the great and most learned King Robert, who was distinguished not only for his wise government, but also for his great learning,"¹ in order to be examined by the King if he were deserving of the coveted honour. After an examination of three days, he was proclaimed worthy. In further proof of his esteem, the King made him his almoner, and took off his own royal robe, which he put upon him, and sent him with two ambassadors to Rome to be crowned. At the death of King Robert, two years later, Petrarch was sent by Pope Clement VI. as ambassador to Giovanna, Queen of Naples, who had succeeded to her father's throne. The young Queen, who inherited her father's taste for learning, was anxious to become better acquainted with Petrarch, and made him her chaplain.

In 1360 he was sent by Galeazzo Visconti to Paris, to congratulate King John of France upon his deliverance from captivity in England since the battle of Poitiers. He was also employed several times as ambassador in his native country. He was the intimate friend of Andrea Dandolo, and negotiated a treaty between the two famous republics of Genoa and Venice. The harangue which he delivered on this occasion is preserved as a marvel of eloquence in the library at Venice. Once again in this year, before his death (1373), he went to Venice to arrange the terms of a peace between that republic and his friends the Carraresi of Padua. It was the last service that he rendered his country, whose civil wars he had striven all his life to appease.

In the life of Petrarch, as in the lives of other great men, there are some strange contradictions, and his conduct

with respect to the Roman Tribune Rienzo presents a curious contrast to the rest of his political career. In the nineteenth century, when the universal cry is for liberty and freedom from all restraint, no apology is needed for the enthusiasm which the enterprise of Rienzo awakened in Petrarch's breast, and which poured itself forth in the well-known immortal Canzone, "*Spirto gentil*."¹

The mind of Petrarch was imbued with classical studies; he was the fervent admirer of the ancient heroic deeds of his native country, and his affection for her increased the more she was oppressed and torn asunder by civil discords of which he was both the eyewitness and the victim, being through their means deprived of his patrimony and an exile. Proud, moreover, of the citizenship of Rome, which had been accorded to him on the Campidoglio the same day as his laurel wreath, we cannot wonder if, when he heard proclaimed from the summit of that famous hill the restoration of liberty, the destruction of tyrants, the reign of peace and justice—the "*buono stato*," as Rienzo himself called his new government—he felt so full of hope as to shut his eyes to the uncertainty and peril of the enterprise, and gave himself up, with all the power of his genius and the influence of his name, to bring about its accomplishment. Such revolutions were then comparatively new to the modern world; their dangerous character, the fearful jeopardy in which they place the lives of the thousands which they profess to benefit, had not then been experienced, as they have been over and over again since; a good result being the rare exception, and not the general rule. It is impossible, therefore, to blame Petrarch for believing Rienzo to be as high-minded, as disinterested in the love of his country, as he was himself; for thinking him to be as incapable of abusing as he appeared to be capable of using his power. On the contrary, there is much to admire in the disinterestedness which led Petrarch to

¹ *Epist. ad Post.*

¹ *Canz. ii.*

risk, by his chivalrous defence of the Roman Tribune, the favours and benefits which he had so long enjoyed from the noble and powerful Roman family of the Colonna, whose political views were diametrically opposite to those entertained by Rienzo. Some biographers aver that Petrarch carried this disinterestedness too far, and, forgetting his obligations to the family who had been his benefactors, he wished them sacrificed, in common with the other great Roman families whom Rienzo attacked, to the general good of the cause. In one of his letters there seems to be some foundation for this statement. He writes :—

“As to the two families who are at the head of the present tumult, the first (the Orsini) are no personal enemies of mine ; the other (the Colonna) are, it is well known, not only my friends but the objects of my deep affection and veneration ; nor does there exist any princely family in this world more dear to me. Yet the Republic is dearer to me than they are, and dearer still do I hold the peace and future welfare of Rome and Italy.”¹

Petrarch, as has been already mentioned, had formed a friendship with Rienzo, when both, belonging to the same embassy, had used their utmost endeavours to induce the Pope to return to Avignon. When, five years later, the news reached him of what Rienzo had accomplished in Rome—that he had driven out the quarrelling nobles, had re-established liberty, had been given a dictatorship by the Roman people, and was ruling wisely and prudently—he thought his fervent longings for the prosperity and grandeur of Rome were about to be fulfilled. He wrote to Rienzo a letter of congratulation, and defended him, at some personal risk, before the Papal Court. Even when the Tribune, intoxicated with success and power, exhibited failings quite unworthy of the principles by which he pretended to be guided, and lost partisans while he gained enemies, Petrarch ignored his follies and continued to cor-

respond with him, imploring him not to betray the cause of liberty and justice. After the fall of Rienzo in 1348, when, driven from Rome, he had wandered about from Court to Court, and had finally been delivered up to the Pope by the Emperor, Petrarch again espoused his cause. He besought the Romans to come to the assistance of their Tribune, and on their refusing to help him he finally saved the life of Rienzo by spreading the rumour that he was a poet, as it was then considered sacrilege to take the life of anyone belonging to the “profession sacrée.” Despite the failures of Rienzo and his miserable end, Petrarch never lost the enthusiasm which he had once felt for him. The charm, however, of his liberal politics seems to have been dispelled from Petrarch’s mind and to have been succeeded by totally opposite ideas, which are shown in his entreaties to the Emperor to descend into Italy. “A democracy,” says Mr. Burke, in his “Reflections on the French Revolution,” “has many striking points of resemblance with a tyranny.”²

It now only remains to speak of the literary influence exercised by Petrarch over his country, and how far he contributed to the revival of literature. He was, in fact, the first real restorer of polite letters. His fine taste led him to appreciate the beauties of Cicero and Virgil, and his ardent enthusiasm for them inspired his country with a thirst for classical knowledge. With the exception of Boccaccio, no one else had so keenly at heart the disinterring and bringing to the light the long-neglected Latin and Greek classics. In order to accomplish this, he wrote to all the learned men of the day, and sought among the ancient archives of cities and monasteries. By these means he discovered, in Venice, some of Cicero’s letters, in Arezzo the oratorical institutions of Quintilian, in Liège two of Cicero’s harangues, which he copied with his own hand (although he tells us the ink was as yellow as saffron)

¹ Burke on the French Revolution, p. 144.

² Lett. Sen. xv. 1.

¹ Lettere di F. Petrarca, vol. ii. p. 192.

because his indignation was so great against the *amanuensi* of the time, whose carelessness led them to commit the grossest errors in transcribing. Had it not been for Petrarch's unwearied efforts, many manuscripts would have perished, as several had done no long time before, forgotten and abandoned to dust and vermin in the monasteries.

The Greek classics were also destined to revive in the fourteenth century, and the glory of re-awakening in the minds of men the love of Greek poets and orators fell also to the lot of Petrarch and Boccaccio. The Greek friar Barlaam, a Calabrian by birth, but long resident in Greece, and considered one of the most learned men of that age, was entrusted by the Greek Emperor Cantacuzene with a mission to Italy. In the course of his travels, perhaps in pursuit of the Papal Court, he came to Avignon, where he met Petrarch, who, having heard of his fame, begged to be instructed by him in Greek. Petrarch afterwards pursued the study of the language with Leonzio Pilato, a disciple of Barlaam; but notwithstanding the assistance of two such great masters, he does not seem to have made much progress, and it was a source of some disappointment to him not to be able to read with ease a copy of Homer, a most rare book in Italy at that time, which had been presented to him by Nicola Sigeros, Prætor of Romania. Still, although the attempts of Petrarch and Boccaccio were not attended with any immediate success, yet they excited a desire for learning, and prepared the way for the real revival of Greek literature a few years later. It may be that Petrarch was hindered from attaining to any perfection in Greek by the careful and lifelong study which he bestowed upon the Latin classics. Cicero and Virgil were his models both in prose and in verse, and he strove to form his style upon them in the folio volume of twelve hundred pages which contains his Latin works. This style, although far above the common order of Latin then employed in the schools, is considered

inferior to that of the scholars of the sixteenth century, and the fastidious taste of Erasmus was offended by the incorrectness and harshness of his style. Erasmus complains that Petrarch's writings, although full of thought, are defective in expression, and display the marks of labour without the polish of elegance. Nevertheless, whatever may be their demerits, there is no doubt that Petrarch rendered an incalculable service to literature in pointing out the road to good Latinity. If the great writers of the sixteenth century surpassed him in Latin prose and verse, still the glory must remain with him of being the first of the moderns who discovered the track of the ancients, and pointed out the road by which it was to be followed. The effect of his influence was like that ascribed by Dante to Virgil, the high moral tone of whose writings prepared men's minds for Christianity.

"Thou didst" (says Dante,¹ addressing Virgil),

"As one

Who journeying through the darkness bears
a light
Behind that profits not himself, but makes
his followers wise."

The principal Latin works of Petrarch (the whole are too numerous to be cited in this paper) may be classed under the following heads:—Philosophical Treatises; Historical Works; Dialogues; his Secret, entitled "*De contemptu Mundi*"—containing various clues to the events of his life, his tastes and character, and his most secret thoughts, but never intended to be made public; twelve Eclogues, which are covert satires upon the Court at Avignon; his Letters. In imitation of Cicero, he formed a habit of writing to his friends upon every subject, and although he burnt chests full of letters, seventeen books remain and have been published, making about three hundred letters in number. In these are to be found the whole mind of Petrarch; they partake more of the nature of treatises than of

¹ Cary's Transl. See *Purg.* xxii. :—

"Facesti come quei che va di notte," &c.

letters, and they are full of interesting details.¹ They are also most important as a history of the events and manners of his age; it is, however, to be hoped that the portraits of the Papal Court are overcharged. But whether he writes to the potentates of Italy, the Colonna family, Rienzo, for an instant master of Rome, the Prelates and Cardinals, the Emperor of Germany, or the Popes who succeeded each other upon their thrones at Avignon—he still maintains a noble candour, and that quiet dignity belonging to philosophy and literature, the influence of which is felt and recognized even by the rulers of the earth.

His letters to his intimate friends prove that he was as steady in friendship as he was constant in love. The "*Lettere delle Cose Familiari*," which extended over a period of thirty-five years, he dedicates to his friend Luigi di Campinia,² because "*cominciai col tuo nome*," he says in the last of these letters, "*finisco con quello*;" and his friendship for "*Lello*," the "*Lelio*" of his letters, lasted equally long. Both these friendships were formed at the same time, at the house of Giacomo Colonna, Bishop of Lombez, the news of whose death reached Petrarch the same day as that of Laura, and to whom he paid the high compliment of coupling the two names together in one sonnet—"My Pillar's fallen, my green Laurel dead."³

He also addressed to him the beautiful Canzone, "*O aspettata in ciel*."⁴

Philip, Bishop of Cabassoles, and Patriarch of Jerusalem, was another intimate friend. Valchiusa, where Petrarch spent so many years of his life, was in his diocese, and not far from it the Bishop had a country house. He was distinguished more by his talents and the variety of his

learning than by the careful performance of his episcopal functions, and Petrarch himself writes to him as "*parvo Episcopo et magno Viro*." Passing over many other friends, who cannot be mentioned for want of space, in 1349 Petrarch became acquainted with Boccaccio, who made a visit to Milan on purpose to see his illustrious fellow-citizen. On this occasion Petrarch presented him with a copy of his Latin Eclogues written in his own hand, and Boccaccio in return sent Petrarch from Florence a copy of the "*Divina Commedia*," which he had himself transcribed. The reply of Petrarch to Boccaccio on the receipt of this present is worth reading.¹ He positively denies the charge of envy imputed to him, and reproves Boccaccio for supposing that to praise Dante would make him jealous; while he excuses himself for not having read the works of Dante, because he feared such a study would interfere with his own project of writing in the vulgar tongue, and that acquaintance with the "*Divina Commedia*" would make him either an imitator or a plagiarist. The citizens of Florence, in the year 1351, entrusted Boccaccio with the pleasing task of recalling Petrarch from exile, in letters couched in the most flattering terms, imploring him to return to his native city, and restoring to him his confiscated patrimony. The intimacy between the two friends continued up to the time of Petrarch's death, and some affirm that Petrarch's last hours were spent in translating the "*Decamerone*," with which he was much delighted, into Latin—the purest Italian into indifferent Latin.

His poem called "*Africa*" is the last on the list of Petrarch's Latin works, although it was one of his earliest productions. It is a narrative in verse of the exploits of Scipio Africanus. The faults of this poem are said to predominate over its merits, and it is scarcely ever heard of or mentioned now. Petrarch was himself aware of its imperfections; it was painful to him to

¹ These letters have been translated into Italian by Giuseppe Fracassetti. They were published at Florence in 1866, with the addition of many interesting notes relative to Petrarch's life and times.

² Luigi di Campinia was the "*Socrate*" of Petrarch's letters.

³ "*Rotta è l'alta Colonna, e l'verde Lauro*."

⁴ Sonn. ii. *Seconde Parte*.

¹ See *Lett. Fam.* xxi. 15.

hear it spoken of, and in his old age he even wished to destroy it. Yet the fame acquired in the world by the first book (dedicated to King Robert of Naples) of this poem procured for Petrarch that crown of "caduchi allori" of which at one time he was so desirous. In the year 1340, on the same day, he received, in his peaceful retreat at Valchiusa, the simultaneous offer of the poet's wreath, from the Chancellor of the University of Paris and from the citizens of Rome. He gave the preference, not unnaturally, to his native country, and was crowned in the Capitol. The Roman Senate revived the custom for Petrarch after many years' disuse. The ceremony was a curious one: the poet walked, surrounded by six of the principal citizens, and preceded by twelve youths of the noblest families of Rome, clothed in scarlet, to the Capitol. After his coronation there, accompanied by the same pompous attendance, he proceeded to St. Peter's, where he consecrated his laurel wreath, by causing it to be hung up in the dome of the church. But now the poem which obtained for Petrarch this extraordinary mark of honour lies forgotten and unread, while his Italian poetry, which he held in such little esteem that he wrote it on the spare eighty-four pages which remained at the end of his Latin works, has been the delight of Italy and of the scholars of other nations for the last five centuries.

In truth—

"The noise
Of worldly fame is but a blast of wind
That blows from divers points and shifts its
name,
Shifting the point it blows from."

Another contradiction, similar to the political contrast already alluded to, in the life of Petrarch, is to be found in the numerous journeys which he undertook, and which could scarcely have been compatible with his love of quiet

and solitude. We read of his peaceful retreats at Valchiusa, at Linterno, and, finally, at Arquà. And yet, according to Tiraboschi,¹ this did not prevent him from being the perfect model of a good traveller—"because, in the descriptions which he has left behind him of the countries which he saw, he shows us what should be the plan and the observations of a learned traveller. He describes all the memorable things which are to be seen in Paris, in Ghent, in Liège, in Aix-la-Chapelle, Cologne, and Lyons, the manners and customs which he observed there, their progress in learning, and all the common traditions in vogue."

He has left behind him a beautiful account of his journey through the kingdom of Naples, and the reflections to which it gave rise.² He intended also to visit the Holy Land, but was deterred by the perils of a long sea-voyage; nevertheless, he wrote—for the friend who was going there, and who had asked him to accompany him—the "*Itinerarium Syriacum*," which describes minutely the places he would pass through on his way, and the things which he ought particularly to observe. It was a book which shed much light on the obscure condition of history and geography of those times. Petrarch even went so far as to make a present of the library of books, which he had collected with so much care, to the Republic of Venice, because he found them such an impediment when he travelled, for they were so numerous that he was obliged to hire several mules to carry them, and he could not bear to leave any behind. In return, the Venetian Senate issued a decree that the public money should be spent in buying and maintaining, with all the necessary expenses, a suitable house for Petrarch's sole use, and this house was "*Il Palazzo delle due Torri nel sestiere di Castello*."

It has been seen that Petrarch was the father of Italian lyrical poetry; a zealous and earnest patriot,¹ with his country's best interests always at heart;

¹ Cary's Transl. See *Purg.* xi. :—

"Non è il mondan romore altro ch'un fiato.
Di vento," &c. &c.

¹ Tir. v. p. 128.

² Lett. Fam. v. 4.

the restorer of Latinity, whose finest ancient models he rescued from destruction; the promoter of the study of Greek, and he was also a man of science. Some writers even maintain that he believed in the existence of the Antipodes before his countryman discovered them a century later, founding this assumption upon the sonnet in which he describes—

“The daylight hastening with winged steps,
Perchance to gladden the expectant eyes
Of far-off nations in a world remote.”¹

But his fame is sufficiently established without pausing to consider the probability of this supposition.

His life—long if measured by its incidents, although the number of his years was only threescore and ten—was brought to a close at Arqua on the 18th of July, 1374. He died as he had lived, in the pursuit of knowledge and in the improvement of himself and of mankind; for when his servants entered his room they found him dead, sitting in his chair, with his head bent over a book.

His personal character was of a most amiable kind. He neither desired nor despised riches. Without conceit he knew his own worth. He loved fame, but was not eager in the pursuit of it. Liberty and tranquillity were most dear to him, and in order to preserve them he refused many a dignified position, and the

chance of still greater wealth and power. His habits and tastes were of a most simple nature. Adversity never disheartened him, and the influence of the court and the world never sullied his character, which was firmly established upon the basis of morality and religion. His patience was exemplary, and his vigorous memory never recalled an injury, while his anger was easily appeased. The error of his life, which he acknowledges with perfect candour in his later poetry, arose from the violence and excess of his passion for Laura, which, although it raised the tone of his moral character, absorbed him too entirely.

“Keep the choicest of thy love for God,”

says Dante (Par. xxvi.); and Petrarch knew that in the early part of his life he had not done this; but what can be more beautiful than the concluding lines of his “Epistle to Posterity”?

“And now I make my prayer to Christ, in order that He may sanctify the close of my earthly life, that He may have mercy upon me and pardon the sins of my youth, remembering them not. . . . And with an earnest heart I pray that it may please God, in His own good time, to guide my long erring and unstable thoughts; that as hitherto they have been scattered over many earthly objects, they may now be centred in Him, the One true, unchangeable, certain, and Supreme Good.”

¹ Canz. iv.:—

“che l’*di* nostro vola
A gente, che di là forse l’*aspetta*.”

A PRINCESS OF THULE.

BY WILLIAM BLACK, AUTHOR OF "THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A PHANTOM," ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.

A NEW DAY BREAKS.

WAS this, then, the end of the fair and beautiful romance that had sprung up and blossomed so hopefully in the remote and bleak island, amid the silence of the hills and moors and the wild twilight of the north, and set round about, as it were, by the cold sea-winds and the sound of the Atlantic waves? Who could have fancied, looking at those two young folks as they wandered about the shores of the island, as they sailed on the still moonlight nights through the channels of Loch Roag, or as they sang together of an evening in the little parlour of the house at Borvabost, that all the delight and wonder of life then apparently opening out before them was so soon and so suddenly to collapse, leaving them in outer darkness and despair? All their difficulties had been got over. From one side and from another they had received generous help, friendly advice, self-sacrifice to start them on a path that seemed to be strewn with sweet-smelling flowers. And here was the end—a wretched girl, blinded and bewildered, flying from her husband's house and seeking refuge in the great world of London, careless whither she went.

Whose was the fault? Which of them had been mistaken up there in the North, laying the way open for a bitter disappointment? Or had either of them failed to carry out that unwritten contract entered into in the halcyon period of courtship, by which two young people promise to be and remain to each other all that they then appear?

Lavender, at least, had no right to complain. If the real Sheila turned

out to be something different from the Sheila of his fancy, he had been abundantly warned that such would be the case. He had even accepted it as probable, and said that as the Sheila whom he might come to know must doubtless be better than the Sheila whom he had imagined, there was little danger in store for either. He would love the true Sheila even better than the creature of his brain. Had he done so? He found beside him this proud and sensitive Highland girl, full of generous impulses that craved for the practical work of helping other people, longing, with the desire of a caged bird, for the free winds and light of heaven, the sight of hills and the sound of seas; and he could not understand why she should not conform to the usages of city life. He was disappointed that she did not do so. The imaginative Sheila, who was to appear as a wonderful Sea-princess in London drawing-rooms, had disappeared now; and the real Sheila, who did not care to go with him into that society which he loved or affected to love, he had not learned to know.

And had she been mistaken in her estimate of Frank Lavender's character? At the very moment of her leaving her husband's house, if she had been asked the question, she would have turned and proudly answered, "No!" She had been disappointed—so grievously disappointed that her heart seemed to be breaking over it; but the manner in which Frank Lavender had fallen away from all the promise he had given was due, not to himself, but to the influence of the society around him. Of that she was quite assured. He had shown himself careless, indifferent, inconsiderate to the verge of cruelty; but he was not,

she had convinced herself, consciously cruel, nor yet selfish, nor radically bad-hearted in any way. In her opinion, at least, he was courageously sincere, to the verge of shocking people who mistook his frankness for impudence. He was recklessly generous; he would have given the coat off his back to a beggar, at the instigation of a sudden impulse, provided he could have got into a cab before any of his friends saw him; he had rare abilities, and at times wildly ambitious dreams, not of his own glorification, but of what he would do to celebrate the beauty and the graces of the Princess whom he fancied he had married. It may seem hard of belief that this man, judging him by his actions at this time, could have had anything of thorough self-forgetfulness and manliness in his nature. But when things were at their very worst—when he appeared to the world as a self-indulgent idler, careless of a noble woman's unbounded love—when his indifference, or worse, had actually driven from his house a young wife who had especial claims on his forbearance and consideration—there were two people who still believed in Frank Lavender. They were Sheila Mackenzie and Edward Ingram; and a man's wife and his oldest friend generally know something about his real nature, its besetting temptations, its weakness, its strength, and its possibilities.

Of course, Ingram was speedily made aware of all that had happened. Lavender went home at the appointed hour to luncheon, accompanied by his three acquaintances. He had met them accidentally in the forenoon; and as Mrs. Lorraine was most particular in her inquiries about Sheila, he thought he could not do better than ask her there and then, with her mother and Lord Arthur, to have luncheon at two. What followed on his carrying the announcement to Sheila we know. He left the house, taking it for granted that there would be no trouble when he returned. Perhaps he reproached himself for having spoken so sharply; but Sheila was really very thoughtless in such matters.

At two o'clock everything would be right. Sheila must see how it would be impossible to introduce a young Highland serving-maid to two fastidious ladies and the son of a great Conservative peer.

Lavender met his three friends once more and walked up to the house with them, letting them in, indeed, with his own latch-key. Passing the dining-room, he saw that the table was laid there. This was well. Sheila had been reasonable.

They went upstairs to the drawing-room. Sheila was not there. Lavender rang the bell, and bade the servant tell her mistress she was wanted.

"Mrs. Lavender has gone out, sir," said the servant.

"Oh, indeed," he said, taking the matter quite coolly. "When?"

"A quarter of an hour ago, sir. She went out with the—the young lady who came this morning."

"Very well. Let me know when luncheon is ready."

Lavender turned to his guests, feeling a little awkward, but appearing to treat the matter in a light and humorous way. He imagined that Sheila, resenting what he had said, had resolved to take Mairi away, and find her lodgings elsewhere. Perhaps that might be done in time to let Sheila come back to receive his guests.

Sheila did not appear, however, and luncheon was announced.

"I suppose we may as well go down," said Lavender, with a shrug of his shoulders. "It is impossible to say when she may come back. She is such a good-hearted creature that she would never think of herself or her own affairs in looking after this girl from Lewis."

They went down stairs, and took their places at the table.

"For my part," said Mrs. Lorraine, "I think it is very unkind not to wait for poor Mrs. Lavender. She may come in dreadfully tired and hungry."

"But that would not vex her so much as the notion that you had waited on her account," said Sheila's husband,

with a smile; and Mrs. Lorraine was pleased to hear him sometimes speak in a kindly way of the Highland girl whom he had married.

Lavender's guests were going somewhere after luncheon, and he had half promised to go with them, Mrs. Lorraine stipulating that Sheila should be induced to come also. But when luncheon was over, and Sheila had not appeared, he changed his intention. He would remain at home. He saw his three friends depart, and went into the study, and lit a cigar.

How odd the place seemed! Sheila had left no instructions about the removal of those barbaric decorations she had placed in the chamber; and here, around him, seemed to be the walls of the old-fashioned little room at Borva-bost, with its big shells, its peacocks' feathers, its skins, and stuffed fish, and masses of crimson bell-heather. Was there not, too, an odour of peat-smoke in the air?—and then his eye caught sight of the plate that still stood on the window-sill, with the ashes of the burned peat on it.

"The odd child she is!" he thought, with a smile, "to go playing at grotto-making, and trying to fancy she was up in Lewis again. I suppose she would like to let her hair down again, and take off her shoes and stockings, and go wading along the sand in search of shell-fish."

And then, somehow, his fancies went back to the old time when he had first seen and admired her wild ways, her fearless occupations by sea and shore, and the delight of active work that shone on her bright face and in her beautiful eyes. How lithe and handsome her figure used to be, in that blue dress, when she stood in the middle of the boat, her head bent back, her arms upstretched and pulling at some rope or other, and all the fine colour of exertion in the bloom of her cheeks! Then the pride with which she saw her little vessel cutting through the water—how she tightened her lips with a joyous determination as the sheets were hauled close and the gunwale of the small boat

heeled over so that it almost touched the hissing and gurgling foam—how she laughed at Duncan's anxiety as she rounded some rocky point, and sent the boat spinning into the clear and smooth waters of the bay! Perhaps, after all, it was too bad to keep the poor child so long shut up in a city. She was evidently longing for a breath of sea-air, and for some brief dash of that brisk, fearless life on the sea-coast that she used to love. It was a happy life, after all; and he had himself enjoyed it, when his hands and face got browned by the sun, when he grew to wonder how any human being could wear black garments and drink foreign wines, and smoke cigars at eighteenpence apiece, so long as frieze coats, whisky, and a briar-root pipe were procurable. How one slept up in that remote island, after all the laughing, and drinking, and singing of the evening were over! How sharp was the monition of hunger when the keen sea-air blew about your face on issuing out in the morning; and how fresh, and cool, and sweet was that early breeze, with the scent of Sheila's flowers in it! Then the long, bright day at the river-side, with the black pools rippling in the wind, and in the silence the rapid whistle of the silken line through the air, with now and again the "blob" of a big salmon rising to a fly farther down the pool. Where was there any rest like the rest of the mid-day luncheon, when Duncan had put the big fish, wrapped in rushes, under the shadow of the nearest rock, when you sat down on the warm heather, and lit your pipe, and began to inquire where you had been bitten on hands and neck by the ferocious "clegs" while you were too busy in playing a fifteen pounder to care. Then, perhaps, as you were sitting there in the warm sunlight, with all the fresh scents of the moorland around, you would hear a light footstep on the soft moss; and, turning round, here was Sheila herself, with a bright look in her pretty eyes, and a half blush on her cheek, and a friendly inquiry as to the way the fish had been behaving. Then the beautiful, strange,

cool evenings on the shores of Loch Roag, with the wild, clear light still shining in the northern heavens, and the sound of the waves getting to be lonely and distant ; or, still later, out in Sheila's boat, with the great yellow moon rising up over Suinabhal and Mealasabhal into a lambent vault of violet sky ; a pathway of quivering gold lying across the loch ; a mild radiance glittering here and there on the spars of the small vessel, and, out there, the great Atlantic lying still and distant as in a dream. As he sat in this little room and thought of all these things, he grew to think he had not acted quite fairly to Sheila. She was so fond of that beautiful island-life ; and she had not even visited the Lewis since her marriage. She should go now. He would abandon that trip to the Tyrol ; and as soon as arrangements could be made, they would together start for the north, and some day soon find themselves going up the steep shore to Sheila's home, with the old King of Borva standing in the porch of the house, and endeavouring to conceal his nervousness by swearing at Duncan's method of carrying the luggage.

Had not Sheila's stratagem succeeded ? That pretty trick of hers, in decorating the room so as to resemble the house at Borvabost, had done all that she could have desired. But where was she ?

Lavender rose hastily, and looked at his watch. Then he rang the bell, and a servant appeared.

"Did not Mrs. Lavender say when she would return ?" he asked.

"No, sir."

"You don't know where she went ?"

"No, sir. The young lady's luggage was put into the cab, and they drove away without leaving any message."

He scarcely dared confess to himself what fears began to assail him. He went upstairs to Sheila's room, and there everything appeared to be in its usual place, even to the smallest articles on the dressing-table. They were all there, except one. That was a locket, too large and clumsy to be worn, which someone had given her years before she

left Lewis, and in which her father's portrait had been somewhat rudely set. Just after their marriage, Lavender had taken out this portrait, touched it up a bit into something of a better likeness, and put it back ; and then she had persuaded him to have a photograph of himself coloured and placed on the opposite side. This locket, open and showing both portraits, she had fixed on to a small stand, and, in ordinary circumstances, it always stood on one side of her dressing-table. The stand was there ; the locket was gone.

He went down stairs again. The afternoon was drawing on. A servant came to ask him at what hour he wished to dine ; he bade her wait till her mistress came home, and consult her. Then he went out.

It was a beautiful, quiet afternoon, with a warm light from the west shining over the now yellowing trees of the squares and gardens. He walked down towards Notting Hill Gate Station, endeavouring to convince himself that he was not perturbed, and yet looking somewhat anxiously at the cabs that passed. People were now coming out from their business in the city, by train, and omnibus, and hansom ; and they seemed to be hurrying home in very good spirits, as if they were sure of the welcome awaiting them there. Now and again you would see a meeting—some demure young person, who had been furtively watching the railway-station, suddenly showing a brightness in her face, as she went forward to shake hands with some new arrival, and then tripping briskly away with him, her hand on his arm. There were men carrying home fish in small bags, or baskets of fruit—presents to their wives, doubtless, from town. Occasionally an open carriage would go by, containing one grave and elderly gentleman and a group of small girls—probably his daughters, who had gone into the city to accompany their papa homeward. Why did these scenes and incidents, cheerful in themselves, seem to him to be somehow saddening, as he walked vaguely on ? He knew, at least, that there was little

use in returning home. There was no one in that silent house in the square. The rooms would be dark in the twilight. Probably dinner would be laid, with no one to sit down at the table. He wished Sheila had left word where she was going.

Then he bethought him of the way in which they had parted; and of the sense of fear that had struck him, the moment he left the house, that after all he had been too harsh with the child. Now, at least, he was ready to apologize to her. If only he could see Sheila coming along in one of those hansoms—if he could see, at any distance, the figure he knew so well walking towards him on the pavement—would he not instantly confess to her that he had been wrong, even grievously wrong, and beg her to forgive him? She should have it all her own way about going up to Lewis. He would cast aside this Society-life he had been living, and, to please her, would go in for any sort of work or amusement of which she approved. He was so anxious, indeed, to put these virtuous resolutions into force, that he suddenly turned and walked rapidly back to the house, with the wild hope that Sheila might have already come back.

The windows were dark—the curtains were yet drawn; and by this time the evening had come on, and the lamps in the square had been lit. He let himself into the house by his latch-key. He walked into all the rooms, and up into Sheila's room; everything remained as he had left it. The white cloth glimmered in the dusk of the dining-room, and the light of the lamp outside in the street touched here and there the angles of the crystal and showed the pale colours of the glasses. The clock on the mantelpiece ticked in the silence. If Sheila had been lying dead in that small room up-stairs, the house could not have appeared more silent and solemn.

He could not bear this horrible solitude. He called one of the servants, and left a message for Sheila, if she came in in the interval, that he would

be back at ten o'clock; then he went out, got into a hansom, and drove down to his club in St. James's Street.

Most of the men were dining; the other rooms were almost deserted. He did not care to dine just then. He went into the library; it was occupied by an old gentleman who was fast asleep in an easy-chair. He went into the billiard-rooms, in the vague hope that some exciting game might be going on; there was not a soul in the place, the gases were down, and an odour of stale smoke pervaded the dismal chambers. Should he go to the theatre? His sitting there would be a mockery, while this vague and terrible fear was present to his heart. Or go down to see Ingram, as had been his wont in previous hours of trouble? He dared not go near Ingram without some more definite news about Sheila. In the end, he went out into the open air, as if he were in danger of being stifled; and, walking indeterminedly on, found himself once more at his own house.

The place was still quite dark; he knew before entering that Sheila had not returned, and he did not seem to be surprised. It was now long after their ordinary dinner-hour. When he went into the house he bade the servants light the gas and bring up dinner; he would himself sit down at this solitary table, if only for the purpose of finding occupation and passing this terrible time of suspense.

It never occurred to him, as it might have occurred to him at one time, that Sheila had made some blunder somewhere and been unavoidably detained. He did not think of any possible repetition of her adventures in Richmond Park. He was too conscious of the probable reason of Sheila's remaining away from her own home; and yet, from minute to minute, he fought with that consciousness, and sought to prove to himself that, after all, she would soon be heard driving up to the door. He ate his dinner in silence; and then drew a chair up to the fire and lit a cigar.

For the first time in his life he was driven to go over the events that had

occurred since his marriage, and to ask himself how it had all come about that Sheila and he were not as they once had been. He recalled the early days of their friendship at Borva; the beautiful period of their courtship; the appearance of the young wife in London; and the close relegation of Sheila to the domestic affairs of the house, while he had chosen for himself other companions, other interests, other aims. There was no attempt at self-justification in those communings, but an effort, sincere enough in its way, to understand how all this had happened. He sat and dreamed there, before the warmth of the fire, with the slow and monotonous ticking of the clock unconsciously acting on his brain. In time the silence, the warmth, the monotonous sound, produced their natural effects, and he fell fast asleep.

He awoke with a start. The small silver-toned bell on the mantelpiece had struck the hour of twelve. He looked around, and knew that the evil had come upon him; for Sheila had not returned, and all his most dreadful fears of that evening were confirmed. Sheila had gone away and left him—whither had she gone?

Now there was no more indecision in his actions. He got his hat, plunged into the cold night air, and, finding a hansom, bade the man drive as hard as he could go down to Sloane Street. There was a light in Ingram's windows, which were on the ground-floor; he tapped with his stick on one of the panes—an old signal that had been in constant use when he and Ingram were close companions and friends. Ingram came to the door and opened it; the light of a lamp glared in on his face.

"Hillo, Lavender," he said, in a tone of surprise.

The other could not speak; but he went into the house, and Ingram, shutting the door and following him, found that the man's face was deadly pale.

"Sheila——" he said, and stopped.

"Well, what about her?" said Ingram, keeping quite calm, but with wild fancies about some terrible accident

almost stopping the pulsation of his heart.

"Sheila has gone away."

Ingram did not seem to understand.

"Sheila has gone away, Ingram," said Lavender, in an excited way. "You don't know anything about it? You don't know where she has gone? What am I to do, Ingram—how am I to find her? Good God, don't you understand what I tell you? And now it is past midnight, and my poor girl may be wandering about the streets."

He was walking up and down the room, paying almost no attention, in his excitement, to the small sallow-faced man, who stood quite quiet, a trifle afraid, perhaps, but with his heart full of a blaze of anger.

"She has gone away from your house," he said, slowly. "What made her do that?"

"I did," said Lavender, in a hurried way. "I have acted like a brute to her—that is true enough. You needn't say anything to me, Ingram; I feel myself far more guilty than anything you could say—you may heap reproaches on me afterwards—but tell me, Ingram, what I am to do. You know what a proud spirit she has—who can tell what she might do? She wouldn't go home—she would be too proud—she may have gone and drowned herself——"

"If you don't control yourself, and tell me what has happened, how am I to help you?" said Ingram, stiffly; and yet disposed somehow—perhaps for the sake of Sheila, perhaps because he saw that the young man's self-embarrassment and distress were genuine enough—not to be too rough with him.

"Well, you know Mairi," said Lavender, still walking up and down the room in an excited way: "Sheila had got up the girl here without telling me—some friends of mine were coming home to luncheon—we had some disagreement about Mairi being present—and then Sheila said something about not remaining in the house if Mairi did not—something of that sort. I don't know what it was, but I know it was all my fault; and if she has been driven from

the house I did it—that is true enough. And where do you think she has gone, Ingram? If I could only see her for three minutes, I would explain everything; I would tell her how sorry I am for everything that has happened, and she would see, when she went back, how everything would be right again. I had no idea she would go away. It was mere peevishness that made me object to Mairi meeting those people; and I had no idea that Sheila would take it so much to heart. Now tell me what you think should be done, Ingram—all I want is to see her just for three minutes to tell her it was all a mistake, and that she will never have to fear anything like that again."

Ingram heard him out, and said, with some precision—

"Do you mean to say that you fancy all this trouble is to be got over that way? Do you know so little of Sheila, after the time you have been married to her, as to imagine that she has taken this step out of some momentary caprice, and that a few words of apology and promise will cause her to rescind it? You must be crazed, Lavender; or else you are actually as ignorant of the nature of that girl as you were up in the Highlands."

The young man seemed to calm down his excitement and impatience, but it was because of a new fear that had struck him, and that was visible in his face.

"Do you think she will never come back, Ingram?" he said, looking aghast.

"I don't know. She may not. At all events, you may be quite sure that, once having resolved to leave your house, she is not to be pacified and cajoled by a few phrases and a promise of repentance on your part. That is quite sure. And what is quite as sure is this, that if you knew just now where she was, the most foolish thing you could do would be to go and see her—"

"But I must go and see her—I must find her out, Ingram," he said, passionately. "I don't care what becomes of me. If she won't go back home, so

much the worse for me; but I *must* find her out, and know that she is safe! Think of it, Ingram—perhaps she is walking about the streets somewhere at this moment—and you know her proud spirit—if she were to go near the river—"

"She won't go near the river," said Ingram, quietly. "And she won't be walking about the streets. She is either in the Scotch mail-train, going up to Glasgow, or else she has got some lodgings somewhere, along with Mairi. Has she any money?"

"No," said Lavender. And then he thought for a minute. "There was some money her father gave her in case she might want it at a pinch—she may have that, I hope she has that. I was to have given her money to-morrow morning. But hadn't I better go to the police-stations, and see, just by way of precaution, that she has not been heard of? I may as well do that as nothing. I could not go home to that empty house. I could not sleep."

"Sheila is a sensible girl; she is safe enough," said Ingram. "And if you don't care about going home, you may as well remain here. I can give you a room up-stairs when you want it. In the meantime, if you will pull a chair to the table, and calm yourself, and take it for granted that you will soon be assured of Sheila's safety, I will tell you what I think you should do. Here is a cigar to keep you occupied; there is whisky and cold water back there, if you like; you will do no good by punishing yourself in small matters; for your trouble is likely to be serious enough, I can tell you, before you get Sheila back, if ever you get her back. Take the chair with the cushion."

It was so like the old days when these two used to be companions! Many and many a time had the younger man come down to these lodgings, with all his troubles, and wild impulses, and pangs of contrition ready to be revealed; and then Ingram, concealing the liking he had for the lad's generous waywardness, his brilliant and facile cleverness, and his dashes of honest self-deprecia-

tion, would gravely lecture him, and put him right, and send him off comforted. Frank Lavender had changed much since then. The handsome boy had grown into a man of the world; there was less self-revelation in his manner, and he was less sensitive to the opinions and criticisms of his old friend; but Ingram, who was not prone to idealism of any sort, had never ceased to believe that this change was but superficial, and that, in different circumstances and with different aims, Lavender might still fulfil the best promise of his youth.

"You have been a good friend to me, Ingram," he said, with a hot blush, "and I have treated you as badly as I have treated—— By Jove, what a chance I had at one time!"

He was looking back on all the fair pictures his imagination had drawn while yet Sheila and he were wandering about that island in the northern seas.

"You had," said Ingram, decisively. "At one time I thought you the most fortunate man in the world. There was nothing left for you to desire, as far as I could see. You were young, and strong, with plenty of good spirits and sufficient ability to earn yourself an honourable living, and you had won the love of the most beautiful and best-hearted woman I have known. You never seemed to me to know what that meant. Men marry women—there is no difficulty about that; and you can generally get an amiable sort of person to become your wife, and have a sort of affection for you, and so on. But how many have bestowed on them the pure and exalted passion of a young and innocent girl, who is ready to worship with all the fervour of a warmly imaginative and emotional nature the man she has chosen to love? And suppose he is young, too, and capable of understanding all the tender sentiments of a high-spirited, sensitive, and loyal woman, and suppose that he fancies himself as much in love with her as she with him? These conditions are not often fulfilled, I can tell you. It is a

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happy fluke when they are. Many a day ago I told you that you should consider yourself more fortunate than if you had been made an Emperor; and, indeed, it seemed to me that you had everything in the shape of worldly happiness easily within your reach. How you came to kick away the ball from your feet—well—God only knows. The thing is inconceivable to me. You are sitting here as you used to sit two or three years ago; and in the interval you have had every chance in life; and now if you are not the most wretched man in London, you ought at least to be the most ashamed and repentant."

Lavender's head was buried in his hands; he did not speak.

"And it is not only your own happiness you have destroyed. When you saw that girl first, she was as light-hearted and contented with her lot as any human being could be. From one week's end to the other not the slightest care disturbed her mind. And then, when she entrusted her whole life to you—when she staked her faith in human nature on you, and gave you all the treasures of hope and reverence, and love that lay in her pure and innocent soul—my God! what have you done with these? It is not that you have shamed and insulted her as a wife, and driven her out of her home—there are other homes than yours where she would be welcome a thousand times over—but you have destroyed her belief in everything she had taught herself to trust, you have outraged the tenderest sentiments of her heart, you have killed her faith as well as ruined her life. I talk plainly. I cannot do otherwise. If I help you now, don't imagine I condone what you have done—I would cut my right hand off first. For Sheila's sake, I will try to help you."

He stopped just then, however, and checked the indignation that had got the better of his ordinarily restrained manner and curt speech. The man before him was crying bitterly, his face hidden in his hands.

"Look here, Lavender," he said, presently. "I don't want to be hard on

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you. I tell you plainly what I think of your conduct, so that no delusions may exist between us. And I will say this for you, that the only excuse you have——”

“There is no excuse,” said the other, sadly enough. “I have no excuse, and I know it.”

“The only thing, then, you can say in mitigation of what you have done is that you never seem to have understood the girl whom you married. You started with giving her a fancy character when first you went to the Lewis ; and, once you had got the bit in your teeth, there was no stopping you. If you seek now to get Sheila back to you, the best thing you can do, I presume, would be to try to see her as she is, to win her regard that way, to abandon that operatic business, and learn to know her as a thoroughly good woman, who has her own ways and notions about things, and who has a very definite character underlying that extreme gentleness which she fancies to be one of her duties. The child did her dead best to accommodate herself to your idea of her, and failed. When she would rather have been living a brisk and active life in the country, or by the sea-side—running wild about a hill-side, or reading strange stories in the evening, or nursing some fisherman’s child that had got ill—you had her dragged into a sort of society with which she had no sympathy whatever. And the odd thing to me is that you yourself seemed to be making an effort that way ! You did not always devote yourself to fashionable life. What became of all your old ambitions you used to talk about in the very chair you are now sitting in ?”

“Is there any hope of my getting Sheila back ?” he said, looking up at last. There was a vague and bewildered look in his eyes. He seemed incapable of thinking of anything but that.

“I don’t know,” said Ingram. “But one thing is certain—you will never get her back to repeat the experiment that has just ended in this desperate way.”

“I should not ask that,” he said, hurriedly. “I should not ask that at

all. If I could but see her for a moment, I would ask her to tell me everything she wanted—everything she demanded as conditions—and I would obey them all. I will promise to do everything that she wishes.”

“If you saw her, you could give her nothing but promises,” said Ingram, quietly. “Now what if you were to try to do what you know she wishes, and then go to her ?”

“You mean——,” said Lavender, glancing up with another startled look on his face. “You don’t mean that I am to remain away from her a long time—go into banishment, as it were—and then, some day, come back to Sheila and beg her to forget all that happened long before ?”

“I mean something very like that,” said Ingram, with composure. “I don’t know that it would be successful. I have no means of ascertaining what Sheila would think of such a project—whether she would think that she could ever live with you again.”

Lavender seemed fairly stunned by the possibility of Sheila’s resolving never to see him again ; and began to recall what Ingram had many a time said about the strength of purpose she could show when occasion needed.

“If her faith in you is wholly destroyed, your case is hopeless. A woman may cling to her belief in a man, through good report and evil report ; but if she once loses it, she never recovers it. But there is this hope for you. I know very well that Sheila had a much more accurate notion of you than ever you had of her ; and I happen to know, also, that at the very time when you were most deeply distressing her, here in London, she held the firm conviction that your conduct towards her—your habits, your very self—would alter if you could only be persuaded to get out of the life you have been leading. That was true, at least, up to the time of your leaving Brighton. She believed in you then. She believed that if you were to cut society altogether, and go and live a useful and hard-working life somewhere, you would soon become

once more the man she fell in love with up in Lewis. Perhaps she was mistaken—I don't say anything about it myself."

The terribly cool way in which Ingram talked—separating, defining, exhibiting, so that he and his companion should get as near as possible to what he believed to be the truth of the situation—was oddly in contrast with the blind and passionate yearning of the other for some glimpse of hope. His whole nature seemed to go out in a cry to Sheila, that she would come back and give him a chance of atoning for the past. At length he rose. He looked strangely haggard, and his eyes scarcely seemed to see the things around him.

"I must go home," he said.

Ingram saw that he merely wanted to get outside and walk about in order to find some relief from this anxiety and unrest, and said—

"You ought, I think, to stop here and go to bed. But if you would rather go home, I will walk up with you, if you like."

When the two men went out, the night-air smelt sweet and moist, for rain had fallen, and the city trees were still dripping with the wet and rustling in the wind. The weather had changed suddenly, and now, in the deep blue overhead, they knew the clouds were passing swiftly by. Was it the coming light of the morning that seemed to give depth and richness to that dark blue vault, while the pavements of the streets and the houses grew vaguely distinct and grey? Suddenly in turning the corner into Piccadilly, they saw the moon appear in a rift of those passing clouds; but it was not the moonlight that shed this pale and wan greyness down the lonely streets. It is just at this moment, when the dawn of the new day begins to tell, that a great city seems at its dearest; and in the profound silence and amid the strange transformations of the cold and growing light, a man is thrown in upon himself, and holds communion with himself, as though he and his own thoughts were all that was left in the world. Not a

word passed between the two men; and Lavender, keenly sensitive to all such impressions, and now and again shivering slightly, either from cold or nervous excitement, walked blindly along the deserted streets, seeing far other things than the tall houses, and the drooping trees, and the growing light of the sky.

It seemed to him at this moment that he was looking at Sheila's funeral. There was a great stillness in that small house at Borvabost. There was a boat—Sheila's own boat—down at the shore there; and there were two or three figures in black in it. The day was grey and rainy; the sea washed along the melancholy shores; the far hills were hidden in mist. And now he saw some people come out of the house into the rain, and the bronzed and bearded men had oars with them, and on the crossed oars there was a coffin placed. They went down the hillside. They put the coffin in the stern of the boat; and in absolute silence—except for the wailing of the women—they pulled away down the dreary Loch Roag till they came to the island where the burial-ground is. They carried the coffin up to that small enclosure, with its rank grass growing green, and the rain falling on the rude stones and memorials. How often had he leaned on that low stone wall, and read the strange inscriptions, in various tongues, over the graves of mariners from distant countries who had met with their death on this rocky coast. Had not Sheila herself pointed out to him, with a sad air, how many of these memorials bore the words "who was drowned;" and that, too, was the burden of the rudely-spelt legends beginning with "Hier rutt in Gott," or "Her under hviler stovit," and sometimes ending with the pathetic "Wunderschen ist unsre Hoffnung." The fishermen brought the coffin to the newly-made grave; the women standing back a bit, old Scarlett MacDonald stroking Mairi's hair, and bidding the girl control her frantic grief, though the old woman herself could hardly speak for her tears and her lamentations. He could read the words "Sheila Mackenzie"

on the small silver plate: she had been taken away from all association with him and his name. And who was this old man with the white hair and the white beard, whose hands were tightly clenched, and his lips firm, and a look as of death in the sunken and wild eyes? Mackenzie was grey a year before—

"Ingram," he said, suddenly, and his voice startled his companion, "do you think it is possible to make Sheila happy again?"

"How can I tell?" said Ingram.

"You used to know everything she could wish—everything she was thinking about. If you find her out now, will you get to know? Will you see what I can do—not by asking her to come back, not by trying to get back my own happiness—but anything, it does not matter what it is, I can do for her? If she would rather not see me again, I will stay away. Will you ask her, Ingram?"

"We have got to find her first," said his companion.

"A young girl like that," said Lavender, taking no heed of the objection, "surely she cannot always be unhappy. She is so young and beautiful, and takes so much interest in many things—surely she may have a happy life."

"She might have had."

"I don't mean with me," said Lavender, with his haggard face looking still more haggard in the increasing light. "I mean anything that can be done—any way of life that will make her comfortable and contented again—anything that I can do for that, will you try to find it out, Ingram?"

"Oh yes, I will," said the other, who had been thinking with much foreboding of all these possibilities ever since they left Sloane Street, his only gleam of hope being a consciousness that this time at least there could be no doubt of Frank Lavender's absolute sincerity, of his remorse, and his almost morbid craving to make reparation if that were still possible.

They reached the house at last. There was a dim orange-coloured light shining in the passage. Lavender went on, and

threw open the door of the small room which Sheila had adorned, asking Ingram to follow him. How wild and strange this chamber looked, with the wan glare of the dawn shining in on its barbaric decorations from the sea-coast—on the shells, and skins, and feathers that Sheila had placed around! That white light of the morning was now shining everywhere into the silent and desolate house. Lavender found Ingram a bed-room; and then he turned away, not knowing what to do. He looked into Sheila's room: there were dresses, bits of finery, and what not, that he knew so well; but there was no light breathing audible in the silent and empty chamber. He shut the door, as reverently as though he were shutting it on the dead; and went down-stairs and threw himself almost fainting with despair and fatigue on a sofa, while the world outside awoke to a new day, with all its countless and joyous activities and duties.

CHAPTER XX.

A SURPRISE.

THERE was no letter from Sheila in the morning; and Lavender, so soon as the post had come and gone, went up to Ingram's room and woke him.

"I am sorry to disturb you, Ingram," he said, "but I am going to Lewis. I shall catch the train to Glasgow at ten."

"And what do you want to get to Lewis for?" said Ingram, starting up. "Do you think Sheila would go straight back to her own people with all this humiliation upon her? And supposing she is not there, how do you propose to meet old Mackenzie?"

"I am not afraid of meeting any man," said Lavender; "I want to know where Sheila is. And if I see Mackenzie, I can only tell him frankly everything that has happened. He is not likely to say anything of me half as bad as what I think of myself."

"Now listen," said Ingram, sitting up in bed, with his brown beard and greyish hair in a considerably dishevelled condition. "Sheila may have gone home,

but it isn't likely. If she has not, your taking the story up there, and spreading it abroad, would prepare a great deal of pain for her when she might go back at some future time. But suppose you want to make sure that she has not gone to her father's house. She could not have got down to Glasgow sooner than this morning, by last night's train, you know. It is to-morrow morning, not this morning, that the Stornoway steamer starts; and she would be certain to go direct to it at the Glasgow Broomielaw, and go round the Mull of Cantyre instead of catching it up at Oban, because she knows the people in the boat, and she and Mairi would be among friends. If you really want to know whether she has gone north, perhaps you could do no better than run down to Glasgow to-day, and have a look at the boat that starts to-morrow morning. I would go with you myself, but I can't escape the office to-day."

Lavender agreed to do this; and was about to go. But before he bade his friend good-bye, he lingered for a second or two in a hesitating way, and then he said—

"Ingram, you were speaking the other night of your going up to Borva. If you should go——"

"Of course I shan't go," said the other, promptly. "How could I face Mackenzie when he began to ask me about Sheila? No, I cannot go to Borva while this affair remains in its present condition; and, indeed, Lavender, I mean to stop in London till I see you out of your trouble somehow."

"You are heaping coals of fire on my head."

"Oh, don't look at it that way. If I can be of any help to you, I shall expect, this time, to have a return for it."

"What do you mean?"

"I will tell you when we get to know something of Sheila's intentions."

And so Frank Lavender found himself once more, as in the old times, in the Euston Station, with the Scotch mail ready to start, and all manner of folks bustling about with that unneces-

sary activity which betokens the excitement of a holiday. What a strange holiday was his! He got into a smoking-carriage in order to be alone; and he looked out on the people who were bidding their friends good-bye. Some of them were not very pretty; many of them were ordinary, insignificant, commonplace-looking folks; but it was clear that they had those about them who loved them and thought much of them. There was one man whom, in other circumstances, Lavender would have dismissed with contempt as an excellent specimen of the unmitigated cad. He wore a white waistcoat, purple gloves, and a green sailor's knot with a diamond in it; and there was a cheery, vacuous, smiling expression on his round face as he industriously smoked a cheroot and made small jokes to the friends who had come to see him off. One of them was a young woman, not very good-looking, perhaps, who did not join in the general hilarity; and it occurred to Lavender that the jovial man with the cheroot was perhaps cracking his little jokes to keep up her spirits. At all events he called her "my good lass" from time to time, and patted her on the shoulder, and was very kind to her. And when the guard came up, and bade everybody get in, the man kissed the girl, and shook hands with her, and bade her good-bye; and then she, moved by some sudden impulse, caught his face in both her hands and kissed him once on each cheek. It was a ridiculous scene. People who wear green ties with diamond pins care nothing for decorum. And yet Lavender, when he averted his eyes from this parting, could not help recalling what Ingram had been saying the night before, and wondered whether this outrageous person, with his abominable decorations and his genial grin, might not be more fortunate than many a great statesman, or warrior, or monarch.

He turned round to find the cad beside him; and presently the man, with an abounding good-nature, began to converse with him, and explained that it was 'igh'oliday with him, for that

he had got a pass to travel first-class as far as Carlisle. He hoped they would have a jolly time of it together. He explained the object of his journey in the frankest possible fashion; made a kindly little joke upon the hardship of parting with one's sweetheart; said that a faint heart never won fair lady, and that it was no good crying over spilt milk. She would be all right, and precious glad to see him when he came back in 'three weeks' time, and he meant to bring her a present that would be good for sore eyes.

"Perhaps you're a married man, sir, and got past all them games?" said the ead, cheerily.

"Yes, I am married," said Lavender, coldly.

"And you're going further than Carlisle, you say, sir? I'll be sworn the good lady is up somewhere in that direction, and she won't be disappointed when she sees you—oh no! Scotch, sir?"

"I am not Scotch," said Lavender, curtly.

"And she?"

Should he have to throw the man out of the window?

"Yes."

"The Scotch are a strange race—very," said the genial person, producing a brandy flask. "They drink a trifle, don't they; and yet they keep their wits about them if you've dealings with them. A very strange race of people in my opinion—very. Know the story of the master who fancied his man was drunk? 'Donald, you're trunk,' says he. 'It's a tam lee,' says Donald. 'Donald, ye ken ye're trunk!' says the master. 'Ah ken ah wish to Kott ah wass!' says Donald. Good story, ain't it, sir?"

Lavender had heard the remarkable old joke a hundred times; but just at this moment there was something odd in this vulgar person suddenly imitating, and imitating very well, the Highland accent. Had he been away up in the north; or had he merely heard the story related by one who had been? Lavender dared not ask, however, for fear of prolonging a conversation in which he had no wish to join. Indeed, to get rid

of the man, he shoved a whole bundle of the morning papers into his hands.

"What's your opinion of politics at present, sir?" observed his friend, in an off-hand way.

"I haven't any," said Lavender, compelled to take back one of the newspapers, and open it.

"I think myself, they're in a bad state. That's my opinion. There ain't a man among 'em who knows how to keep down those people. That's my opinion, sir. What do you think?"

"Oh, I think so, too," said Lavender. "You'll find a good article in that paper on University Tests."

The cheery person looked rather blank.

"I would like to hear your opinion about 'em, sir," he said. "It ain't much good reading only one side of a question; but when you can talk about it and discuss it, now——"

"I am sorry I can't oblige you," said Lavender, goaded into making some desperate effort to release himself. "I am suffering from relaxed throat at present. My doctor has warned me against talking too much."

"I beg your pardon, sir. You don't seem very well—perhaps the throat comes with a little feverishness, you see—a cold, in fact. Now, if I was you, I'd try tannin lozenges for the throat. They're uncommon good for the throat; and a little quinine for the general system—that would put you as right as a fiver. I tried it myself when I was down in 'Ampshire last year. And you wouldn't find a drop of this brandy a bad thing either, if you don't mind rowing in the same boat as myself."

Lavender declined the proffered flask, and subsided behind a newspaper. His fellow-traveller lit another cheroot, took up Bradshaw, and settled himself in a corner.

Had Sheila come up this very line some dozen hours before? Lavender asked himself, as he looked out on the hills, and valleys, and woods of Buckinghamshire. Had the throbbing of the engine and the rattle of the wheels kept the piteous eyes awake all through the dark night, until he pale dawn

showed the girl a wild vision of northern hills and moors, telling her she was getting near to her own country? Not thus had Sheila proposed to herself to return home on the first holiday-time that should occur to them both. He began to think of his present journey as it might have been in other circumstances. Would she have remembered any of those pretty villages which she saw one early morning, long ago, when they were bathed in sunshine, and scarcely awake to the new day? Would she be impatient at the delays at the stations, and anxious to hurry on to Westmoreland and Dumfries, to Glasgow, and Oban, and Skye, and then from Stornoway across the island to the little inn at Garra-na-hina? Here, as he looked out of the window, the first indication of the wilder country became visible in the distant Berkshire hills. Close at hand the country lay green and bright under a brilliant sun; but over there in the east, some heavy clouds darkened the landscape, and the far hills seemed to be placed amid a gloomy stretch of moorland. Would not Sheila have been thrilled by this glimpse of the coming north? She would have fancied that greater mountains lay far behind these rounded slopes, hidden in mist. She would have imagined that no human habitations were near those rising plains of sombre hue, where the red-deer and the fox ought to dwell. And in her delight at getting away from the fancied brightness of the south, would she not have been exceptionally grateful and affectionate towards himself, and striven to please him with her tender ways?

It was not a cheerful journey—this lonely trip to the North. Lavender got to Glasgow that night; and next morning he went down, long before any passengers could have thought of arriving, to the *Clansman*. He did not go near the big steamer, for he was known to the captain and the steward; but he hung about the quays, watching each person who went on board. Sheila certainly was not among the passengers by the *Clansman*.

But she might have gone to Greenock, and waited for the steamer there. Accordingly, after the *Clansman* had started on her voyage, he went into a neighbouring hotel and had some breakfast, after which he crossed the bridge to the station, and took rail for Greenock, where he arrived some time before the *Clansman* made her appearance. He went down to the quay. It was yet early morning, and a cool fresh breeze was blowing in across the broad waters of the Firth, where the sunlight was shining on the white sails of the yachts and on the dipping and screaming seagulls. Far away beyond the pale blue mountains opposite lay the wonderful network of sea-loch and island through which one had to pass to get to the distant Lewis. How gladly, at this moment, would he have stepped on board the steamer, with Sheila, and put out on that gleaming plain of sea, knowing that by and by they would sail into Stornoway harbour and find the wagonette there. They would not hasten the voyage. She had never been round the Mull of Cantyre; and so he would sit by her side, and show her the wild tides meeting there, and the long jets of white foam shooting up the great wall of rock. He would show her the pale coast of Ireland; and then they would see Islay, of which she had many a ballad and story. They would go through the narrow Sound that is overlooked by the gloomy mountains of Jura. They would see the distant islands where the chief of Colonsay is still mourned for on the still evenings, by the hapless mermaiden, who sings her wild song across the sea. They would keep wide of the dangerous currents of Corryvreckan; and by and by they would sail into the harbour of Oban, the beautiful sea-town where Sheila first got a notion of the greatness of the world lying outside of her native island.

What if she were to come down now from this busy little seaport, which lay under a pale blue smoke and come out upon this pier to meet the free sunlight and the fresh sea-air blowing all about? Surely at a great distance he could

recognize the proud, light step, and the proud, sad face. Would she speak to him; or go past him, with firm lips and piteous eyes, to wait for the great steamer that was now coming along out of the eastern mist? Lavender glanced vaguely around the quays and the thoroughfares leading to them; but there was no one like Sheila there. In the distance he could hear the throbbing of the *Clansman's* engines, as the big steamer came on through the white plain. The sun was warmer now on the bright waters of the Firth; and the distant haze over the pale blue mountains beyond had grown more luminous. Small boats went by; with here and there a yachtsman, scarlet-capped, and in white costume, taking a leisurely breakfast on deck. The sea-gulls circled about, or dipped down on the waters, or chased each other with screams and cries. Then the *Clansman* sailed into the quay, and there was a flinging of ropes, and general hurry and bustle, while people came crowding round the gangways, calling out to each other in every variety of dialect and accent.

Sheila was not there. He lingered about, and patiently waited for the starting of the steamer, not knowing how long she ordinarily remained at Greenock. He was in no hurry, indeed; for after the vessel had gone, he found himself with a whole day before him, and with no fixed notion as to how it could be passed.

In other circumstances, he would have been in no difficulty as to the spending of a bright forenoon and afternoon by the side of the sea. Or he could have run through to Edinburgh, and called on some artist-friends there. Or he could have crossed the Firth, and had a day's ramble among the mountains. But now that he was satisfied Sheila had not gone home, all his fancies and hopes went back to London. She was in London. And while he was glad that she had not gone straight to her own people with a revelation of her wrongs, he scarcely dared speculate on what adventures and experiences might have befallen those two girls turned out

into a great city, of which they were about equally ignorant.

The day passed somehow, and at night he was on his way to London. Next morning he went down to Whitehall, and saw Ingram.

"Sheila has not gone back to the Highlands, so far as I can make out," he said.

"So much the better," was the answer.

"What am I to do? She must be in London; and who knows what may befall her?"

"I cannot tell you what you should do. Of course you would like to know where she is; and I fancy she would have no objection herself to letting you know that she was all right, so long as she knew that you would not go near her. I don't think she has taken so decided a step merely for the purpose of being coaxed back again—that is not Sheila's way."

"I won't go near her," he said. "I only want to know that she is safe and well. I will do whatever she likes; but I must know where she is, and that she has come to no harm."

"Well," said Ingram, slowly, "I was talking the matter over with Mrs. Lorraine last night——"

"Does *she* know?" said Lavender, wincing somewhat.

"Certainly," Ingram answered. "I did not tell her. I had promised to go up there about something quite different, when she immediately began to tell me the news. Of course, it was impossible to conceal such a thing. Don't all the servants about know?"

"I don't care who knows," said Lavender, moodily. "What does Mrs. Lorraine say about this affair?"

"Mrs. Lorraine says that it serves you right," said Ingram, bluntly.

"Thank her very much. I like candour, especially in a fair-weather friend."

"Mrs. Lorraine is a better friend to you than you imagine," Ingram said, taking no notice of the sneer. "When she thought that your going to their house continually was annoying Sheila, she tried to put a stop to it for Sheila's

sake. And now, at this very moment, she is doing her very best to find out where Sheila is; and if she succeeds, she means to go and plead your cause with the girl."

"I will not have her do anything of the kind," said Lavender, fiercely. "I will plead my own cause with Sheila. I will have forgiveness from Sheila herself alone—not brought to me by any intermeddling woman."

"You needn't call names," said Ingram, coolly. "But I confess I think you are right; and I told Mrs. Lorraine that was what you would doubtless say. In any case, she can do no harm in trying to find out where Sheila is."

"And how does she propose to succeed? Pollaky? The 'Agony' Column? Placards, or a Bellman? I tell you, Ingram, I won't have that woman meddle in my affairs—coming forward as a sister of mercy to heal the wounded—bestowing mock compassion, and laughing all the time——"

"Lavender, you are beside yourself. That woman is one of the most good-natured, shrewd, clever, and amiable women I have ever met. What has enraged you?"

"Bah! She has got hold of you too, has she? I tell you she is a rank impostor."

"An impostor!" said Ingram, slowly. "I have heard a good many people called impostors. Did it ever occur to you that the blame of the imposture might possibly lie with the person imposed on? I have heard of people falling into the delusion that a certain modest and simple-minded man was a great politician or a great wit, although he had never claimed to be anything of the kind; and then, when they found out that in truth he was just what he had pretended to be, they called out against him as an impostor. I have heard, too, of young gentlemen accusing women of imposture whose only crime was, that they did not possess qualities which they had never pretended to possess, but which the young gentlemen fancied they ought to possess. Mrs. Lorraine may be an

impostor, to you. I think she is a thoroughly good woman, and I know she is a very delightful companion. And if you want to know how she means to find Sheila out, I can tell you. She thinks that Sheila would probably go to an hotel, but that afterwards she would try to find lodgings with some of the people whom she had got to know through her giving them assistance. Mrs. Lorraine would like to ask your servants about the women who used to come for this help. Then, she thinks, Sheila would probably get some one of these humble friends to call for her letters, for she would like to hear from her father, and she would not care to tell him that she had left your house. There is a great deal of supposition in all this; but Mrs. Lorraine is a shrewd woman, and I would trust her instinct in such matters a long way. She is quite sure that Sheila would be too proud to tell her father, and very much averse, also, to inflicting so severe a blow on him——"

"But surely," Lavender said, hastily, "if Sheila wishes to conceal this affair for a time, she must believe it to be only temporary? She cannot propose to make the separation final?"

"That I don't know anything about. I would advise you to go and see Mrs. Lorraine."

"I won't go and see Mrs. Lorraine."

"Now, this is unreasonable, Lavender. You begin to fancy that Sheila had some sort of dislike to Mrs. Lorraine, founded on ignorance; and straightway you think it is your duty to go and hate the woman. Whatever you may think of her, she is willing to do you a service."

"Will you go, Ingram, and take her to those servants?"

"Certainly, I will, if you commission me to do so," said Ingram, readily.

"I suppose they all know?"

"They do."

"And everyone else?"

"I should think few of your friends would remain in ignorance of it."

"Ah well," said Lavender, "if only I could get Sheila to overlook what is past, this once, I should not trouble my

dear friends and acquaintances for their sympathy and condolence. By the time I saw them again, I fancy they would have forgotten our names."

There was no doubt of the fact that the news of Sheila's flight from her husband's house had travelled very speedily round the circle of Lavender's friends, and doubtless, in due time, it reached the ears of his aunt. At all events, Mrs. Lavender sent a message to Ingram, asking him to come and see her. When he went, he found the little, dry, hard-eyed woman in a terrible passion. She had forgotten all about Marcus Aurelius, and the composure of a philosopher, and the effect of anger on the nervous system. She was bolstered up in bed, for she had had another bad fit; but she was brisk enough in her manner and fierce enough in her language.

"Mr. Ingram," she said, the moment he had entered, "do you consider my nephew a beast?"

"I don't," he said.

"I do," she retorted.

"Then you are quite mistaken, Mrs. Lavender. Probably you have heard some exaggerated story of all this business. He has been very inconsiderate and thoughtless, certainly; but I don't believe he quite knew how sensitive his wife was; and he is very repentant now, and I know he will keep his promises."

"You would apologize for the devil," said the little old woman, frowning.

"I would try to give him his due, at all events," said Ingram, with a laugh. "I know Frank Lavender very well—I have known him for years; and I know there is good stuff in him, which may be developed in proper circumstances. After all, what is there more common than for a married man to neglect his wife? He only did unconsciously and thoughtlessly what heaps of men do deliberately."

"You are making me angry," said Mrs. Lavender, in a severe voice.

"I don't think it fair to expect men to be demigods," Ingram said, carelessly. "I never met any demigods myself; they don't live in my neighbourhood.

Perhaps if I had had some experience of a batch of them, I should be more censorious of other people. If you set up Frank for a Bayard, is it his fault, or yours?"

"I am not going to be talked out of my common sense, and me on my death-bed," said the old lady, impatiently, and yet with some secret hope that Ingram would go on talking and amuse her. "I won't have you say he is anything but a stupid and ungrateful boy, who married a wife far too good for him. He is worse than that—he is much worse than that; but as this may be my death-bed, I will keep a civil tongue in my head."

"I thought you didn't like his wife very much?" said Ingram.

"I am not bound to like her because I think badly of him, am I? She was not a bad sort of girl, after all—temper a little stiff, perhaps; but she was honest. It did one's eyes good to look at her bright face. Yes, she was a good sort of creature in her way. But when she ran off from him, why didn't she come to me?"

"Perhaps you never encouraged her."

"Encouragement! Where ought a married woman go to but to her husband's relatives? If she cannot stay with him, let her take the next best substitute. It was her duty to come to me."

"If Sheila had fancied it to be her duty, she would have come here, at any cost."

"What do you mean, Mr. Ingram?" said Mrs. Lavender, severely.

"Well, supposing she didn't like you——" he was beginning to say, cautiously, when she sharply interrupted him.

"She didn't like me, eh?"

"I said nothing of the kind. I was about to say that if she had thought it her duty to come here, she would have come, in any circumstances."

"She might have done worse. A young woman risks a great deal in running away from her husband's home. People will talk. Who is to make

people believe just the version of the story that the husband or wife would prefer?"

"And what does Sheila care," said Ingram, with a hot flush in his face, "for the belief of a lot of idle gossips and slanderers?"

"My dear Mr. Ingram," said the old lady, "you are not a woman, and you don't know the bother one has to look after one's reputation. But that is a question not likely to interest you. Let us talk of something else. Do you know why I wanted you to come and see me to-day?"

"I am sure I don't."

"I mean to leave you all my money."

He stared. She did not appear to be joking. Was it possible that her rage against her nephew had carried her to this extreme resolve?

"Oh!" he stammered; "but I won't have it, Mrs. Lavender."

"But you'll have to have it," said the little old woman, severely. "You are a poor man. You could make good use of my money—better than a charity board—that would starve the poor with a penny out of each shilling, and spend the other elevenpence in treating their friends to flower-shows and dinners. Do you think I mean to leave my money to such people? You shall have it. I think you would look very well driving a mail phaeton in the Park; and I suppose you would give up your pipes and your philosophy, and your bachelor walks into the country. You would marry, of course—every man is bound to make a fool of himself that way, as soon as he gets enough money to do it with. But perhaps you might come across a clever and sensible woman, who would look after you, and give you your own way while having her own. Only don't marry a fool. Whatever you do, don't marry a fool, or all your philosophers won't make the house bearable to you."

"I am not likely to marry anybody, Mrs. Lavender," said Ingram, carelessly.

"Is there no woman you know whom you would care to marry?"

"Oh," he said, "there is one woman—yes—who seems to me about every thing that a man could wish; but the notion of my marrying her is absurd. If I had known in time, don't you see, that I should ever think of such a thing, I should have begun years ago to dye my hair. I can't begin now. Grey hair inspires reverence, I believe; but it is a bad thing to go courting with."

"You must not talk foolishly," said the little old lady, with a frown. "Do you think a sensible woman wants to marry a boy, who will torment her with his folly, and his empty head, and his running after a dozen different women? Grey hair! If you think grey hair is a bad thing to go courting with, I will give you something better. I will put something in your hand that will make the young lady forget your grey hair. Oh, of course, you will say that she cannot be tempted; that she despises money. If so, so much the better; but I have known more women than you, and my hair is greyer than yours; and you will find that a little money won't stand in the way of your being accepted."

He had made some gesture of protest, not against her speaking of his possible marriage, which scarcely interested him, so remote was the possibility, but against her returning to this other proposal. And when he saw the old woman really meant to do this thing, he found it necessary to declare himself explicitly on the point.

"Oh, don't imagine, Mrs. Lavender," he said, "that I have any wild horror of money, or that I suppose anybody else would have. I should like to have five times, or ten times as much as you seem generously disposed to give me. But here is the point, you see. I am a vain person. I am very proud of my own opinion of myself; and, if I acceded to what you propose—if I took your money—I suppose I should be driving about in that fine phaeton you speak of. That is very good—I like driving, and I should be pleased with the appearance of the trap and the horses. But what do you fancy I

should think of myself—what would be my opinion of my own nobleness, and generosity, and humanity—if I saw Sheila Mackenzie walking by on the pavement, without any carriage to drive in, perhaps without a notion as to where she was going to get her dinner? I should be a great hero to myself then, shouldn't I?"

"Oh, Sheila again!" said the old woman, in a tone of vexation. "I can't imagine what there is in that girl to make men rave so about her. That Jew-boy is become a thorough nuisance—you would fancy she had just stepped down out of the clouds to present him with a gold harp, and that he couldn't look up to her face. And you are just as bad. You are worse—for you don't blow it off in steam. Well, there need be no difficulty. I meant to leave the girl in your charge. You take the money and look after her—I know she won't starve. Take it in trust for her, if you like."

"But that is a fearful responsibility, Mrs. Lavender," he said, in dismay. "She is a married woman. Her husband is the proper person——"

"I tell you I won't give him a farthing!" she said, with a sudden sharpness that startled him. "Not a farthing! If he wants money, let him work for it, as other people do; and then, when he has done that, if he is to have any of my money, he must be beholden for it to his wife and to you."

"Do you think that Sheila would accept anything that she would not immediately hand over to him?"

"Then he must come first to you."

"I have no wish to inflict humiliation on anyone," said Ingram, stiffly. "I don't wish to play the part of a little Providence, and make out punishment in that way. I might have to begin with myself."

"Now, don't be foolish," said the old lady, with a menacing composure. "I give you fair warning. The next fit will do for me. If you don't care to take my money, and keep it in trust for this girl you profess to care so much about, I will leave it to found an insti-

tution. And I have a good idea for an institution, mind you. I mean to teach people what they should eat and drink, and the various effects of food on various constitutions."

"It is an important subject," Ingram admitted.

"Is it not? What is the use of giving people laborious information about the idle fancies of generations that lived ages before they were born, while you are letting them poison their system, and lay up for themselves a fearfully painful old age, by the continuous use of unsuitable food? That book you gave me, Mr. Ingram, is a wonderful book; but it gives you little consolation if you know another fit is coming on. And what is the good of knowing about Epictetus, and Zeno, and the rest, if you've got rheumatism? Now, I mean to have classes, to teach people what they should eat and drink—and I'll do it, if you won't assume the guardianship of my nephew's wife."

"But this is the wildest notion I ever heard of!" Ingram protested again. "How can I take charge of her? If Sheila herself had shown any disposition to place herself under your care, it might have been different."

"Oh, it would have been different!" cried the old lady, with a shrill laugh. "It would have been different! And what did you say about her sense of duty to her husband's relatives? Did you say anything about that?"

"Well——" Ingram was about to say, being lost in amazement at the odd glee of this withered old creature.

"Where do you think a young wife should go, if she runs off from her husband's house?" cried Mrs. Lavender, apparently much amused by his perplexity. "Where can she best escape calumny? Poor man! I won't frighten you, or disturb you any longer. Ring the bell, will you? I want Paterson."

Ingram rang.

"Paterson," said Mrs. Lavender, when the tall and grave woman appeared, "ask Mrs. Lavender if she can come here for a few minutes."

Ingram looked at the old woman, to

see if she had gone mad; and then, somehow, he instinctively turned to the door. He fancied he knew that quick, light step. And then, before he well knew how, Sheila had come forward to him, with her hands outstretched, and with something like a smile on her pale face. She looked at him for a second; she tried to speak to him, but there was a dangerous quivering of the lips; and then she suddenly burst into tears, and let go his hands and turned away. In that brief moment he had seen what havoc had been wrought within the past two or three days. There were the same proud and handsome features, but they were pale and wan; and there was a piteous and weary look in the eyes, that told of the trouble and heartrending of sleepless nights.

"Sheila," he said, following her and taking her hand, "does anyone know of your being here?"

"No," she said, still holding her head aside, and downcast; "no one. And I do not wish anyone to know. I am going away."

"Where?"

"Don't you ask too much, Mr. Ingram," said the old lady, from amid her cushions and curtains. "Give her that ammonia—the stopper only. Now, sit down, child; and dry your eyes. You need not be ashamed to show Mr. Ingram that you knew where you ought to come to when you left your husband's house. And if you won't stop here, of course I can't compel you; though Mr. Ingram will tell you you might do worse."

"Sheila, why do you wish to go away? Do you mean to go back to the Lewis?"

"Oh! no, no!" she said, almost shuddering.

"Where do you wish to go?"

"Anywhere—it does not matter. But I cannot remain here. I should meet with—with many people I used to know. Mrs. Lavender, she is kind enough to say she will get me some place, for Mairi and me—that is all as yet that is settled."

"Is Mairi with you?"

"Yes; I will go and bring her to you. It is not anyone in London she will want to see as much as you."

Sheila left the room, and by and by came back, leading the young Highland girl by the hand. Mairi was greatly embarrassed, scarcely knowing whether she should show any gladness at meeting this old friend amid so much trouble. But when Ingram shook hands with her, and after she had blushed, and looked shy, and said, "And are you ferry well, sir?" she managed somehow to lift her eyes to his face; and then she said, suddenly—

"And it is a good day, this day, for Miss Sheila, that you will come to see her, Mr. Ingram; for she will hef a friend now."

"You silly girl," said Mrs. Lavender, sharply, "why will you say 'Miss Sheila'? Don't you know she is a married woman?"

Mairi glanced in a nervous and timid manner towards the bed. She was evidently afraid of the little shrivelled old woman, with the staring black eyes and the harsh voice.

"Mairi hasn't forgotten her old habits, that is all," said Ingram, patting her good-naturedly on the head.

And then he sat down again; and it seemed so strange to him to see these two together again, and to hear the odd inflection of Mairi's voice, that he almost forgot that he had made a great discovery in learning of Sheila's whereabouts, and wholly forgot that he had just been offered, and had just refused, a fortune.

CHAPTER XXI.

MEETING AND PARTING.

THE appearance of Sheila in Mrs. Lavender's house certainly surprised Ingram; but the motives which led her to go thither were simple enough. On the morning on which she had left her husband's house, she and Mairi had been driven up to Euston Square Station before she seemed capable of coming to any decision. Mairi guessed at what had happened, with a great fear at her

heart, and did not dare to speak of it. She sat, mute and frightened, in a corner of the cab, and only glanced from time to time at her companion's pale face and troubled and distant eyes.

They were driven in to the station. Sheila got out, still seeming to know nothing of what was around her. The cabman took down Mairi's trunk, and handed it to a porter.

"Where for, miss?" said the man. And she started.

"Where will you be going, Miss Sheila?" said Mairi, timidly.

"It is no matter just now," said Sheila to the porter, "if you will be so kind as to take charge of the trunk. And how much must I pay the cabman from Notting Hill?"

She gave him the money, and walked in to the great stone-paved hall, with its lofty roof and sounding echoes.

"Mairi," she said, "I have gone away from my own home, and I have no home for you or myself either. What are we to do?"

"Are you quite sure, Miss Sheila," said the girl, dismayed beyond expression, "that you will not go back to your own house? It was a bad day this day that I was come to London to find you going away from your own house."

And Mairi began to cry.

"Will we go back to the Lewis, Miss Sheila?" she said. "It is many a one there will be proud and pleased to see you again in sa Lewis, and there will be plenty of homes for you there—oh, yes! ferry many that will be glad to see you! And it was a bad day sa day you left the Lewis whatever; and if you will go back again, Miss Sheila, you will neffer hef to go away again not any more."

Sheila looked at the girl—at the pretty pale face, the troubled light-blue eyes, and the abundant fair-yellow hair. It was Mairi, sure enough, who was talking to her; and yet it was in a strange place. There was no sea dashing outside—no tide running in from the Atlantic. And where was old Scarlett, with her complaints, and her petulance, and her motherly kindness?

"It is a pity you have come to London, Mairi," Sheila said, wistfully; "for I have no house to take you into; and we must go now and find one."

"You will not go back to sa Lewis, Miss Sheila?"

"They would not know me in the Lewis any more, Mairi. I have been too long away, and I am quite changed. It is many a time I will think of going back; but when I left the Lewis, I was married; and now—How could I go back to the Lewis, Mairi? They would look at me. They would ask questions. My father would come down to the quay, and he would say, 'Sheila, have you come back alone?' And all the story of it would go about the island, and everyone would say I had been a bad wife, and my husband had gone away from me."

"There is not anyone," said Mairi, with the tears starting to her eyes again, "not from one end of sa island to sa other, would say that of you, Miss Sheila; and there is no one would not come to meet you, and be glad sat you will come again to your own home. And as for going back, I will be ferry glad to go back whatever, for it was you I was come to see, and not any town; and I do not like this town, what I hef seen of it, and I will be ferry glad to go away wis you, Miss Sheila."

Sheila did not answer. She felt that it was impossible she could go back to her own people with this disgrace upon her, and did not even argue the question with herself. All her trouble now was to find some harbour of refuge into which she could flee, so that she might have quiet, and solitude, and an opportunity of studying all that had befallen her. The noise around her—the arrival of travellers, the transference of luggage, the screaming of trains—stunned her and confused her; and she could only vaguely think of all the people she knew in London, to see to whom she could go for advice and direction. They were not many. One after the other she went over the acquaintances she had made; and not one of them appeared to her in the

light of a friend. One friend she had, who would have rejoiced to have been of the least assistance to her; but her husband had forbidden her to hold communication with him, and she felt a strange sort of pride, even at this moment, in resolving to obey that injunction. In all this great city that lay around her, there was no other to whom she could frankly and readily go. That one friend she had possessed before she came to London; in London, she had not made another.

And yet it was necessary to do something; for who could tell but that her husband might come to this station in search of her? Mairi's anxiety, too, was increasing every moment; insomuch that she was fairly trembling with excitement and fatigue. Sheila resolved that she would go down and throw herself on the tender mercies of that terrible old lady in Kensington Gore. For one thing, she instinctively sought the help of a woman in her present plight; and perhaps this harshly-spoken old lady would be gentle to her when all her story was told. Another thing that prompted this decision was a sort of secret wish to identify herself even yet with her husband's family; to prove to herself, as it were, that they had not cast her off as being unworthy of him. Nothing was further from her mind at this moment than any desire to pave the way for reconciliation and reunion with her husband. Her whole anxiety was to get away from him; to put an end to a state of things which she had found to be more than she could bear. And yet, if she had had friends in London called respectively Mackenzie and Lavender, and if she had been equally intimate with both, she would at this moment have preferred to go for help to those bearing the name of Lavender.

There was doubtless something strangely inconsistent in this instinct of wifely loyalty and duty in a woman who had just voluntarily left her husband's house. Lavender had desired her not to hold communication with Edward Ingram; even now she would

respect his wish. Lavender would prefer that she should, in any great extremity, go to his aunt for assistance and counsel; and to his aunt, despite her own dislike of the woman, she would go. At this moment, when Sheila's proud spirit had risen up in revolt against a system of treatment that had become insufferable to her, when she had been forced to leave her home and incur the contemptuous compassion of friends and acquaintances, if Edward Ingram himself had happened to meet her, and had begun to say hard things of Lavender, she would have sharply recalled him to a sense of the discretion that one must use in speaking to a wife of her husband.

The two homeless girls got into another cab, and were driven down to Kensington Gore. Sheila asked if she could see Mrs. Lavender. She knew that the old lady had had another bad fit; but she was supposed to be recovering rapidly. Mrs. Lavender would see her in her bedroom; and so Sheila went up.

The girl could not speak.

"Yes, I see it—something wrong about that precious husband of yours," said the old lady, watching her keenly. "I expected it. Go on. What is the matter?"

"I have left him," Sheila said, with her face very pale, but no sign of emotion about the firm lips.

"Oh, good gracious, child! Left him? How many people know it?"

"No one, but yourself, and a young Highland girl who has come up to see me."

"You came to me first of all?"

"Yes."

"Have you no other friends to go to?"

"I considered that I ought to come to you."

There was no cunning in the speech; it was the simple truth. Mrs. Lavender looked at her hard for a second or two, and then said, in what she meant to be a kind way—

"Come here, and sit down, child; and tell me all about it. If no one else

knows it, there is no harm done. We can easily patch it up before it gets abroad."

"I did not come to you for that, Mrs. Lavender," said Sheila, calmly. "That is impossible. That is all over. I have come to ask you where I may get lodgings for my friend and myself."

"Tell me all about it, first; and then we'll see whether it can't be mended. Mind, I am ready to be on your side, though I am your husband's aunt. I think you're a good girl—a bit of a temper, you know—but you manage to keep it quiet ordinarily. You tell me all about it; and you'll see if I haven't means to bring him to reason. Oh, yes—oh, yes—I'm an old woman; but I can find some means to bring him to reason." And she laughed an odd, shrill laugh.

A hot flush came over Sheila's face. Had she come to this old woman only to make her husband's degradation more complete? Was he to be intimidated into making friends with her by a threat of the withdrawal of that money that Sheila had begun to detest? And this was what her notions of wifely duty had led to!

"Mrs. Lavender," she said, with the proud lips very proud indeed, "I must say this to you before I tell you anything. It is very good of you to say you will take my side; but I did not come to you to complain. And I would rather not have any sympathy from you if it only means that you will speak ill of my husband. And if you think you can make him do things because you give him money—perhaps that is true at present; but it may not always be true, and you cannot expect me to wish it to continue. I would rather have my present trouble twenty times over than see him being bought over to any woman's wishes."

Mrs. Lavender stared at her.

"Why, you astonishing girl, I believe you are still in love with that man."

Sheila said nothing.

"Is it true?" she said.

"I suppose a woman ought to love her husband," Sheila answered.

"Even if he turns her out of the house?"

"Perhaps it is she who is to blame," Sheila said, humbly. "Perhaps her education was wrong—or she expects too much that is unreasonable—or perhaps she has a bad temper. You think I have a bad temper, Mrs. Lavender; and might it not be that?"

"Well, I think you want your own way; and doubtless you expect to have it now. I suppose I am to listen to all your story, and I must not say a word about my own nephew. But sit down and tell me all about it; and then you can justify him afterwards, if you like."

It was probably, however, the notion that Sheila would try to justify Lavender all through that put the old lady on her guard, and made her, indeed, regard Lavender's conduct in an unfairly bad light. Sheila told the story as simply as she could, putting everything down to her husband's advantage that was possible, and asking for no sympathy whatsoever. She only wanted to remain away from his house; and by what means could she and this young cousin of hers find cheap lodgings where they could live quietly, and without much fear of detection?

Mrs. Lavender was in a rage; and, as she was not allowed to vent it on the proper object, she turned upon Sheila herself.

"The Highlanders are a proud race," she said, sharply. "I should have thought that rooms in this house, even with the society of a cantankerous old woman, would have been tolerated for a time."

"It is very kind of you to make the offer," Sheila said, "but I do not wish to have to meet my husband or any of his friends. There is enough trouble without that. If you could tell me where to get lodgings not far from this neighbourhood, I would come to see you sometimes at such hours as I know he cannot be here."

"But I don't understand what you mean. You won't go back to your husband—although I could manage that for you directly. You won't hear of

negotiations, or of any prospect of your going back ; and yet you won't go home to your father."

"I cannot do either," Sheila said.

"Do you mean to live in those lodgings always?"

"How can I tell?" said the girl, piteously. "I only wish to be away ; and I cannot go back to my papa, with all this story to tell him."

"Well, I didn't want to distress you," said the old woman. "You know your own affairs best. I think you are mad. If you would calmly reason with yourself, and show to yourself that, in a hundred years, or less than that, it won't matter whether you gratified your pride or no, you would see that the wisest thing you can do now is to take an easy and comfortable course. You are in an excited and nervous state at present, for example ; and that is destroying so much of the vital portion of your frame. If you go into these lodgings, and live like a rat in a hole, you will have nothing to do but nurse these sorrows of yours, and find them grow bigger and bigger, while you grow more and more wretched. All that is mere pride, and sentiment, and folly. On the other hand, look at this. Your husband is sorry you are away from him—you may take that for granted. You say he was merely thoughtless ; now he has got something to make him think, and would without doubt come and beg your pardon, if you gave him a chance. I write to him ; he comes down here ; you kiss and make good friends again, and to-morrow morning you are comfortable and happy again."

"To-morrow morning!" said Sheila, sadly. "Do you know how we should be situated to-morrow morning? The story of my going away would become known to his friends ; he would go among them as though he had suffered some disgrace, and I the cause of it. And though he is a man, and would soon be careless of that, how could I go with him amongst his friends, and feel that I had shamed him? It would be worse than ever between us ; and I have no wish to begin again what

ended this morning—none at all, Mrs. Lavender."

"And do you mean to say that you intend to live permanently apart from your husband?"

"I do not know," said Sheila, in a despairing tone. "I cannot tell you. What I feel is that, with all this trouble, it is better that our life as it was in that house should come to an end."

Then she rose. There was a tired look about her face, as if she were too weary to care whether this old woman would help her or no. Mrs. Lavender regarded her for a moment, wondering, perhaps, that a girl so handsome, fine-coloured, and proud-eyed, should be distressing herself with imaginary sentiments, instead of taking life cheerfully, enjoying the hour as it passed, and being quite assured of the interest, and liking, and homage of everyone with whom she came in contact. Sheila turned to the bed once more, about to say that she had troubled Mrs. Lavender too much already, and that she would look after these lodgings. But the old woman apparently anticipated as much, and said, with much deliberation, that if Sheila and her companion would only remain one or two days in the house, proper rooms should be provided for them somewhere. Young girls could not venture into lodgings without strict inquiries being made. Sheila should have suitable rooms ; and Mrs. Lavender would see that she was properly looked after, and that she wanted for nothing. In the meantime she must have some money.

"It is kind of you," said the girl, blushing hotly, "but I do not require it."

"Oh, I suppose we are too proud!" said the old woman. "If we disapprove of our husband taking money, we must not do it either. Why, child, you have learnt nothing in London. You are a savage yet. You must let me give you something for your pocket, or what are you to do? You say you have left everything at home ; do you think hair-brushes, for example, grow on trees, that you can go into Kensington Gardens and stock your rooms?"

"I have some money—a few pounds—that my papa gave me," Sheila said.

"And when that is done?"

"He will give me more."

"And yet you don't wish him to know you have left your husband's house! What will he make of those repeated demands for money?"

"My papa will give me anything I want, without asking any questions."

"Then he is a bigger fool than I expected. Oh, don't get into a temper again. Those sudden shocks of colour, child, show me that your heart is out of order. How can you expect to have a regular pulsation if you flare up at anything anyone may say? Now go and fetch me your Highland cousin."

Mairi came into the room in a very timid fashion, and stared with her big, light-blue eyes into the dusky recess in which the little old woman sat up in bed. Sheila took her forward.

"This is my cousin Mairi, Mrs. Lavender."

"And are you ferry well, ma'am?" said Mairi, holding out her hand very much as a boy pretends to hold out his hand to a tiger in the Zoological Gardens.

"Well, young lady," said Mrs. Lavender, staring at her, "and a pretty mess you have got us into!"

"Me!" said Mairi, almost with a cry of pain: she had not imagined before that she had anything to do with Sheila's trouble.

"No, no, Mairi," her companion said, taking her hand; "it was not you. Mrs. Lavender, Mairi does not understand our way of joking in London. Perhaps she will learn before she goes back to the Highlands."

"There is one thing," said Mrs. Lavender, observing that Mairi's eyes had filled the moment she was charged with bringing trouble on Sheila, "there is one thing you people from the Highlands seem never disposed to learn, and that is, to have a little control over your passions. If one speaks to you a couple of words, you either begin to cry or go off into a flash of rage. Don't you know how bad that is for the health?"

"And yet," said Sheila, with a smile—and it seemed so strange to Mairi to see her smile—"we will not compare badly in health with the people about us here."

Mrs. Lavender dropped the question, and began to explain to Sheila what she advised her to do. In the meantime both the girls were to remain in her house. She would guarantee their being met by no one. When suitable rooms had been looked out by Paterson, they were to remove thither. The whole situation of affairs was at once perceived by Mrs. Lavender's attendant, who was given to understand that no one was to know of young Mrs. Lavender's being in the house. Then the old woman, much contented with what she had done, resolved that she would reward herself with a joke; and sent for Edward Ingram.

When Sheila, as already described, came into the room, and found her old friend there, the resolution she had formed went clean out of her mind. She forgot entirely the ban that had been placed on Ingram by her husband. But after her first emotion on seeing him was over, and when he began to discuss what she ought to do, and even to advise her in a diffident sort of way, she remembered all that she had forgotten, and was ashamed to find herself sitting there, and talking to him, as if it were in her father's house at Borva. Indeed, when he proposed to take the management of her affairs into his own hands, and to go and look at certain apartments that Paterson had proposed, she was forced, with great heart-burning and pain, to hint to him that she could not avail herself of his kindness.

"But why?" he asked, with a stare of surprise.

"You remember Brighton," she answered, looking down. "You had a bad return for your kindness to me then."

"Oh, I know," he said, carelessly. "And I suppose Mr. Lavender wished you to cut me after my impertinent interference. But things are very much changed now. But for the time he went North, he has been with me nearly every hour since you left."

"Has Frank been to the Lewis?" she said, suddenly, with a look of fear on her face.

"Oh no; he has only been to Glasgow to see if you had gone to catch the *Clansman*, and go North from there."

"Did he take the trouble to do all that?" she asked, slowly and wistfully.

"Trouble!" cried Ingram. "He appears to me neither to eat nor sleep day or night; but to go wandering about in search of you in every place where he fancies you may be. I never saw a man so beside himself with anxiety——"

"I did not wish to make him anxious," said Sheila, in a low voice. "Will you tell him that I am well?"

Mrs. Lavender began to smile. Were there not evident signs of softening? But Ingram, who knew the girl better, was not deceived by these appearances. He could see that Sheila merely wished that her husband should not suffer pain on her account: that was all.

"I was about to ask you," he said, gently, "what I may say to him. He comes to me continually; for he has always fancied that you would communicate with me. What shall I say to him, Sheila?"

"You may tell him that I am well."

Mairi had by this time stepped out of the room. Sheila sat with her eyes fixed on the floor, her fingers working nervously with a paper-knife she held.

"Nothing more than that?" he said.

"Nothing more."

He saw by her face, and he could tell by the sound of her voice, that her decision was resolute.

"Don't be a fool, child," said Mrs. Lavender, emphatically. "Here is your husband's friend, who can make everything straight and comfortable for you in an hour or two, and you quietly put aside the chance of reconciliation, and bring on yourself any amount of misery. I don't speak for Frank. Men can take care of themselves; they have clubs, and friends, and amusements for the whole day long. But you—what a pleasant life you would have, shut up in a couple of rooms, scarcely daring to show yourself at a window! Your fine

sentiments are all very well; but they won't stand in the place of a husband to you; and you will soon find out the difference between living by yourself like that, and having some one in the house to look after you. Am I right, Mr. Ingram, or am I wrong?"

Ingram paused for a moment, and said—

"I have not the same courage that you have, Mrs. Lavender. I dare not advise Sheila one way or the other just at present. But if she feels in her own heart that she would rather return now to her husband, I can safely say that she would find him deeply grateful to her, and that he would try to do everything that she desired. That I know. He wants to see you, Sheila, if only for five minutes—to beg your forgiveness——"

"I cannot see him," she said, with the same sad and settled air.

"I am not to tell him where you are?"

"Oh no!" she cried, with a sudden and startled emphasis. "You must not do that, Mr. Ingram. Promise me you will not do that?"

"I do promise you; but you put a painful duty on me, Sheila; for you know how he will believe that a short interview with you would put everything right, and he will look on me as preventing that."

"Do you think a short interview at present would put everything right?" she said, suddenly looking up, and regarding him with her clear and steadfast eyes.

He dared not answer. He felt in his inmost heart that it would not.

"Ah, well," said Mrs. Lavender, "young people have much satisfaction in being proud; when they come to my age, they may find they would have been happier if they had been less disdainful."

"It is not disdain, Mrs. Lavender," said Sheila, gently.

"Whatever it is," said the old woman, "I must remind you two people that I am an invalid. Go away, and have luncheon. Paterson will look after you.

Mr. Ingram, give me that book, that I may read myself into a nap ; and don't forget what I expect of you."

Ingram suddenly remembered. He and Sheila and Mairi sat down to luncheon in the dining-room ; and, while he strove to get them to talk about Borva, he was thinking all the time of the extraordinary position he was expected to assume towards Sheila. Not only was he to be the repository of the secret of her place of residence, and the message-carrier between herself and her husband ; but he was also to take Mrs. Lavender's fortune, in the event of her dying, and hold it in trust for the young wife. Surely this old woman, with her suspicious ways and her worldly wisdom, would not be so foolish as to hand him over all her property, free of conditions, on the simple understanding that when he chose he could give what he chose to Sheila ? And yet that was what she had vowed she would do, to Ingram's profound dismay.

He laboured hard to lighten the spirits of those two girls. He talked of John the Piper, and said he would invite him up to London ; and described his probable appearance in the Park. He told them stories of his adventures while he was camping out with some young artists in the western Highlands ; and told them anecdotes, old, recent, and of his own invention, about the people he had met. Had they heard of the steward on board one of the Clyde steamers, who had a percentage on the drink consumed in the cabin, and who would call out to the captain, "Why wass you going so fast ? Dinna put her into the quay so fast ! There is a gran' company down below, and they are drinking fine !" Had he ever told them of the porter at Arran who had demanded sixpence for carrying up some luggage, but who, after being sent to get a sovereign changed, came back with only eighteen shillings, saying, "Oh, yes, it iss sexpence ! Oh, aye, it iss sexpence ! But it iss two shullens *ta you* !" Or of the other, who, after being paid, hung about the cottage-

door for nearly an hour, until Ingram, coming out, asked him why he had waited ; whereupon he said, with an air of perfect indifference, "Oo aye, there wass something said about a dram ; but hott toots ! it is of no consequence whatever !" And was it true that the Sheriff of Stornoway was so kind-hearted a man that he remitted the punishment of certain culprits, ordained by the statute to be whipped with birch-rods, on the ground that the island of Lewis produced no birch, and that he was not bound to import it ? And had Mairi heard any more of the Black Horse of Loch Suainabhal ? And where had she pulled those splendid bunches of bell-heather ?

He suddenly stopped, and Sheila looked up with inquiring eyes. How did he know that Mairi had brought those things with her ? Sheila saw that he must have gone up with her husband, and must have seen the room which she had decorated in imitation of the small parlour at Borvabost. She would rather not think of that room now.

"When are you going to the Lewis ?" she asked of him, with her eyes cast down.

"Well, I think I have changed my mind about that, Sheila. I don't think I shall go to the Lewis this autumn."

Her face became more and more embarrassed ; how was she to thank him for his continued thoughtfulness and self-sacrifice ?

"There is no necessity," he said, lightly. "The man I am going with has no particular purpose in view. We shall merely go cruising about those wonderful lochs and islands ; and I am sure to run against some of those young fellows I know, who are prowling about the fishing-villages with portable easels. They are good boys, those boys. They are very hospitable, if they have only a single bed-room in a small cottage as their studio and reception-room combined. I should not wonder, Sheila, if I went ashore somewhere, and put up my lot with those young fellows, and listened to their wicked stories, and

lived on whisky and herrings for a month. Would you like to see me return to Whitehall in kilts? And I should go into the office, and salute everybody with 'And are you ferry well?' just as Mairi does. But don't be down-hearted, Mairi. You speak English a good deal better than many English folks I know; and by the time you go back to the Lewis, we shall have you fit to become a school-mistress, not only in Borva, but in Stornoway itself."

"I was told it is ferry good English thay hef in Stornoway," said Mairi, not very sure whether Mr. Ingram was joking or not.

"My dear child!" he cried, "I tell you it is the best English in the world. If the Queen only knew, she would send her grandchildren to be educated there. But I must go now. Good-bye, Mairi. I mean to come and take you to a theatre some night soon."

Sheila accompanied him out into the hall.

"When shall you see him?" she said, with her eyes cast down.

"This evening," he answered.

"I should like you to tell him that I am well, and that he need not be anxious about me."

"And that is all?"

"Yes, that is all."

"Very well, Sheila. I wish you had given me a pleasanter message to carry; but when you think of doing that, I shall be glad to take it."

Ingram left, and hastened in to his office. Sheila's affairs were considerably interfering with his attendance there, there could be no question of that; but he had the reputation of being able to get through his work thoroughly, whatever might be the hours he devoted to it; so that he did not greatly fear being rebuked for his present irregularities. Perhaps, if a grave official warning had been probable, even that would not have interfered much with his determination to do what could be done for Sheila.

But this business of carrying a message to Lavender was the most serious

he had as yet undertaken. He had to make sundry and solemn resolves to put a bold face on the matter at the outset, and declare that wild horses would not tear from him any further information. He feared the piteous appeals that might be made to him; the representations that, merely for the sake of an imprudent promise, he was delaying a reconciliation between these two until that might be impossible; the reasons that would be urged on him for considering Sheila's welfare as paramount to his own scruples. He went through the interview, as he foresaw it, a dozen times over; and constructed replies to each argument and entreaty. Of course it would be simple enough to meet all Lavender's demands with a simple "No;" but there are circumstances in which the heroic method of solving difficulties becomes a trifle inhuman.

He had promised to dine with Lavender that evening at his club. When he went along to St. James's Street at the appointed hour, his host had not arrived. He walked about for ten minutes, and then Lavender appeared, haggard and worn-out with fatigue.

"I have heard nothing—I can hear nothing—I have been everywhere," he said, leading the way at once into the dining-room. "I am sorry I have kept you waiting, Ingram."

They sat down at a small side-table; there were few men in the club at this late season; so that they could talk freely enough when the waiter had come and gone.

"Well, I have some news for you, Lavender," Ingram said.

"Do you know where she is?" said the other, eagerly.

"Yes."

"Where?" he almost called aloud, in his anxiety.

"Well," Ingram said, slowly, "she is in London, and she is very well; and you need have no anxiety about her."

"But where is she?" demanded Lavender, taking no heed of the waiter who was standing by and uncorking a bottle.

"I promised her not to tell you."

"You have spoken with her, then?"

"Yes."

"What did she say? Where has she been? Good heavens, Ingram! you don't mean to say you are going to keep it a secret?"

"Oh no," said the other; "I will tell you everything she said to me, if you like. Only I will not tell you where she is——"

"I will not ask you," said Lavender, at once, "if she does not wish me to know. But you can tell me about herself. What did she say? What was she looking like? Is Mairi with her?"

"Yes, Mairi is with her. And of course she is looking a little troubled, and pale, and so forth; but she is very well, I should think, and quite comfortably situated. She said I was to tell you that she was well, and that you need not be anxious."

"She sent a message to me?"

"That is it."

"By Jove, Ingram! how can I ever thank you enough? I feel as glad just now as if she had really come home again. And how did you manage it?"

Lavender, in his excitement and gratitude, kept filling up his friend's glass the moment the least quantity had been taken out of it; the wonder was he did not fill all the glasses on that side of the table, and beseech Ingram to have two or three dinners all at once.

"Oh, you needn't give me any credit about it," Ingram said. "I stumbled against her by accident—at least, I did not find her out myself."

"Did she send for you?"

"No. But look here, Lavender, this sort of cross-examination will lead to but one thing; and you say yourself you won't try to find out where she is."

"Not from you, anyway. But how can I help wanting to know where she is? And my aunt was saying just now that very likely she had gone right away to the other end of London—to Peckham, or some such place."

"You have seen Mrs. Lavender, then?"

"I have just come from there. The old heathen thinks the whole affair rather a good joke; but perhaps that was only her way of showing her temper, for she was in a bit of a rage, to be sure. And so Sheila sent me that message?"

"Yes."

"Does she want money? Would you take her some money from me?" he said, eagerly. Any bond of union between him and Sheila would be of some value.

"I don't think she needs money; and in any case, I know she wouldn't take it from you."

"Well, now, Ingram, you have seen her, and talked with her. What do you think she intends to do? What do you think she would have me do?"

"These are very dangerous questions for me to answer," Ingram said. "I don't see how you can expect me to assume the responsibility."

"I don't ask you to do that at all. But I never found your advice to fail. And if you give me any hint as to what I should do, I will do it on my own responsibility."

"Then I won't. But this I will do. I will tell you as nearly as ever I can what she said; and you can judge for yourself."

Very cautiously indeed did Ingram set out on this perilous undertaking. It was no easy matter so to shut out all references to Sheila's surroundings, that no hint should be given to this anxious listener as to her whereabouts. But Ingram got through it successfully; and when he had finished, Lavender sat some time in silence, merely toying with his knife, for, indeed, he had eaten nothing.

"If it is her wish," he said, slowly, "that I should not go to see her, I will not try to do so. But I should like to know where she is. You say she is comfortable, and she has Mairi for a companion—and that is something. In the meantime, I suppose I must wait."

"I don't see myself how waiting is likely to do much good," said Ingram. "That won't alter your relations much."

"It may alter her determination. A woman is sure to soften into charity and forgiveness. She can't help it."

"If you were to ask Sheila now, she would say she had forgiven you already. But that is a different matter from getting her to resume her former method of life with you. To tell you the truth, I should strongly advise her, if I were to give advice at all, not to attempt anything of the sort. One failure is bad enough, and has wrought sufficient trouble."

"Then what am I to do, Ingram?"

"You must judge for yourself what is the most likely way of winning back Sheila's confidence in you, and the most likely conditions under which she might be induced to join you again. You need not expect to get her back into that Square, I should fancy; *that* experiment has rather broken down."

"Well," said Lavender, "I shan't bore you any more just now about my affairs. Look after your dinner, old fellow; your starving yourself won't help me much."

"I don't mean to starve myself at all," said Ingram, steadily making his way through the abundant dishes his friend had ordered. "But I had a very good luncheon this morning with——"

"With Sheila," Lavender said, quickly.

"Yes. Does it surprise you to find that she is in a place where she can get food? I wish the poor child had made better use of her opportunities."

"Ingram," he said, after a minute, "could you take some money from me, without her knowing of it, and try to get her some of the little things she likes—some delicacies, you know—they might be smuggled in, as it were, without her knowing who had paid for them? There was ice-putting, you know, with strawberries in it, that she was fond of——"

"My dear fellow, a woman in her position thinks of something else than ice-putting in strawberries——"

"But why shouldn't she have it all the same? I would give twenty pounds to get some little gratification of that

sort conveyed to her; and if you could try, Ingram——"

"My dear fellow, she has got everything she can want: there was no ice-putting at luncheon, but doubtless there will be at dinner."

So Sheila was staying in a house in which ices could be prepared? Lavender's suggestion had had no cunning intention in it; but here was an obvious piece of information. She was in no humble lodging-house, then. She was either staying with some friends—and she had no friends but Lavender's friends—or she was staying at an hotel. He remembered that she had once dined at the Langham, Mrs. Kavanagh having persuaded her to go to meet some American visitors. Might she have gone thither?

Lavender was somewhat silent during the rest of that meal; for he was thinking of other things besides the mere question as to where Sheila might be staying. He was trying to imagine what she may have felt before she was driven to this step. He was trying to recall all manner of incidents of their daily life that he now saw might have appeared to her in a very different light from that in which he saw them. He was wondering, too, how all this could be altered; and a new life began for them both, if that were still possible.

They had gone up-stairs into the smoking-room, when a card was brought to Lavender.

"Young Mosenberg is below," he said to Ingram. "He will be a livelier companion for you than I could be. Waiter, ask this gentleman to come up."

The handsome Jew-boy came eagerly into the room, with much excitement visible on his face.

"Oh, do you know," he said to Lavender, "I have found out where Mrs. Lavender is, yes: she is at your aunt's house. I saw her this afternoon—for one moment——"

He stopped; for he saw by the vexation on Ingram's face that he had done something wrong.

"Is it a mistake?" he said. "Is it a secret?"

"It is not likely to be a secret if you have got hold of it," said Ingram, sharply.

"I am very sorry," said the boy. "I thought you were all anxious to know——"

"It does not matter in the least," said Lavender, quietly, to both of them. "I shall not seek to disturb her. I am about to leave London."

"Where are you going?" said the boy.

"I don't know yet."

That, at least, had been part of the result of his meditations; and Ingram, looking at him, wondered whether he meant to go away without trying to say one word to Sheila.

"Look here, Lavender," he said, "you must not fancy we were trying to play any useless and impertinent trick. To-morrow or next day Sheila will leave your aunt's house; and then I should have told you that she had been there, and how the old lady received her. It was Sheila's own wish that the lodgings she is going to should not be known. She fancies that would save both of you a great deal of unnecessary and fruitless pain, do you see. That really is her only object in wishing to have any concealment about the matter."

"But there is no need for any such concealment," he said. "You may tell Sheila that if she likes to stay on with my aunt, so much the better; and I take it very kind of her that she went there, instead of going home, or to a strange house."

"Am I to tell her that you mean to leave London?"

"Yes."

They went into the billiard-room. Mosenberg was not permitted to play, as he had not dined in the club; but Ingram and Lavender proceeded to have a game, the former being content to accept something like thirty in a hundred. It was speedily very clear that Lavender's heart was not in the contest. He kept forgetting which ball he had been playing; missing easy shots;

playing a perversely wrong game; and so forth. And yet his spirits were not much downcast.

"Is Peter Hewetson still at Tarbert, do you know?" he asked of Ingram.

"I believe so. I heard of him lately. He and one or two more are there."

"I suppose you'll look in on them if you go North?"

"Certain. The place is badly perfumed, but picturesque; and there is generally plenty of whisky about."

"When do you go North?"

"I don't know. In a week or two."

That was all that Lavender hinted of his plans. He went home early that night, and spent an hour or two in packing up some things, and in writing a long letter to his aunt, which was destined considerably to astonish that lady. Then he lay down, and had a few hours' rest.

In the early morning he went out and walked across Kensington Gardens down to the Gore. He wished to have one look at the house in which Sheila was; or perhaps he might, from a distance, see her come out on a simple errand? He knew, for example, that she had a superstitious liking for posting her letters herself; in wet weather or dry, she invariably carried her own correspondence to the nearest pillar-post. Perhaps he might have one glimpse of her face, to see how she was looking, before he left London.

There were few people about; one or two well-known lawyers and merchants were riding by to have their morning canter in the Park; the shops were being opened. Over there was the house—with its dark front of bricks, its hard ivy, and its small windows with formal red curtains—in which Sheila was immured. That was certainly not the palace that a beautiful Sea-Princess should have inhabited. Where were the pine woods around it, and the lofty hills, and the wild beating of the waves on the sands below? And now it seemed strange and sad that just as he was about to go away to the North, and breathe the salt air again, and find the strong west winds blowing across the

mountain peaks and through the furze, Sheila, a daughter of the sea and the rocks, should be hiding herself in obscure lodgings in the heart of a great city. Perhaps—he could not but think at this time—if he had only the chance of speaking to her for a couple of moments he could persuade her to forgive him everything that had happened, and go away with him—away from London and all the associations that had vexed her and almost broken her heart—to the free, and open, and joyous life on the far sea-coasts of the Hebrides.

Something caused him to turn his head for a second, and he knew that Sheila was coming along the pavement, not from, but towards the house. It was too late to think of getting out of

her way; and yet he dared not go up to her and speak to her, as he had wished to do. She, too, had seen him. There was a quick, frightened look in her eyes; and then she came along, with her face pale, and her head downcast. He did not seek to interrupt her. His eyes, too, were lowered as she passed him without taking any notice of his presence, although the sad face and the troubled lips told of the pain at her heart. He had hoped, perchance, for one word, for even a sign of recognition; but she went by him calmly, gravely, and silently. She went into the house; and he turned away, with a weight at his heart, as though the gates of heaven had been closed against him.

To be continued.

GOTHENBURG AGAIN.

It may be there are times, in the course of political and social movements, when one may properly rest and be thankful. There are certainly times when one may be thankful, but must not rest; as, for instance, when a question has reached such a stage as the great Liquor question occupies among us to-day. After a vast amount of talk and belligerent fuss and counter-fuss, we have got a new Licensing Act. But what does it amount to? The Act, with all its clumsiness of wording, has, to do it justice, made some progress in the right direction by its provisions against adulteration, and by diminishing the number of hours in the twenty-four during which public-houses may be open. But the main difficulty, the big bone of contention—who ought to be the grantors of licences, and who and how numerous the grantees—it leaves practically untouched. True, there are henceforward to be standing Licensing Committees (of justices) in counties and boroughs, who will have a veto upon every grant of a new licence; but each licence-holder will remain what he was, an independent unit—so far as his private relations with distillers and brewers leave room for independence—strengthened in his vested interest by every annual renewal, and playing for his own hand with all the keenness inspired by a not always scrupulous competition. No attempt has been made by the Legislature to encourage or even to render feasible the trial of any system of farming the licences of a district *en bloc* to a responsible Company, or handing them over to the local authorities. And yet the good results that have been achieved in Sweden generally, and notably in Gothenburg, by giving facilities for the concentration of liquor licences in a few hands, have been and are remarkable enough to make

something of the kind at least worth special notice in our Statute-book.

“Because we can’t do all we would,
Does it follow, to do nothing’s good?”

A detailed account of the manner in which Gothenburg deals with the hand-in-hand questions of liquor and licensing was given in this Magazine¹ by the present writer some time ago; but it may be useful to recapitulate the leading features of the system by way of preface to what we purpose adding to-day about it.

In Gothenburg all the public-house licences are held by a single “Retailing Company,” incorporated by royal charter. Each licence representing, as with us, the right to open one public-house, the directors use in different parts of the town just so many of their licences as they deem required by the population. In the first place they take care that all houses in which liquor is sold are light, well ventilated, and roomy. Into each they put a manager, on the terms that he is to take all his supplies of spirits from the Company, and to pay over to them every farthing received for spirits sold, his remuneration consisting of the profits on his sales of tea and coffee, malt liquors,² cigars, and eatables, supplemented, in most cases, by a fixed salary. Once a year the Company’s balance-sheet is submitted to and audited by the municipal authorities, and thereupon the entire amount of the net profits for the past twelve months is paid into the municipal treasury and becomes part of the general revenue of the town. All this is an embodiment

¹ The Licensing Question in Sweden, in *Macmillan’s Magazine* for February 1872.

² In Sweden, a country of *spirit* drinkers, the trade in malt liquors has only quite recently been deemed important enough to require legislative regulation and restriction.

and earnest striving after the realization of sundry definite conclusions about the drink traffic at which the Gothenburgers arrived eight years ago. They then made up their minds that, though they could not and would not stamp out the spirit trade, they could and must regulate it; and that their way of doing so should be to limit the number of spirit shops, to insure the purity of the spirits offered for sale, and, the most important point of all, to make it nobody's interest to stimulate the consumption. And by keeping these principles steadily in view, the Gothenburg Company have been, and it may be hoped will continue to be, the means of diminishing substantially and permanently the sum-total of drunkenness and crime amongst their fellow-townsmen.

Not that all is *couleur de rose* here; far from it. An enterprise like that in which the Gothenburg Company is engaged is pretty sure to have its full share of difficulties and disappointments. This last year, 1872, for instance, must have been a disheartening time for the believers in the system; for some ugly and uncomfortable statistics met them at the close of it. The number of police convictions for drunkenness, which for several years after the establishment of the Company (in 1865) had steadily diminished, showed a decided tendency to increase again; and cases of delirium tremens appeared also to have largely increased; both facts pointing unmistakably to an increase of drinking in the town. Yes, an increase of drinking there had been, no doubt; but was the system to blame for it? It was a good occasion for the enemy to blaspheme. What easier than to say, "Here is just what might have been expected all along. New brooms sweep clean; and the Company, suddenly substituting its uninterested dispensers of unadulterated liquor for the profit-seeking mob of individual publicans, and shutting up thirty per cent of the drink-shops, was a great blow to the drunkards for a time. But the dram-lovers have recovered their spirits now. They were rather

frightened at first by the Company's philanthropic manifestoes, the severe cleanliness of their houses, and the regulations and tariffs and what not on the walls. But, after all, the liquor was undeniably good and unimpeachably strong; and so long as one was not obviously 'overloaded,' (the expressive Swedish word for 'drunk,') one might get as many drams at a Company's house as at any dram-shop in the unenlightened old days. And it gives an extra spice and stimulus to brandy-bibbing to feel that you are doing it under the express sanction of a most respectable corporation; and what an excuse and salve for a little over-indulgence in the remembrance that every additional glass of spirits drunk will help to swell the sum of profits to be paid over by the Company to the town treasury, and so indirectly lessen the burdens of the ratepayer! No wonder that you find an increase of drinking, where you have a system that makes things easy and comfortable for the drunkard, and tempts people to dram-drinking who never went inside a public-house till the Company made it quite a respectable thing to be seen there."

So might sneer the enemy; but meanwhile there were fortunately not a few earnest folk, outsiders as well as directors of the Company, who were not to be frightened out of their belief by sneers, and who, delving into the roots of the matter, were soon cheered by finding causes enough to account for the ugly statistics, quite apart from, and indeed acting in despite of, the action of the Company. In the first place, though the recorded cases of drunkenness and delirium tremens for 1872 show a numerical increase over those for 1871 and 1870, there has been *no increase in proportion to population*. Gothenburg is a very rapidly growing town. When the Retailing Company began operations, eight years ago, it had to deal with a population of 37,000 or thereabouts. By the end of 1872 this population had increased to upwards of 58,200; so that the latter year might fairly have claimed

to have improved on the other, even though owing to a somewhat larger sum-total of convicted drunkards. Whereas the fact is that the police records show 1,581 cases of drunkenness in 1872, as against 2,070 in 1865.¹ But to come to the special and positive causes of increased drinking in Gothenburg. There, as here, there has lately been a general rise in the price of labour; there have been strikes and rumours of strikes. The working man has had more money in his pocket, and more time on his hands—both conditions notoriously favourable to the publican. It is, however, in a quarter which we in this country should hardly, perhaps, have suspected, that those best competent to judge find the chief seat and origin of the evil. Not the public-houses, but the “retail” shops are the offenders—places where the holders of what we should term grocer-licences sell spirits in quantities of a half-*kan* (about a quart) and upwards, for consumption off the premises. This branch of the trade the Company has never hitherto been able to control. There have been stumbling-blocks in the way of their supplanting the private grocer-licences; and there still exist in the town no less than five-and-thirty private shops of this class, constant thorns in the Company’s side, conducted, as they naturally are, with a view above all things to profit, and so sedulously counteracting the endeavours of the Company to discourage the consumption of alcohol.

The tippler’s ingenuity in finding means of gratifying his pet passion is almost proverbial. In Gothenburg he has invented “salning,” and it is “salning” that has, more than anything else, been working mischief there lately. Do you ask what “salning”² is? Well, it is a

mischievous application of co-operative principles. The directors of the Company know that cheap drink spells drunkenness, and that high prices, in this as in other trades, check consumption. So where they are absolute masters of the situation, in the public-houses, they deliberately put a high price on the spirits served; their tariff-price for a glass of *brännvin* (corn-whisky, the staple alcoholic drink of the country, and particularly of the lower classes) being 6 *öre*,¹ which is at the rate of 3 rix-dollars per *kan*² (equivalent to 5s. 10d. per gallon); whereas they have to pay the distiller only 2s. 5d. per gallon. Now the “retailers” or spirit-grocers (to borrow a term from the Irish clauses of our new Licensing Act) may not sell less than a half-*kan*—about 25 ordinary dram-glasses, at a time; but then, as they buy from the distillers as cheaply as the Company, they can afford to sell this half-*kan* for very considerably less than twenty-five times 6 *öre*. Low as their charge is though, it is beyond the pocket of the spirit-grocer’s average customer, who, besides, however strong his thirst for *brännvin*, would find a quart of it rather much to manage at one standing. So he gets a few kindred souls to practise “salning” with him, that is, to club their small coins to make up the price of a half-*kan* at the spirit-grocer’s, carrying the liquor to the nearest convenient corner (for consumption on the premises would be directly illegal), and there drinking it off. This mischievous practice, once introduced, appears to have assumed most formidable dimensions. Its effects upon those who indulge in it force themselves on the notice of everyone who goes about the streets with his eyes open. And yet it brings so much grist to the retailers’ mills, that they all wink at “salning,” and the more unscrupulous among them openly encourage it, knowing that so long as they

as the inventors of the practice described in the text.

¹ 100 *öre* = 1 rix-dollar = 1s. 1½d.

² A *kan* is rather less than three-fifths of a gallon; 100 *kans* = 57½ Imp. gall.

¹ The *per-centages* of cases of drunkenness amongst the population have been:—In 1864, 6·10; in 1865 (the Company established at the beginning of October), 5·57; in 1866, 3·75; in 1867, 3·58; in 1868, 3·50; in 1869, 2·56; in 1870, 2·52; in 1871, 2·67; in 1872, 2·72.

² The original meaning of the word, ‘cross-trees,’ seems to point to the sailors of the port

keep within the letter of their licences, neither the Company nor the police nor anyone else has power to interfere.

The Company's last report, published in the spring of the present year, contains some facts which may fairly be said to acquit them of any complicity in the increase of drinking, which they admit and deplore. In the face of a rapid increase of the town population during the year, they shut up one of their (previously 26, now 25) public-houses. Though the wholesale price of *brännvin* was exceptionally low, they kept their public-house tariff at the same high scale as before, and indeed raised prices at their own (seven) "retail" shops; and their accounts—audited, be it remembered, by persons appointed by the municipality—show a *decrease* in the aggregate amount of their *brännvin* sales of no less than 44,050 *kans* (= 25,430 gallons) as compared with 1871.

"We have done our best," says the Company's Report; "but all our efforts are crippled while 'salning' continues, and 'salning' will continue so long as the grocer-licences remain in private hands, and are worked with a view to private profit. We are convinced that there is one remedy, and only one, for the present evil; and that is, for the municipality to undertake, or allow us on its behalf and in the interest of our fellow-townsmen to undertake, the sole and entire management of the local *retail* spirit trade, on the same terms as we already work the public-houses."

Precisely the same conclusion is expressed in several authoritative independent statements written a few months ago, from which (with the permission of the gentleman to whom they were furnished) we will venture to read a few extracts. The chief of the Gothenburg police writes:—

"My conviction, as a final judgment on the operations of the Retailing Company, is, that these have been in a high degree beneficial, and have shed blessings on the community; but that until the retailers' licences for the sale of spirits are entrusted to this same Com-

pany, a satisfactory attainment of its aims and objects cannot be arrived at."

The Bishop of Gothenburg says:—"The Company has, in my opinion, been one of the best institutions of its time for advancing the moral and economical welfare of the lower classes. The benefits which this Company have conferred on the community would certainly have been greater than what has as yet been arrived at, had the retail trade of spirituous liquors been also entrusted to this same Company."

The Dean of the Diocese certifies that—"The Company has undeniably been the means of raising the moral and economical condition of the people, by diminishing the immoderate drinking of spirits; and without doubt even better results would have been shown had the retailers' licensed trade in spirits been also entrusted to the hands of this same Company."

And the late Chairman of the Gothenburg Board of Health is of opinion that, "If the *entire* sale of *brännvin* in our community were entrusted to one retailing company, whose aim and spirit were the same which the present Company have in view, the system would in a high degree contribute to decrease drunkenness."

But the matter has not been allowed to rest in mere expressions of opinion. With a promptness hardly to have been foreseen, the Company have been placed in a position to apply the remedy indicated in their report; and the credit of originating the movement that has placed them there belongs to certain members of the very class which has furnished "salning" with most of its supporters and victims.

Last February a series of remarkable meetings was held in Gothenburg. The Working Men's Union spontaneously took this matter into consideration. For several successive evenings they earnestly discussed the question, What can be done to diminish drinking? And they ended by appointing a committee of their own members to confer with the directors of the Company on the subject. The outcome of this conference

soon appeared in the form of two clear suggestive resolutions, which were forwarded to the representatives of Gothenburg in the Diet, recommending (1) that the Company should be entrusted with all spirit licences, grocer as well as public-house; and (2) an increased excise duty on spirits, with the sure concomitant of higher retail prices. Promptly the town members acted on this electoral mandate, and with such success, that in April, after thorough examination in Committee and full parliamentary discussion, an Act was passed, by large majorities in both Houses of the Diet, in effect enabling such companies as the Gothenburg Retailing Company to acquire all the grocer licences still sold by auction to private individuals, and so to get command of the entire spirit traffic of their localities.

Here, then, at last the system is about to have, for the first time, a complete and decisive trial.

“ Nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice,”

has been its cry from the very first; and now, as soon as the new law comes into operation—which is to happen in October 1874—it must be prepared to accept the responsibility as well as the advantages of the new position of affairs, and finally stand or fall on its own merits. Meanwhile,—a noteworthy sign of the local feeling,—the authorities of Gothenburg, having every July to determine the number of grocer-licences to be sold by auction for the coming year, have this year announced their intention of putting up five-and-twenty only, as against the five-and-thirty which have for some time past been current.¹ What the Company will do with their monopoly when they have got it may be pretty well predicted from their past conduct

and expressed opinions. They will keep open only so many “grocer” spirit shops as may be competent to supply the natural (if one may so use the word) unstimulated demand of the population. They will deliberately handicap these shops by so raising their prices, that for the quart of five-and-twenty drams of *brännvin* there will be charged something like the price of five-and-twenty separate drams at the public-house, thus removing the fundamental reason and attraction of the “salning” trick: and they will do their best [to check and diminish drunkenness by nowhere within the limits of their rule allowing any forcing or encouraging of the consumption of spirits, and everywhere suggesting and facilitating moderation and good order. And that they will sooner or later win success in the battle with King Alcohol, the advances already made, in spite of hindering and counteracting forces manifold, are surely substantial enough to enable even us outsiders to feel sanguine.

Yes, as to them we may feel sanguine; but here, as we write the words, the inevitable question rises up and fronts us, “Will the system do for us? Can we suck thereout any even small advantage for our own needs?” “No—a thousand times no!” scream the uncompromising enthusiasts of the United Kingdom Alliance. “Let him that traffics at all in alcohol be Anathema Maranatha. All plans for regulating that traffic, and making it respectable, are just so many treaties with the devil. We will none of them!” However, not everybody in this island thinks with the Alliance yet. On the contrary, a considerable and increasing party of our countrymen are of opinion that, in the present stage of the liquor question in this country, it is quite on the cards that a good thing may come out of Sweden. Earl Grey thought so, when, in the House of Lords’ Committee on the Licensing Bill of last year, he proposed the addition of a dozen clauses embodying the leading principles of the Gothenburg system. Our countrymen in Scotland think so, for on the impetus given by a paper

¹ Since the above was written, the auction has taken place. After an unprecedentedly keen competition, *twenty-five* licences were disposed of for (in the aggregate) 2000*l.* more than *thirty-five* fetched last year;—a fact which points plainly enough to the largeness of the profits realized lately by the private licencees. (August 14.)

on the subject,¹ read in Glasgow last December by Mr. Carnegie of Stronvar, Edinburgh has appointed a committee expressly to inquire into the Gothenburg scheme; leaders and letters, numerous and earnest, have discussed it in newspapers from Inverness to Berwick; the General Assemblies (in May) of the three principal Church bodies of Scotland, the Presbyterian Synod, the Established, and the Free Church, have dwelt upon it with marked emphasis and approval; there have been lectures and debates; and before this last session of Parliament closed, a Bill was actually brought into the Lower House, backed by four prominent members, two from either side, styled "A Bill for placing the sale by retail of Spirituous Liquors in Scotland under local control," the effect of which, if passed, would be to empower the ratepayers of any Scotch district to hand over to a local board the entire control and management of the intoxicating liquors' traffic of the district, on principles analogous to those of the Gothenburg Company. The Bill will be re-introduced, and vigorously pushed next session, and bids fair to raise a pretty storm in the Permissive teapot; for, confined as it is to Scotland, where the prevailing drink-habits are eminently more similar to those of Sweden than is the case south of the Tweed, its provisions have a thoroughly practicable and effective look, and at the same time involve the (to an Alliance man) unpardonable sin of recognizing, while regulating, the sale and consumption of alcohol. At any rate this Scotch movement means business, and the fast-growing party originated and championed by Mr. Carnegie is only stimulated and helped by the now avowed hostility of the total abstainers. The latter, indeed, appear clearly enough to have no fancy to sit still and let the wind be taken out of their sails by a rival counterblast to drunkenness.

¹ "The Licensing Law of Sweden, and some Account of the great Reduction of Drunkenness in Gothenburg." Glasgow: Alex. Macdougall, 1873.

They may be relied upon to perform the salutary function of discovering every hole that can be picked in the system of the Gothenburgers. Only a few weeks ago a trio of lynx-eyed gentlemen paid a visit to Gothenburg, with the special object of surveying the state of things there from the teetotal standpoint. They meant to be fair, no doubt; but when a man starts with a foregone conclusion, it is not unfrequently the case that his eyes see only what seems to help towards it. On a market-day, the one day of the week when country folk from all parts of the province congregate in Gothenburg, thirsty, eager for their favourite *brännvin* with the eagerness of people who have no chance of getting it elsewhere,—for in the whole province, numbering 170,000 inhabitants, there are (excluding those of Gothenburg itself) but ten spirit shops,—on a market-day the trio visited the Company's houses, particularly those in and near the market-place,² and found—melancholy to relate!—a great deal of spirit-drinking going on there. That market-day was a Saturday. On the following Monday they attended at the police-court, and found again—just what one might have predicted—an unusual number of cases of drunkenness. Here was matter for indictment of the system, truly; but they sought something more than this. So they held a meeting—not exactly a public or representative or promiscuous meeting. Methodism has not many or important adherents in Gothenburg, and *none but total abstainers* are admitted into the Methodist body there; and this was a meeting of Methodists in the Methodists' room. Here, however, the convening three presented themselves; asked through interpreters sundry questions about the working of the Company; and ended by inviting the opinion of the meeting upon the question, "Do you wish the same system introduced into our

² One of the houses in which the most drinking is alleged to have been found stands close to some works upon which about 400 navvies are employed.

country?" To which (says the newspaper report) the greater number answered "No." Against a conclusion so gallantly won, so emphatic, and pronounced by persons so competent to give an opinion on the subject, what hope to struggle? Best, perhaps, to let it stand without note or comment.

The fact is—and this is the point to which we would especially call attention—that the very feature in the Gothenburg system which repels the Alliance is that which to others, not less earnest, not less acquainted with the matter at issue, constitutes its chief attraction. It is not a theory, it is not an idea, realizable, if ever, in some considerably distant future. It does not profess to be a radical cure, but only a practical step towards one. "Alas!" said Mr. Carnegie, at Edinburgh, a few

weeks ago,¹ "we despair of any system or any management 'stamping out' drunkenness. Our aim is to diminish it by one-half or more, and we can show by an actual experiment that our hopes of success are reasonable. Is not that worth striving for? Two men are drowning; we can only save one. Shall we refuse to save him, in the hope of being perhaps able at some indefinite future time to save two other men? I am certain, if you could see the tens of thousands who would be saved from sin and misery if this system is adopted, you would forget your principle of "all or none," and rush with us to the rescue of all we can. Let those who refuse to do so weigh well the heavy responsibility they will incur!"

W. D. R.

¹ "The Gothenburg Licensing System." A Lecture, &c., by D. Carnegie, Esq. Edinburgh: R. Grant and Son. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co., 1873.

STRAUSS AS A POLITICIAN.

DR. STRAUSS will hardly have any honour in his own country as a politician, and perhaps he ought not to be so considered elsewhere. It is true he represented his native town of Ludwigsburg for a short period in the Wurtemberg Diet, compelled at length to resign because of his Conservative views; but he has never pretended, up to the present time, to be anything more than the leader of the chivalry of doubt, in which capacity, should future generations clothe him with the clouds of mysticism he has rent asunder from other names, he may become a veritable Arthurian hero. But no apology is needed for taking a man at his own estimate, where he is so fully entitled to be measured by it, and if the process should seem ungracious, it is, at least, not unprovoked. A portion of his recent Confession, if not addressed to politicians, deals with politics in a very free and *brusque* fashion. Philosophically, the Confession would have been complete without it, as it is curiously incomplete with it, presenting us with a strong illustration of the mental oddities observable in one-sided and vigorous minds, whether their virility be logical or romantic. The natural limit of variation, of healthy excursus, is not definitely fixed, but it exists for great minds as well as for little ones, and for the special faculties of all. The rigid logician will dream when he passes its boundary, and the coy mystic will become shrewd and commonplace. Destructive critics hesitate and become feebly conservative; constructive minds leave their glory behind them, but carry their method into mild romance. Swedenborg, Comte, and Mill, each in their own way and degree, serve to show us the two sides of the boundary.

Strauss is a more novel example. A theologian by training, disposition, and profession, the temptation to touch po-

litics was irresistible. It moved him in 1848, but it mastered him when he sat down to write about the old faith and the new. Having unsettled everything else, a twinge of conscience impelled him to leave us a sphere where rigorous logic might pause, and events might be regarded with half-shut eyes. This sense of uneasiness, this desire to leave us the tortoise if he takes away the elephant, begins to be manifest in the introduction. When a critic who makes a clean sweep of religious fact and belief declares, "We wish for the present no change whatever in the world at large," we more than half suspect that some surprise is in store for us, and we prepare for arrested method, for some sop for our moral infirmity, or for some Comtean recipe for *hygiène cérébrale*. It becomes apparent that it is a good thing to go to church, though we do not believe in the sermon; and if we have, with characteristic Pantheism, elevated man into the condition of the only perfect being, we must leave him, politically, where he is, amidst the general inequality and degradation of his lot, to find room for his perfection according to "the idea of his kind," whatever that might mean when rendered into profaner language. No new Church is yet possible, the Babe is not yet even in the Manger; but a new political State, in accordance with the idea of a life restricted to threescore years and ten, concentrating all the misplaced energy directed to other-worldliness, is also impossible, is not even to be desired, is perhaps as illusory as "the old faith" which has vanished in a puff of dust, like a hazel-nut beneath the blow of a steam-hammer. We have hitherto built upwards; in future, we must not build at all. That way, Babel lies. The destruction of religion is complete. Comte thought out a sorry substitute—the worship of the *Grand Être*.

Strauss does not stoop to be so weak. The substitute exists, quite independently of anything he can say or do. For him, as "a simple citizen," it is the German Constitution, rendered a little less Liberal than it is now. Nature exists for the philosophic, stripped of all mystery, as far as he can strip it. For the common herd, there is Monarchy, exactly suited to their wants for all time. "There is," he says, "something enigmatic—nay, seemingly absurd—in monarchy; but just in this consists the *mystery of its superiority*. Every mystery appears absurd, and yet nothing in life, in the arts, or in the State, is devoid of mystery." Here, surely, the boundary was passed, and the logician lost his cunning. Substitute the word Christianity for Monarchy in the quotation, and what a reflection we have on his own elaborate destruction of mystery! In becoming political, he slips under his thought the old false bottom—if false it be—he has laboured for years to destroy. The function of mystery in religion is to hood-wink the intelligence, and so it is to be discarded; in politics, its function is to preserve an absurd enigma from the touch of unwashed hands, to deftly hide the springs of action until we may not discover the difference between a noble reality and a gaudy sham, and so it is to be preserved. We have nothing to say against Monarchy, as such; but this is a remarkable defence of it. The critic who rushes fearlessly in with scalpel and microscope, where others gaze apart with awe, waves them off with haughty hands where they have a clearer right to carry observation and logic into whatsoever lengths they may lead, without any fear of the unknown and the unresolvable.

Even here, however, Strauss has parted with his penetrating acumen. Mystery being invaluable, politically, for some inexplicable reason—though chiefly, we suppose, because it is only in this province of action and belief the unscientific boor or voter can realize and feel it when he has accepted, at second-hand, the destruction of "the old faith"—Monarchy should be the best form of

government, ideally, as all men cannot belong to the intellectual caste wherein excogitation is everything, without some immense revolutionary change. Practically, it may be best, but not ideally. We have renounced ideals in the universal relativity. As if uttering a profound truth, *ab ovo*, Strauss checks this levity. He assures us "there cannot be an absolutely best form of government." To ask the question is to put the matter wrongly; "it is equivalent to asking what is the best form of clothing." But even this question does not seem unanswerable. The best form of government has been frequently discussed, and by logicians as rigorous as Strauss. Mill discusses the question, and answers it. "The ideally best form of government, it is scarcely necessary to say," he writes, "does not mean one which is practicable or eligible in all states of civilization; but the one which, in the circumstances in which it is practicable and eligible, is attended with the greatest amount of beneficial consequences, immediate and prospective. A completely popular government is the only polity which can make out any claim to this character. It is pre-eminent in both the departments between which the excellence of a political Constitution is divided. It is both more favourable to present good government, and promotes a better and higher form of national character, than any other polity whatsoever" ("Representative Government," p. 54). This answer is satisfactory enough for most politicians, and it makes no appeal to any element of mystery, which contributes nothing to the goodness of a form of government, though frequently much to its badness. A free press is the sworn foe of mystery, besides being one of the conditions of good government. Recently, an attempt has been made to add mystery to the German Government by a new Press Bill, of which even Prince Bismarck, the reputed author, appears to have been half-ashamed. What "we" of the Confession thought is unknown, but we know what the Reichstag was ready to say, and what German journal-

ists thought about it. The weakness which has to compel silence is worse than the faith which closes its eyes in order to see better.

As already evident, Strauss is no democrat, though he democratizes Nature. His formula for the multitude appears to be—"There is a Providence in your political circumstances accept it, and desire no other." Manhood suffrage, he says, was Prince Bismarck's trump-card, "to be played against the middle-class which had plagued him so sorely during the years of struggle in the Prussian Chamber, elected under a property-qualification;" and he played it accordingly. Evil consequences have not yet arisen, but they may come. Mystery-making priests and ignorant peasants may unite. The change was neither politic nor just. Political rights and State service should run parallel. The bearing of arms is insufficient of itself to warrant the bestowal of a vote; it should be coupled with taxation, but whether direct or indirect, Strauss does not say. With class and trade taxes, as in Prussia, few voters can escape even direct taxation. Strauss wants a capable voter, like everybody else; yet he sees the impossibility of an exact gradation of rights and capacities. His ideal should be an educational franchise, but it is a property one, with payment of members thrown in as a small compensation for the withdrawal of manhood suffrage! Germany is so much more liberal than England, that it needs to be reminded of our safer historical instinct. "No English statesman dreams of abolishing" property qualifications. Perhaps not, though, strictly speaking, they have ceased to exist as sole qualifications; but let universal military service be enacted, and a new argument will have been fashioned in favour of manhood suffrage, the might of which will be almost irresistible. If a man is called upon to die for his country, he should at least be allowed to live for it. If he is to make war, he should also help to make law. His totality, as a citizen, is otherwise incomplete. He is in the nation, but not of it—a mercenary, not

a patriot—and so much power, rough and uncultivated as it may be, is abstracted from the State. Strauss starts with the idea that German unity is the result of a "politico-military movement," and he might, we think, have detected the intimate correspondence of the two forces.

Dread of socialism is at the bottom of his aversion to democracy. It leads him into contradictions. His definition of morality when he is warring against Christianity, differs from his account of it when he is upholding political petrifications. Here is the first:—"Ever remember that thou art human, not merely a natural production; ever remember that all others are human also, and, with all individual differences, the same as thou, having the same needs and claims as thyself: this is the sum and substance of morality." We do not object to this paraphrase of Kant. It is the essence of socialism, in a formula; the dogma of equality and fraternity; the gospel of revolution, in its most unobjectionable shape. But a wilder touch of transcendental socialism startles us anon. It is a new formula,—that "property is the indispensable basis of morality, as well as of culture." How, then, is morality possible to those who have no property? How, then, can we condemn the effort to share in the indispensable basis, all "having the same needs and claims?" One must be moral to acquire property by labour, one is moral in holding it by law; but one is immoral in seeking to acquire it by vast political and legal changes. Seizure is immoral, we admit; forfeiture is another matter. But was Mr. Mill immoral, as we believe he was impracticable, in wishing to tax the "unearned increment" of land, individually held, for the benefit of all? Are those persons wicked and debased, who, bringing nice ethical tests to bear on the processes whereby large properties have become individual, through the lapse or transformation of State rights, through the jugglery of manorial courts, recognise the supreme existing right of the State over all the available territory in a given

country? Communism is the practical expression of the doctrine that property and morality are interdependent. We can neither accept nor defend it. But the doctrine is just as capable of becoming a revolutionary generator as any maxim of Proudhon or Fourier. Innocent enough, it may be, with limited interpretation, so limited as to whittle away its meaning; but, as the utterance of one who is beginning the framework of "a new faith," it cannot be too severely condemned. It may become the text of a new social movement in Germany.

Modern society is in a ferment. The labouring classes desire to share more largely in the gains of their labour. Trade-Unionism is an expression of one form of this desire. It is a fatal form, according to Strauss. The effort to benefit themselves brings on the labouring classes a new curse—the curse of high prices. If they get more wages, they are able to purchase less with their gains. This is true of all classes, since the Vicar of Wakefield was passing rich on forty pounds a year. The relative share of Trade-Guilds and Trade-Unions in producing this decay of money-power, is an interesting inquiry for which Strauss has no patience. Other factors in the calculation are not even mentioned, such as the increase of population and luxurious display. The Unions have done everything; though house-rent, one of the things he cites, has gone up in Berlin since it became the capital of the German Empire, and, apparently, for no other reason. His positive statements are vexing; as when he styles the *Internationale* another form of Jesuitism, and connects the right of coalition for trade-purposes with bad Liberalism and culpable executive weakness. He is right, however, in resenting all regulations restricting individual capacity, but they are no necessary part, in our opinion, of true trade amalgamation. His fault is, that he has no sympathy with the popular constructive movement, and fails to see behind it the spirit of a progress to which as yet we can assign no positive form. With combination at one end,

and co-operation at the other, with a mild socialism in the air, and lying *perdu* in our political phrases and Christian teaching, he must indeed be hopelessly dull and Conservative who does not see that transforming influences are at work, as great as when lordly barons made treaties of peace with neighbouring towns, which became their charters of freedom and trade, or won liberty for the people in contending for their own rights against domineering kings. Industrialism has run through many phases, in common with religious belief; and if Strauss desires to assist in the further evolution of the latter, yet hopes to arrest the process in the former, because he cannot see the end thereof, or likes it not, he has not yet mastered his own darling principle, and others must disclose his imperfection, if they do not care to complete his work.

Where history might have aided him, Strauss either blunders or is unjust, tripping lightly over broken ground, or plunging into extravagant assertion. Disliking cosmopolitanism, though refining it away as manifest in Goethe and Schiller—and connecting it with Ultramontaniam, most unjustly, as the feeling is older, both in its Pagan and Christian forms—he makes his dislike the basis of a theory. "Patriotism is the sole ascent to humanitarianism." Cosmopolitanism is weakness. Then, by a spring of logic, we are invited to compare the New and the Old World on the question of national character. The people of the United States are suffering from many ills, but "one of the deepest is want of national character." Is this the result of cosmopolitanism, springing from an uncertain base, or of patriotism weakened by a too wide humanism? The citation is made, in part, to show the latter, but it shows nothing of the kind. The unwillingness of the United States to join the Geneva Convention, is one of many proofs of the absence of humanitarianism, as the heroism of the Civil War was of patriotism. We will assume the converse as intended by the reference to mixed races. But is it fair to compare

a young nation with older ones, like the German and the English? Was not Great Britain once to Europe what North America is now—the outlet for adventurous colonists? Assimilation is a work of time, and it is premature to say that the nationalities of the United States “cannot combine into a living whole.” The Irish-Americans are already beginning to assimilate, and the same will ere long be true of the Irish-Germans, perhaps of the Asiatic *protégés* of Koupmanchap. The negro, we confess, presents more obstacles. But is it true that America has no “national character”? Many of us could wish it were less distinct than it is. However, it improves, war having done as much for it as for Germany, and rather more, as it did not hurl back rival elements into more compact organization. It is Federal Republicanism which is so intolerable to Strauss's historic conscience. He fails to remember that the German Empire is a similar congeries of States—that Prussia, Saxony, and Bavaria are as separate, in one sense, as Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, or Ohio—and that no form of government is able to destroy all the outlines and inlines of human types. A Yorkshireman differs from a Cornishman, a Londoner from a Lincolnshireman, dialects and features are still preserved and traceable; and yet it is admitted there is no “want of national character,” though Defoe's description is still exact,—

“A true-born Englishman's a contradiction,
In speech an irony, in fact a fiction.”

In short, separatism is not patriotism, any more than federalism is cosmopolitanism. Perhaps national character is most marked where there is least racial ferment, as in China; but it is not the highest we can find. It may be innocent of fraternal enthusiasm, but it is not therefore most marked by intellectual energy and “deep feeling.”

“The separation of mankind into feebly organized and loosely connected federal republics” has other evils, in the judgment of Strauss. In Switzerland, as in the United States, he misses

“that flourishing condition of the higher intellectual interests” observable in Germany, and, “in some respects, in England.” Here, also, sufficient allowance is not made for age—a grave sin in a disciple of development—and no account is taken of the agencies which have favoured the intellectual progress of Germany. “We Germans are struck by something plebeian, something coarsely realistic and soberly prosaic in the culture of these republics.” It will not always be so. Bread-and-butter sciences come first; the higher ones afterwards. It was Goethe who said, “Do not imagine all is vanity, if it is not abstract thought and idea.” German unity is a thing of to-day, and it has had no influence, as yet, upon culture. Whether its influence will be good or bad, is a problem we do not undertake to discuss. How German culture assumed its present form is the real question, and much of it, perhaps its special character, is undoubtedly due to “feebly organized” and “loosely connected” States. Of political life, as we understand it in England, as it is understood in America, there was, until recently, none whatever. There was not even patriotism, in any large sense. Prince Bismarck used to say of the Army, that it was inspired “not by German but by Prussian enthusiasm.” Minute divisions stimulated intellectual abandonment, necessitated independent educational machinery; and men who had no noble political life to employ their energies became so much the more imaginative, metaphysical, and critical. This was intellectual home-sickness, as Novalis expressed it—“the wish to be everywhere at home.” To dislike cosmopolitanism, when it is the description of German genius for the last century; to dislike small and loosely-connected States when they are united under a Republican, instead of a *quasi* Republican or Imperial form of government; to compare the bloom of a young nationality with the ripe fruition of older ones, rich with the chemistry of ages; to reason from the realized results of to-day in order to connect politics and

culture by a theory which shivers at a breath, which is imposingly relative as to administrative forms and one particular nation, yet assumes to be ideal, when ideals are allusions,—is to convince us that the new faith, in the hands of its exponent, is a miserable make-shift, in its purely political aspects, afraid of its own methods, half conscience-stricken at its own negations, and perishing by what is little less than logical, unheroic suicide. We have not a word to say against the immense impetus Strauss has given to scientific theology, to rational criticism, to a legitimate collation of the Gospels—we willingly recognize the debt we owe him in these respects—but when he begins the work of re-construction on his own account, when he turns from Christian Society to political Constitutionalism, disintegrating the first, but lifting hands of adoration to the second, we are compelled to use expressions which seem harsh and ungenerous, and to adopt a style of argument which appears to combine unfair hostility with mocking impertinence, when neither the one nor the other is intended.

Theologians who do not believe in theology, and philosophers who philosophize in order to show the impossibility of philosophy, are usually intensely political. Logically, they cannot be otherwise. Human beings cannot all be working out, or watching others work out, the problem of man's physical origin. They have bread to win, competence to gain, and commonplace lives to live. They are affected by political stagnation, reaction, or progress. There is, or should be, always something to inspire and cheer them. A bad tax abolished, or a good one imposed, a change of government which gives them new power or higher responsibility, a programme which assists them in rising mentally or materially, is a matter of profound importance. What, for them, is man's evolution from the animal if they are to remain only a little higher; beasts of burden with the fine consciousness the beasts of the field do not possess? This upward progress from feeble sentience to noble will and

moral yearning, is as nothing, if it is to be arrested, by outward self-imposed restrictions, ere it is half complete; if men are to remain, in the mass, but superior members of that "immense world of musings and dumb sorrows" whence the race has been developed. Heaven has gone, with its immortality. Is earth also to go, with its possible compensations? Even so, says Strauss. The animal has become man that the major part of man may remain animal. Submission and activity, according to "the idea of its kind," is the best for each class. Existing political forms must be accepted as final. Animals struggle for existence, and develop new types. Individual man, perchance, may rise from one grade to another, by the help of natural endowment. Nations may war against each other for better boundaries. But there is a limit to political evolution—it must, or should, stop at Monarchy. To attempt modification, or expect it, as the result of slowly-moving forces, is to run counter to nature, or what he says is "divinely ordained," to pray for wings instead of using our arms. Protected by the State, the citizen owes it corresponding allegiance. But, somehow, the State becomes more than the reaction of the whole upon its parts. It may not be altered; it is something diviner than religion. A republic, we are warned, "would be *finis Briannia*,"—that is, when a virtual republic becomes a nominal one, by the consent of the majority of its citizens, all power and glory would have departed. But, surely, their departure would precede registration, as the idea or the necessity would precede accomplishment. Political death would take place before the act of burial. And if national character determines constitutional machinery, the machinery in its turn must follow any transformation of character. The doctrine of the relativity of government means this, or it has no meaning, except as pure historical scholasticism.

Strauss's whole argument demands what he is so unwilling to concede—immense political change. The con-

tinued existence of the Christian Church is admitted by him to be "an open question," and he warns us, and his friends, in his introduction, that "for a new constructive organization (not of a Church, but, after the latter's ultimate decay, a fresh co-ordination of the ideal elements in the life of nations) the times seem to us not yet ripe?" What is to ripen them? Decay in the Church, without corresponding changes in secular authority and constitution? The conflict between Rome and Berlin is significant, and may be the beginning of the end. Other forces are wondrously active. The human stream, ruddy with corpuscles, circulates into new channels. New States are rising up, like new continents, from the abyss. Old ones are suffering encroachment, submersion, and, occasionally, re-elevation. Industrial centres may shift themselves. In some instances, under man's own influence, climate may change. Solar

phenomena may disturb our most cunning calculations. But will the political history of the future be a mere fitful recrudescence? Has the doctrine of evolution come to this, that it robs man of any future whatever, divine or earthly, that shall be better than the present? If so, we welcome any illusion, any set of illusions, that will give us a pleasant dream. The descent of man may be solved, but the solution will end in a blank. A religion that "gives us working men, heaven, and nothing else," was rejected by a burly, fibrous democrat, in *Felix Holt*; but a philosophy that gives man neither heaven nor anything else in the future worth living for, and capable of stirring the heart's pulses, will be scornfully and justly rejected by all, without any distinction of class. Strauss, the politician, will have extinguished Strauss, the philosopher.

EDWIN GOADBY.

MASSON'S LIFE OF MILTON.¹

PROFESSOR MASSON'S remarkable work—remarkable alike for its ability and the unwearied industry of the author, as well as for its importance as an exhaustive treatment of a magnificent subject—is making progress. True, the present volume seems to cover but little of the ground which yet remains to be traversed in connection with the poet, but the original intention of the biographer must not be forgotten; which was to give Milton's life in its relation to all the more notable phenomena of the period of British history in which it was cast—embracing its politics, its literature, and its ecclesiastical changes. Such a task may well appear stupendous, but Mr. Masson still exhibits the same devotion and assiduity in the continuation of his *magnum opus* which was manifested on a perusal of the first volume. To all apprehension it will yet take some two or three volumes to complete the work; but if the hand do not lose its cunning, no one will regret the fact, or have to complain of a waning interest in the undertaking. The time occupied in the third volume deals with but six years of Milton's life, but those six years are not only important as regards the poet, but are amongst the most remarkable years in English history. They are the years in which was fought the greatest constitutional battle which this kingdom has ever known; and Mr. Masson needs no other justification than this for his elaborate treatment of them. All new facts which can be brought to light, and every fresh revivification of old ones, whencesoever they come, will be welcomed by the student, in their relation to this vitally

interesting period. Notwithstanding the brilliant passages in which Macaulay has dealt with the great struggle of King *versus* People in the seventeenth century, and notwithstanding the calm philosophic spirit which Hallam has brought to bear upon it, we feel that there is nothing in the volume now under consideration of which we would willingly be deprived.

The scope of the whole work, respecting which it will be *à propos* to say something here, is prodigious, and the method of the historian of the broadest and most comprehensive character. Remembering the basis upon which the Life was commenced, it cannot be matter of surprise that Mr. Masson's labours should prove to be of a more gigantic description than was originally expected. And yet we challenge any critic to say what portion of the three volumes already published could have been spared, or sensibly diminished, if justice was to be done to the great theme in all its aspects. A less conscientious or less painstaking biographer might have hurried rapidly over scenes which Mr. Masson has carefully elaborated; but the result would have been this—that we should still have been compelled to look elsewhere for that wide and full combination of history and biography which was completely wanting till the appearance of this work. The world wants in connection with Milton—much more even than it does in connection with Shakspeare—a written record that is "not for an age but for all time." Had Milton been a private individual, a much more restricted biography would have been sufficient; but the fact remains that not only did he play a most conspicuous part in the social and political history of his country, but that even his poetry bore the impress of the stirring times in which he lived. Mr.

¹ "The Life of John Milton: narrated in connection with the Political, Ecclesiastical, and Literary History of his Time." By David Masson, M.A., LL.D. Vol. iii. London: Macmillan and Co.

Masson has amply and conscientiously demonstrated this point. It may be assumed without fear of contradiction that had this work appeared under a more general title (which in strict accordance with its sweep it perhaps deserves) it would have been welcomed as a piece of history worthy to take rank with almost any other great historical efforts of recent generations. There is naturally some difficulty in the nomenclature of such an undertaking as this. Whether we regard it as a biography of Milton, as a political history of his time, or as a history of its literature, it is equally full, important, and worthy of consideration. The survey of English literature to be found in the first volume is not only one of the most admirable pieces of writing of its kind which we have, but of the highest value as regards fact and criticism. Beginning with a review of the works of Ben Jonson, we are led down through the Elizabethan dramatists, the Spenserian school of poetry, the metaphysical and religious writers, the pulpit celebrities and others, till we come to the days of Clarendon, and the brilliant clique of his period. Then, regarding the volume in another light, what could be more interesting than that portion of it which gives the record of Milton's own life? The story of his youth and college career is of the most deeply entertaining character, and Mr. Masson shows us how, by the defeat of a project for bringing up Milton to the Church, England was probably saved from the loss of one of her greatest poets. As to the biographical sketches in the volume, note how carefully and minutely they are painted, with not a scintillation of prejudice. Even Archbishop Laud—with whose views Mr. Masson could never have the slightest sympathy—is drawn with the utmost conscientiousness, the touches being most truthful, and the whole portrait being executed without the slightest tinge of bitterness. The second volume is written, too, with the same elaborateness and breadth of method as the first. Here we get, in addition to the biography and the general history,

an exhaustive statement respecting English Presbyterianism and English Independency, showing unwearied research on the part of the compiler. For the fulness with which these subjects alone are treated, this portion of the work is most invaluable. The biographical part of the volume brings us down to the period of Milton's marriage, after having recapitulated his pamphlets against Episcopacy, and detailed their arguments, the summary of these literary effusions being accompanied by copious and necessary extracts from the pamphlets themselves. The history proper deals with the Scottish Presbyterian Revolt, the sitting of the Long Parliament, and the meeting of the Westminster Assembly. Such is a very brief statement of what has been accomplished in the first two volumes, and it is impossible to see how, having once set himself to the task of dealing with his subject in the broadest possible manner as the only one befitting its dignity, Mr. Masson could have receded or retrenched in any degree.

Having arrived, however, at the close of this third volume, at a natural resting-stage, both in national and personal events, it is our present purpose to note briefly what has been done in such instalment. To those who may demur that they are at times unable to trace the connection between the historical and biographical part of this work, the answer of Mr. Masson will, we think, be tolerably conclusive. As we have already in effect remarked, the relation of events in the national history to Milton may not always be apparent, but as he was very largely moulded by the times in which he lived, we cannot accurately gauge his character without having a clear understanding of the social and political history of the period. Besides, in the years when Milton had not come to the front as a public person—except in the way of helping on the triumph of the cause of the people and of progress by the publication of his powerful pamphlets—the education of the man was silently going on; the education, we

mean, in understanding and comprehending humanity, the human life which surrounded him, and in whose struggles it was impossible for him to maintain an eternal silence. Though we may not adequately perceive it, his connection with the important series of events which led to the death of King Charles must have been of a close and operative character.

It is in the brief space of time with which we have to deal, that the foundations were deeply laid for the ultimate recognition of the great principle of Liberty of Conscience. And in judgments of this time it would be well for those who charge the leaders of the Commonwealth with too great harshness, to remember that the struggle was a deadly one. Whatever opinion may be held as to the treatment accorded to King Charles, that circumstance is but a secondary matter and a consequence upon facts which are far greater in significance. It will not be denied that Prelacy was largely responsible for the vengeance which overtook the Royalists: in fact, had not Prelacy thrown in its entire weight with tyranny and in many respects led the way for it, the great encounter between Divine Right and Freedom might have been postponed for some generations. Come it must, at some time or other; there never was the slightest sign of an approximation towards agreement between the rival forces. Each step taken by the leaders on both sides widened the breach: the distinguished thinkers of the popular party made advances in toleration which but a few years before would have filled even themselves with astonishment; whilst the Prelatists and Royalists, alarmed at what they considered the progress of infidelity and the uprooting of the bases of society, entrenched themselves in arrogant positions, and showed in every movement a greater repugnance to treat with their opponents. The story is wonderfully interesting; it never loses its freshness. With all the gloom of the civil war there still remains a glory in connection with the great Revolution, which is one of

the noblest lights of England's history. The basis of the struggle was not a narrow one; it was no mere misrepresentation or misunderstanding; it was not found in a single isolated act of tyranny: it was a war between powers of great magnitude; and if we ask now why the people succeeded, we find the answer in the fact that, in the long run, reason must always overcome prejudice. Something, also, is due to be said for the heroes who took part in the struggle. They were animated, as a whole, by no vulgar desire for personal aggrandizement; it is a splendid tribute to them to see many men of almost unexampled learning and parts banded together without a traitor or self-seeker amongst them—banded together, not alone to assert their own rights of conscience, but to establish within secured limits the principle of freedom for succeeding generations. At this distance we are able to perceive wherein lay the strength of the men of the Commonwealth. Their piety, for which they have often been taunted, was more liberal than piety too often is, and did not degenerate into persecution, imagining that it could not endure unless it established itself in fear and the subjection of all dissentients. Add to this their burning love of freedom and their directness of aim, a grand singleness of purpose, and there is little need to travel further in order to understand the phenomena of that most eventful political era.

The present volume opens with the Westminster Assembly in session, in July 1643. The Assembly was engaged in revising the Articles; a business, however, suspended for a more momentous matter, viz., the passing of the Solemn League and Covenant. This was a document drawn up by Alexander Henderson, for the purpose of linking the Scottish and English nations in a permanent civil and religious alliance. It had some important issues: it purged the Assembly of persons inimical to reform, and brought assistance to the deliberations in the persons of the Scotch Commissioners. It was not long before the great contest, Presbyterian

government or Congregationalism, arose in the Assembly, a contest lying essentially between two principles of Church organization. The Independents supported the one which gave to every individual body of Christians a separate ecclesiastical organism, entitled to elect its pastor and officers, to admonish and to excommunicate; with no jurisdiction resident elsewhere, though acknowledging the benefits to be derived from mutual counsel; whilst the Presbyterians held to the parochial system, with Synods and a General Assembly for the whole Church. The Independents, finding that they were weak in the Assembly, in voting power at any rate, issued an appeal, before a final decision was taken, to Parliament and public opinion, in the shape of a tract signed by five of the leading members of their body. Meanwhile, other work was in progress in Parliament, which was engaged in ejecting "scandalous and malignant ministers"—that is, ultra-royalist ministers. Contemporary High Churchmen described the measures taken as "a ruthless persecution and spoliation of all the best, the most venerable, and the most learned of the clergy of England;" but the historian, who is able to take a more impartial view, finds that the "purgation" of these individuals so objectionable to Parliament was accomplished with comparatively little injustice, considering the difficulty of the task. Even one injured man has always the power to raise a considerable tempest over his wrongs.

At this juncture the war was still going on, but with inconsiderable damage to both sides. Essex seems to have been deficient in the best qualities of a commander-in-chief, and the time had not yet come for him to be shelved. However, the Scottish army, which had been dilatory in its preparations, was now ready to march. The winter of 1643 was unusually severe, and bore a striking resemblance to that of 1872-3 in suffering a coal-famine. A good fire, it appears, was a dainty in London, and in order to meet the need an en-

gineer invented what he considered to be a good substitute for coal. It is this, in case we should be again in the miserable plight we have lately passed through:—"If you take brick-dust and mortar, sawdust, or the like, and make up paste-balls thereof, mingled with the dust of sea-coal or Scotch coal, and with stable-litter, you will have a fuel much more economical than coal itself." The entry of the Scots into England solved the coal problem by reopening the traffic between Newcastle and London.

The Covenant became stringent throughout England; everybody took it, including a few peers, the Earl of Bridgewater and others, who at first threatened to prove refractory. The great John Pym, sometimes called "King Pym," died at the close of 1643, just when the Scots were expected to arrive. He had a magnificent funeral in Westminster Abbey, both Lords and Commons attending to do honour to one who had shed a lustre upon his age.

A momentous year was this same year 1643 to Milton, fraught with household bitterness. He had been married but a few months when we find him longing for a divorce. Professor Masson has laboured assiduously and conscientiously to clear up this painful episode. For our own part, we incline strongly to his opinion, that to a nature like Milton's, unsuitability and lack of quick sympathy would make the marriage tie well-nigh unendurable. His great complaint was inability for "fit and matchable conversation;" and in the introduction to his *Treatise* he says: "He that by adventuring shall be so happy as with success to ease and set free the minds of ingenuous and apprehensive men from this needless thralldom; he that can prove it lawful and just to claim the performance of a fit and matchable conversation no less essential to the prime scope of marriage than the gift of bodily conjunction, or else to have an equal plea of divorce as well as for that corporal deficiency; he that can but lend us the clue that winds out this labyrinth of servitude to such a reasonable and

expedient liberty as this—deserves to be reckoned amongst the public benefactors of civil and human life, above the inventors of wine and oil." This extract abundantly proves that it was an absence of adaptability and a non-communion of mind and spirit between the two persons joined in marriage bonds which caused him to put forth his famous Treatise. The agony which Milton endured could have been no slight or temporary feeling: his nature was deep and sensitive, and the want of sympathy and communion was as disastrous to his soul as would be the deprivation of light and air to the body. This much should be grasped in considering this melancholy epoch in his career. And she, too, the partner of his life, the Oxfordshire girl of seventeen, must also be pitied. Sad indeed must it have been for her. At this distance of time we can have but one feeling, that of profound sympathy for the two. It was not to be expected that when once Milton had taken up a subject he would let it fall from remembrance by neglect. Accordingly, in this matter of Divorce we find he grew bolder, and brought out a second edition of his Treatise, addressing it "To the Parliament of England and the Assembly." The author's idea of the greatness of his enterprise, as his biographer points out, had grown and grown the more he brooded on it. One side of the question he appears to have insufficiently considered, and that is the position of the wife in the matter. He obviously considers that the right of divorce is a purely personal one pertaining to the husband if he choose to exercise it. His honesty was undoubted, and he had a wholesome contempt for the kind of criticism which charged him with "sapping the foundations of society." But there can be no doubt, we think, after perusing the extracts from the tracts which Mr. Masson gives, that Milton arrogated a superior power to the man as being higher than the woman. Into the whole controversy, however, we cannot enter here; nor is there any necessity so to do, and we leave it with

the single remark that the biographer has treated it in the most judicious, and, to our thinking, satisfactory manner.

The second book of the history increases in interest, dealing as it does with one of the most prominent events of the Civil War, the battle of Marston Moor. In the year 1644, though London was almost universally Presbyterian, the case was wholly different in the country and in the army. With regard to the latter, Baillie laments that "the Independents have so managed matters that more than two-thirds of the officers are Independents." At least this was quite true as regards Manchester's forces, and the head of the army Independents was Lieutenant-General Cromwell, who was already spoken of as "the great Independent." After Manchester had been to Cambridge University on a visit of purgation (amongst the ejected heads of colleges being the grandfather of Laurence Sterne, of "Tristram Shandy" fame), he set out in May, accompanied by Cromwell, to join his forces to those of Fairfax and the Scots, then about to besiege the Marquis of Newcastle in York. Prince Rupert compelled them to raise the siege, and joining his army with the Marquis's garrison, the Prince offered battle on Marston Moor. This was the bloodiest engagement of the whole war, the numbers slain being upwards of four thousand in three hours. The result, as regards Cromwell, was of the highest moment. Speaking of the enemy afterwards, he said, "God gave them as stubble to our swords." The news could not be suppressed that it was mainly owing to Cromwell that the victory had been achieved. His star was in the ascendant, and do what they would the Presbyterians could not obscure its splendour. Concurrently with the progress of the popular cause is noted the spread of the idea of Toleration; and we find that shortly after the battle of Marston Moor the Parliament and the Assembly were to set themselves to the consideration of two subjects—the principle of Toleration and

the English Sects and Sectaries. Upon the growth of the modern idea of Toleration, Professor Masson well says :—

“Hallam finds it in the ‘Utopia’ of Sir Thomas More (1480—1535), and in the harangues of the Chancellor l’Hôpital of France (1506—1573); and there may have been others. But the history of the idea, as a practical or political notion, lies within a more precise range. Out of what, within Europe of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, was the practical form of the idea bred? Out of pain, out of suffering, out of persecution: not pain inflicted constantly on one and the same section of men, or on any two opposed sections alternately; but pain revolving, pain circulated, pain distributed, till the whole round of the compass of sects had felt it in turn, and the only principle of its prevention gradually dawned on the common consciousness! In every persecuted cause, honestly conducted, there was a throe towards the birth of this great principle. Every persecuted cause claimed at least a toleration for itself from the established power; and so, by a kind of accumulation, the cause that had been last persecuted had more of a tendency to toleration in it, and became practically more tolerant, than the others. This, I think, might be proved. The Church of England was more tolerant than the Church of Rome, and Scottish Presbyterianism or Scottish Puritanism was more tolerant (though the reverse is usually asserted) than the Church of England prior to 1640. Not to the Church of England, however, nor to Scottish Presbyterianism, nor to English Puritanism at large, does the honour of the first perception of the full principle of Liberty of Conscience, and its first assertion in English speech, belong. That honour has to be assigned, I believe, to the Independents generally, and to the Baptists in particular.”

The whole chapter in which this subject of Toleration is dealt with is one of engrossing interest, and testifies again to the compiler's industry. It appears that in a Confession, or Declaration of Faith, put forth in 1611 by the English Baptists in Amsterdam, there occurs this article :—“The magistrate is not to meddle with religion, or matters of conscience, nor compel men to this or that form of religion; because Christ is the King and Lawgiver of the Church and Conscience.” This is said to be the first expression of the absolute principle of Liberty of Conscience categorically expressed by any body of Christians; and it must be admitted that we have scarcely got so far in

toleration in this present year eighteen hundred and seventy-three. One thing is especially remarkable about the period of this portion of Mr. Masson's history, and that is the great mental activity which prevailed. Pamphlets, books, and tracts were poured forth containing learning and eloquence fully equal to those of later times, and controversies were conducted with singular skill. Occasionally equivocal terms were used in the religious discussions which had both touches of humour and of bitterness in them, as in the case of Mr. Thomas Hill, one of the select preachers before the Houses of Parliament. Denouncing Toleration, he reminded Parliament that all tendency to that way of thinking was unfaithfulness to the Covenant, and that “to set the door so wide open as to tolerate all religions would be to make London an Amsterdam, and would certainly lead to Amsterdammation!” In giving the details of the religious contentions, Mr. Masson interlineates his matter with pleasant sketches of Roger Williams, Goodwin, and other well-known leaders of religious bodies; and he also furnishes excellent summaries of the doctrines of many of the sects. In the Familists we appear to have had Pantheists, for they held that “in all things, angels, devils, men, women, there is but one spirit of life, which absolutely and essentially is God;” “that nothing is everlasting but the life and essence of God which now is in all creatures;” whilst in the Soul-Sleepers, or Moralists, we appear to have had Materialists. They held that body and soul were one mortality, and that the notion of a soul as an essence distinct from the bodily organism was a delusion. Curious details of other sects follow. Vagaries of this description were naturally very offensive to the Assembly, and we accordingly find the divines entering into a war against them. Nine special offenders were set forth to be punished, amongst them being “Mr. John Milton, of Aldersgate Street.” The Independents in the Assembly, to whom these proceedings were distasteful, were not strong enough to

prevent them ; but luckily, just when the Presbyterians were dealing successfully as they thought with the Sectaries and Tolerationists, in strode Oliver Cromwell for their deliverance. The result was that an Accommodation Order was passed for the benefit of the offenders. It immediately became seen that, instead of quarrelling over beliefs, it would be far better if Parliament and the Assembly would consult as to the safety of the nation. Accordingly the army was readjusted, and Cromwell got his point of shelving Manchester, and the appointment of Fairfax as commander-in-chief. Shortly before this, Laud had been brought to trial and executed on Tower Hill. "He died brave, raspy, and High Church to the last." The year 1645 opened with brighter prospects for the party of the people.

We have seen that Milton was denounced amongst the Sectaries, and held to be a very dangerous person. Little, however, did he fear that, but went on his own course, true to his conscience in everything. We now find him, amongst other works, issuing a Tract upon Education, in which he gave utterance to the most enlightened views. His scheme was exceedingly elaborate, embracing all branches of learning for the various stages of age. It was also his object to make education in his proposed Academy as good for war as for peace ; "and therefore he would blend the Spartan discipline with the Athenian culture." The plan was not only in advance of the conceptions of his own time, but also, in some points, of ours. Dr. Johnson, who, however, as is well known, scarcely ever did justice to Milton in anything, criticised the plan for a Reformed Education inimically. The simple fact, as we can see now, is that the scheme was too good. With many classes of intellect, or deficiency of intellect, it would be a failure ; but it stands as another monument of the liberality of that mind which was ever yearning to advance freedom, truth, and knowledge. As Mr. Masson himself remarks on this matter :—

"That in Milton's scheme which is now obsolete is its determinate intertwining of the whole business of the acquisition of knowledge with the process of reading in other languages than the vernacular. This taken out of the Scheme, all the rests lasts, and is as good now, and perhaps as needful, as it was in Milton's time. Above all, the whole moral glow that pervades the *Tract on Education*, the mood of magnanimity in which it is conceived and written, and the faith it inculcates in the powers of the young human spirit if rightly nurtured and directed, are merits everlasting."

This Education topic is one upon which we should much like to dwell, and on which possibly many things could be broached of general interest in the present position of affairs in England, but we must forbear.

Shortly after the issue of his Tract came an attack upon Milton by Mr. Herbert Palmer before the two Houses of Parliament. Mr. Palmer waxed hot against Toleration, and declared that Mr. Milton's tract on Divorce richly deserved burning by the hangman. This attack was succeeded by a complaint against the poet for infringing the rules of the Stationers' Company by publishing his works without authorization, contrary to the express ordinance of Parliament. The result was that another Ordinance was passed forbidding unlicensed printing. This, however, the author defied, and the Committee of Investigation decided to let him alone. But the incident was not without good fruit. It led to one of the finest bursts of Milton's eloquence. For splendid writing few of his prose works can compare with the "Areopagitica," a speech for the liberty of unlicensed printing. Mr. Masson admits this, though he says he has sometimes been angry at the choice of this alone, by most persons, when speaking of Milton as a prose writer, as his most prominent work. The fact remains, however, that it is a rare specimen of concentrated power and literary skill. He saw the importance of books to the Commonwealth. "Books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a potency of life in them to be as active as that soul whose progeny they are. As good almost kill a man as kill a

good book. Who kills a man kills a reasonable creature—God's image; but he who destroys a good book kills reason itself—kills the image of God, as it were, in the eye. Many a man lives a burden to the earth; but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life." Thus he eloquently pleads for what has been one of the most effective humanizers and regenerators of the world. His whole arguments and declamation are close and sustained, and the pamphlet gives in its course some inkling of the extensive studies which had occupied Milton. Confirmation is also afforded in its pages of the fact that he had completely broken from Presbyterianism, and lamented its sway in the Westminster Assembly. It is impossible to resist quoting one extract exhibiting keen satire of the notion that we should have appointed "ministers" or "custodians" of religion. Milton had progressed very far in an independency unknown to the Independents, if we are to judge from this, in regard to "being religious by deputy":—

"There is not any burden that some would gladder post off to another than the charge and care of their religion. There be—who knows not that there be?—of Protestants and professors who live and die in as arrant and implicit faith as any lay Papist of Loretto. A wealthy man, addicted to his pleasure and profits, finds religion to be a traffic so entangled, and of so many piddling accounts, that of all mysteries he cannot skill to keep a stock going in that trade. What should he do? Fain he would have the name to be religious; fain he would bear up with his neighbours in that. What does he therefore but resolves to give over toiling, and to find himself out some factor, to whose care and credit he may commit the whole managing of his religious affairs: some Divine of note and estimation, *that* must be. To him he adheres; resigns the whole warehouse of his religion, with all the locks and keys, into his custody; and indeed makes the very person of that man his Religion—esteems his associating with him a sufficient evidence and commendatory of his own piety. So that a man may say his religion is now no more within himself, but is become a dividual movable, and goes and comes near him according as that good man frequents the house. He entertains him, gives him gifts, feasts him, lodges him; his Religion comes home at night, prays, is liberally supt and sumptuously laid to sleep, rises, is saluted;

and, after the malmsey or some well-spiced brewage, and better breakfasted than He whose morning appetite would have gladly fed on green figs between Bethany and Jerusalem, his Religion walks abroad at eight, and leaves his kind entertainer in the shop, trading all day without his Religion."

There is a vein of no common humour running through this passage which would have been well employed in dealing with a similar prostitution of religion in our own day. The tradesman now too frequently ignores his religion after Sunday is over, and appears on the Monday, or ought to appear, to summonses charging him with the adulteration of substances, food and otherwise, which he is in the habit of vending. It would also have been instructive to read Milton's views on the religious differences and difficulties of the day, if, indeed, he could have retained sufficient composure to deal with them.

We will not linger longer over this portion of the biography than to give the following specimen of Milton's fine, nervous eloquence from the "*Areopagitica*," in which he defends the existing Sects, and pursues manfully his pleadings for "a grander Toleration." It is such lofty writing as this which has given him pre-eminence in a field even where he has not won his richest laurels:—

"By all concurrence of signs, and by the general instinct of holy and devout men, as they daily and solemnly express their thoughts, God is decreeing to begin some new and great period in his Church, even to the reforming of Reformation itself. What does He then but reveal himself to his servants, and, as his manner is, first to us Englishmen—I say, as his manner is, first to us, though we mark not the method of his counsels and are unworthy? Behold now this vast City, a city of refuge, the mansion-house of Liberty, encompassed and surrounded with his protection. The shop of War hath not there more hammers and anvils working, to fashion out the plates and instruments of armed Justice in defence of beleaguered Truth, than be pens and heads there, sitting by their studious lamps, musing, searching, revolving new notions and ideas, wherewith to present, as with their homage and fealty, the approaching Reformation: others are fast reading, trying all things, assenting to the force of reason and conviction. What could a man require more from a Nation so pliant and so

prone to seek after knowledge? What wants there to such a towardly and pregnant soil but wise and faithful labourers, to make a knowing people, a nation of prophets, of sages, and of worthies? . . . Where there is much desire to learn, there of necessity will be much arguing, much writing, many opinions; for Opinion in good men is but Knowledge in the making. Under these fantastic terrors of Sect and Schism we wrong the earnest and zealous thirst after knowledge and understanding which God hath stirred up in this city. What some lament of, we rather should rejoice at, should praise rather this pious forwardness among men to reassume the ill-deputed care of their Religion into their own hands again.

. . . As in a body, when the blood is fresh, the spirits pure and vigorous, not only to vital, but to rational faculties, and those in the acutest and the pertest operations of art and subtlety, it argues in what good plight and constitution the body is, so, when the cheerfulness of the people is so sprightly up as that it has not only wherewith to guard well its own freedom and safety but to spare, and to bestow upon the solidest and sublimest points of controversy and new invention, it betokens us not degenerated, nor drooping to a fatal decay, but casting off the old and wrinkled skin of corruption to outlive these pangs and wax young again, entering the glorious ways of Truth and prosperous virtue, destined to become great and honourable in these latter ages. Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks; methinks I see her as an eagle renewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full mid-day beam; purging and unsealing her long-abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance, while the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds, with those also that love the twilight, flutter about, amazed at what she means, and in their envious gabble would prognosticate a year of Sects and Schisms."

Milton's trouble with the Stationers was revived again, but ultimately dismissed by the Lords; and we speedily find him following up his previous Divorce tracts by two other treatises entitled the "Tetrachordon" and the "Colasterion." The former is specially interesting now, beyond the purpose for which it was written, as indicating Milton's opinions on two topics of current controversy—Woman's Rights and Teetotalism and the Permissive Bill. The great poet held the doctrine of woman's inferiority to man; but it would be contrary to his nature to be illiberal, and accordingly we find him saying:

"Man is not to hold woman as a servant, but receives her into a part of that empire which God proclaims him to, though not equally, yet largely, as his own image and glory; for it is no small glory to him that a creature so like him should be made subject to him. Not but that particular exceptions may have place—if she exceed her husband in prudence and dexterity, and he contentedly yield; for then a superior and more natural law comes in—that the wiser should govern the less wise, whether male or female." On the second point there are passages in the treatise which defend by implication a Permissive Bill to drink, and not a Permissive Bill to prevent drinking. The biographer says, justly we think, that Milton's principle of liberty would have bound him to oppose a Bill in the sense generally understood, though he would perhaps have done so reluctantly. In the "Colasterion," the acute pamphleteer administered a sound castigation to his critics.

The third book of the history treats of the Long Parliament and the Westminster Assembly, with the successes of the New Model, as the newly reconstituted army was called. It speedily showed that it was an organization by no means to be laughed at, and its proceedings reached the culminating point with the battle of Naseby. The romantic episode of Montrose's doings in Scotland is told in such style as to beget a lively interest in the narration on the part of the reader. The story is certainly one of the most singular in history, and the meteor-like appearance of the Scotch warrior is only equalled by his meteor-like disappearance. The fickleness of fortune was never more strikingly exemplified. The King's flight to the Scots, with the negotiations at Newcastle, can only be referred to, the details being sufficiently familiar to all readers of history. The biographical portion of the book brings us to the reconciliation of Milton with his wife, the negotiations to this end having been conducted with delicacy and cleverness, the reunion nipping in the

but the poet's project of a second marriage. What is of more interest to the literary student, perhaps, is the appearance in 1645 of Milton's first collection of Poems, the songs in which were set to music by Henry Lawes. This volume consisted of two parts; the first containing English Poems—*Comus*, the *Ode to the Nativity*, *L'Allegro*, *Il Penseroso*, &c.; and the second the Latin poems. The motto he chose for the volume was both graceful and yet indicated the hope which animated him in the midst of other compositions:—

“Some green thing round the brow,
Lest ill tongues hurt the poet yet to be.”

The printer of the poems, Moseley, appears to have been a man of considerable prescience, for we find him saying in a preface to the volume—“Let the event guide itself which way it will, I shall deserve of the age by bringing into the light as true a birth as the Muses have brought forth since our famous Spenser wrote; whose poems in these English ones are as rarely imitated as sweetly excelled. Reader, if thou art eagle-eyed to censure their worth, I am not fearful to expose them to thy exactest perusal.” It was about this time that the poet wrote his anti-Presbyterian Sonnet, and in this well-known severe punishment of Edwards and Baillie—to whom some reminder of the kind had long been due—we find the stinging assurance that “New Presbyter is but Old Priest writ large.” Domestic details of the Powell family, and of the poet's life in Barbican, complete one of the most agreeable divisions of the volume.

From 1646 to January 1649, the principal object of English history was of course the belligerent Charles, and accordingly the last important book of Mr. Masson's volume deals with the closing vicissitudes of his life. The King's intrigues, which, as might be expected from a Stuart, were proceeding with two opposite parties at the same time, occupy a large portion of the narrative, together with the efforts of the

Queen, conducted from France. Charles's surrender by the Scots to the captivity of Holmby House, his subsequent abduction by Joyce and his negotiations while at Hampton Court, are succinctly narrated, and, considering the weightiness of the matters involved, inclosed within small compass of words and sentences. It seemed occasionally, even at the eleventh hour of the struggle, as though the Commonwealth would be wrecked, partly through the ignorance and partly through the folly of its professed friends and supporters. The City tumults belonged to those things which rank between a blunder and a crime, hard to define as either, and partaking a little of the nature of both. Many of the best Presbyterians, whose interests they were intended to serve, were disgusted with these proceedings, and withdrew from what they felt to be mob-dictation. Fairfax arriving in London, however, the Houses were reinstated, and severe measures taken against some of the offenders. The Lord Mayor and four Aldermen were impeached and imprisoned, and the arrest and indictment of twelve other persons for high treason was ordered. Amongst the ringleaders in the outrage on the two Houses was a “Mr. John Milton, junior;” but nothing was eventually done in this matter, it being only desired to exercise a little salutary terror over the minds of the inhabitants of London. In the matter of the Army Proposals, and the Nineteen Propositions of the Parliament, which Charles played off against each other, Cromwell steered a middle and statesmanlike course. Suspicions, meanwhile, were thrown out against the great Commoner, and Lilburne, the Leveller, threatened to pull him down summarily from the great height he had already attained. Cromwell preserved his equanimity, and in a letter written at this period, said—“Though it may be, for the present, a cloud may lie over our actions to those who are not acquainted with the grounds of them, yet we doubt not but God will clear our integrity and innocence from any other ends we aim at

but His Glory and the Public Good." Triumphant in the Second Civil War, there was no room left for carping against Cromwell, though, during its progress, as Mr. Masson says, he fought with the rope round his neck, if ever general did. On him had depended the great question whether Royalism should again lift up its head in England, and if the King had succeeded, his eminence had marked him out as the first object of vengeance. But failure was not to be; the word had never hitherto found a place in Cromwell's vocabulary, and it would ill beseeem him to spell out its disastrous characters now. The King was beaten, and shortly afterwards we find the House adopting that important document known as the Grand Army Remonstrance. Important events rapidly succeeded each other; the King was recalcitrant; the Commons could not and would not give way; and, finally, came the grand tragedy, the trial and execution of the Monarch. This is an event upon which we shall not dilate, for are not the details thereof to be found in the books of the historians, with every shade of colour attributed to the deed, according to the bias of the writer? Some have pictured it in the most glowing terms, whilst others have thrown upon it the blackest and most damnable of colours. What most interests us now in connection with it is the fact that whilst the sentenced King was at St. James's, Milton had commenced a pamphlet justifying the execution of the King. He set himself to establish the proposition that it had always been lawful, through all time, for any who had the power to call a tyrant to account, to depose him, and, if necessary, to execute him, if the Magistrate whose duty it was had failed to do so. The pamphlet was not finished, however, before King Charles died on the scaffold at Whitehall.

The last glimpses we have of the poet himself in this instalment of the biography are obtained in times of trouble for the Barbican household. The Powells, who had been resident with him, had fallen into great difficulties, and by and

by came the death of his wife's father. Mr. Powell had not been long buried before there was another funeral in which Milton was even more deeply concerned, namely, that of his own father. Partly for its value as a sketch, and partly as a fair specimen of Mr. Masson's literary execution, we append this portrait of Mr. Milton, senior, confident that it will be perused with genuine pleasure:—

"Who can part with this father of one of the greatest of Englishmen without a last look of admiration and respect? Nearly fifty years ago, in the last years of Elizabeth's reign, we saw him, an 'ingenious man' from Oxfordshire, detached from his Roman Catholic kindred there, and setting up in London in the business of scrivenerish, with music for his private taste and a name of some distinction already among the musicians and composers of his time. Then came the happy days of his married life in Bread Street, all through James's reign, his business prospering and music still his delight, but his three surviving children growing up about him and his heart full of generous resolves for their education, and especially of pride in that one of them on whose high promise teachers and neighbours were always dilating. Then to Cambridge University went this elder son, followed in time by the younger, the father consenting to miss their presence, and instructing them to spare no use of his worldly substance for their help in the paths they might choose. It had been somewhat of a disappointment to him when, after seven years, the elder had returned from the University with his original destination for the Church utterly forsworn, and with such avowed loathings for the whole condition of things in Church and State as seemed to bar the prospect of any other definite profession. There had been the recompense, indeed, of that son's graceful and perfected youth, of the haughty nobleness of soul that blazed through his loathings, and of his acquired reputation for scholarship and poetry. And so, in the country retreat at Horton, as age was beginning to come upon the good father, and he was releasing himself from the cares of business, how pleasant it had been for him, and for the placid, invalid mother, to have their elder son wholly to themselves, their one daughter continuing meanwhile in London after her first husband's decease, and their younger son also mainly residing there for his law-studies. What though the son so domiciled with them was growing up to manhood, still without a profession, still absorbed in books and poetry, doing exactly as he liked, and in fact more the ruler of them than they were of him? Who could interfere with such a son, and why had God given them abundance but that such a son might have the leisure he desired? All in all, one cannot doubt that those years of re-

tirement at Horton had been the most peaceful on which the old man could look back. But those years had come to an end. The sad spring of 1637 had come; the invalid wife had died, and he had been left in widowhood. Little in the ten years of his life since then but a succession of shiftings and troubles! For a while still at Horton, sauntering about the church and in daily communion with the grave it contained, his younger son and that son's newly-wedded wife coming to keep him company while the elder was on his travels. Then, after the elder son's return, the outbreak of the political tumults, and the sad convulsion of everything. In this convulsion his two sons had taken opposite sides, the elder ever treasuring up wrath against himself by his vehement writings for the Parliamentarians. How should an old man judge in such a case? The Horton household now broken up, he had gone for a time with Christopher and his wife to Reading, but only to be tossed back to London and the safer protection of John. . . . His Bible and music-books left in his room may have been the mementoes of his last occupations. He was buried March 15, 1646-7, in the chancel of the church of St. Giles, Cripplegate, not far from Barbican; and the entry, '*John Milton, gentleman, 15,*' among the 'Burialls in March, 1646,' may be still looked at with interest in the registers of that parish."

Amongst other biographical sketches with which the volume is interspersed is one of the celebrated Alexander Henderson, an especial favourite of the author, and a man who really seems to have been worthy of the high admiration bestowed upon him. But the author has a special gift in bringing

before us the persons with whom he has to deal by a few simple, powerful strokes, which leave an indelible impression upon the mind, and by whose aid we obtain more knowledge of the characters than could frequently be gained by the close study of professed biographies.

Such is a brief glance at the more important portions of the new addition to Professor Masson's work, which is written with all his well-known lucidity and clearness of diction. If we had any objection at all to take to his style it would be that now and then, in striving after simplicity, he descends to the colloquial. But on the whole he rises to the dignity of his theme. Enthusiasm for his subject, without which no good biography can ever be written, Mr. Masson possesses in abundance, besides, perhaps, more knowledge of the time of which he is writing than any other person living: The further prosecution and completion of his task cannot fail to be followed with unflagging interest. The final result will be such as may well satisfy the author: he will not only have achieved the apotheosis of one of the most illustrious of Englishmen, but have faithfully chronicled and reproduced the times in which he lived, for the benefit of the future student, the man of letters, and the philosopher.

GEORGE BARNETT SMITH.

MY TIME, AND WHAT I'VE DONE WITH IT.

BY F. C. BURNAND.

CHAPTER XXIV.

MY VISITORS—I AM PUZZLED—A DIVER-
SION AND A POSTPONEMENT—LETTER
FOR LEAVE—A PIONIC ON THE RIVER.

IN my room, to my utter surprise, I found Uncle Van, and, of all persons in the world, Mr. Verney. This room was a very small one, of an unassuming simplicity. Uncle Clym seemed to be quite at home in it. Not so Mr. Verney. He was cabin'd, cribb'd, confined by my four walls, and was expanding his chest, and breathing with as much difficulty, apparently, as he might have experienced in a diving-bell.

I never yet saw the room that was not too small for Mr. Verney, or for which he was not too big. Yet in any new place his manner was courtly in the extreme. He bowed, so it seemed, reverentially to the easy chair, politely saluted the ordinary chairs, was affable with the table, and would, on no account, ignore the presence of the fire-irons. The furniture were his audience, as was everything animate, or inanimate, in his world. In a looking-glass he was not himself, but himself in a new character, to be apostrophized, addressed, and appealed to. This reflection of himself in a mirror was, invariably, to Mr. Verney, the creation of a sort of "Charles his friend," the confidant of the hero in a drama, into whose patient ear the sorrows of his chief have to be poured, and who represents the medium through which all the mysteries of the plot are to be made known to the spectators.

Mr. Verney, in my little room, reminded me of the Genie in the yellow copper vessel fastened with Solomon's seal. He was still more like the Genie when he subsequently emerged into

what he styled "Heaven's own pure unadulterated air," and expanded his chest in the College quadrangle, or, as we called it, the School yard.

Thus, astonished as I was at the presence of my visitors, I was quite prepared for Mr. Verney's entire appropriation of the room, of Uncle Clym, and, in fact, of Holyshade College in general.

"Kee, kee, kee," snuffled and chuckled Uncle Van, shaking my hand, or rather letting me shake his, which then dropped helplessly at his side, like a broken pump-handle.

Mr. Verney saluted me in his most Louis Quinze-ish style, giving his back the graceful outward bend of a shoe-horn, and advancing his left leg in such an attitude as suggested, either that he was about to display pinions and soar through the ceiling, or that he was but waiting for the music, in order to walk a *minuet de la cour*.

"I am so glad to see you," I said, being in fact uncertain as to whether I was more puzzled, or pleased, by their visit.

Were they come to take me out, or were they expecting me to show them over the College? Lastly, when they had subtracted themselves from my company, would the remainder be one sovereign in my pocket? I knew I couldn't expect this from the exchequer of Frampton's Court, but I thought I might calculate on Uncle Van.

A schoolboy's table of relationship is graduated by a pecuniary scale. A father is worth so much per annum. A grandmother, or grandfather, so much a-piece; or the pair together a lump sum down, and have done with them. Bachelor uncles, and spinster aunts, are "safe tips;" while married ones are not

to be relied on for a sixpence. Every relation can have his sovereign's worth, or half-sovereign's worth, of a school-boy's affection, just as the schoolboy can go and have his fourpenn'orth, or twopenn'orth, of luxury at the "sock" shop. 'Tis a mean-spirited world at best, and money is *the* power after all. You can buy guests, as you can buy dolls; you can buy opinions, you can buy friendship; in short, what is there you cannot buy, from a penn'orth of nuts to an Act of Parliament, if you have but sufficient money?

I am bound, however, to say that I liked my two visitors, apart from any valuable considerations into which Mr. Verney had never for a moment entered; but I should have liked Uncle Van more, could I have looked upon his bidding me "Good-bye" as equivalent to twenty shillings, or half-a-sovereign.

"I thought tat I wouldt come to zee you—he-he-he," said Uncle Van, nervously playing a jingling accompaniment with halfpence and keys in his trousers' pockets, "because ve 'ave a leetle tinner 'ere, ant ve go avays afterwards. Your aunt——"

"Is Aunt Clym here?" I asked, rather astonished.

"He, he, he—oh no," chuckled Uncle Van, "she is at 'ome, but as te Baa-lamps—it is our clup—come 'ere to tine tesse evenin—I tell your aunt tat I vill take te occasion to zee 'ow you get on, and vat you tink of it all."

"Thank you, uncle."

It occurred to me that he had not satisfied either himself, or his nephew, by this account of the origin of his coming down to Holyshade. Why with Mr. Verney as a companion? Not at my aunt's request, I should imagine. My countenance betrayed my question, which Mr. Verney proceeded to answer. Before he spoke, he waved his right hand in his most elegant manner, as though clearing the air of a cloud of objections, which might be floating about, like dust motes in a sunbeam.

"Your uncle and myself," he said, "belong to a society called the Baa-lamps, whose aim and object——"

"I know," I interrupted, rather rudely. Then, remembering what was due to my guest, I added—"I mean I recollect your telling me all about it at Ringhurst. You dine together and sing. So do we. We go up the river to Sulky Hall——"

"A place or a person?" inquired Mr. Verney, who could not, all at once, recover his accustomed suavity, after having his address thus ruthlessly mutilated by me. A sharp frost seemed to have suddenly nipped the flowers of his oratory in the bud, leaving nothing above ground but jagged and stunted stems. Where he had been diffuse, he now demanded precision of others. This was a momentary phase in his conversational life, but it showed that he had been as completely upset, as would have been a lame man, whose crutches had been unexpectedly kicked away from under him.

"Sulky Hall is a place," I answered, "up the river. We pull up to there. Sometimes we dine, and have songs; but there's not always enough time for that. I'll get leave, and take you up now."

"No, tank you, ve 'ave not te time now. Te Baa-lamps wait at te 'Otel. Mr. Verney is going to stop, and zo tomorrow, if your father does not send for you—he-he-he, you could take him to—he-he-he—Zulky 'All—he-he-he."

"I should indeed enjoy a blow on this lovely river," said Mr. Verney, who had now regained his usual manner, "especially in such a neighbourhood, where we are on classic and historic water, which meanders through the verdant pastures like a silver-backed serpent in a basket of mulberry leaves. My daughters Carlotta and Julie, who are here fulfilling a professional engagement, would enjoy such a trip amazingly, and we could halt at some little inn by the riverside, take our modest refreshment, a draught of home-brewed ale, with a head like the full bloom of a cauliflower, and the scent of the hop still lingering in its bubbles, served in a neat brown jug, with a handle fit for the grasp of a sturdy yeoman; then, on the table, covered with a cloth as

white as snow, and as sweet as lavender, would be laid the clean old willow-pattern, a white wheaten loaf, a bright cheese as glossy as a new hat, and, perhaps, a plateful of last year's pippins, wrinkled, but pleasant as the physiognomy of a virtuous maiden aunt. Yes," said Mr. Verney, coming to the end of his part, as it were, and drawing a long breath, just to give him himself the chance of going on again easily, should any fresh simile occur to him, "yes, I shall enjoy it very much, and so doubtless, will they."

During Mr. Verney's speech, I had been considering Uncle Van's remark as to my father sending for me, and having concluded that this was not one of my relative's "Jox," but the prediction of an event which, for some reason or other, evident to him, not to me, was far from improbable, I determined to examine him on the subject.

For my father to send for me was so very unlikely. I never had had, during my schooltime, any holidays, save at the regular times. My father had never been to see me, even on our Holyshadian Festival Days, when boys, in knee breeches and buckles, made speeches in Upper School, using their arms like those on the railway signal posts, and with about as much grace; and other boys, dressed up in boating costumes, drank bad gooseberry wine at Sulky Hall, cheered Catherine-wheel rockets, and other features of the pyrotechnic art displayed on the Eyot, and returned more or less the worse for the liquor and the excitement, to answer to their names at "lock-up"—on neither of these Festivals, there were only two, had my father, as yet, honoured me with his company. Yet all the world and his wife were there, and fathers and mothers, and brothers and sisters, and aunts and uncles, were about all day with Holyshadians. The boy who had no friends on this occasion was a melancholy exception. The exceptions, unless invited out by more fortunate companions, became cynical, retired to the river, hid themselves in the playing fields, murmured at the giddy throng,

or lounged into "tap," and consoled themselves with what Mr. Verney would have probably styled "somniaferent malt."

Perhaps Uncle Van meant that my father was coming down, and would want me to meet him at the station. "Was that it?" I asked.

Uncle Van elevated his apologies for eyebrows, took off his spectacles, and stared at me, blankly.

His conduct was so odd that I really began to think the society of the Baa-lamba, and the companionship of Mr. Verney, had had some effect on his watery brain; had made it boil perhaps, as he seemed to be steaming gently, like the outside of a silver urn at the first breath of the heat below, and was obliged to use a pocket handkerchief to his forehead. Then he replied—

"He—your father—come 'ere? Oh, no. Vy shouldt he? He cannot."

"Cannot, Uncle?"

"No, you know so well as I. He wouldt not go away now; he is zo busy."

"In the City?" I asked.

"No—tat is nothing—Cavanter toes all tat now: it is ott, very ott." He meant "odd."

I thought it was too, for we seemed to be talking at cross purposes.

Mr. Verney referred to his watch.

"We have," said the last-mentioned gentleman, "only half-an-hour to walk to the hotel, to prepare ourselves for the conviviality of wine, with a libation of water—and soap, which we should find at its best in the neighbouring Royal town, whence this most useful commodity derives one of its most honoured titles." Here he took up his hat. "We must not keep our worshipful Bellwether Pipkison and the Gregarious Lambs waiting. Perhaps Master Colvin would accompany us some way upon our road."

Uncle Van appeared so embarrassed by my questions, and so glad to be relieved from further conversation, that I did not acquiesce in Mr. Verney's suggestion.

I accompanied them only as far as

the bounds in that direction would permit, and for once, and only for once, I took advantage of their existence, and my uncle's ignorance of their unimportance, to excuse myself from going into the town. As we were quitting my tutor's, Uncle Van said—

"You 'ave not ten 'eart from your father? No?"

"No. Nothing particular. I had a letter three weeks ago, I think."

"Um—kee—" here he made a noise which with any other person would have resulted in a whistle, expressive of being utterly perplexed. Uncle Van's noise bore a closer resemblance to the swearing of an angry kitten, than anything that I can call to mind, only without any of that intensity which a kitten throws into this peculiar sound. But I knew what it meant. He was bothered.

"Tit he say noting?" he presently inquired.

"Nothing."

"Verry ott. Ten per'aps I am wrrrong to mention it. I vill not. It vill come in time."

"What will, Uncle?"

"Te news—he, he, he—" here he laughed nervously and snortingly, but seemed to be putting himself more at his ease, as the prospect of parting from me grew less distant.

"He vill sent for you, ant you vill 'ave a holiday. Sholly, eh? I vill not tell noting. Only your aunt tought tat you—" here he checked himself and laughed—"he, he, he—I shall not let te cat out of te back. Atew."

"Good bye, Master Colvin. I shall see you to-morrow," said Mr. Verney, waving his hand to me.

I stood looking after them for some time, then revolving many things, I walked slowly back towards College. What could I be wanted at home for? I felt I should not be sorry to go, although I was enjoying myself to the full at Holyshade: which means that I was spending my time and my money with small profit to myself, though I have no doubt as to the benefits which my openhandedness conferred on the Holyshadian tradesmen, small and great.

I was rather more my own master at home than at school; a state of things which was, I found, reversed in the case of most boys of my own age. Therefore, the prospect of a holiday in London, with the theatre, or perhaps even the opera, with which to finish the day's amusements, was something to boast of to other boys, whose parents, being less anxious than was my father to force their manhood upon them unreasonably, treated them at home during the holidays on the principle, properly applied, that "boys must be boys," to be dealt with accordingly, and not to be allowed the licence of their elders.

On the evening in question, I should have expatiated to my companions on the subject of my probable leave, had I not received a letter from Austin Comberwood, who was still abroad, and who had filled several sheets with a graphic account of his recent tour. He said he had written to his mother and sister at Ringhurst, and had told them that they must invite me for the summer vacation, as he was sure I should tire of London. He told me about the peasants of Brittany, their quaint customs, their ancient churches, and the striking scenes of various religious solemnities he had witnessed. "I do not understand much of what I see, nor I believe does Mr. Gwynn, my tutor (an M.A. of Bulford, to whom Mr. Venn, on leaving, was charged to resign me,) though he attempts to explain them to me. I miss our dear English Sundays at home, and the old church at Whiteboys, where nothing is done as Alice would have it. I write to tell her she should be here and see what I have seen; I fancy she would be less anxious for show and prettiness in church. You know I am intended to be a clergyman, and if I get quite strong and well again I shall go up to Bulford in another year. I don't think, Cecil, you ever cared much for these things. We like much in common, but I'm afraid that, as we grow up, we shan't see so much of one another. Your letters have been very short, but I suppose you

have so many amusements, and so many friends at Holyshade, that you can scarcely spare time to remember your old story-telling companion. Do you read Scott now? I do always." And so the letter went on. Austin forgot no one of our former schoolfellows whom there might be a chance of my meeting. He would be remembered to the Biffords, and asked if I had seen Percival Floyd, of whose going into the army he was evidently unaware. It was a coincidence this letter of Austin's, on this very night when I had seen Alice, without being able to speak with her, and had met Floyd.

I began a reply to Austin, but bedtime, and the removal of the light, put an end to my scribbling, and the next morning, on my return from school, I received a letter from my father briefly requesting my presence in town that same afternoon. I was to come ready dressed for dinner (which sounded, my tutor said, as if they wanted to eat me), and with a portmanteau supplied for a few days' stay in London.

A Holyshadian obtaining leave has generally several very important necessities requiring his instant attention. He must see that his "going home things," his hat, his tie, his gloves, and so forth, are a credit to himself, and his school. In the middle of a half there is generally a falling off in these respects; and therefore, instead of being able to go up to town not only for dinner, but for the best part of the day, I was obliged to pass part of the forenoon, and the afternoon, in getting myself properly rigged out, for this evidently very exceptional occasion.

These things, though, could not be collected at a moment's notice, and the tailor, who had had certain indispensable articles of clothing in hand for the past week, now protested that it was as much as he could do to let me have them by four o'clock. Such was the wretched state of my wardrobe (from my London Rotten Row and Piccadilly points of view) that I could not have ventured to appear in the metropolis in any ordinary school suit. I was sensible of

the fitness of things, and so was the tailor where they were made.

Waiting anxiously about Tom Jubb's the tailor's, and looking in, every quarter of an hour, to inquire after the state of my trousers, I came upon Mr. Verney, or rather Mr. Verney came upon me. He had been suffering, he said, all day from headache, owing, he fancied, to the Baa-lams having, on the previous evening, lighted candles rather earlier than was necessary, which, he explained, threw a glare down upon his eyes like the sun on a snowball, and the effect of which was, invariably, to make him very bilious next day.

"Jane, too," he added, removing his hat and pressing his hand to his forehead, "suddenly took it into her head to appear on the scene, and when I returned to my daughters' lodgings last night, she let me in. We sat up talking for some time, which didn't do me any good."

"Nurse—I mean Mrs. Davis—is down here?"

"Yes. I think little Julie wrote and asked her. There's been something going on, but domestic affairs are seldom interesting to a third person. I have just stepped down here in fulfilment of my promise to visit the College to-day. Perhaps you were proceeding to the river when I met you?"

I explained how matters stood with me; and on Tom Jubb's assurance, that, if I came back in two hours, he would be ready for me, I accompanied Mr. Verney to the raft where our boat was kept, and here we met Carlotta, Julie, and Nurse Davis, about to go out in a waterman's wherry. They had a basket of eatables with them, and were going to make a sort of picnic.

"Why, Master Cecil, what a man you have grown, to be sure!" exclaimed Nurse Davis, who was only a trifle stouter than heretofore, with the same good-natured brown face that had tenderly bent over me night after night, years since, and had smiled on me with a mother's smile.

"I suppose," she said, "you're too big to give me a kiss now?"

Too big! not a bit of it. There was

only Shiny the boating cad looking on, and Ben the boatman, but there were Julie, Carlotta, and Mr. Verney, and though I blushed at the notion of Master Cecil Colvin, getting on in years, his own master, and a man about town, stooping to kiss his old nurse, yet I am glad to say (not having much good to mention of myself generally), that I did salute her heartily, and what is more, having done it once, insisted upon a repetition of the ceremony.

"Go along, do!" she exclaimed, pushing me away, "he's becoming quite obstreperous!" which highly pleased Mr. Verney, who otherwise seemed to be strangely out of sorts with himself and everyone else. This I attributed to the Lambs' candles, though I knew enough about Sulky Hall dinners and similar convivial gatherings not to be aware that a mixture of champagne cups, and other liquids, had, perhaps a trifle more to do with Mr. Verney's complaint than the whole contents of the largest chandler's shop.

After the first greetings, indeed, we were all more or less gloomy.

Presently the reason became evident. I was to be treated as one of the family, and as Nurse Davis would have no further opportunity of speaking to her brother-in-law, she would do it, on the spot, and have done with it.

It occurred to me, then, that Mr. Verney, having foreseen the outbreak, had craftily sheltered himself under my mantle as it were. He knew Jane Davis would be only too delighted to see me, and in that emotion he saw his way to the introduction of a more charitable frame of mind with regard to himself and his misdoings. To Mrs. Verney he would not have listened: before Mrs. Davis, his sister-in-law, he was dumb.

I have frequently noticed this in families. The unmarried sister-in-law is the peacemaker, the adviser of husband and wife, and the best friend of the children. The sort of divinity that, as Shakespeare says, "doth hedge a king" seems to envelope the person of a sister-in-law. I never knew an

instance where this relative by marriage was in the wrong. Mr. Verney, away from Frampton's Court, with the fragrance of the Baa-lambs' tobacco-patience still pervading his coat and hair, at once unpleasantly self-conscious and very bilious, could only hold up his hand in the dock, plead guilty, and beg to be dismissed, with only a claret stain on his shirt front, and a gentle reprimand.

But, not for the first time in his career, Mr. Verney was on a false scent. Conscience had made a thorough coward of him for the moment, and as he sat in the cool shadow of a bush, watching the vain efforts of the boat to escape from its moorings (we were landed in a creek running into one of the little eyots off the Thames), he had very little anticipation of what vials of wrath were about to be emptied out on his aching head. Not a word about the Lambs, but on a subject which, as it concerned the present and future welfare of his family, and especially of little Julie, was no less interesting to me to listen to, than it was absolutely necessary for him to hear.

Without more preface than might be conveyed by her decided way of talking, Nurse Davis, after eating some pickled salmon spread on a slice of bread and butter, and taking the slightest taste of some corrective mixture out of a stone bottle, commenced emphatically,

"William!"

Carlotta and Julie looked up from their plates, frightened; so did I.

As for Mr. Verney, he seemed so scared at being thus addressed, that he positively looked about as if to ascertain whence the voice had come, it being impossible for him to realise the fact of anyone styling him "William," after so many years of happiness as Charles Mortimer. I fancy he still hoped that his sister-in-law might, by chance, be addressing herself to the boatman.

Nurse Davis having produced this effect, spoke again, and this time there was no question about it; she looked straight at Mr. Verney (the boatman had wandered away to search for nothing in particular, and observe the stream,

which was a delicacy on his part hardly to be expected of him at eighteenpence an hour), and said,

"William, I have something to speak to you about and for once I beg you'll not talk, but attend. If you don't, it may be the worse for you, and them as are your own flesh and blood."

We were all attention. Julie sitting next to me, pale; Carlotta flushed. Their father held his breath, and stared from me to the others.

"What is it about, Jane?" he gasped.

"It's about your girls, William. It's time to speak."

"Do you mind calling me Charles?" he asked humbly.

"No, I don't. I'll call you Charles. Only I think, as William, you're yourself, with sense about you, and as Charles Mortimer you ain't. But you've woke up now, and are likely to mind what I'm going to say."

Mr. Verney raised his eyebrows and waved his hand with as little of his usual majesty as I had ever seen him reduced to.

He was evidently at a loss to know on what charge he had been thus solemnly arraigned.

Not to keep him longer in suspense, Nurse Davis proceeded with what ought to have been his indictment, but which turned out to be his sentence, his case having been previously heard, and a verdict arrived at in his absence.

Both Carlotta and Julie seemed somewhat embarrassed, as their Aunt commenced her harangue.

CHAPTER XXV.

NURSE DAVIS'S CHARGE—MR. VERNEY
ARRAIGNED—JULIE AND LOTTIE—A
BIT OF NURSE DAVIS'S MIND—MR.
FLOYD'S PROPOSITION HOW RECEIVED—
RIGHT AND WRONG INSTINCTS—MR.
VERNEY'S VIEWS—I START FOR HOME
—THE JOURNEY TO TOWN.

"CHARLES," Nurse commenced; whereat Mr. Verney, hearing himself thus professionally styled, already appeared to be considerably relieved; "I don't often

interfere in any family matters whatever, whether yours or anyone else's."

Mr. Verney bowed acquiescence, and evidently wondered, more than ever, what on earth was coming next.

"When my sister and you had a tiff, years ago now, about a subject which shall be nameless before present company, no one to be excepted in this present instance"—Nurse Davis interpolated this remark under the oppressive consciousness of there being a proverb somewhere about which she had somehow failed to introduce correctly—"I made it up atween man and wife as I would ha' done, if I'd ha' been asked, between any two others as I should be loth to see quarrelling; and now and then I've set you right when you was wrong, and done the same by Letty too, and with a little sweet oil for local irritation, applied when required, I've on occasion made things go a bit smooth and comfortable for all parties. I don't mean to say as you've had exactly an easy life of it altogether, as who has I'd like to know? and I don't mean to say as you haven't had difficulties to contend with not of your own making; but so far you've done well, and your girls are getting on well in the station as you've seen fit to call 'em to, though whether better might not have been done I'm not altogether so sure, and at all events it's small matter now, when they're so far on the road."

"I have done all I could for them," Mr. Verney began, but Nurse Davis cut him short.

"Let me go on and finish."

Mr. Verney bowed.

"You've been fortunate in getting them on. Beatrice is provided for, at least so you say—"

"So I understand," interposed Mr. Verney. "We seldom see her." Mr. Verney was gradually reviving as it became more and more evident that he was not brought up to receive judgment on any Bacchanalian charge connected with the Baa-lamb festivity.

"Well," continued Nurse Davis, "she's provided for by Mona. Nemmyrang, or whatever his name is," she

added, in order by anticipating correction to prevent interruption; "and I sincerely hope it will turn out well, though for my part I'd rather not have trusted her to foreigners—but that's done, and she's getting on in her profession—and what I've to say is about these two here, Lottie and little Ju, whom you seem inclined, Charles, to let take their chance in life haphazard, anyhow, the good with the bad, and they to pick and choose for themselves."

"Aunt!" cried Carlotta, blushing, yet impatiently shaking her hand free from Julie, who had taken it imploringly.

I looked from one to the other, with a kind of guilty feeling stealing over me, which, had I seen so much as a tear trickling down Julie's cheek, would have resulted in weeping. There being at the moment no demand upon this expression of my sympathy, my attention became fixed on a party of flies executing an intricate quadrille figure about Mr. Verney's head. One of these insects I noticed occasionally set out, as dancers term it, and rested on Mr. Verney's brow, thus momentarily diverting his attention from the subject in-hand, and relaxing his nervous tension.

"You have let these two girls come down here alone, and neither you nor their mother has ever been down to stay with them, or even to look after them. You'll say you couldn't, and that Letty couldn't. And I say you could—that's my answer"—here Mr. Verney missed one of his tormentors, and hit his forehead—"and if you couldn't, then you oughtn't to ha' let 'em come here, two young, good-looking, simple girls like this, without sending to me, and if I couldn't ha' managed it then, you oughtn't to ha' let 'em come at all. There."

She threw down her "There!" as though it had been a champion's gauntlet. Finding that her brother-in-law evinced, as yet, no disposition to take it up, she, having become uncomfortably heated with her discourse, shook her bonnet-strings loose, and after a brief

but general ruffling of her plumage, thus continued:

"There's a regiment quartered here, Charles, or some part of it—how much ain't no matter—and the young officers—and *you* know what that means, Charles—naturally find the theayter very amusin' in the evenin'; and where's the young girl that don't like being flattered and made a fool of? Carlotta, my dear," she addressed her elder niece, who seemed to be nearly as much surprised as Mr. Verney himself at the turn the lecture was taking, and far less able to control herself, "it's for your good I'm speaking, or I shouldn't say out what I have to say, and what has to be said had better be said out once and for all and have done with it. It's not your fault if you listened to a parcel of nonsense which a gentleman,—and he ought to have found something better to do, I think, and I only wish he could hear me"—she added, raising her voice, apparently under the impression that the object of her indignation mightn't perhaps be so very far off after all, there was no knowing these snakes in the grass, they were so cunning,—“I'd let him have a bit of my mind, and welcome. Of course, Lottie, you thought yourself all that Sir Frederick Sladen chose to tell you you were.”

"Julie!" here impetuously broke in Carlotta, her eyes flashing, and turning on her sister, "this is too bad. You've told aunt this."

"I have, Lottie dear," answered Julie, calmly.

"I don't thank you to meddle with my affairs," Carlotta went on excitedly. "I don't tell of you. And it's not true, you know it isn't. It's a shame! It's—it's—"

Her passion had been most violent for a second, and had utterly scared Mr. Verney, who witnessed such an ebullition as this for the first time; domestic broils having generally taken place in his absence. Now she burst into a fit of almost hysterical sobbing and threw herself on the grass. Julie was kneeling by her side in an instant, bathing her

temples with eau-de-cologne from her little scent-bottle.

"Dear Lottie," she whispered, "I only acted as I thought was right and best."

"You didn't!" sobbed Carlotta. "Don't touch me!" and she pushed her away. Julie sat down, waiting patiently.

"Now," said Nurse Davis, quietly, to Mr. Verney, "you have seen, and can judge for yourself."

Now this, at that particular moment, was the one thing of all others that Mr. Verney was totally unable to do. He was incapacitated for action: he couldn't lift his hand to a fly. He was as dazed as if he had just been shot out of a balloon into a new world. A wasp on his knee aroused him. I believe that, but for the insects, which were certainly very troublesome, Mr. Verney would have lain down, put his face under his pocket-handkerchief, slept on the affair, and awoke to let matters right themselves as best they could. But Nurse Davis was on the spot as well as the flies, and Mr. Verney was not allowed time for deliberation. He clearly felt that now was the opportunity for his appearing in the character of a venerable and highly moral parent, and to speak with a dignified gravity befitting the occasion. It was probably with some idea of this kind, and as a protection against any interruption on the part of the flies, that he put on his hat, fitting it carefully to his head as though it were a new one, and then, with a deft shake, giving it that peculiarly knowing cock, which of itself would have been sufficient to destroy the influence of the most saintly patriarch.

"I am really most pained and grieved," he commenced, "at what has just come to my ears. Your mother was able to take care of herself when she was a girl and playing the lead in the Northern Circuit, with a pair of eyes, not unlike Carlotta's now, which went right through you like a bradawl, and such a style, and such a firm and beautifully rounded leg, —which she displayed with the most perfect modesty and the utmost grace when she played Rosalind in 'As You

Like It,' and Viola in 'Twelfth Night,' — that when she first walked on, like an Amazon among the pigmies, and came down to the flute, the conductor of the orchestra, a very sensible little fellow of the name of Jackson—Puffy Jackson we used to call him—was so completely electrified by her appearance, that he gave one shriek, threw up his bow, and tumbled off his seat in a sort of ecstasy. Lætitia pitied him, for he was ill for weeks afterwards; but when Jackson—Puffy Jackson—recovered his equilibrium, and reason once more resumed her seat in his brain, and he his in the orchestra, he found himself doomed to disappointment, for your sister Jane and myself were joined together for worse or for better, for richer, for poorer—in fact Puffy was nowhere in the final tableau of that little domestic drama, and we were man and wife."

"Well," said Nurse Davis, "I don't see what that's got to do with Lottie and Julie."

"Excuse me, Jane," returned Mr. Verney, deprecating the interruption, and showing signs of having perfectly recovered from his recent shock. "Excuse me. I was going to say that their mother had admirers everywhere. She was always called in the bills by her maiden name, and I had to explain, with the most thorough politeness and good breeding, to several gentlemen, that the talented young actress at whose feet they were ready to pour out their choicest flowers, and most costly jewellery, was my wife; but she had offers from—well, I'm afraid to say how many of the nobility and gentry, and might have been a duchess now, had she not preferred plain Charles Mortimer Verney—with a head, mind you, on his shoulders—to all the brilliant coronets that might have adorned her brow."

"Sladen has given me a ring," blurted out Lottie. "He said it was because he thought so much of my acting as Leyolin, in 'The Idiot of the Glen.'"

"You should not have kept it," said Nurse Davis, decidedly. She had not had much experience perhaps, but she felt she was right.

"Why not?" asked Mr. Verney, to whom a ring was a ring. "Why not? If a gentleman entertains a high admiration for the work, whatever it may be, of an artist, why shouldn't he testify it by a present? And why should the artist return it? No, I do *not* see it. I remember when I played Mercutio for the first time at Melbourne, Australia, all health and fervour, with a wide, open shirt front, a pink silk fall, and a property pin that shone with the brilliancy of the genuine article, a lady sent me, the very next day, a massive gold ring, with a diamond in the centre, like a dewdrop on a buttercup, expressing, in a neatly turned note, written in a gentlewoman's hand,—none of your pothooks and hangers begad—the great gratification she had experienced, and—"

"You returned the present?" asked Nurse Davis.

"No, I did not."

"It was very indelicate on the part of the lady, whoever she was, that's all I've to say," observed Nurse Davis; "but we're not here to talk about what you did in Australia, and the less of that said the better——"

"My dear Jane," interposed Mr. Verney, but with, apparently, decreasing confidence.

"Never mind that *now*," continued his sister-in-law, emphatically; "that's done with and gone. I want to hear what you know of Mr. Floyd in London, and what he's said to you about Julie; for she wrote to me chiefly about herself, and most about Lottie I've learnt afterwards. Now."

Thus interrogated, Mr. Verney replied:

"Mr. Floyd called on me at 'The Portico.' He said he'd taken a fancy to Julie; that he was probably going abroad on foreign service, and in his absence would I allow her to be educated and brought up at his expense, so that when he came back, or at all events after two or three years, he might make her his wife."

"He said this, did he?" said Nurse Davis, nodding.

"Yes," answered Mr. Verney. "He

seemed to be quite in earnest. He will be a Baronet one day."

"What did you reply, Father?" asked Julie.

"Well," answered Mr. Verney, looking as wise as he possibly could, "I said—I said—we'd see about it."

"Mr. Floyd told me this," said Julie, in a low voice. "I asked him whether, supposing I had such an education as he meant, he really thought I could be his wife? He answered that he loved me very much; that he had done so since the first moment he saw me; that during his father's lifetime there might be some difficulty—'as to your marrying me?' I asked—and he replied, with hesitation, 'Yes.' I then told him that I had only asked him these questions so that I might judge of his sincerity, and that I had never for one moment any idea of accepting his offer, as I was too young to know my own mind. He told me he spoke by your permission," she said, turning to her father, who had appeared very uncomfortable during Julie's speech, "and I begged him never to mention the subject to me again. I learnt from him that Sir Frederick Sladen was engaged to be married to the young lady we saw at Ringhurst—you remember, Father, don't you?"

"Alice Comberwood," I said, proud of assisting at so important a discussion.

"I saw him for a few minutes last night at the theatre," said Julie, firing up, "and I gave him something that he will not forget in a hurry. He won't come pretending to make love again and be so glad to take tea with us, I'll be bound."

Lottie was silent. Julie had been so entirely the little mother, had shown herself so prudent, so good, so strong for herself and others under temptation.

"You recollect," Julie went on quietly, addressing her father, but evidently for her sister's benefit, "you recollect the Birkets who used to be in Frampton's. The four girls were in the ballet at Covent Garden, and were all so dirty and so untidy at home. I remember one after the other they're coming out

in such dresses ; and when I walked up to Madame Glissande's with Lottie, I saw two of them, Loo and Fanny Birket, in a carriage and pair with a coachman with a cockade, and we thought it so grand."

"Ah!" said Mr. Verney, shaking his head seriously, "they were a bad lot. But they hadn't got a father and mother who could look after them as you have."

"Very good," said Nurse, coming to the practical point of all this conversation; "then let it be understood, Charles, that when they go in the country again, their mother goes with them if you can't; and if neither of you can manage it, then they must have their engagement in town."

"There's the difficulty," observed Mr. Verney.

"Is it? Well then, when they're out of an engagement, they can come to me. I'm saving up a bit, my dears," said Nurse Davis, "and it's all for you and yours, as I've none of my own, and I think it proper to tell you this," with a look at Mr. Verney, who waved his right hand, and shut his eyes, as though to intimate that he, personally, could have no sort of interest in this financial statement, but thought that possibly the younger ones might, "just to show you that you won't be in want, even though things should not go altogether so well as one could wish in this haphazarding sort of profession."

Becoming at this point anxious about my clothes at the tailor's and about my own domestic affairs generally, I interrupted the debate to observe, that I must now return as quickly as possible, so as to catch the train without showing myself at my tutor's.

It was arranged that Nurse Davis should stop there that night, and that Mr. Verney should accompany me to town, whither he was summoned by his professional duties.

My tailor was faithful to his promise, and within less than two hours I was on my way to London, being entertained, during the journey, by Mr. Verney, who soon entered, in an affable and slightly patronising manner, into conversation with the four strangers sharing our com-

partment. Though at the time much occupied with my own wonderings, I remember noticing the apparent ease with which Mr. Verney opened up such general subjects as the state of the country and the crops, the probabilities of the weather, and the advantages of being a Holyshadian.

Somebody looked up from his book to ask him if he had been brought up at Holyshade; whereupon Mr. Verney admitted that "he himself had not," as though he wished it to be conveyed, that, having been unable to go himself, he had sent a substitute, and had been educated by deputy. However, Mr. Verney's interrogator with the book, was not, from that time forth, allowed to renew its perusal. Mr. Verney fixed him, talked him down on education, allowing him to say just so much as served Mr. Verney for a text, whereon he went to work, and slid, naturally into questions of elocution as a part of the educational system; thence into the drama, theoretically, then into it practically, finally introducing himself and family to his audience, decanting upon the genius of his eldest daughter, whose play some London manager would, no doubt, soon produce; bringing me in, too, occasionally upon collateral issues, and giving my name, address, prospects, and present position of my father, with whom, Mr. Verney seemed to imply, he was himself remotely connected.

We smoked all the way, and I fancy I remember offering one of our fellow travellers a cigar. I don't think I cared much about the taste of tobacco, but it was a free, independent, and manly sort of thing to do, and it kept up the Holyshadian character.

"There," said Mr. Verney, on descending at the terminus, "we've passed a very pleasant three-quarters of an hour—cheerful companions, and an interchange of the amenities to beguile the journey. That gentleman in the corner appeared to be possessed of considerable information."

Mr. Verney must have judged of this by the size of the book. The poor man

had begun by asking a few questions at starting, but had not had an opportunity of uttering a syllable when once Mr. Verney had fairly commenced; and, indeed, none of his audience stood a chance of throwing in a word, unless one among them was showing signs of weariness, when he was at once appealed to by Mr. Verney, and his answer cut short and twisted into the thread of Mr. Verney's conversation, which thereupon ran on again with fresh vigour.

"Our roads lie in different ways," said Mr. Verney, wishing me good-bye, "but we shall meet anon."

He shook my hand stretched out to him from the cab window, as I was starting from the station.

CHAPTER XXVI.

ARRIVAL AT HOME—FAMILIAR FACES—
THE PORTRAIT—THE MEETING IN THE
STUDY—THE SIGNATURES—BLISSFUL
IGNORANCE—THE PROCESSION TO DIN-
NER—CHRONICLE OF THE GUESTS—
THE CAVENDER INTEREST—MRS. CLYM
ASTONISHED BY ME—SHE ASTONISHES
ME IN RETURN—A GREAT GRIEF—A
LAST CHANCE—THE PORTRAIT AGAIN.

It was more than half-past six when I reached home. As I had expected, there were all the signs of a large dinner party: a much larger one than any at which I had as yet been present. My father was evidently considering me as having become much more of a man than formerly, and I felt gratified at the implied compliment.

There was after all something "jolly" (this was then our Holyshadian word) in being summoned for such a festivity. Besides, I should perhaps go to the Opera the following evening, and not back to school again for three days.

In the hall there were our own servants, and many new faces shining with recent soap, and representing respectability, and gaiety, in their clerical white ties, and second-hand white waistcoats. There was a stir on my arrival, and our brave

Pemdale (a butler who had the air of a retired corporal of the Life Guards with his moustache off—not altogether unlike the cook's cousin in uniform who used to applaud my performances of *Der Freischutz*) welcomed me with much impressiveness, informing me that my room was all ready, and I'd better get dressed at once, as dinner was to be on table in half an hour.

"Sir John," he added, "is engaged just now. You were expected before this, Master Cecil."

I ran up the back stairs, so as to avoid some ladies, with whose brilliant toilettes, my rumpled hair, dusty boots, and grimy hands (the effect of travelling by train) would not, I felt, be at all in keeping. Besides, I did not want strangers to be asking "Who's that boy?" in our own house. As for ladies, at that time of my life, unless with true Colvin impetuosity I fell in love with them no matter what their age, I preferred, in a rude, shy, hobbledehoyish way, their room to their company, and in this instance, had I met Aunt Clym on the staircase, her nose would have detected the tobacco (it had settled upon me as if I had been bathing in it, and I was haunted by it myself), and she would have made the commencement of my holiday a little unpleasant.

In order to free myself entirely from the tobacco I had recourse to my father's dressing-case. I stole into his room. It was on his table. I took out the eau-de-cologne bottle, and, as I turned, I found myself under the sweet influence of my mother's eyes, as they seemed to regard me, from the picture over the mantel-piece. I have before alluded to the effect of this portrait on me. This night it had a mysterious attraction for me, for which I was utterly unable to account. It was with difficulty I withdrew myself from its influence. I crept from the room, as though fearful of waking a sleeping person, and found myself murmuring softly, "Dear Mother," as on quitting the apartment I gazed once again, with a yearning heart, upon her picture.

In another five minutes I had finished

dressing, and Pemdale, knocking at the door, summoned me to attend my father in the study.

This was unusual, and not at all the preliminary to a festivity.

"What for, Pemdale?" I asked.

He didn't know, only I was to come quick, as dinner was just ready.

This solemnity made me feel very nervous. I descended the staircase, passing the drawing-room, where I heard reassuring laughter, and the buzzing of the guests like that of flies round a cold joint in summer.

What had I done? Ought I to have come up earlier? Had Dr. Courtley, or my tutor, heard of my remaining at Holy-shade, and avoiding school when I was supposed to have gone away on leave? and had I been sent for by special messenger—perhaps Phidler, Dr. Courtley's own body-servant, had been charged with the mission? If so, this was serious, and—but here my imagination failed me. It never could be that the murder of the swan had cropped up again? Impossible.

The daylight had now been excluded, and on entering what was called the study (a small room at the back fitted up with some nearly empty bookshelves, a writing-table, and a few chairs), I found several gentlemen gathered about the table, apparently deeply engaged in examining, by the aid of a couple of wax candles, some object of interest laid out before them.

At that moment I felt far from certain that it was not the body of the murdered swan which they were inspecting.

At first I did not see my father, who was leaning over the shoulder of an old gentleman seated at the table.

My uncle Herbert Pritchard was the first to observe my presence, and announce me. I was always glad to see Uncle Herbert, and I felt that if I had been summoned to receive a lecture (and again it occurred to me, more forcibly than ever, that it might be the old charge about the swans, turning up in London after a twelve months' oblivion) he would stand by me.

"He-he-he!" snuffled Uncle Van, emerging from the shadow like a flabby ghost; "'ow are you, eh? Shust come? He-he-he!"

There was a forced heartiness in the manner of both my relatives that I could not help remarking, but it was nothing compared with that of my father's, who now called me to him, shook my hand warmly, and clapped me on the shoulder.

Mr. Cavander was here too, and stretched out *his* hand to welcome me. I took it, and, as it were, made for a time a truce with him, for I was puzzled by the proceedings.

Mr. Comberwood, too, was there in an arm-chair; he nodded at me in the middle of some good story which he was telling to a long-legged gentleman with weedy whiskers, whom I recognized as one of the *habitués* of my father's office.

"And how do *you* do, sir?" said a little wizen old gentleman with a high waistcoat, a frill, spectacles, and a large ring on the third finger of his right hand. He was seated close to the table, and before him, spread out, was a formidable-looking parchment, ornamented with quaint characters, flourishes, seals, and little bits of riband.

It was round this strange document, and not the swan, that the party was gathered, and catching sight of it for the first time, the meeting seemed to me to be a modernly dressed representation of King John surrounded by his Barons, signing Magna Charta.

"This is Mr. Crukley," said my father, indicating the little wizen old man. I had a vague recollection of his name as connected somehow with my mother, with law, and the Pritchard interest generally.

"Very like his mother," said Mr. Crukley, regarding me under the shade of his hand. "Very. Takes after you, too, Sir John. I remember your mother, sir,"—this to me—"when she was—ah, let me see—very little taller than you are. Eh, Mr. Herbert?"

"Yes," returned Herbert Pritchard, in a light and airy manner; "and *you* don't seem to get any older, Mr. Crukley."

This pleased Mr. Crukley immensely, who looked at his watch, and remarked that he was afraid the dinner was waiting.

The introduction of my mother's name in this manner, sounded once more the chord that had been already struck upstairs.

Again the tears rose. I bit my lip, and, luckily, the urgent appeal to the gentlemen to "sign here, as we're keeping dinner waiting," had the effect, at all events, of diverting their attention, specially my father's, from me.

What they were doing I had not the smallest idea, and even now it would puzzle me to give such an exact account of the proceeding as should satisfy a lawyer.

Mr. Crukley called on me cheerfully to sign.

"I needn't read it, I suppose," he said, looking dismally at the parchment, and referring to his watch.

"Oh no," replied my father; "he may be quite sure that I shouldn't ask him to sign anything to his own disadvantage, eh Cavander?"

"Of course," chimed in Cavander.

Uncle Herbert and Mr. Comberwood were of the same opinion, for dinner was quite ready, and ought to have been served fully half an hour ago. If Esau sold his own birthright for a meal he would not be likely to use much delicacy with regard to anybody else's inheritance. It might have been mine that we were all signing away so comfortably. Heaven help me, I did not know, and as long as my father was pleased, it was all one to me.

My Holyshadian bringing-up had made me far too much of a gentleman to trouble myself about business in any shape, and as this parchment evidently came under that head, I laughed as cheerfully as my nervousness would allow, and wrote my name in the space left for it, surprised to find that my signature was of any value whatever.

There was no time for questions as dinner was immediately announced, and the gentlemen, led by my father, ascended the staircase to offer the ladies their escort. I wanted to get at Uncle

Herbert, or Uncle Van, and ask them about the transaction in which we had all been engaged. But each was occupied in making himself agreeable to his companion, and I saw no chance of approaching either of them. I was standing at the foot of the staircase as they descended.

My father came first, with Miss Cavander on his arm.

She was looking her best, and, on seeing me, nothing would satisfy her but she must stop, shake me by the hand, ask me if I would not give her a kiss, and pay me so many compliments on my growth and appearance, as to cause me to feel quite abashed, and really very uncomfortable in the presence of such a party.

Besides, Miss Cavander had been, whenever I had hitherto seen her, so very mild and unenthusiastic.

My Aunt Clym, who was on Mr. Comberwood's arm, looked, I thought, as sour as if she had been tasting bitter aloes, and I began to be afraid I had done something to offend her.

On coming up to me, however, after the van of the procession had marched into the dining-room, she was peculiarly gracious, and addressed me in such kindly tones as I had never before heard her employ, not even towards her own children.

Mrs. Cavander was on Uncle Van's arm, and recognised me good-humouredly. The pair resembled a fatuous codfish taking an amiable dumpling into dinner. Mr. Comberwood took down Mrs. Van Clym. I was placed next to her at the bottom of the table facing my father, on whose right was seated Miss Cavander, sharing the head of the table with him. This arrangement struck me as unusual, but I had never yet, when at home, met the entire Cavander family at our house.

As the remainder of the guests consisted of my father's most intimate city friends, with their wives and daughters, all of whom I had known since I was eight years old, the party, on the whole, assumed the aspect of a family gathering.

We were accustomed to annual meetings of this sort at Christmas time. But this was not Christmas time, and as it was neither my father's birthday, which I never remember being kept as a festival, nor mine (which I was accustomed to celebrate by writing to, or calling upon my relations to remind them of the happy event), I was not a little puzzled to know why all these familiar faces were gathered together, and why I had been specially summoned. Also Uncle Van's mysterious manner on the previous evening recurred to me, and I determined, that, when I could conveniently engage Aunt Clym's attention, I would ask her to satisfy my curiosity.

By way of opening the conversation, I took the first opportunity of inquiring of Uncle Herbert (who was on my left), during a pause in his conversation, how my Aunt Susan and Grandmamma Pritchard were?

He replied that the latter was far from well, that Aunt Susan had been lately married, and was now out of England.

"Married!" I exclaimed, for somehow, even at that age, I could not realise the possibility of my favourite aunt having married anyone except her favourite nephew. Though I had not seen her for a year, yet there was that traditional feeling still remaining from my childish days.

"Married, yes," returned Uncle Herbert; "she's Mrs. Shenbrook now. You've got a new relative—Uncle Shenbrook. So you see you're adding to your relations in more ways than one."

I noticed that this answer of Uncle Herbert's seemed to interest some of the guests on the opposite side, who began talking about me (I was conscious of its being about me) in an undertone. Generally, at odd times, I became aware that I was the subject of conversation. I felt that I was turning red, and becoming hot and uncomfortable.

Herbert Pritchard was again occupied with his fair companion, to whom he was expatiating upon the pleasures of yachting in somebody else's yacht, of

riding somebody else's horses, and on living without anxiety or responsibility, when it struck me that his last phrase required explanation.

Aunt Clym was disengaged and sitting silently.

To her I turned with the query, "What did Uncle Herbert mean by saying I was adding to my relations in more ways than one?"

"Well, aren't you?" answered my aunt, interrogatively.

"No," said I, "I haven't any new relations."

"Not yet," replied my aunt, severely, "but to-morrow you will have. Tell me," she said, stooping down and sinking her voice, "how do you like her?"

"Like *her*?" I replied, in the same tone, for I saw that secrecy was demanded. "Her? Who?"

"Miss Cavander," answered my aunt, with a searching glance at me.

"Oh pretty well," I returned, carelessly. "I don't know her much."

"But you ought to like her more than pretty well *now*," said Aunt Clym, still in the same subdued voice.

"Why, Aunt?"

"Why!" she repeated, with an air of extreme astonishment. "My dear Cecil, how can you ask *why*?"

My blank look evidently puzzled her, considerably, as she leant towards me sideways, so that no one should see her face, or hear her question save myself, and asked me, slowly and impressively,

"Do you mean to say that John—that your father has not told you?"

"Told me what?" was all I could say, for her manner began to frighten me. It occurred to me suddenly what a dreadful thing it would be were Aunt Clym to go mad, there and then, and bite my ear.

She sat up suddenly, looked about, caught Uncle Van's eye, who was sitting four places from her, raised her hands in most expressive pantomime, regarded her neighbours right and left for a second, then exclaimed, in a voice audible only to those immediately about her,

"Good gracious! He's never been

told! He doesn't know anything about it!"

Such guests as were thus appealed to, smiled wonderingly, said "indeed!" looked at me, looked at my aunt, seemed not quite at their ease, and resumed whatever conversation my aunt had interrupted as quickly as possible.

Then she turned once more to me.

"Don't you know why you've been sent for?"

"No. Except to dine here: for this party."

"And don't you know why we, the family, are all here, and why Miss Cavander sits at the head of the table, next your father?"

"No, Aunt." And indeed I had not the faintest shadow of a suspicion.

"Why," replied my aunt, moving her words as cautiously as though they were pieces on a chess-board, "she is to be your—*belle-mère*."

French was not a Holyshadian accomplishment, and I was as wise as I had been previous to this information. Being unwilling to exhibit my ignorance, I said "Oh, indeed; is she?"

This seeming apathy on my part was evidently a fresh puzzle for Aunt Clym, who, however, went on—

"That is a prettier name than step-mother."

Suddenly, as if by a shock, I awoke.

"Stepmother!" I exclaimed, startled out of myself.

"Hush," said Aunt Clym, satisfied that my surprise was genuine. "Don't you know Miss Cavander is to be your stepmother?"

"No!" I replied, indignantly.

"Yes she is; and you are asked here to-night, so as to be present at the wedding to-morrow."

"Papa marries Miss Cavander to-morrow!" I gasped.

"Yes. You must be very great friends with your stepmother—*belle-mère* we'll call her; it is, decidedly, a prettier name."

Call it what you would, that woman sitting there was to be my stepmother. I had, I think, at that moment some vague idea of rising to protest against

the marriage, and forbidding the banns there and then. I had always had a dread of the word stepmother: at that moment I detested it—I detested *her*.

My holiday had lost all its pleasure. It seemed to me as if I no longer had a place in my own home: henceforth I could only be there on sufferance.

It seemed, too, so hard and cruel of my father to be laughing and joking with his friends, and with the lady who to-morrow was to be his wife, while he had not a word or a smile for me.

Why had he not told me in his letter? or why had he not visited Holyshade and informed me of it, pleasantly? No, I had been counted for nothing, my self-importance was wounded, I had been treated as of no consequence in this new arrangement—I who of all should have had the most to say to this!

Well, I had been brought up to be selfish, and so on this occasion it never occurred to me to ask what was best for my father's happiness, I only considered how it might affect that of my father's only son. Of any mercenary consideration, however, I entirely acquit myself.

And she, too—she was alienating my father from me. I should cease to be regarded as his son. I should have neither part, nor lot, in his future, nor he in mine. He would not care for me any more: I should be snubbed and controlled at home—

At this moment, as I sat at table and heard for the first time that I was to be presented with a stepmother, such confused thoughts as these—of anger and malice, and yet of a kind of pity for my father, who, it seemed to me in some vague way, had been duped by those whom I hated—whirled through my brain, suddenly to be checked by the remembrance of my mother's picture, which had arrested my attention that same night, and then—I could no longer withhold the great, big, burning tears that oozed slowly from my eyes, and trickled down my cheek.

I struggled fiercely with myself, and hoped I was unnoticed. I need have had no fear on that score. I was

almost unnoticed; I was entirely unheeded.

My father was in high spirits. He ushered the ladies from the dining-room. Miss Cavander stooped to kiss me as she went out. I felt that this show of affection was the merest artificiality—I knew, instinctively, that she must dislike me, and I only hated her the more for, what seemed to me, her hypocrisy.

I would rather have heard her say to me, defiantly, as she went out “I hate you,” that I might have returned her defiance with a will. But to be obliged to accept a caress from a person whom at that moment I absolutely loathed, of whose deadly enmity I felt assured, was revolting to a boy whose disposition was impulsive, frank, and open, who liked, and disliked, with equal warmth, and who, where “self” was involved, was inclined to speak his mind without reserve.

Could I have prevented that marriage that night, I would have done so.

I stole towards Uncle Herbert as towards my only friend in that company. I mistrusted them all, save him.

He talked to me of boating, of Holy-shade, of our fun and amusements, and used all his tact to interest me, and revive my spirits. He saw at once that I was sad and unhappy.

My father apparently was not troubling himself about me. He knew he had procured me a holiday, and was of opinion that his marriage, somehow or other, was for *my* benefit. I had not entered into his calculations. I was being “made a man of,” and I was provided for. So he was gay and happy, and laughed and talked; and Cavander, too, was livelier and more brilliant than I had ever seen him. The party broke up late. My father saw his *affiancée* to his own carriage, which he had lent the Cavanders for the night.

I noticed our coachman, an old friend of mine, on the box, and this excited in me fresh feelings of anger, for it seemed to my excited imagination that even the servants had turned traitors.

A gentleman whom I had seen in the

City at the office (and have here previously described as being remarkable for legginess and luxuriant whiskers) was staying in our house for this night, as he was to be my father's best man on the morrow. He sat up with my father to enjoy “a quiet cigar” before retiring to bed. I entered their room to say “good night.”

My father was standing on the hearth-rug, knocking off the ash of his cigar as I went in.

I paused for a moment, and looked at him wistfully.

His attitude before the fire-place reminded me of our first meeting in Aunt Clym's drawing-room. The idea seemed to cross me that I would, as it were, give him the last chance of changing his mind, and making it up with me again, once and for all. I felt that we had quarrelled, without a word having been uttered on either side. A gulf had been opened between us, and by whom, or how, was it to be filled up? I put down my candle hesitatingly.

“I didn't know you were going to be married,” I said, timidly, and with the old choking feeling coming up again in my throat.

As I spoke I did not dare look at him, but at my candlestick.

“Didn't you?” he replied, in an off-hand, careless manner. “I thought I told you in my letter.”

“No, Papa, you didn't.”

“Ah! I thought I did.”

Then, turning to his friend, he observed, alluding to me, “It won't make any difference to him, will it? He's provided for.”

“Oh, of course,” returned the gentleman with the whiskers, in an easy assenting manner, “it won't make any difference to him.”

I smiled. I could master myself for no more. I felt that this off-hand answer only implied that my father's marriage would make no difference to the gentleman with the whiskers, that was all. It did not convince me.

“Good night, Mr. Telderton; good-night, Papa.”

“Good-night, Cecil.”

Sadly I left them, and went to my own room.

"It would make no difference to him," they had said. They were talking of money. I knew that, when they used the phrase "provided for."

I was not thinking of money; I was thinking of affection. Everything about me in my room that night seemed cold and cheerless. I had never before realized the loneliness of my position. Could I have had then my dear old friend, Nurse Davis, at whose knees I could have bowed my head, and poured forth all my sorrow, I should at least have felt the consolation of kindly sympathy. Not the thought of Nurse Davis of yesterday by the riverside came to me now, but the memory of the honest, kindly face, when years ago she taught me to fold my hands and "Pray God bless papa," then far away in India; and, as this softening influence crept over me, I stole, with a quickly beating heart, from my room to my father's, where my mother's portrait hung.

Seized with an uncontrollable impulse, I once more mounted a chair, de-

tached it from the wall, and, embracing it with both arms, returned with it to my own room.

Then I laid it gently on the bed, and falling down on my knees, I threw out my arms, and bowed my head over the picture till my lips touched hers. With the first kiss, the fountain was unsealed, and the passionate tears, flowing uncontrolled, relieved the parching fever of my grief.

"My darling mother! my darling mother!" I cried.

Then, becoming calmer, I prayed against my wicked thoughts of hatred and anger; I prayed that I might like (I could not say love) the woman who was to be my stepmother. I could scarcely utter the hard word; and then, once again, I used the first prayer Nurse Davis had taught me, and used it with all my heart and soul.

"God bless papa this night—and always."

Then I laid the picture gently by my side, feeling as though my mother had only me to love her now, and so, kissing it once more, I fell asleep.

To be continued.

THE PRIEST'S HEART.

It was Sir John, the fair young Priest,
 He strode up off the strand;
 But seven fisher maidens he left behind,
 All dancing hand in hand.

He came unto the wise-wife's house:
 "Now, Mother, to prove your art;
 To charm May Carleton's merry blue eyes
 Out of a young man's heart."

"My son, you went for a holy man,
 Whose heart was set on high;
 Go sing in your psalter, and read in your books;
 Man's love fleets lightly by."

"I had liever to talk with May Carleton,
 Than with all the saints in Heaven;
 I had liever to sit by May Carleton
 Than climb the spheres seven.

"I have watched and fasted, early and late,
 I have prayed to all above;
 But I find no cure save churchyard mould,
 For the pain which men call love."

"Now heaven forefend that ill grow worse:
 Enough that ill be ill.
 I know of a spell to draw May Carleton,
 And bend her to your will."

"If thou didst that which thou canst not do,
 Wise woman though thou be,
 I would run and run till I buried myself
 In the surge of yonder sea.

"Scatheless for me are maid and wife,
 And scatheless shall they bide.
 Yet charm me May Carleton's eyes from the heart
 That aches in my left side."

She charmed him with the white witchcraft,
 She charmed him with the black,
 But he turned his fair young face to the wall,
 Till she heard his heart-strings crack.

CHAS. KINGSLEY.

THE OXFORD UNION.

BY THE LATE LIBRARIAN OF THE SOCIETY.

Of all societies founded by young men for their own intellectual improvement, none, perhaps, have so adequately accomplished this aim as the Union Societies of Oxford and Cambridge: nor is it probable that any others have exercised so considerable, though indirect, an influence upon national progress. Not only have they become each from a small beginning the general library, reading-room, and forensic training ground of a University; they have developed, or at least assisted to develop, the reasoning, debating, and administrative faculties of men to whom the government of England has been subsequently entrusted. Of the Oxford Union (which is about to celebrate the completion of its first half-century by a banquet, at which the Lord Chancellor will take the chair) this is more especially true: to the present Ministry alone it has given not fewer than seven of its Presidents—Mr. Gladstone, Lord Selborne, Mr. Lowe, Mr. Cardwell, Mr. Goschen, the Attorney General, and Mr. Knatchbull-Hugessen.

The existence of the Oxford Union dates from the spring of 1823, when the "United Debating Society" sprang from a coalition of small circles: the chief impetus to its foundation is said to have proceeded from a little knot of Balliol men, the most prominent of whom, the late Mr. Maclean, M.P. for Oxford, was the first President. Balliol, however, contributed but a trifling quota to the United Debating Society, the list of whose members (limited to 160) shows a majority of three-fifths from Christ Church and Oriel: indeed, from the fact that one in every five or six members was either a nobleman or nobleman's son, it may be inferred that

the character of the Society was somewhat aristocratic and exclusive.

The roll of its Presidents exhibits the names of many men who afterwards attained distinction; several are yet alive—Colonel Wilson Patten, the Bishop of Chichester, Earl Stanhope, the Right Hon. J. Stuart Wortley, and Bishop Trower. Colonel Patten never spoke on public business; Lord Stanhope seems to have been what we should now term a Liberal-Conservative; Bishop Trower was apparently a Liberal; while Bishop Durnford and Mr. Stuart Wortley were decided Tories. The late Bishop of Winchester, one of the most eloquent and constant speakers, was equally pronounced in his Liberalism: it is curious, indeed, to remark how most of his views have since received the practically unanimous approval of society. His first speech was delivered on May 22nd, 1824, when he proposed an amendment to a motion of his brother's, the late Archdeacon Wilberforce: he was at once elected a member of Committee, and became President, as his brother had done before him. A debating talent seems to have been innate in the Wilberforces; the late Bishop's younger brother and one of his nephews both obtained Presidential honours at the Union.

Samuel Wilberforce's second speech acquired a public notoriety. The late Serjeant Wrangham had moved "That the dethronement of Charles I. was fully justifiable." He was opposed by Lord Stanhope, Bishop Durnford, and three other members, and his motion was defeated by a two-to-one majority. But it received the support of the two Wilberforces, and a week later the *John Bull*, then edited by Theodore Hook,

endeavoured to make political capital out of this circumstance by a notice of the debate containing the following paragraph:—"But the most active and virulent of the disputants in favour of the deposition of Charles I. were the two sons of Mr. Wilberforce !!! And one of them—more indiscreet, perhaps, than the other, or untutored in a higher quarter—let out the secrets of the prison-house at Clapham and Kensington, by making a direct attack upon the Established Church." The *John Bull* invited contradiction, and received it in an unexpected form. Next day the President, Mr. Wortley, convened an extraordinary meeting, at which the present Duke of Cleveland moved, and the House passed without one dissentient voice, a resolution expressing "regret and indignation" at the paragraph, and affirming that "the Society are most unequivocally of opinion that sentiments are attributed to two honourable members of the Society which they did not utter, and which are of such a nature as to prejudice the Society in the opinion of the authorities of this University." The *John Bull* appears to have swallowed this rejoinder in silence; its informant was understood to have been the editor's nephew, the present Dean of Chichester, who, although not a member, may have listened to the debate as a visitor, or have received from some one else a distorted account of the proceedings.

The minutes of the United Debating Society are of considerable interest as a record of the opinions entertained by young University men half a century ago. Thus, it was decided, by large or fair majorities, that the principle of the Game Laws was not just or politic; that corporal punishment ought not to be applied to soldiers, sailors, or slaves; and that the character of Hampden did *not* deserve the gratitude of his country—a view which Bishop Durnford took, but the late Bishop of Winchester did not take. A narrow majority also determined that the system of borough patronage was perfectly consistent with the spirit of the constitution—another

notion which possessed no charm for "Mr. S. Wilberforce, Oriel."

But in the latter part of 1825 one or two members persisted in interrupting the debates by childish disturbances; to public opinion they were insensible, and the rules gave no power of expelling or, apparently, of fining them. After an animated debate a motion for dissolution was carried, and the members immediately re-organized themselves, leaving out their black sheep, as the Oxford Union Society—thus copying the style of the Cambridge Union Society, which had been formed as early as 1815.

The meetings of the United Debating Society had been held in the rooms of various of its members; the Freemasons' Hall was at one time engaged, but a blundering Proctor announced his intention of disturbing the assemblies, and the agreement was cancelled. A fresh attempt was now made to secure rooms out of college, but the Vice-Chancellor fulminated a fresh veto. The progress of the Union does not, however, appear to have been greatly retarded by this second exhibition of the perverseness of University authorities. A reading-room had already been established by the United Debating Society: the foundations of a library were now laid by the purchase of the Parliamentary Debates from 1800, and an invitation to members to present books met with a liberal response. In 1830 it became necessary to create a new office, that of Librarian; for a long time, however, all lighter literature was excluded from the shelves, and as late as 1836 proposals to buy the Waverley Novels and Pickwick Papers were thrown out.

But the very existence of the Union was menaced in 1828 from the quarter whence such an attack could least have been anticipated. The attendance at debates had somewhat diminished, and the terminal accounts showed a trifling deficiency. The out-going Committee accordingly proposed that the Society should dissolve, that all presents should be returned, and that the remaining

property should be raffled for! This motion they prudently withdrew before it could be discussed; but the new Committee so far adopted their views as to recommend for the time being the suspension of debates. The House, however, rejected this proposal by a large majority: next term public rooms were at last obtained, and the Society entered on a new lease of prosperity.

During the period we have been reviewing the Hon. E. Twisleton (of Junius fame), Mr. Herman Merivale, the Bishop of Durham, Sir Thomas Dyke Acland, and Archbishop Manning were elected to the Presidency, the last-named, however, at once resigning it. The Bishop of St. Andrews and Lord (then Sir John) Hanmer filled the Treasurership—Sir John being conspicuous for extreme Tory views in general, and especially for the persevering energy wherewith he endeavoured to convert an unwilling House to the doctrines of Protection. Within the same period a few decisions were given which must necessarily strike us as remarkable, though not so at the time when they were delivered. It was determined, for instance, by a small majority, that the abuses of a bill against cruelty to animals were likely to overbalance its advantages, while a motion in favour of permitting counsel to speak in defence of prisoners for felony was carried by a single vote only; nor did the late Dr. Wilberforce succeed in persuading the Union that forgery ought not to be visited with death. It is worth observing, as another example of the unconventional opinions held by the future Bishop, that he likewise spoke against "the law and custom of primogeniture."

But with the winter term of 1829 commenced what the present generation look back upon as the heroic age of their Society. During the next four or five years the Presidency was held by Sidney Herbert, Milnes Gaskell, Mr. Gladstone, the late Earl of Elgin (Hon. J. Bruce), the late Mr. Lyall (Advocate-General of Bengal), the late Duke of Newcastle (Earl of Lincoln), Mr. Rickards (counsel to the Speaker), Lord Selborne, Mr.

Cardwell, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Mr. Lowe. Truly, it is not difficult to accept the estimate of the Society formed by a writer in the *Oxford University Magazine* of 1834:—"We could hardly name any institution in Oxford which has been more useful in encouraging a taste for study and general reading than this juvenile club. It was founded about twelve years ago, and has at all times held a high character in the University. Among its leading members have been many who promise to fill a prominent station in public notice. It has not only supplied a school for speaking to those who intend to pursue the professions of the law and the Church, or to embrace political life; but by furnishing a theatre for the display of miscellaneous knowledge, and by bringing together most of the distinguished young men in the University, it has had a great effect upon the general tone of society."

The Presidents of the Union during this period were, with scarcely an exception, Etonians or Wykehamists. From Eton came Gaskell, Gladstone, Bruce, Lyall, the Earl of Lincoln, and Rickards. They looked upon Lord Lincoln as their leader, but their foremost orator was Gladstone, who made his first speech on Feb. 11th, 1830, and was the same night elected a member of Committee. A month later arose a discussion about the *Age*, a very scurrilous weekly print, the subject of many a heated debate. Gladstone opposed a motion for its discontinuance; but that conscientious readiness to be convinced with which his well-wishers credit him received thus early its testimony in the following note by Milnes Gaskell, the Secretary:—"This Gentleman having spoken ag^t voted in favor of y^e motion." Next term he succeeded Gaskell as second officer of the Society: his minutes are neat; proper names are underlined and half-printed. As Secretary, he opposed a motion for the removal of Jewish disabilities. He also moved that the Wellington Administration was undeserving of the country's confidence: Gaskell, Lyall, and Lord

Lincoln supported; Sidney Herbert and the Marquess (now Duke) of Abercorn opposed him. The motion was carried by 57 to 56, and the natural exultation of the mover betrayed itself in such irregular entries as "Tremendous cheers," "Repeated cheering." The following week he was elected President.

He only spoke thrice more on public business. On the first occasion he joined Tait and Gaskell in defending the results of Catholic Relief. On the second; Sidney Herbert, Roundell Palmer, and Lord Lincoln having supported a vote of want of confidence in Earl Grey's Government, and Lowe, Tait, and Gaskell having argued against this vote, Gladstone moved the following rider:—"That the Ministry has unwisely introduced, and most unscrupulously forwarded, a measure which threatens not only to change our form of Government, but ultimately to break up the very foundations of social order, as well as materially to forward the views of those who are pursuing this project throughout the civilized world." One can hardly repress a smile; but it is not difficult to prophesy more than forty years after the event; and out of a hundred and thirty young gentlemen of education not fewer than ninety-four echoed these melancholy forebodings.

On June 2nd, 1831, Mr. Gladstone closed a Union career almost as brief as it was brilliant, by proposing, on a motion for the immediate emancipation of our slaves in the West Indies, the following singular "amendment":—"That Legislative enactments ought to be made, and if necessary to be enforced:

"1st. For better guarding the personal and civil rights of the Negroes in our West India Colonies.

"2nd. For establishing compulsory Manumission.

"3rd. For securing universally the receiving a Christian education, under the Clergy and Teachers, independent of the Planters; a measure of which total but gradual emancipation will be the natural consequence, as it was of a

similar procedure in the first ages of Christianity."

Not to dwell upon the awkward English and doubtful history of this last clause, one is curious to know what need there was of promoting voluntary emancipation, if compulsory manumission were to be established; and by virtue of what delicate distinction a proposal for compulsory manumission could possibly be an amendment to a proposal for emancipation without delay.

In 1832 the Etonian dynasty expired, and a Wykehamist line occupied the Presidential chair in the persons of three friends, Roundell Palmer, Ward, and Cardwell, to whom may be added, although not a Winchester man, their associate, Tait.

Palmer, the most distinguished scholar of young Oxford, was a high Tory. He assailed the Declaration of Rights of 1789, the "spirit of Democracy," the Duc de Bourdeaux's debarment from the French succession, and the results of Catholic Relief. He also gave notice of a motion, "That the whole Funds of the Society at present in the hands of the treasurer be subscribed to promote the return of Anti-Reform Members to Parliament, and that any deficiency which may occur in consequence be made up by an extraordinary subscription from all the members." This motion he withdrew before discussion: but that he could ever have contemplated so glaring an injustice to the Liberal members of the Society argues, to say the least, very strong partizanship. *Quantum mutatus ab illo*—and for the better! At this period of his life he held that an absolute monarchy was preferable to the constitution proposed by the Bill of '32; that political unions ought to be suppressed; and that the abolition of death for forgery was not called for by "justice, humanity, and expediency."

Mr. W. G. Ward, of Christ Church, afterwards Fellow of Balliol, the second of the Wykehamist triumvirate, was also a strong Tory. In 1844, being in Anglican orders, he made himself famous by the publication of a Romanizing work

entitled "The Ideal of a Christian Church." The University condemned the book, and, holding its contents to be at variance with the religious declaration then required from an M.A., stripped Mr. Ward of his Master's degree. Soon afterwards he joined the Roman Church (as a layman), and has since given no public evidence of the great talents with which his contemporaries at Oxford credited him.

Mr. Cardwell was a reforming and free-trading Whig. We find him moving "That the evils which for the last thirty years have afflicted Ireland have not been ameliorated by the measures of late pursued towards it:" but eighteen months later we learn with satisfaction that in his judgment "the union of conciliatory and coercive measures which has been pursued towards Ireland has been in the highest degree beneficial." That was in October, '33. What does Mr. Cardwell think in October, '73? But, if Mr. Cardwell was a Whig, his Whiggism was certainly not of a progressive character: his party, in fact, left him behind, and in November, 1836 his farewell speech was levelled at the Melbourne Administration.

Archbishop Tait was a moderate but very consistent Liberal. In opposition to Palmer he defended the "spirit of Democracy," and the results of Catholic Relief. He desired to see the Jews freed from all restrictions *except* those which excluded them from the Bench and Legislature, and his parting utterances were in favour of a Parliamentary provision for the Roman Catholic priesthood in Ireland.

These were the men who succeeded to the Etonian line of Presidents. Lowe was also a Wykehamist, but not on cordial terms with Palmer, Ward, and Cardwell, and in Union matters acted in opposition to them. The winter of 1833 saw his triumph: he was elected Librarian, and the late Mr. Massie, of Wadham, President—both in despite of the party which had previously been in the ascendant. Disgusted at this turn of affairs, Palmer, Ward, Cardwell, and Tait set up a rival society, which they

designated the "Rambler." Such was their reputation that its meetings were immediately thronged, while the attendance at the Union dwindled in proportion; and a waggish "Rambler" thus adapted to President Massie the lines of Cowper:—

"I am monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute;
From the ante-room down to the chair
There is none but the Fowle and the
Brute."

For it so happened that a Mr. Fowle was one of the faithful few; while the other sobriquet, though less pointed, was well understood as referring to a member of not very popular manners.

In this crisis the Committee of the Union took up without delay the position of a "government of combat:" they proposed to expel from the Society all members who at the expiration of a week should have their names on the books of the "Rambler." The Union premises not being of sufficient size to accommodate the crowd expected to attend the discussion, the large assembly-room of the Star Inn (now the Clarendon Hotel) was engaged for the evening. The debate was one prolonged scene. The President coming forward to move the Committee's recommendation, a dispute arose as to the proper occupancy of the chair, in the midst of which (Lowe being chairman at the moment) "Mr. Tait, Balliol, persisting in an attempt to address the Society, was several times called to order, and at last fined 1*l*." Eventually the motion was brought forward by Lowe; a frantic debate followed; and in the end the Rambler faction outvoted their antagonists by 107 to 63. The Secretary, himself one of the defeated party, goes out of his way to minute that "the announcement was received with tremendous cheering," and tremendous it truly was, if we may credit other contemporary records.

For this debate, occupying as it did a position in the history of the Union analogous to that of the Trojan war in Hellenic legend, was also duly celebrated in heroic strains. A dog-Greek epic,

"Uniomachia," was published, with a dog-Latin translation (in mockery of Clarke's Homer) and equally canine notes. Of this "little Iliad" an English version, after Pope's most approved manner, was likewise issued; while another bard echoed the fray in numbers apparently designed to emulate Scott. From these vernacular rhapsodists we learn how—

"Ranged on the left the foe prepared the
fight,
The Rambler phalanx marshall'd on the
right;
In high command above their host are seen,
Ward Tory chief, and Cardwell's graceful
mien,
Supreme in eloquence they lead the way,
The first in counsel, and the first in sway."

Lowe, arrayed in the ample robe of a Bachelor of Arts, thus opens the battle:—

"In many a sable fold of honour drest,
The great Lowides tow'rd above the rest;
Before the faithful lines advancing far,
With winged words the chief provoked the
war.

'O friends, be men! Be ours the noble
boast

From Union rooms to drive a traitor host;
Against our sov'reign will they dare combine,
Form a new club, a *diff'rent* club from mine.
The godlike Massie feels their jealous hate
In empty benches, and in burked debate.
Accused crew! whose ruthless hands have
gored
Their mother's breast with parricidal
sword."

Sinclair, of St. Mary Hall, a noted Rambler, and subsequently President of the Union (now a Sussex rector), returns the attack:—

"Skimmerian Sinclair ardent sprang to
ground,
And fixing on the chief a gloomy look,
With brandish'd papers dreadful, thus he
spoke,
'Whence, men of Massie! this unjust
decree?
Command your vassals, but command not
me,
Your vaunted chief, with proud imperious
soul,
Would all command, and all alike controul,
With wit licentious practised to revile,
Jeers on his tongue and satire in his smile;

Grant that the gods his eloquence have
giv'n,
Hath foul reproach a privilege from heav'n?

Nor think, O chief! thy purpose to perform,
Though high thy class, and like a god thy
form."

Massie, urged by his followers to "support his place of pride" now descends from his chair into the contest:—

"Nor vain their call, for, still the same,
He vindicated ancient fame,
And, as in olden time,
He tore his rage to tatters, and
Misused the hat he had in hand,
Nor counted it a crime."

Palmer rises next, teeming with angry utterances; but "Minerva, gliding from the sky," assumed the form of one of his friends, and "Soft counsel whisp'rd." Thereupon Palmer

"Knit his dark brows and loath obey'd the
word,
And, while his breast disdain and choler
fill'd,
Words sweet as honey from his lips distilled."

He professes an equal affection for both societies:—

"Ardent my wish in both alike to share,
Both clubs my pride, and both debates my
care."

The other bard thus extols the suasive oratory of the future Lord Chancellor:—

"great Palmer rose,
The wonder he of friends and foes,
All, all admir'd his eloquence,
His talent fraught with common sense,
One party smil'd, the other winc'd,
For who can hear him unconvinc'd?"

Both our chroniclers, by a stretch of poetic licence, transfer "classic Tait" from the preliminary skirmish to the main battle:—

"with thund'ring sound
Tait shook his tassell'd cap, and sprang to
ground,
(The tassell'd cap by Juggins' hands was made,
Or some keen brother of the London trade,
Unconscious of the stern decrees of fate,
What ruthless thumps the batter'd trencher
wait.)

Dire was the clang, and dreadful from afar,
Of Tait indignant, rushing to the war.
In vain the chair's dread mandate interfer'd,
Nor chair, nor fine, the angry warrior fear'd.
A forfeit pound th' unequal contest ends,
Loud rose the clamour of condoling friends."

The account given of the "mighty din" which followed the announcement of the numbers is beyond question graphic, but its length forbids repetition. Of the original dog-Greek epic the title and first few lines may be cited as a specimen: "*Uniomachia Canino-Anglico-Græce et Latine ad codicum fidem accuratissime recensuit; annotationibus Heavysternii ornavit; et suas insuper notulas adiecit, Habbakukius Dunderheadius, Coll. Lug. Bat. Olim. Soc. etc. etc. Oxon.—Veneunt apud D.A. Talboys MDCCCXXXIII.*" Then follow mottoes from Thucydides, Livy, and Butler's Hudibras. The poem itself opens with a simile descriptive of the discordant clamours with which the fray commenced.

ἮΤΤΕ τοιμακάτων κλαγγή περὶ γάρρετα σόνδει
Οἶτ' ἐπεὶ οὖν ἀλδμαῖδ' ἔφυγον, βροδοῦν τε
μέλαιναν
Κοιμῶνται βοῦφοισι δόμων τερπναῖσι γύναιε,

"Sicut cattorum clangor circum attica sonat,
Qui postquam scilicet animum effugerunt, et
broomam nigram,
Dormiunt domorum roofibus cum charis
wifis;"

2. "ἄλδμαῖδ'. Pessime hoc verbum vertit
Paunchius quasi instrumentum ex fenestra
detrusum. Melius noster Heavysternius pro
ano id accipiendum putat: *Gallice. UNE
VIEILLE PUCELLE; Anglice OLD MAID.*"

So much for the Rambler debate. The Ramblers remained in the Union; but, until Massie's presidency had expired, not one of their leaders spoke in public business, and Palmer withdrew altogether. Next term Tait appealed to the House against his fine, but could not obtain its remission; and the late Chancellor of the Exchequer can boast to his dying day that he has made the Archbishop of Canterbury pay twenty shillings for disorderly behaviour.

On the expiration of Massie's period of office, Lowe was elected to fill the chair *ad interim* for a week, at the end of which a conciliatory president was chosen, and finally the Rambler party returned to power. The "Rambler" itself had been dropped very soon after its foundation; but out of it grew an agreeable metropolitan debating society,

the "Vernon," embracing both Oxford and Cambridge men, which met for tea and discussion at the British Hotel in Cockspur Street, and dined once a year at Blackwall. It came to an end in 1840 or 1841.

To return to Mr. Lowe. Of all the men of his time he was the most Liberal, and not the least bitter in his Liberalism. We find him, strange to say, opposing a motion for the immediate abolition of slavery. But he defended the Revolution of 1830, argued against the expediency of punishing sheep-stealing with death, moved that the king should create new peers to pass the Reform Bill, moved also that all taxes on knowledge ought to be repealed, supported the Ballot, and "ardently desired the ascendancy of popular principles in the event of a general movement in Europe." It should be added that he was not only the most democratic of the great ones of his generation; he was, what he still is, their finest orator.

The limits of the present paper will not permit a detailed account of opinions which received the Union stamp within the memorable period we have just been surveying; but it may be of interest to observe the attitude of the Society during the Reform agitation, together with some of the circumstances attending their discussion of that question.

In January, 1829, then, the Union allowed by a small majority that the existing system of representation "was corrupt in practice and imperfect in theory, and required a constitutional reform." But exactly twelve months later Archbishop Manning moved that "there was as great an infusion of popular power in the House of Commons as was consistent with the spirit of the Constitution;" and of seventy-six present only three voted "no." In March, 1830, a member ventured to suggest that "Leeds, Manchester, and Birmingham ought to be represented in Parliament." It may be difficult to believe that Milnes Gaskell, and thirteen other young men presumably possessed of reason and a conscience, united to

place the twelve defenders of this timid proposition in a minority ; yet it must be pleaded in extenuation that they did but re-affirm a verdict given by the House of Commons one month earlier.

On November 25th, 1830, immediately after the formation of the Grey Ministry, the agitation in Oxford was such that a Proctor entered the rooms of the astonished Society, and requested their immediate dispersion on account of the disturbed state of the streets. The meetings were at that time held at Wyatt's in "the High," the spacious windows of which offered extraordinary temptation to any person who might not himself reside in a glass house, or might chance to overlook the fact of his doing so in the excitement of the moment.

In March of the following year Sidney Herbert moved that "a Reform"—any reform, be it observed—"in the system of parliamentary representation will ultimately prove destructive of the Constitution, and consequently of the Prosperity of this Country ;" and from behind that best safeguard of prophecy, the word "ultimately," eighty members hurled indignation against the remaining fifty-six who were blindly bent on their country's ruin.

In April and May came the general election, destined to decide the fate of Reform. Of the two anti-reform members for Oxfordshire one had resigned ; the other, young Lord Norreys, stood again. On the nomination-day he was met, a couple of miles from the city, by two or three hundred mounted undergraduates, while upwards of 800*l.* were subscribed in the various colleges and offered to him. It was at this juncture that "Mr. Palmer, Trinity," proposed to devote the whole funds of the Union to anti-reform purposes. The election, which in those times lasted for several days, produced intense excitement, and not a few Town-and-Gown rows, where-in Gown found pluck no match for numbers. On May 5th, therefore, the authorities of Christ Church closed their gates against exit, and the Union was

deprived of the presence of its President ; while on May 12th the state of the city rendered a meeting impossible. But on the 16th, Lord Norreys having resigned, began probably the grandest debate which the Union has ever witnessed, on a motion "That the present Ministry is incompetent to carry on the Government of the Country." It was adjourned to the 17th, when Gladstone proposed the terrible rider already quoted, and again to the 19th. In it took part twenty-five speakers, including on the one side Sidney Herbert, Palmer, the late Duke of Newcastle, Gladstone, and the late Earl of Elgin ; on the other, Lowe, Tait, and the proselyte Gaskell. The result was a foregone conclusion, but the Reform party were able to muster as two to five—38 to 94. Once afterwards they gathered in almost equal proportion to express their view that "continued opposition to the Reform Bill" was *not* "both useful and laudable : " but, so far as this question was concerned, they seem for the future to have almost "withdrawn from the Cortes." At least, on two subsequent occasions when the Union cautioned that deaf adder William IV. against creating fresh peers, they remonstrated only in feeble bands of five and eight against tyrannical majorities of ninety-two and forty-four.

So much for the Oxford Union Society and Reform. When we remember that the man who has recently proclaimed himself in favour of county household suffrage denounced from within "Wyatt's Rooms" the comparatively modest measure of 1831 as threatening to "break up the very foundations of social order," let us look a little leniently on the erroneous judgments of the Oxford Union—reflecting withal that those who come forty years after us may espy the wallet on our back also.

A word must be said as to the origin of that "Sunday question" which has in recent times proved so fruitful a theme of discussion to the Society. Before November, 1834, the rooms were open on Sunday, as on other days, until ten at night : but in that month a motion for closing them was brought forward.

Cardwell and Lowe opposed it, and Tait moved to open them between half-past three and nine. His amendment, however, was negatived without a division, and the original motion carried by 80 to 76. Vigorous efforts were subsequently made to restore the old state of things; but the dominant party mustered even stronger than before, and gradually reduced the repealers to silence. "On one occasion," says a since repentant member of the conquering faction (writing to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, Nov. 6th, 1866), "we succeeded, and on the night of the voting there was something very like a row, with window-breaking and other manifestations of avenging zeal not usual with decorous gowmsmen. In company with Faber, who narrowly escaped serious damage, I was summoned the next day by the master of Balliol, and questioned as to the potency of the liquors with which we and others had celebrated our victory, and dismissed with flying colours." The repealers have since succeeded in reopening the rooms from half-past one until ten, nor is it probable that their success has yet reached its limit.

There remains one debate of which mention must not be omitted. On November 26th, 1829, the Cambridge Union sent a deputation to persuade its younger sister of the superiority of Shelley over Byron. "At that time," said Lord Houghton, at the opening of the Cambridge Union's new premises in 1866, "we were all very full of Mr. Shelley. We had printed his "Adonais" for the first time in England, and a friend of ours suggested that, as he had been expelled from Oxford, and very badly treated in that University, it would be a grand thing for us to defend him there. . . . We were very much shocked, and our vanity not a little wounded, to find that nobody at Oxford knew anything about Mr. Shelley. In fact, a considerable portion of our audience believed it was Shenstone of whom we were speaking, and they said they knew only one poem of his beginning with the words—

'My banks they are furnished with bees.' "

On the other hand, an old Oxonian (*Pall Mall Gazette*, Nov. 2nd, 1866) declares that "we really were not so ignorant of Shelley as Lord Houghton makes us out. Either the tale of the Oxonian who confounded Shelley with Shenstone is *ben trovato*, or the Oxonian was facetious. We—that is, the reading men among us—did know him, but we did not like him. Many of us were content with adhering to the simple proposition, that an atheist cannot be a poet; others, of less exclusive turn, were nevertheless satisfied that the rage for the newer bard was a mere fit of eccentricity and nonsensical Cambridge affectation, and that our old favourite Byron was worth a dozen of him."

However that may have been, "with the full permission of the authorities here," says Lord Houghton, "we went to Oxford—at that time a long, dreary post-chaise journey of ten hours—and we were hospitably entertained by a young student of the name of Gladstone." The leading journal of the following day states that they were "formally received by Gladstone of Christ Church and Manning of Oriel." Manning, however—he was then at Balliol—only assisted the remainder of the Committee in their reception; while Gladstone's hospitality was of a purely private character—he had but just joined the Union, had not as yet any official connexion with it, and did not deliver his maiden speech till some months later. He was, however, an Etonian, and it was by some of the leading Etonians in the two Societies that this visit was arranged.

The debate was opened by the present Professor of Poetry at Oxford, Sir Francis Doyle, in favour of the Cambridge thesis: only two other Oxonians took part in it, of whom one, Archbishop Manning, was the single opponent of the motion. The Cantabs were all Trinity men—Sunderland, Hallam (Tennyson's Hallam), and Milnes (Lord Houghton). Of the spiritual eloquence of Hallam's speeches the 87th section of "In Memoriam" is probably the best monument. Of Sunderland, Lord

Houghton himself says :—"There was one man, the greatest speaker, I think, I ever heard, a man with most strange oratorical gifts—a man of the name of Sunderland. He only lived in the memory of his own generation ; he was only known to the Union of Cambridge." As to the effect produced by the three Cantabs, after an interval of nearly forty years it had not been effaced from the memory of two who were present. "What with the really extraordinary oratorical powers of Sunderland," wrote an old Oxonian in 1866, "and the curiously intense literary enthusiasm of poor Arthur Hallam, and the many-sided accomplishments of their distinguished survivor, we had not a chance of resistance." Let us also hear Archbishop Manning, the solitary antagonist of these most remarkable young men : "We Oxford men were precise, orderly, and morbidly afraid of excess in word or manner. The Cambridge oratory came in like a flood into a mill-pond. Both Monckton Milnes and Hallam took us aback by the boldness and freedom of their manner. But I remember the effect of Sunderland's declamation and action to this day. It had never been seen or heard before among us ; we cowered like birds and ran like sheep. I acknowledge that we were utterly routed."

What is the proverb about a man who "complies against his will" ? Or was it from a determination not to be outdone in politeness that the Union voted by 90 to 33 the superiority of the *Cambridge* poet ? At any rate, the compliment paid by Byron in "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" to the poetic merit of Oxford, as contrasted with that of

his own University, was on this occasion gracefully, if unconsciously, reciprocated.

Before Lowe, Cardwell, Tait, and Ward quitted the Union, there arose others capable of filling their places. Among these were the late Father Faber, Prebendary Trevor, Mr. Mowbray, and Justice Mellish. Faber spoke well : as Secretary he used to prefix the letters A.S. (*Anno Salutis*) to the number of the year. Trevor came little, if at all, short of Lowe in the debates. Mr. Mowbray will have the satisfaction of seeing his son President of the Union at the approaching celebration.

Since those days the Union has numbered among its officers a host of distinguished men : in politics alone we meet the names of Sir Stafford Northcote, Sir George Bowen, the Attorney-General, Lord Dufferin, Mr. Ward Hunt, the Marquess of Salisbury, Mr. Knatchbull-Hugessen, Earl Beauchamp, Mr. Götschen, and the Hon. Auberon Herbert—not, however, as recently asserted, Mr. Gathorne Hardy, who (like his contemporary Dean Stanley) did not once break silence in the debates of his time. But beyond the first twelve years of the Union's existence the present paper does not purpose proceeding. Its aim has been twofold. The writer has essayed to give that which to the best of his knowledge has never been given, a slight but trustworthy outline of the earlier history of a great and illustrious society. He has further endeavoured to afford some account of the opinions entertained in youth by men on whose lips the world hangs in 'their maturer age.

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